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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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Vol. XI
part I

VOLUME XI.
PART I., NOVEMBER, 1883, TO APRIL, 1884.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XI.

PART I.

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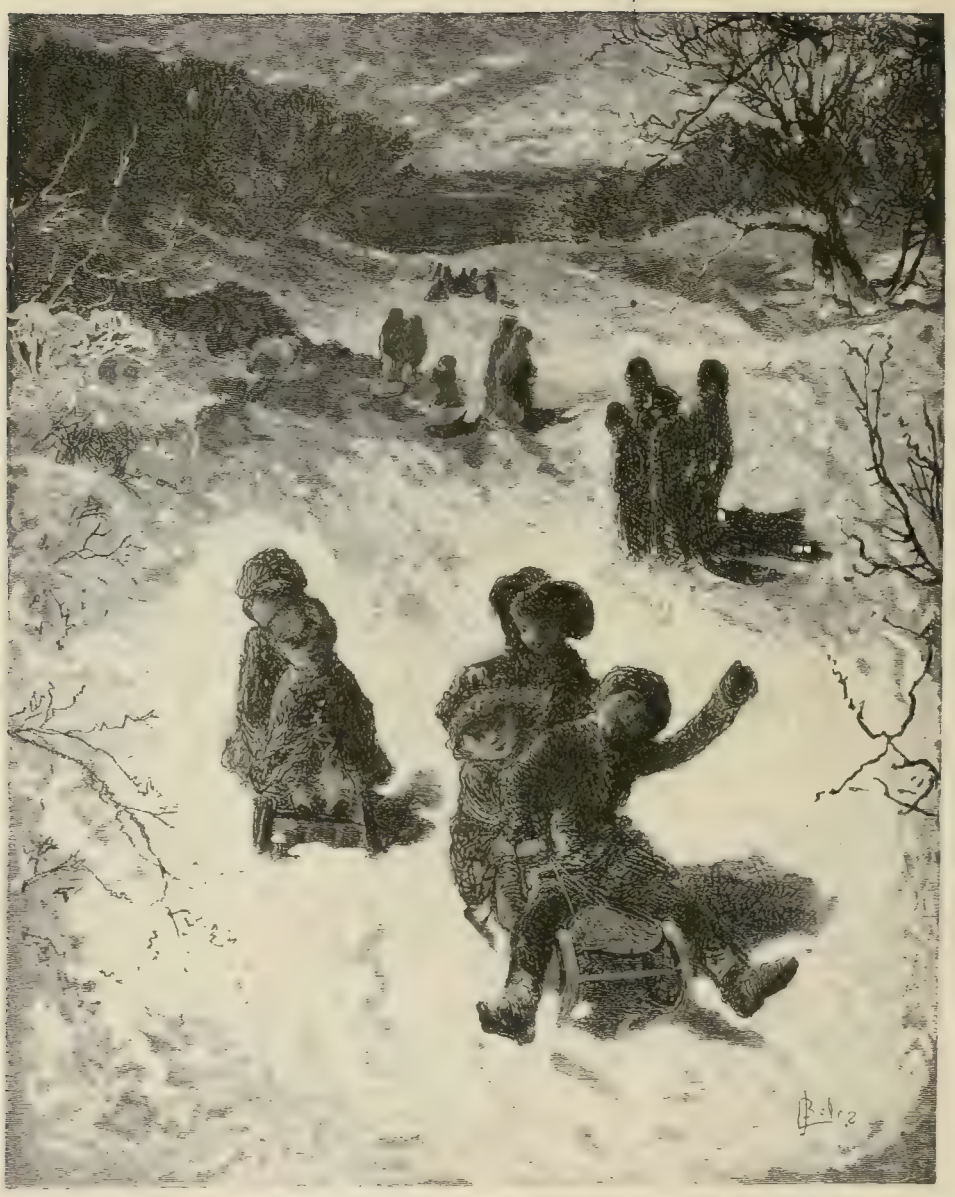
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THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON.

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THE LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR.

A Story of Thanksgiving-Day

By E. S. BROOKS.

IT was the 25th of November, 1783 — a brilliant day, clear, crisp, and invigorating, with just enough of frosty air to flush the eager cheeks and nip the inquisitive noses of every boy and girl in the excited crowd that filled the Bowery lane from Harlem to the barriers, and pressed fast upon the heels of General Knox's advance detachment of Continental troops marching to the position assigned them, near the "tea-water pump." At some points the crowd was especially pushing and persistent, and Mistress Dolly Duane was decidedly uncomfortable. For little Dolly detested crowds, as, in fact, she detested everything that interfered with the comfort of a certain dainty little maiden of thirteen. And she was just on the point of expressing to her cousin, young Edward Livingstone, her regret that they had not staid to witness the procession from the tumble-down gate-way of the Duane country-house, near the King's Bridge road, when, out from the crowd, came the sound of a child's voice, shrill and complaining.

"Keep off, you big, bad man," it said; "keep off and let me pass. How dare you crowd me so, you wicked rebels?"

"Rebels, hey?" a harsh and mocking voice exclaimed. "Rebels! Heard ye that, mates? Well crowed, my little cockerel. Let 's have a look at you," and a burly arm rudely parted the pushing crowd and dragged out of the press a slight, dark-haired little fellow of seven or eight, clad in velvet and ruffles.

"Put me down! Put me down, I say!" screamed the boy, his small face flushed with passion. "Put me down, I tell you, or I 'll bid Angevine horsewhip you!"

"Hark to the little Tory," growled his captor. "A rare young bird now, is n't he? Horsewhip *us*, d' ye say — us, free American citizens? And who may you be, my little beggar?"

"I am no beggar, you bad man," cried the child, angrily. "I am the little lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Give us grace, your worship," he said, with mock humility. "Lord of the manor! Look at him, mates," and he held the struggling little lad toward the laughing crowd. "Why, there are no lords nor manors now in free America, my bantam."

"But I am, I tell you!" protested the boy. "That 's what my grandfather calls me — oh, where is he? Take me to him, please: he calls me the little lord of the manor."

"Who 's your grandfather?" demanded the man.

"Who? Why, don't you know?" the "little lord" asked, incredulously. "Everybody knows my grandfather, I thought. He is Colonel Phillipse, baron of Phillipsbourg, and lord of the manor. And he 'll kill you if you hurt me," he added, defiantly.

"Phillipse, the king of Yonckers! Phillipse,

the fat old Tory of West Chester! A prize, a prize, mates!" shouted the bully. "What say you? Shall we hold this young bantling hostage for the tainted Tory, his grandfather, and when once we get the old fellow serve him as we did the refugee at Wall-kill t'other day?"

"What did you do?" the crowd asked.

"Faith, we tarred and feathered him well, put a hog-yoke on his neck and a cow-bell, too, and then rode him on a rail till he cheered for the Congress."

"Treat my grandfather like that—my good grandfather? You shall not! you dare not!" cried the small Phillipse, with a flood of angry tears, as he struggled and fought in his captor's arms.

Dolly Duane's kindly heart was filled with pity at the rough usage of the "little lord."

"Oh, sir," she said, as she pushed through the crowd and laid her hand on the big bully's arm, "let the child go. 'T is unmannerly to treat him as you do, and you 're very, very cruel."

The fellow turned roughly around and looked down into Dolly's disturbed and protesting face.

"What, another of 'em?" he said, surlily. "Why, the place is full of little Tories."

"No, no; no Tory I!" said indignant Dolly. "My father is Mr. Duane, and he is no Tory."

"Mr. Duane, of the Congress?" "Give up the lad to the maid." "Why harm the child?" came mingled voices from the crowd.

"What care I for Duane!" said the bully, contemptuously. "One man 's as good as another now in free America,—is n't he? Bah! you 're all cowards; but I know when I 've got a good thing. You don't bag a Phillipse every day, I 'll warrant you."

"No; but we bag other game once in a while," said Dolly's cousin, young Edward Livingstone, pushing his way to her side. "We bag turncoats and thieves, and murdering runagates sometimes, even in 'free America'; and we know what to do with them when we do bag them. Friends," he cried, turning to the crowd, "do you know this fellow? He 's a greater prize than the little Phillipse. 'T is Big Jake of the Saw-mill—a 'skinner' one day and a 'cow-boy' next, as it suits his fancy and as brings him booty. I know him, and so does the water-guard. I am Livingstone, of Clermont Manor. Let down the lad, man, or we 'll turn you over to the town-major. He 'd like to have a chance at you rarely."

The crowd uttered a cry of rage as it closed excitedly around the burly member of the lawless gang that had preyed upon the defenseless people of the lower Hudson during the years of war and raid. The bully paled at the sound and dropped the little Phillipse from his arms. Without waiting to see the issue, young Livingstone dragged the "little lord" from the throng, while his companion, Master Clinton, hurried Dolly along, and they were soon free of the crowd that was dealing roughly enough with Big Jake of the Saw-mill.

"Now, Dolly, let us go back to the farm before we get into further trouble," said Cousin Ned, a pleasant young fellow of eighteen, who looked upon himself as the lawful protector of "the children."

"But what shall we do with our little lord of the manor, Cousin Ned?" asked Dolly.

"The safest plan is to take him with us," he replied.

"Oh, no, sir; no," pleaded the little boy. "We sail to-day with Sir Guy Carleton, and what will grandfather do without me?" And then he told them how, early that morning, he had slipped away from Angevine, Colonel Phillipse's body-servant, passed through the barriers and strolled up the Bowery lane to see the "rebel soldiers"; how he had lost his way in the crowd, and was in sore distress and danger until Dolly interfered; and how he thanked them "over and over again" for protecting him. But "Oh, please, I must go back to my grandfather," he added.

Little Mistress Dolly had a mind of her own, and she warmly championed the cause of the "lost little lord," as she called him.

"Cousin Ned," she said, "of course, he must go to his grandfather, and of course, we must take him. Think how I should feel if they tried to keep me from my father!" and Dolly's sympathetic eyes filled at the dreadful thought.

"But how can we take him?" asked Cousin Ned. "How can we get past the barriers?"

A hundred years ago, New York City proper extended northward only as far as the present Post-office, and during the Revolution a line of earth-works was thrown across the island at that point to defend it against assault from the north. The British sentinels at these barriers were not to give up their posts to the Americans until one o'clock on this eventful evacuation-day, and Cousin Ned, therefore, could not well see how they could pass the sentries.

But young Master Clinton, a bright, curly-haired boy of thirteen, said confidently: "Oh, that 's easily done." And then, with a knowledge of the highways and by-ways which many rambles through the dear old town had given him, he unfolded his plan. "See here," he said, "we 'll turn down the Monument lane, just below us, cut across through General Mortier's woods to Mr. Nicholas Bayard's, and so on to the Ranelagh Gardens. From there we can easily get over to the Broad Way and the Murray-street barrier before General Knox gets to the Fresh Water, where he has been ordered to halt until one o'clock. When

the guard at the barrier knows that we have the little baron of Phillipsbourg with us, and has handled the two York sixpences you will give him, of course he 'll let us pass. So, don't you see, we can fix this little boy all right, and, better yet, can see King George's men go out and our troops come in, and make just a splendid day of it."

Dolly, fully alive to these glorious possibilities, clapped her hands delightedly.

"What a brain the boy has!" said young Livingstone. "Keep on, my son," he said, patronizingly, "and you 'll make a great man yet."

"So I mean to be," said De Witt Clinton, cheerily, and then, heading the little group, he followed out the route he had proposed. Ere long the barriers were safely passed, Cousin Ned was two York sixpences out of pocket, and the young people stood within the British lines.

"And now, where may we find your grandfather, little one?" Cousin Ned inquired, as they halted on the Broad Way beneath one of the tall poplars that lined the old-time street.

The little Phillipse could not well reply. The noise and confusion that filled the city had turned his head. For what with the departing English troops, the disconsolate loyalist refugees hurrying for transportation to distant English ports, and the zealous citizens who were making great preparations to welcome the incoming soldiers of the Congress, the streets of the little city were full of bustle and excitement. The boy said his grandfather might be at the fort; he might be at the King's Arms Tavern, near Stone street; he might be — he *would* be — hunting for him.

So Master Clinton suggested, "Let 's go down to Mr. Day's tavern here in Murray street. He knows me, and, if he can, will find Colonel Phillipse for us." Down into Murray street therefore they turned, and, near the road to Greenwich, saw the tavern,—a long, low-roofed house, gable end to the street,—around which an excited crowd surged and shouted.

"Why, look there," Master Clinton cried, "look there, and the King's men not yet gone!" and, following the direction of his finger, they saw with surprise the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic, floating from the pole before the tavern.

"Huzza!" they shouted with the rest, but the "little lord" said, somewhat contemptuously, "Why, 't is the rebel flag—or so my grandfather calls it."

"Rebel no longer, little one," said Cousin Ned, "as even your good grandfather must now admit. But surely," he added, anxiously, "Mr. Day will get himself in trouble by raising his flag before our troops come in."

An angry shout now rose from the throng around the flag-staff, and as the fringe of small boys scattered and ran in haste, young Livingstone caught one of them by the arm. "What 's the trouble, lad?" he asked.

"Let go!" said the boy, struggling to free himself. "You 'd better scatter, too, or Cunningham will catch you. He 's ordered down Day's flag, and says he 'll clear the crowd."

They all knew who Cunningham was — the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal; the starver of American prisoners and the terror of American children. "Come away, quick," said Cousin Ned. But, though they drew off at first, curiosity was too strong, and they were soon in the crowd again.

Cunningham, the marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—two minutes, d 'ye hear, or into the Provost you go. Your beggarly troops are not in possession here yet, and I 'll have no such striped rag as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I 'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, "fair, fat, and forty," armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. And the flag did *not* come down.

From the vantage-ground of a projecting "stoop" our young friends had indulged in irreverent laughter, and the marshal's quick ears caught the sound.

Fuming with rage and seeking some one to vent his anger on, he rushed up the "stoop" and bade his guard drag down the culprits.

"What pestilent young rebels have we here?" he growled. "Who are you?" He started as they gave their names. "Livingstone? Clinton?

Duane?" he repeated. "Well, well—a rare lot this of the rebel brood! And who is yon young bantling in velvet and ruffles?"

"You must not stop us, sir," said the boy, facing the angry marshal. "I am the little lord of the manor, and my grandfather is Colonel Phillipse. Sir Guy Carleton is waiting for me."

"Well, well," exclaimed the surprised marshal; "here 's a fine to-do! A Phillipse in this rebel lot! What does it mean? Have ye kidnapped the lad? Here may be some treachery. Bring them along!" and with as much importance as if he had captured a whole corps of Washington's dragoons, instead of a few harmless children, the young prisoners were hurried off, followed by an indignant crowd. Dolly was considerably frightened, and dark visions of the stocks, the whipping-post, and the ducking-stool by the Collect pond rose before her eyes. But Cousin Ned whispered: "Don't be afraid, Dolly—'t will be all right"; and Master Clinton even sought to argue with the marshal.

"There are no rebels now, sir," he said, "since your king has given up the fight. You yourselves are rebels, rather, if you restrain us of our freedom. I know your king's proclamation, word for word. It says: 'We do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers, both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.' Wherefore, sir," concluded this wise young pleader, "if you keep us in unlawful custody, you brave your king's displeasure."

"You impudent young rebel——" began Cunningham; but the "little lord" interrupted him with: "You shall not take us to jail, sir. I will tell my grandfather, and he will make Sir Guy punish you." And upon this, the provost-marshal, whose wrath had somewhat cooled, began to fear that he might, perhaps, have exceeded his authority, and ere long, with a sour look and a surly word, he set the young people free.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. "There might be seen," says one of the old records, "the Hessian, with his towering, brass-fronted cap, mustache colored with the same blacking which colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip-form to his waist. His uniform was a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The Highlander, with his low checked bonnet, his tartan or plaid, short red coat, his kilt above his knees and they exposed, his hose short and party-colored. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering yellow caps; the gaudy Waldeckers, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops; the German yägers, and the various corps of English in glittering and gallant pomp." The white-capped waves of the beautiful bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed. But Sir Guy Carleton looked troubled. His eye wandered from the departing troops at Whitehall slip to the gate at Bowling Green, and then across the parade to the Governor's gardens and the town beyond.

"Well, sir, what word from Colonel Phillipse?" he inquired, as an aid hurried to his side.

"He bids you go without him, General," the aid reported. "The boy is not yet found, but the Colonel says he will risk seizure rather than leave the lad behind."

"It can not well be helped," said the British commander. "I will myself dispatch a line to General Washington, requesting due courtesy and safe conduct for Colonel Phillipse and his missing heir. But see—whom have we here?" he asked, as across the parade two children came hurrying hand in hand. Fast behind them a covered cariole came tearing through the gate-way, and ere the bastion on which the General stood was reached, the cariole drew up with a sudden stop, and a very large man, descending hastily, caught up one of the children in his arms.

"Good; the lost is found!" exclaimed Sir Guy, who had been an interested spectator of the pantomime.

"All is well, General," Colonel Phillipse cried, joyfully, as the commander came down from the bastion and welcomed the new-comers. "My little lord of the manor is found; and, faith, his loss troubled me more than all the attainder and forfeiture the rebel Congress can crowd upon me."

"But how got he here?" Sir Guy asked.

"This fair little lady is both his rescuer and protector," replied the grandfather.

"And who may you be, little mistress?" asked the commander-in-chief.

Dolly made a neat little curtsy, for those were the days of good manners, and she was a proper little damsel. "I am Dolly Duane, your Excellency," she said, "daughter of Mr. James Duane, of the Congress."

"Duane!" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, well, little one, I did not think a Phillipse would ever acknowledge himself debtor to a Duane, but now

do I gladly do it. Bear my compliments to your father, sweet Mistress Dolly, and tell him that his old enemy, Phillipse, of Phillipsbourg, will never forget the kindly aid of his gentle little daughter, who has this day restored a lost lad to a sorrowing grandfather. And let me thus show my gratitude for your love and service," and the very large man, stooping in all courtesy before the little girl, laid his hand in blessing on her head, and kissed her fair young face.

"A rare little maiden, truly," said gallant Sir Guy: "and though I have small cause to favor so hot an enemy of the King as is Mr. James Duane, I admire his dutiful little daughter; and thus would I, too, render her love and service," and the gleaming scarlet and gold-laced arms of the courtly old commander encircled fair Mistress Dolly, and a hearty kiss fell upon her blushing cheeks. But she was equal to the occasion. Raising herself on tiptoe, she dropped a dainty kiss upon the General's smiling face, and said, "Let this, sir, be America's good-bye kiss to your Excellency."

"A right royal salute," said Sir Guy. "Mr. De Lancy, bid the band-master give us the farewell march"; and, to the strains of appropriate music, the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, and the little lord of Phillipse Manor waved Mistress Dolly a last farewell.

Then the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed. The halyards were speedily cut, the stepping-cleats knocked from the staff, and the tall pole covered with grease, so that none might climb it. And with this final act of unsoldierly discourtesy, the memory of which has lived through a hundred busy years, the provost-marshal left the now liberated city.

Even Sir Guy's gallant kiss could not rid Dolly of her fear of Cunningham's frown; but as she scampered off she heard his final order, and, hot with indignation, told the news to Cousin Ned and Master Clinton, who were in waiting for her on the Bowling Green. The younger lad was for stirring up the people to instant action, but just then they heard the roll of drums, and, standing near the ruins of King George's statue, watched the advance-guard of the Continental troops as it filed in to take possession of the fort. Beneath the high gate-way and straight toward the north bastion marched the detachment—a troop of horse, a regiment of infantry, and a company of artillery. The batteries, the parapets, and the ramparts were thronged with cheering people, and Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant Colonel. "Hallo there, lads, will you be outwitted by such a scurvy trick? Look where they wait in their boats to give us the laugh. Will you let tainted Tories and buttermilk Whigs thus shame us? A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

Dolly's quick ear caught the ringing words. "Oh, Cousin Ned," she cried; "I saw Jacky Van Arsdale on the Bowling Green. Don't you remember how he climbed the greased pole at Clermont, in the May merrying?" and with that she sped across the parade and through the gate-way, returning soon with a stout sailor-boy of fifteen. "Now, tell the Colonel you 'll try it, Jacky."

"Go it, Jack!" shouted Cousin Ned. "I 'll make the gold jacobus two if you but reeve the halyards."

"I want no money for the job, Master Livingstone," said the sailor-lad. "I 'll do it for Mistress Dolly's sake, if I can."

Jack was an expert climber, but if any of my boy readers think it a simple thing to "shin up" a greased pole, just let them try it once—and fail.

Jack Van Arsdale tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. And all the watchers in the boats off-shore joined in a chorus of laughs and jeers. Jack shook his fist at them angrily. "I 'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If but ye 'll saw me up some cleats, and give me hammer and nails, I 'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands and willing feet came to the assistance of the plucky lad. Some ran swiftly to Mr. Geolet's, "the iron-monger's," in Hanover square, and brought quickly back "a hand-saw, hatchet, hammer, gimlets, and nails"; others drew a long board to the bastion, and while one sawed the board into lengths, another split the strips into cleats, others bored the nail-holes, and soon young Jack had material enough.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he

worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are reeved, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.

From the city streets came the roll and rumble of distant drums, and Dolly and her two companions, following the excited crowd, hastened across Hanover square, and from an excellent outlook in the Fly Market watched the whole grand procession as it wound down Queen (now Pearl) street, making its triumphal entry into the welcoming city. First came a corps of dragoons, then followed the advance-guard of light infantry and a corps of artillery, then more light infantry, a battalion of Massachusetts troops, and the rear-guard. As the veterans, with their soiled and faded uniforms, filed past, Dolly could not help contrasting them with the brilliant appearance of the British troops she had seen in the fort. "Their clothes *do* look worn and rusty," she said. "But then," she added, with beaming eyes, "they are *our* soldiers, and that is everything."

And now she hears "a great hozaing all down the Fly," as one record queerly puts it, and as the shouts increase, she sees a throng of horsemen, where, escorted by Captain Delavan's "West Chester Light Horse," ride the heroes of that happy hour, General George Washington and Governor George Clinton. Dolly added her clear little treble to the loud huzzas as the famous commander-in-chief rode down the echoing street. Behind their excellencies came other officials, dignitaries, army officers, and files of citizens, on horseback and afoot, many of the latter returning to dismantled and ruined homes after nearly eight years of exile.

But Dolly did not wait to see the whole procession. She had spied her father in the line of mounted citizens, and flying across Queen street, and around by Golden Hill (near Maiden lane), where the first blood of the Revolution was spilled, she hurried down the Broad Way, so as to reach Mr. Cape's tavern before their excellencies arrived.

Soon she was in her father's arms relating her adventures, and as she received his chidings for mingling in such "unseemly crowds," and his praise for her championship and protection of the little Phillipse, a kindly hand was laid upon her fair young head, and a voice whose tones she could never forget said: "So may our children be angels of peace, Mr. Duane. Few have suffered more, or deserved better from their country, sir, than you; but the possession of so rare a little daughter is a fairer recompense than aught your country can bestow. Heaven has given me no children, sir; but had I thus been blessed, I could have wished for no gentler or truer-hearted little daughter than this maid of yours." And with the stately courtesy that marked the time, General Washington bent down and kissed little Dolly as she sat on her father's knee. Touched by his kindly words, Dolly forgot all her awe of the great man. Flinging two winsome arms about his neck, she kissed him in return, and said, softly, "If Mr. Duane were not my father, sir, I would rather it should be you than any one else."

In all her after-life, though she retained pleasant memories of Sir Guy Carleton, and thought him a grand and gallant gentleman, Dolly Duane held still more firmly to her reverence and affection for General Washington, whom she described as "looking more grand and noble than any human being she had ever seen."

Next to General Washington, I think she held the fire-works that were set off in the Bowling Green in honor of the Peace to have been the grandest thing she had ever seen. The rockets, and the wheels, and the tourbillions, and the batteries, and the stars were all so wonderful to her, that General Knox said Dolly's "ohs" and "ahs" were "as good as a play"; and staid Master Clinton and jolly Cousin Ned threatened to send to the Ferry stairs for an anchor to hold her down. Both these young gentlemen grew to be famous Americans in after years, and witnessed many anniversaries of this glorious Evacuation-Day. But they never enjoyed any of them quite as much as they did the exciting original, nor could they ever forget, amidst all the throng of memories, how sweet Mistress Dolly Duane championed and protected the lost "little lord of the manor," and won the distinguished honor of being kissed by both the commanders-in-chief on the same eventful day.

BENEVOLENT BIRDS.

By Will Woodman



"AN' what did ye see that was strange-like over beyant, Pat?" asked an Irishman of a fellow-servant who had just returned from Paris with his master.

"Sure," said Pat, "an' I niver see the loikes o' the childer there. There wuz n't wan o'-thim that cud n't spake the langwidge — an' they so young; an' there wuz I, a man grown, that did n't know the first wurd!"

Pat's astonishment was no more ludicrous, in truth, than the surprise we all express, when we discover in some lower animal a trait which we have always considered as belonging to ourselves alone as human beings. There is, of course, a great difference between the human animal and other animals; but, after all, it is not so great as we in our complacency are wont to think. Indeed, one witty naturalist has said that there is only one difference between us and other animals, and that is, that we can talk and tell each other how wonderfully smart we are, and they can not.

Why should not the lower animals have many traits of character similar to those seen in the human animal? They have to seek their food as we do; they have enemies to contend against; they need help at times; the weaker ones have to band together, or they would be destroyed by their stronger enemies. In fact, the battle of life among

the lower animals is so like the battle of life among us that we really ought not to be surprised at the exhibition by any creature of any particular virtue which we call human, or any vice which we call brutal.

For example, we think very highly of the virtue of benevolence, and we call the feeling that prompts it humanity, as if only man could have the sensation. As a fact, any animal may be benevolent, and it is only because we know so little of animal life that we have not discovered many instances of it. There is one very odd case of benevolence of one animal toward another which shows that help is often needed where least suspected.

Who would suppose that the elephant, with its great size and massive strength, could be in need of such aid as so insignificant a creature as a bird could give it?

Against such large animals as lions, tigers, and rhinoceroses it can defend itself, but against tiny insects, which it might crush under its feet by the hundred, it has no protection except what is given it by a little feathered friend. With such a thick skin as it has one might well suppose that the elephant would have no trouble from insects; but, in truth, it is the very thickness of its hide which makes the small insect dangerous.

Ticks, which are abundant in all forests, work their way into the cracks in the skin of the huge creature, and as the skin is so thick they are enabled to bury themselves so completely that they can not be scraped off when the smarting animal rubs against rocks or trees. A differently constructed animal could use its teeth or feet to remove the annoyance; but for the elephant, there is nothing but suffering and torture, unless some kind friend lends a helping hand — or bill.

And this kind friend is not lacking; for no sooner are the little pests comfortably ensconced than a pair of small, bright, yellow eyes searches them out, and the next moment a pretty, orange-colored beak plucks them forth. The owner of the eyes and beak is a beautiful, snow-white heron; small of body, but large of heart; for it seems, in Northern Africa at least, to have devoted its life to the benevolent work of watching over its monstrous *protégé*.

It is a novel and beautiful sight to see the dark-skinned giant of the jungle stalking ponderously along, with as many as a score of these beautiful birds perched upon his back and head, busily working to free him from his little tormentors. And full well the elephant knows what he owes his benefactors. Not for anything would he harm them, ugly-tempered as he often is. Even when the sharp beak probes deep into the sensitive flesh, the great creature bears the pain patiently, seeming to know that it is necessary.

In countries where there are no elephants this bird cares in the same way for cattle; for which reason its popular name is cattle-heron. Scientific men, however, call it *Bubulcus ibis*.

We have a saying that charity begins at home, and it has been added that a great deal of the charity that begins at home stays there. Of this narrow sort of benevolence, too, we find examples among the animals. There is the barbet, for instance. It is a solitary bird, and sits most of the time in morose silence on a twig, waiting for its food (in the shape of an insect) to fly by. Sometimes it is said to rouse itself and make a descent upon the nest of some smaller bird, and eat all the little ones.

Certainly, one would not look for any sort of benevolence from such a bird; and yet it offers a very striking and beautiful example of the begin-at-home-and-stay-there kind.

The celebrated naturalist, Levaillant, who has told us so many interesting things about the birds of Africa and South America, says that he discovered a barbet's nest in which there were five birds. Four of them were young and vigorous, but the fifth was so old and weak that when it was put into a cage with its comrades it could not move, but lay dying in the corner where it had been placed.

When food was put into the cage, the poor old bird could only look at it longingly, without having the strength to drag itself within reach of it. Then it was that the younger birds manifested a singular spirit of kindness. Quickly, and even with an air of tenderness, as it seems, they carried food to the decrepit old bird, and fed it as if it had been only a fledgling. Struck by this spectacle, the naturalist examined the nest from which the birds had been taken, and found it was full of husks and the remains of insects, showing plainly that the old bird must have been maintained a long time by its vigorous companions, which probably were its own offspring. Further study of other birds of the same species convinced the naturalist that it was the custom for the old and infirm birds to be cared for by the young and strong.

There are several different species of barbets found in Africa and South America, and though not graceful in shape, many of them are exceedingly beautiful in plumage. They get their name of barbet from the French word *barbe*, meaning beard, because they have tufts of stiff hair at the base of the bill. Naturalists place them in a genus called *Bucco*, and some persons call them puff-birds, because they have an odd way of puffing out the feathers all over the body, which then looks more like a bale of feathers than a bird.

But it has happened, too, that man himself has been made the object of a lower animal's benevo-

lence: and thus the efforts of a few human beings in behalf of animals may be seen to have had a parallel in counter-efforts on the part of the animals.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barn-yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however,—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways,—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and, though very jealous of his affection, endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well-being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but, with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning, it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to their feeding-ground; and if any should presume to wander, they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night, the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by frequent pecks with its sharp beak.



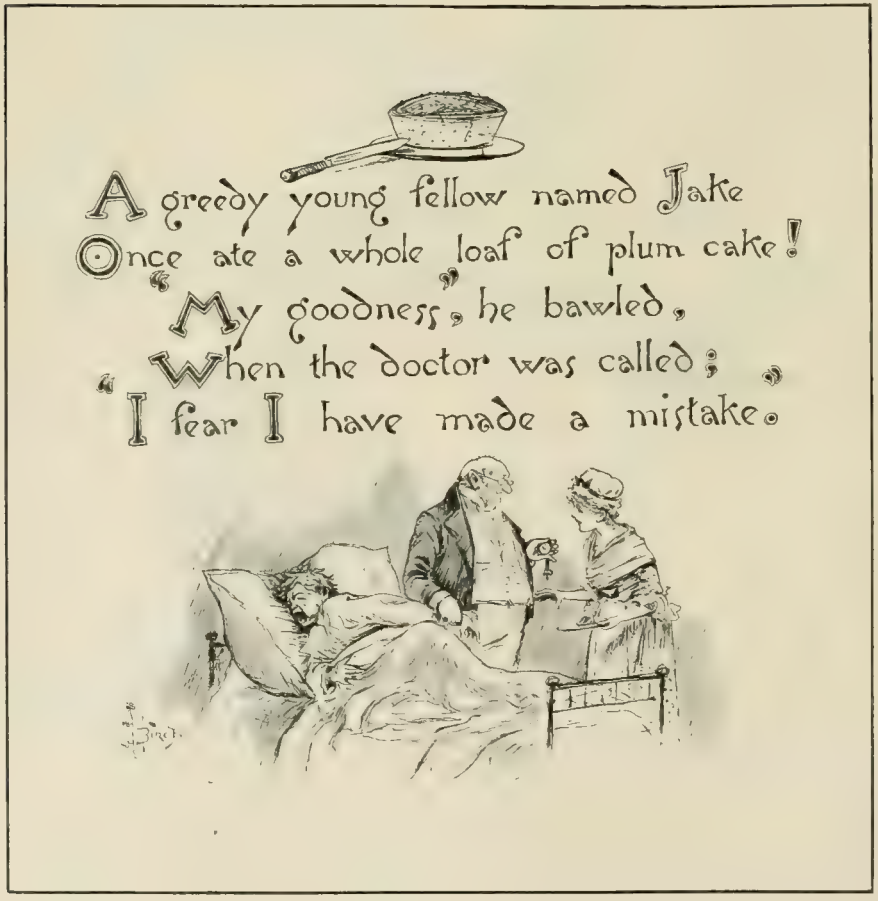
THE BIRD THAT DEFENDS THE SHEEP.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving

combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied. Like the dog, too, it exhibits the greatest joy upon the return of its master after an absence.

Travelers in Guiana and other parts of South America, north of the Amazon, find the agami domesticated even by the natives; and one writer tells of a young bird which was taken to England and brought up in the country. It made friends with the hounds and followed them in the hunts, having no difficulty in keeping up with them, and seeming to enjoy the whole affair as much as any of the participants. This story may not be true, but it is not improbable; for a bird of the intelligence of the agami might easily do as much.



A THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY.

By H. Butterworth.

"Honk!"

I spun around like a top, looking nervously in every direction. I was familiar with that sound; I had heard it before, during two summer vacations, at the old farm-house on the Cape.

It had been a terror to me. I always put a door, a fence, or a stone wall between me and that sound as speedily as possible.

I had just come down from the city to the Cape for my third summer vacation. I had left the cars with my arms full of bundles, and hurried toward Aunt Targood's.

The cottage stood in from the road. There was a long meadow in front of it. In the meadow were two great oaks and some clusters of lilacs. An old, mossy stone wall protected the grounds from the road, and a long walk ran from the old wooden gate to the door.

It was a sunny day, and my heart was light. The orioles were flaming in the old orchards; the bobolinks were tossing themselves about in the long meadows of timothy, daisies, and patches of clover. There was a scent of new-mown hay in the air.

In the distance lay the bay, calm and resplendent, with white sails and specks of boats. Beyond it rose Martha's Vineyard, green and cool and bowery, and at its wharf lay a steamer.

I was, as I said, light-hearted. I was thinking of rides over the sandy roads at the close of the long, bright days; of excursions on the bay; of clam-bakes and picnics.

I was hungry; and before me rose visions of Aunt Targood's fish dinners, roast chickens, berry pies. I was thirsty; but ahead was the old well-sweep, and, behind the cool lattice of the dairy window, were pans of milk in abundance.

I tripped on toward the door with light feet, lugging my bundles and beaded with perspiration, but unmindful of all discomforts in the thought of the bright days and good things in store for me.

"Honk! honk!"

My heart gave a bound!

Where did that sound come from?

Out of a cool cluster of innocent-looking lilac bushes, I saw a dark object cautiously moving. It seemed to have no head. I knew, however, that it had a head. I had seen it; it had seized me once on the previous summer, and I had been in terror of it during all the rest of the season.

I looked down into the irregular grass, and saw the head and a very long neck running along on the ground, propelled by the dark body, like a snake running away from a ball. It was coming toward me, and faster and faster as it approached.

I dropped all my bundles.

In a few flying leaps I returned to the road again, and armed myself with a stick from a pile of cord-wood.

"Honk! honk! honk!"

It was a call of triumph. The head was high in the air now. My enemy moved grandly foward, as became the monarch of the great meadow farm-yard.

I stood with beating heart, after my retreat.

It was Aunt Targood's gander.

How he enjoyed his triumph, and how small and cowardly he made me feel!

"Honk! honk! honk!"

The geese came out of the lilac bushes, bowing their heads to him in admiration. Then came the goslings—a long procession of awkward, half-feathered things: they appeared equally delighted.

The gander seemed to be telling his admiring audience all about it: how a strange girl with many bundles had attempted to cross the yard; how he had driven her back, and had captured her bundles, and now was monarch of the field. He clapped his wings when he had finished his heroic story, and sent forth such a "honk!" as might have startled a major-general.

Then he, with an air of great dignity and coolness, began to examine my baggage.

Among my effects were several pounds of chocolate caramels, done up in brown paper. Aunt Targood liked caramels, and I had brought her a large supply.

He tore off the wrappers quickly. Bit one. It was good. He began to distribute the bon-bons among the geese, and they, with much liberality and good-will, among the goslings.

This was too much. I ventured through the gate swinging my cord-wood stick.

"Shoo!"

He dropped his head on the ground, and drove it down the walk in a lively waddle toward me.

"*Shoo!*"

It was Aunt Targood's voice at the door.

He stopped immediately.

His head was in the air again.

"*Shoo!*"

Out came Aunt Targood with her broom.

She always corrected the gander with her broom.

If I were to be whipped I should choose a broom—not the stick.

As soon as he beheld the broom he retired, although with much offended pride and dignity, to the lilac bushes; and the geese and goslings followed him.

"Hester, you dear child, come here. I was expecting you, and had been looking out for you, but missed sight of you. I had forgotten all about the gander."

We gathered up the bundles and the caramels. I was light-hearted again.

How cool was the sitting-room, with the woodbine falling about the open windows! Aunt brought me a pitcher of milk and some strawberries; some bread and honey; and a fan.

While I was resting and taking my lunch, I could hear the gander discussing the affairs of the farm-yard with the geese. I did not greatly enjoy the discussion. His tone of voice was very proud, and he did not seem to be speaking well of me. I was suspicious that he did not think me a very brave girl. A young person likes to be spoken well of, even by the gander.

Aunt Targood's gander had been the terror of many well-meaning people, and of some evil-doers, for many years. I have seen tramps and pack-peddlers enter the gate, and start on toward the door, when there would sound that ringing warning like a war-blast, "Honk, honk!" and in a few minutes these unwelcome people would be gone. Farm-house boarders from the city would sometimes enter the yard, thinking to draw water by the old well-sweep: in a few minutes it was customary to hear shrieks, and to see women and children flying over the walls, followed by air-rending "honks!" and jubilant cackles from the victorious gander and his admiring family.

Aunt Targood sometimes took summer boarders. Among those that I remember was Reverend Mr. Bonney, a fervent-souled Methodist preacher. He put the gander to flight with the cart-whip, on the second day after his arrival, and seemingly to Aunt's great grief; but he never was troubled by the feathered tyrant again.

Young couples sometimes came to Father Bonney to be married; and, one summer afternoon, there rode up to the gate a very young couple, whom we afterward learned had "run away"; or, rather, had attempted to get married without their parents' approval. The young bridegroom hitched the horse, and helped from the carriage the gayly dressed miss he expected to make his wife. They started up the walk upon the run, as though they expected to be followed, and haste was necessary to prevent the failure of their plans.

"Honk!"

They stopped. It was a voice of authority.

"Just look at him!" said the bride. "Oh! oh!"

The bridegroom cried "Shoo!" but he might as well have said "shoo" to a steam-engine. On came the gander, with his head and neck upon the ground. He seized the lad by the calf of his leg, and made an immediate application of his wings. The latter seemed to think he had been attacked by dragons. As soon as he could shake him off he ran. So did the bride, but in another direction; and while the two were thus perplexed and discomfited, the bride's father appeared in a carriage, and gave her a most forcible invitation to ride home with him. She accepted it without discussion. What became of the bridegroom, or how the matter ended, we never knew.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "Is it because he is a kind of a watch-dog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy any one. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. I could not have him killed or sent away. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. He was a good boy to me. He loved his mother. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.

"The farm did not produce enough for us all: Nathaniel, John, and I. We worked hard and had a hard time. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for our taxes.

"'Nathaniel,' said I, 'I will go to taking boarders.'

"Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

"'Mother, I will go to sea.'

"'Where?' asked I, in surprise.

"'In a coaster.'

"I turned white. How I felt!

"'You and John can manage the place,' he continued. 'One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me.'

"It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

"The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said that they were wild-goose eggs.

"I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings. I took them into the house at first, but afterward made a pen for them out in the yard. I brought them up myself, and one of those goslings is that gander.

"Skipper Ben came over to see me, the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

"I said to Aaron:

"'What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I have n't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy.'

"Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"'Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for our Thanksgiving dinner.'

"What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and to give *him* to Nathaniel.

"The next morning — it was late in September — I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; it was true that the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy. But when poverty compels a mother and son to part, after they have been true to each other, and shared their feelings in common, it seems hard, it seems hard — though I do not like to murmur or complain at anything allotted to me.

"I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

"November came — it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

"Thanksgiving week came.

"It was full of an Indian-summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright, and calm.

"I could sleep on those calm nights.

"One morning, I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up — I thought I had been dreaming.

"On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner: if it would be cooked as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

"I was just going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"'*Honk!*'

"I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"'*Honk! honk!*'

"There it was again, in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

"I heard the geese cackle.

"'*Honk! honk! honk!*'

"I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

"I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call — that horn-like tone that I had noticed in mine.

"I went out of the door.

"The *third* goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

"I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

"It *was* a gander — a 'wild' gander — that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

"I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

"As I was in that place, a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the crib-stone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "honk," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

"I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

"It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's — had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

"Years have passed — ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel — my Nathaniel — never returned.

"That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. *He* remembered the corn-crib — he remembered something else. I wish he *could* talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. *He knows!*"



By Emma C. Dowd.

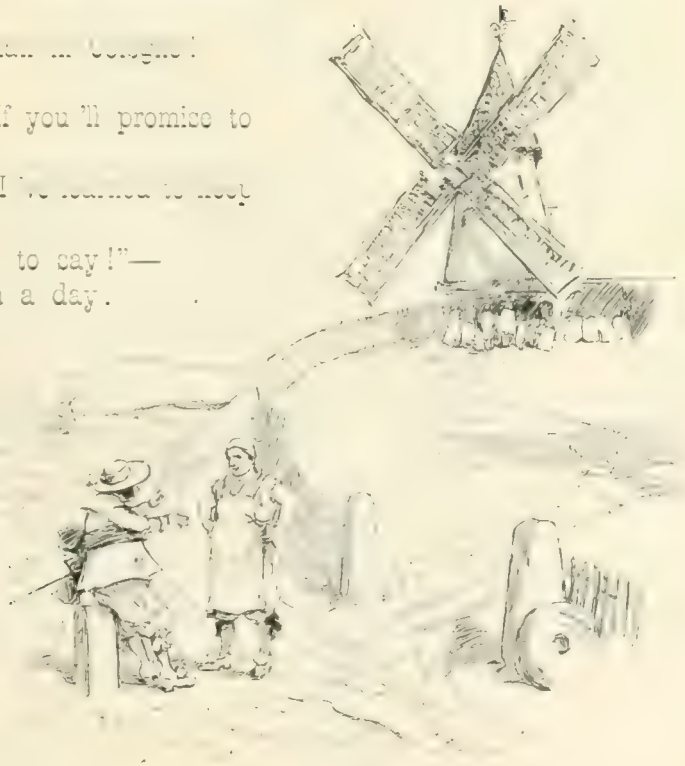
A long time ago, there lived, in Cologne,
Otto von Hiller and Rupert Van Tone;
And Otto wrote fables,
But Rupert made tables—
"The very best tables that ever were known!"
So said every sensible frau in Cologne.

"Friend Rupert," said Otto von Hiller, one day,
"Come, tell me the wonderful reason, I pray,
Why men call you clever,
When, really, you never
Professed to have very much learning, you know,
And I—well, in truth, I 've enough for a show



"I'm master of Latin, I'm famous in Greek,
Both French and Italian I fluently speak:
I could talk by the year
Of our nation's career;
You some one has said—to me shame to it
show it,—
That I am the stupidest man in Cologne!

Said Rupert Van Tone: "If you 'll promise to
try it,
I 'll tell you the secret:—I 've learned to keep
quiet."
"But I 've so much to say!"—
"'T wont spoil in a day.



Who lets his tongue run like a vibrating lever
Stands very small chance of being called clever."

But he 'd "so much to say," this Otto von Hiller:
'T was now to the judge, and now to the miller:
He 'd appear without warning,
And stay all the morning,
Till his hearers would sigh as he left, "What a drone!
He is truly the stupidest man in Cologne."

But Rupert Van Tone worked on at his trade;
He listened and thought, but his words he well weighed,
Till at twoscore and twenty
He 'd money in plenty;
And through summer and winter his mansion was known
As the home of the cleverest man in Cologne.



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter I.

"Now, Lavaujer, that cutter 's all you have to show for as hard a month's work as ever you did ——"

"But, Mother, just look at it."

"That 's what I 'm doing, now. You 've had it painted red, and varnished, and there 's room in it for two, if neither one of 'em was too heavy ——"

"Now, Mother, you ought to try it. I 'll take you to meeting in it, next Sunday. It runs—well, you ought to see how the sorrel colt gets along, with that cutter behind him."

"And I 'm not sorry you 've got something for him to do. You 've been 'raising' him, as you call it, ever since you were a twelve-year-old, and he was a yearling then."

Mrs. Stebbins had indeed been looking hard at her son's new "cutter," and she had taken a good five minutes to tell him all she thought about it; but there was pride in her eye as she turned to go into the house. He did not hear her mutter:

"He 's the smartest boy in all Benton Valley, and now he has the nicest horse and cutter. I guess it wont spoil him."

He was leading his sorrel pet, with the trim little sleigh behind him, through the gate that led to the barn. It was a grand thing for a country boy of his age to have such an "outfit," all his own.

If he were not just a little "spoiled," it was no fault of his mother's, for he was her only son, and she had talked to him and about him for almost seventeen years. He looked a year or so older than that, to be sure, and his mother said he knew enough for a man of forty. She had named him "Le Voyageur," after a great French traveler, whose name she had seen in a book when she was a girl, but the Valley boys had shortened it into "Vosh."

"Now, Jeff," he said, as he cast the sorrel loose from the cutter, "I 'm not sure but you 'll have a better load to haul next time you 're hitched in."

Jeff whinnied gently, as if to express his willingness for any improvement, and Vosh led him into the stable.

"City folks know some things," he remarked to Jeff, while he poured some oats in the manger; "but I don't believe they know what good sleighing is. We 'll show 'em, as soon as we get some bells, and the deacon has more buffalo-robes than he knows what to do with."

That was a good half-hour before supper-time, and he seemed in no hurry to get into the house; but it was odd that his mother, at the very same time, should have been talking to herself, in default of any other hearer, about "city folks," and their ways and by-ways and short-comings.

Down the road a little distance, and on the other side of it, a very different pair of people were even more interested in city folk, and chiefly in the fact that certain of them seemed to be expected at the house where the pair were conversing.

It was away back in the great, old-fashioned kitchen of a farm-house, as large as three of the one in which Mrs. Stebbins was getting supper for Vosh.

"Aunt Judith, I hear 'em!"

"Now, Pen, my child!"

The response came from the milk-room, and was followed by the sound of an empty tin milk-pan falling on the floor.

"It sounded like bells!"

"It 's the wind, Pen. But they ought to be here by this time, I declare."

"There, Aunt Judith!"

Pen suddenly darted out of the kitchen, leaving the long hind-legs of a big pair of waffle-irons sticking helplessly out from the open door of the stove.

"Pen! Penelope!" cried Aunt Judith. "I declare, she 's gone. There, I 've dropped another pan. What is the matter with me to-night? I just do want to see those children, I suppose. Poor things! How cold they will be!"

Penelope was pressing her eager, excited little face close to the frost flowers on the sitting-room window. It was of no use, cold as it made the tip of her nose, to strain her blue eyes across the snowy fields, or up the white, glistening reaches of the road. There was nothing like a sleigh in sight, nor did her sharpest listening bring her any sound of coming sleigh-bells.

"Pen! Penelope Farnham!" interrupted her aunt. "What 's that a-burnin'? Sakes alive! If she has n't gone and stuck those waffle-irons in the fire. She 's put a waffle in 'em, too."

Yes, and the smoke of the lost waffle was carrying tales into the milk-room.

"Oh, Aunt Judith, I forgot! I just wanted to try one ——"

"Just like you, Penelope Farnham. You 're always a-tryin' somethin'. If you are n't a trial to

me, I would n't say so. Now, don't touch the waffles once again. On no account!"

"It 's all burned as black ——"

"Course it is. Black as a coal. I 'd ha' thought you 'd ha' known better 'n that. Why, when I was ten year old, I could ha' cooked for a fam'ly."

"Guess I could do that," said Pen, resolutely; but at that very moment Aunt Judith was shaking out the smoking remains of the spoiled waffle, and she curtly responded:

"That looks like it. You 'll burn up the irons yet."

Half a minute of silence followed, and then she again spoke from the milk-room:

"Penelope, look at the sitting-room fire and see if it needs any more wood. They 'll be more 'n half froze when they get here."

Pen obeyed, but it only needed one glance into the great, roaring fire-place to make sure that nobody could even half freeze in the vicinity of that blaze.

A stove was handier to cook by, and therefore Mr. Farnham had put aside his old-fashioned notions to the extent of having one set up in the kitchen. The parlor, too, he said, belonged to his wife 'more than it did to him, and so there was a stove there also, and it was hard at work now. He had insisted, however, that the wide, low-ceilinged, comfortable sitting-room should remain a good deal as his father had left it to him, and there the fire-place held its own. That was one reason why it was the pleasantest room in the house, especially on a winter evening.

Penelope had known that fire-place a long while. She had even played "hide and seek" in it, in warm weather, when it was bright and clean; but she thought she had never seen a better fire in it than the one that was blazing cheerily this evening, as if it knew that guests were expected, and intended to do its part in the welcoming.

"Such a big back-log," Pen said to Aunt Judith, who had followed her in, after all, to make sure.

"Yes, and the fore-stick 's a foot through. Your father heaped it up, just before he set out for town. He might a'most as well ha' piled a whole tree in."

"Father likes fire. So do I."

"He 's a very wasteful man with his wood, nevertheless! Pen, what do you intend to do with that poker? Do you want to have the top logs rolling across the floor?"

"That one lies crooked."

"My child! I dare n't leave you alone a minute. You 'll burn the house over our heads, some day."

Pen obeyed. She lowered the long, heavy, iron rod and laid it down on the hearth, but such a fire as that was a terrible temptation. Almost any man in the world might have been glad to have a good poke at it, if only to see the showers of sparks go up from the glowing hickory logs.

"There they come!"

Pen turned away from the fire very suddenly, and Aunt Judith put her hand to her ear and took off her spectacles, so she could listen better.

"I should n't wonder ——" she began.

"That 's the sound of sleigh-bells, I 'm sure! It 's our sleigh, I know it is! Shall I begin to make the waffles?"

"No, indeed; but you can get out that chiny thing your mother bought to put the maple sirup in."

"Oh, I forgot that."

She brought it out immediately, and it must have been the only thing she had forgotten when she set the table, for she had walked anxiously around it, twenty times at least, since she put the last plate in its place.

Faint and far, from away down the road, beyond the turn, the winter wind brought up the merry jingle of the bells. By the time Pen had obtained the china pitcher for the sirup from its shelf in the closet and once more darted to the window, she could see her father's black team, blacker than ever against the snow, trotting toward the house magnificently.

"Don't I wish I 'd gone with them!" she sighed. "But it was Corry's turn. I guess Susie is n't used to waffles, but she can't help liking them."

That was quite possible, but her appreciation of them would probably depend upon whether Penelope or Aunt Judith should have the care of the waffle-irons.

Jingle-jangle-jingle, louder and louder came the merry bells, till they stopped at the great gate, and a tall boy sprang out of the sleigh to open it. The front door of the house swung open quicker than did the gate, and Pen was on the stoop, shouting anxiously:

"Did they come, Corry? Did you get them?"

A deep voice from the sleigh responded, with a chuckle:

"Yes, Pen, we caught them both. They 're right here and they can't get away now."

"I see Cousin Susie!" was Pen's response as she rushed toward the sleigh, at that moment remembering, however, to turn and shout back into the house: "Aunt Judith, here they are! They 're both in the sleigh!"

But there was her aunt already in the door-way, with the steaming waffle-irons in one hand.

"Sakes alive, child! You 'll freeze the whole house if you leave the door open! Poor things—and they are n't used to cold weather!"

Aunt Judith must have had an idea that it was always summer in the city.

The sleigh jangled right up to the bottom step of the stoop, now, and Mr. Farnham sprang out first and then his wife. They were followed by a young lady into whose arms Pen fairly jumped, exclaiming:

"Susie! Susie Hudson!"

There were no signs of frost on Susie's rosy cheeks, and she hugged Penelope vigorously. Just behind her there descended from the sleigh, in a rather more dignified style, a boy who may have been two years younger, say fourteen or fifteen, and who evidently felt that the occasion called upon him for his self-possession.

"Pen," said her mother, "don't you mean to kiss Cousin Porter?"

Pen was ready. Her little hands went out, and her bright welcoming face was lifted for the kiss, which Porter Hudson bestowed in gallant fashion. Susie had paid her country cousins a long summer visit only the year before, while Porter had not been seen by any of them since he was four years old. Both he and they had forgotten that he had ever been so young as that.

Mr. Farnham started for the barn with his team, bidding Corry accompany his cousins into the house, and Aunt Judith was at last able to close the door behind them and keep a little of the winter from coming in.

It took but half a minute to help Susie and Porter Hudson "get their things off," and then Aunt Judith all but forced them into the chairs she had set for them in front of the great fire-place.

"What a splendid fire!" exclaimed Susie, the glow of it making her very pretty face look brighter and happier. She had already won Aunt Judith's heart over again by being so glad to see her, and she kept right on winning it needlessly, for everything about that room had to be looked at twice, and admired, and informed how "pretty" or "lovely" or "nice" it was.

"It is, indeed, a remarkably fine fire," added Porter, with emphasis.

"And we 're going to have waffles and maple sugar for supper," said Pen. "Don't you like waffles?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Porter.

"And after such a sleigh-ride," chimed in Susie. "The sleighing is splendid! Delightful!"

"Is n't there more snow here than you have in the city?" inquired Corry of Porter.

"Yes, a little," he acknowledged. "But then we have to have ours removed as fast as it comes down. We must get it out of the way, you know."

"It is n't in the way, here; we 'd have a high time of it, if we tried to get rid of our snow."

"I should say you would. And then it does very well, where the people make use of sleighs."

"Don't you have them in the city?" exclaimed Pen, who was looking at her cousin with eyes that were full of pity; but at that moment Aunt Judith called to her, from the kitchen:

"Penelope! Come and watch the waffle-irons, while I make the tea."

"Waffles!" exclaimed Susie. "I never saw any made."

"Come with me, then," said Pen. "I 'll show you. That is, if you 're warm enough."

"Warm?" echoed Susie. "Why, I was n't cold, one bit. I 'm warm as toast."

Out they went, and there were so many errands on the hands of Aunt Judith and Mrs. Farnham, just then, that the girls had the kitchen stove to themselves for a few moments. Pen may have been several years the younger, but she was conscious of a feeling of immense superiority in her capacity of cook. She kept it until, as she was going over, for Susie's benefit, a list of her neighbors and telling what had become of them since her cousin's summer visit, Mr. Farnham came in at the kitchen door and almost instantly exclaimed:

"Mind your waffles, Pen! They 're burning!"

"Why, so they are. That one is, just a little. I was telling Susie ——"

"A little? My child!" interrupted Aunt Judith. "Why, it 's burned to a crisp! Oh, dear! Give me those irons."

"Now, Aunt Judith," pleaded Pen, "please fill them up for Susie to try. I want to show her how."

The look on Susie's face was quite enough to keep Aunt Judith from uttering a word of objection, and the rich, creamy batter was poured into the smoking mold.

"Don't let it burn, Susie," cautioned Pen. "They must come out when they 're just a good brown. I 'll show you."

Susie set herself to watch the fate of that waffle most diligently, but she had not at all counted on what might come in the meantime.

A visitor, for instance.

Susie had already asked about the Stebbinses, and Pen had answered:

"They know you 're coming. Vosh was here this very morning, and I told him."

Only a few minutes before Aunt Judith poured out that waffle, Mrs. Stebbins had said to her son:

"I heerd the Deacon's sleigh come up the road, Lavaujer. Take a tea-cup and go over and borry a little tea from Miss Farnham. And tell me how the city folks look, when you come back."

She told him a great deal more than that before he got out of the door with his tea-cup, and it

looked as if he were likely to have several questions to answer when he returned.

He escaped a little unceremoniously, in the middle of a long sentence; and so, just when Susie was most deeply absorbed in her experiment, there came a loud rap at the kitchen door. Then, without waiting for any one to come and open it, the door swung back and in walked Vosh as large as life, with the tea-cup in his hand.

He did look large, but no amount of frost or fire could have made him color as red as he did when Susie Hudson left the irons and stepped forward to shake hands with him.

"How do you do, Vosh? How is your mother?"

"Pretty well, thank you. How do you do? Mother 's very well, thank you. And you 're just as you were last summer, only prettier."

The one great weakness in the character of Vosh Stebbins was that he could not help telling the truth, to save his life. It was very awkward for him sometimes, and now, before Susie could smother her laugh and make up her mind what to answer him, he held out his tea-cup to Aunt Judith:

"Miss Farnham, Mother told me to borrow a drawing of tea. We 're not out of tea, but she heard the Deacon's sleigh-bells, and she wanted to know if the folks from the city had come."

"They 've come," almost snapped Aunt Judith. "Susie and her brother. Please ask your mother if she can send me over a dozen eggs."

"We 'll send them over in a few minutes," said Vosh.

"Walk into the sitting-room, Vosh, and see our other cousin," said Pen. "Corry 's there, too. O Susie! Our waffle 's burned again!"

"Dear me, so it has!"

"Never mind, Susie," said Aunt Judith, hospitably, as she shook out the proceeds of all that cookery upon a plate. "It 's only spoiled on one side. There 're always some o' them burned. Some folks like them better when they 're crisp."

Vosh looked as if he would willingly stay and see how the next trial succeeded; but politeness required him to walk on into the sitting-room and be introduced to Porter Hudson.

"Vosh," said Corry, "Porter 's never been in the country in winter, before, in all his life, and he 's come to stay ever so long."

"That 's good," began Vosh, but he was interrupted by an invitation from Mrs. Farnham to stay to supper and eat some waffles. He very promptly replied:

"Thank you, I don't care if I do. I threw our waffle-irons at Bill Hinks's dog, one day last fall. It almost killed him, but it broke the irons, and we 've been intending to have them mended, ever since. We have n't done it yet, though, and so we have n't had any waffles."

Aunt Judith had now taken hold of the business at the kitchen stove, for Susie had made one triumphant success and she might not do as well next time. All the rest were summoned to the supper table.

The room was all one glow of light and warmth. The maple sugar had been melted to the exact degree of richness required. The waffles were coming in rapidly and in perfect condition. Everybody had been hungry and felt more so now, and even Porter Hudson was compelled to confess that the first supper of his winter visit in the country was at least equal to any he could remember eating anywhere.

"City folks," remarked Penelope, "don't know how to cook waffles, but I 'll teach Susie. Then she can make them for you when you go back. Only you can't do it without milk and eggs."

"We can buy them," replied Porter.

"Of course you can, only they are not such eggs as we have. You 'll have to send up here for your maple sugar."

"We can buy that, too, I guess."

"But we get it fresh from the trees. It 's very different from the kind you buy in the city. You ought to be here in sugar time."

"Pen," said her father, "we 're going to keep them both till then, and make them ever so sweet before we let them go home."

He was glancing rapidly from one to another of those four fresh young faces, as he spoke. He did not say so; but he was tracing that very curious thing which we call "a family likeness." It was there, widely as the faces varied otherwise. Perhaps the city cousins, with special help from Susie, had a little advantage in looks. But then Aunt Judith had had the naming of her brother's children, and Penelope and Coriolanus were longer names than Porter and Susan. There is a good deal in names, if they are rightly shortened.

To be continued.

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

By Mary L. B. Branch.



"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I 'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And Mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
It 's over and over — do *you* know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief: Mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches — do *you* know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess,
It would n't take me long, I know, if 't was n't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides — I shall have to confess —
Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
When *your* thread knots, what do *you* do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he 's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He 's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black:
Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to sew as well as I.
If he loses off a button, Mamma has to set it back!
You must n't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"



CIRCUS EXTRAORDINARY.—NO. 1.

SOPHIE'S SECRET.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

I

A PARTY of young girls, in their gay bathing dresses, were sitting on the beach waiting for the tide to rise a little higher before they enjoyed the daily frolic which they called "mermaiding."

"I wish we could have a clam-bake, but we have n't any clams, and don't know how to cook them if we had. It 's such a pity all the boys have gone off on that stupid fishing excursion," said one girl in a yellow-and-black striped suit which made her look like a wasp.

"What is a clam-bake? I do not know that kind of fête," asked a pretty brown-eyed girl, with an accent that betrayed the foreigner.

The girls laughed at such sad ignorance, and Sophie colored, wishing she had not spoken.

"Poor thing! she has never tasted a clam. What *should* we do if we went to Switzerland?" said the wasp, who loved to tease.

"We should give you the best we had, and not laugh at your ignorance, if you did not know all our dishes. In *my* country, we have politeness though not the clam-bake," answered Sophie, with a flash of the brown eyes which warned naughty Di to desist.

"We might row to the light-house, and have a picnic supper. Our mammas will let us do that alone," suggested Dora from the roof of the bath-house, where she perched like a flamingo.

"That 's a good idea," cried Fanny, a slender brown girl who sat dabbling her feet in the water, with her hair streaming in the wind. "Sophie should see that, and get some of the shells she likes so much."

"You are kind to think of me. I shall be glad to have a necklace of the pretty things as a souvenir of this so charming place and my good friend," answered Sophie, with a grateful look at Fanny, whose many attentions had won the stranger's heart.

"Those boys have n't left us a single boat, so we must dive off the rocks, and that is n't half so nice," said Di, to change the subject, being ashamed of her rudeness.

"A boat is just coming round the Point; perhaps we can hire that and have some fun," cried Dora from her perch. "There is only a girl in it; I 'll hail her when she is near enough."

Sophie looked about her to see where the *hail* was coming from; but the sky was clear, and she waited to see what new meaning this word might have, not daring to ask for fear of another laugh.

While the girls watch the boat float around the farther horn of the crescent-shaped beach, we shall have time to say a few words about our little heroine.

She was a sixteen-year-old Swiss girl, on a visit to some American friends, and had come to the sea-side for a month with one of them who was an invalid. This left Sophie to the tender mercies of the young people, and they gladly welcomed the pretty creature, with her fine manners, foreign ways, and many accomplishments. But she had a quick temper, a funny little accent, and dressed so very plainly that the girls could not resist criticising and teasing her in a way that seemed very ill-bred and unkind to the new-comer.

Their free and easy ways astonished her, their curious language bewildered her, and their ignorance of many things she had been taught made her wonder at the American education she had heard so much praised. All had studied French and German, yet few read or spoke either tongue correctly or understood her easily when she tried to talk to them. Their music did not amount to much, and in the games they played their want of useful information amazed Sophie. One did not know the signs of the zodiac; another could only say of cotton that "it was stuff that grew down South"; and a third was not sure whether a frog was an animal or a reptile, while the handwriting and spelling displayed on these occasions left much to be desired. Yet all were fifteen or sixteen, and would soon leave school "finished," as they expressed it, but not *furnished*, as they should have been, with a solid, sensible education. Dress was an all-absorbing topic, sweetmeats their delight, and in confidential moments sweethearts were discussed with great freedom. Fathers were conveniences, mothers comforters, brothers plagues, and sisters ornaments or playthings according to their ages. They were not hard-hearted girls, only frivolous, idle, and fond of fun, and poor little Sophie amused them immensely till they learned to admire, love, and respect her.

Coming straight from Paris, they expected to find that her trunks contained the latest fashions for demoiselles, and begged to see her dresses with girlish interest. But when Sophie obligingly showed a few simple but pretty and appropriate gowns and hats, they exclaimed with one voice:

"Why, you dress like a little girl! Don't you have ruffles and lace on your dresses? and silks and high-heeled boots, and long gloves, and bustles and corsets, and things like ours?"

"I *am* a little girl," laughed Sophie, hardly understanding their dismay. "What should I do with fine toilettes at school? My sisters go to balls in silk and lace; but I — not yet."

"How queer! Is your father poor?" asked Di, with Yankee bluntness.

"We have enough," answered Sophie, slightly knitting her dark brows.

"How many servants do you keep?"

"But five, now that the little ones are grown up."

"Have you a piano?" continued undaunted Di, while the others affected to be looking at the books and pictures strewn about by the hasty unpacking.

"We have two pianos, four violins, three flutes, and an organ. We love music and all play, from Papa to little Franz."

"My gracious, how swell! You must live in a big house to hold all that and eight brothers and sisters."

"We are not peasants; we do not live in a hut. *Voila*, this is my home." And Sophie laid before them a fine photograph of a large and elegant house on lovely Lake Geneva.

It was droll to see the change in the faces of the girls as they looked, admired, and slyly nudged one another, enjoying saucy Di's astonishment, for she had stoutly insisted that the Swiss girl was a poor relation.

Sophie meanwhile was folding up her plain piqué and muslin frocks, with a glimmer of mirthful satisfaction in her eyes and a tender pride in the work of loving hands now far away.

Kind Fanny saw a little quiver of the lips as she smoothed the blue corn-flowers in the best hat, and put her arm round Sophie, whispering:

"Never mind, dear, they don't mean to be rude; it 's only our Yankee way of asking questions. I like *all* your things, and that hat is perfectly lovely."

"Indeed, yes! Dear Mamma arranged it for me. I was thinking of her and longing for my morning kiss."

"Do you do that every day?" asked Fanny, forgetting herself in her sympathetic interest.

"Surely, yes. Papa and Mamma sit always on the sofa, and we all have the hand-shake and the embrace each day before our morning coffee. I do not see that here," answered Sophie, who sorely missed the affectionate respect foreign children give their parents.

"Have n't time," said Fanny, smiling too, at the idea of American parents sitting still for five minutes in the busiest part of the busy day to kiss their sons and daughters.

"It is what you call old-fashioned, but a sweet fashion to me, and since I have not the dear, warm cheeks to kiss, I embrace my pictures often. See, I have them all." And Sophie unfolded a Russia leather case, displaying with pride a long row of handsome brothers and sisters with the parents in the midst.

More exclamations from the girls, and increased interest in "Wilhelmina Tell," as they christened the loyal Swiss maiden, who was now accepted as a companion, and soon became a favorite with old and young.

They could not resist teasing her, however — her mistakes were so amusing, her little flashes of temper so dramatic, and her tongue so quick to give a sharp or witty answer when the new language did not perplex her. But Fanny always took her part and helped her in many ways. Now they sat together on the rock, a pretty pair of mermaids with wind-tossed hair, wave-washed feet, and eyes fixed on the approaching boat.

The girl who sat in it was a great contrast to the gay creatures grouped so picturesquely on the shore, for the old straw hat shaded a very anxious face, the brown calico gown covered a heart full of hopes and fears, and the boat that drifted so slowly with the incoming tide carried Tilly Reed like a young Columbus toward the new world she longed for, believed in, and was resolved to discover.

It was a weather-beaten little boat, yet very pretty, for a pile of nets lay at one end, a creel of red lobsters at the other, and all between stood baskets of berries and water-lilies, purple marsh-rosemary and orange butterfly-weed, shells and great smooth stones such as artists like to paint little sea-views on. A tame gull perched on the prow, and the morning sunshine glittered from the blue water to the bluer sky.

"Oh, how pretty! Come on, please, and sell us some lilies," cried Dora, and roused Tilly from her waking dream.

Pushing back her hat, she saw the girls beckoning, felt that the critical moment had come, and catching up her oars rowed bravely on, though her cheeks reddened and her heart beat, for this venture was her last hope, and on its success depended the desire of her life. As the boat approached, the watchers forgot its cargo to look with surprise and pleasure at its rower, for she was not the rough, country lass they expected to see, but a really splendid girl of fifteen, tall, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed and blooming, with a certain shy dignity of her own, and a very sweet smile, as she nodded and pulled in with strong, steady strokes.

Before they could offer help, she had risen, planted an oar in the water, and, leaping to the shore, pulled her boat high up on the beach, offering her wares with wistful eyes and a very expressive wave of both brown hands.

"Everything is for sale, if you 'll buy," said she.

Charmed with the novelty of this little adventure, the girls, after scampering to the bathing-houses for purses and porte-monnaies, crowded around the boat like butterflies about a thistle, all eager to buy, and to discover who this bonny fisher-maiden might be.

"Oh, see these beauties!" "A dozen lilies for me!" "All the yellow flowers for me, they 'll be so becoming at the dance to-night!" "Ow! that lob bites awfully!" "Where do you come from?" "Why have we never seen you before?"

These were some of the exclamations and questions showered upon Tilly as she filled little birch-bark panniers with berries, dealt out flowers, or dispensed handfuls of shells. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her heart danced in her bosom, for this was a better beginning than she had dared to hope for, and as the dimes tinkled into the tin pail she used for her till, it was the sweetest music she had ever heard. This hearty welcome banished her shyness, and in these eager, girlish customers she found it easy to confide.

"I 'm from the light-house. You have never seen me because I never came before, except with fish for the hotel. But I mean to come every day, if folks will buy my things, for I want to make some money, and this is the only way in which I can do it."

Sophie glanced at the old hat and worn shoes of the speaker, and, dropping a bright half-dollar into the pail, said in her pretty way:

"For me all these lovely shells. I will make necklaces of them for my people at home as souvenirs of this charming place. If you will bring me more, I shall be much grateful to you."

"Oh, thank you! I 'll bring heaps; I know where to find beauties in places where other folks can't go. Please take these — you paid too much for the shells," and quick to feel the kindness of the stranger, Tilly put into her hands a little bark canoe heaped with red raspberries.

Not to be outdone by the foreigner, the other girls emptied their purses and Tilly's boat also of all but the lobsters, which were ordered for the hotel.

"Is that jolly bird for sale?" asked Di, as the last berry vanished, pointing to the gull who was swimming near them while the chatter went on.

"If you can catch him," laughed Tilly, whose spirits were now the gayest of the party.

The girls dashed into the water and, with shrieks of merriment, swam away to capture the gull, who paddled off as if he enjoyed the fun as much as they.

Leaving them to splash vainly to and fro, Tilly swung the creel to her shoulder and went off to leave her lobsters, longing to dance and sing to the music of the silver clinking in her pocket.

When she came back, the bird was far out of reach and the girls diving from her boat, which they had launched without leave. Too happy to care what happened now, Tilly threw herself down on the warm sand to plan a new and still finer cargo for next day.

Sophie came and sat beside her while she dried her curly hair, and in five minutes her sympathetic face and sweet ways had won Tilly to tell all her hopes and cares and dreams.

"I want schooling, and I mean to have it. I 've got no folks of my own, and Uncle has married again; so he does n't need me now. If I only had a little money, I could go to school somewhere, and take care of myself. Last summer I worked at the hotel, but I did n't make much, and had to have good clothes, and that took my wages pretty much. Sewing is slow work, and baby-tending leaves me no time to study; so I 've kept on at home picking berries and doing what I could to pick up enough to buy books. Aunt thinks I 'm a fool; but Uncle, he says, 'Go ahead, girl, and see what you can do.' And I mean to show him!"

Tilly's brown hand came down on the sand with a resolute thump, and her clear young eyes looked bravely out across the wide sea, as if far away in the blue distance she saw her hope happily fulfilled.

Sophie's eyes shone approval, for she understood this love of independence and had come to America because she longed for new scenes and greater freedom than her native land could give her. Education is a large word, and both girls felt that desire for self-improvement that comes to all energetic natures. Sophie had laid a good foundation, but still desired more, while Tilly was just climbing up the first steep slope which rises to the heights few attain, yet all may strive for.

"That is beautiful! You will do it! I am glad to help you if I may. See, I have many books, will you take some of them? Come to my room to-morrow and take what will best please you. We will say nothing of it, and it will make me a truly great pleasure."

As Sophie spoke, her little white hand touched the strong, sunburned one that turned to meet and grasp hers with grateful warmth, while Tilly's face betrayed the hunger that possessed her, for it looked as a starving girl's would look when offered a generous meal.

"I *will* come. Thank you so much! I don't know anything, but just blunder along and do the best I can. I got so discouraged I was real desperate, and thought I'd have one try and see if I could n't earn enough to get books to study this winter. Folks buy berries at the cottages, so I just added flowers and shells, and I'm going to bring my boxes of butterflies, birds' eggs, and sea-weeds. I've got lots of such things, and people seem to like spending money down here. I often wish I had a little of what they throw away."

Tilly paused with a sigh, then laughed as an impatient movement caused a silver clink; and slapping her pocket, she added gayly:

"I wont blame 'em if they 'll only throw their money in here."

Sophie's hand went involuntarily toward her own pocket, where lay a plump purse, for Papa was generous, and simple Sophie had few wants. But something in the intelligent face opposite made her hesitate to offer, as a gift, what she felt sure Tilly would refuse, preferring to earn her education if she could.

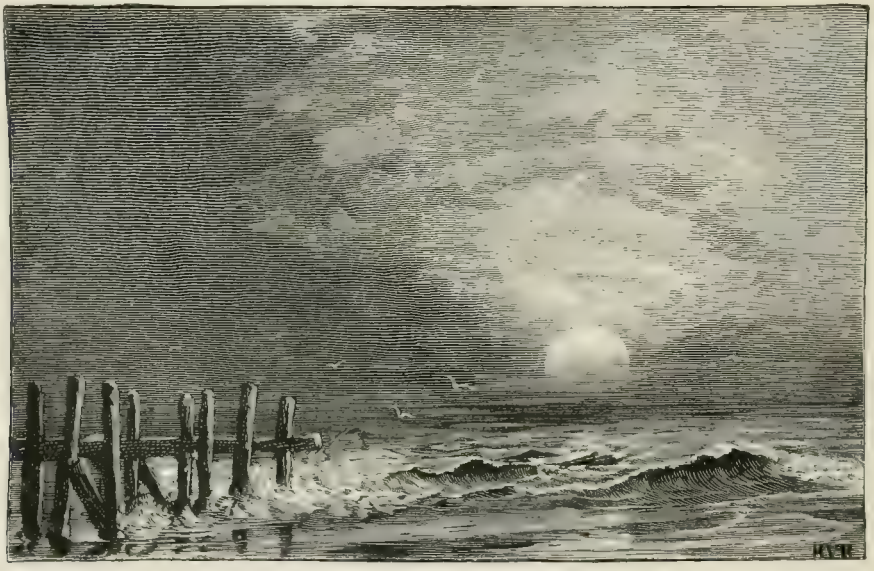
"Come often, then, and let me exchange these stupid bills for the lovely things you bring. We will come this afternoon to see you if we may, and I shall like the butterflies. I try to catch them; but people tell me I am too old to run, so I have not many."

Proposed in this way, Tilly fell into the little trap, and presently rowed away with all her might to set her possessions in order, and put her precious earnings in a safe place. The mermaids clung about the boat as long as they dared, making a pretty tableau for the artists on the rocks, then swam to shore, more than ever eager for the picnic on Light-house Island.

They went, and had a merry time, while Tilly did the honors and showed them a room full of treasures gathered from earth, air, and water, for she led a lonely life, and found friends among the fishes, made playmates of the birds, and studied rocks and flowers, clouds and waves, when books were wanting.

The girls bought gulls' wings for their hats, queer and lovely shells, eggs and insects, sea-weeds and carved wood, and for their small brothers, birch baskets and toy ships, made by Uncle Hiram, who had been a sailor.

When Tilly had sold nearly everything she possessed (for Fanny and Sophie bought whatever the others declined), she made a fire of drift-wood on the rocks, cooked fish for supper, and kept them till moonrise, telling sea stories or singing old songs, as if she could not do enough for these good fairies who had come to her when life looked hardest and the future very dark. Then she rowed them home, and, promising to bring loads of fruit and flowers every day, went back along a shining road, to find a great bundle of books in her dismantled room, and to fall asleep with wet eyelashes and a happy heart.



"AND KEPT THEM TILL MOONRISE."

II.

FOR a month Tilly went daily to the Point with a cargo of pretty merchandise, for her patrons in-

creased, and soon the ladies engaged her berries, the boys ordered boats enough to supply a navy, the children clamored for shells, and the girls depended on her for bouquets and garlands for the dances that ended every summer day. Uncle Hiram's fish was in demand when such a comely saleswoman offered it, so he let Tilly have her way, glad to see the old tobacco-pouch in which she kept her cash fill fast with well-earned money.

She really began to feel that her dream was coming true, and she would be able to go to the town and study in some great school, eking out her little fund with light work. The other girls soon lost their interest in her, but Sophie never did, and many a book went to the island in the empty baskets, many a helpful word was said over the lilies or wild honeysuckle Sophie loved to wear, and many a lesson was given in the bare room in the light-house tower which no one knew about but the gulls and the sea winds sweeping by the little window where the two heads leaned together over one page.

"You will do it, Tilly, I am very sure. Such a will and such a memory will make a way for you, and one day I shall see you teaching as you wish. Keep the brave heart, and all will be well with you," said Sophie when the grand breaking-up came in September, and the girls were parting down behind the deserted bath-houses.

"Oh, Miss Sophie, what should I have done without you? Don't think I have n't seen and known all the kind things you have said and done for me. I 'll never forget 'em, and I do hope I 'll be able to thank you some day," cried grateful Tilly, with tears in her clear eyes that seldom wept over her own troubles.

"I am thanked if you do well. Adieu, write to me, and remember always that I am your friend."

Then they kissed with girlish warmth and Tilly rowed away to the lonely island, while Sophie lingered on the shore, her handkerchief fluttering in the wind, till the boat vanished and the waves had washed away their foot-prints on the sand.

(To be concluded.)

WISDOM IN THE WELL.

BY PHIL O' GELOS.

THERE was an old man in Birtleby-town,
Who chose to live down in a well;
But why he lived there, in Birtleby-town,
Was never a man could tell.

The reason we 'd never have known to this day,
Had not the old gentleman told
He said he was cool when the weather was hot,
And warm when the weather was cold.

A bucket he had to draw himself up,
A bucket to let himself down;
So, perhaps, he was either the silliest man,
Or the wisest, in Birtleby-town.

SNOW-SHOES AND NO SHOES.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

FAR away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes; where night hangs like a somber cloud for months and months unbroken, and where those crystal mountains called icebergs are born. There is the home of the polar hare. There, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Excepting the Irishman's hare, which was no hare at all, but a donkey, the polar hare is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size, and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee. Being so large, and, moreover, being found as far north as ever man has been able to go, it is often the means of saving the lives of unfortunate explorers or whalers who have been imprisoned by the ice so long that their supply of provisions has given out.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes hap-

pens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it.

When approached, it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. Just, however, as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun, and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and, once more rising upon its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gun-shot, when it once more jumps away.

This must be tantalizing enough to a well-fed sportsman, but how heart-breaking to the man who knows that not only his own life, but the lives of all his comrades as well, depends upon the capture of the pretty creature whose action seems like the cruelest of coquetry, though, in fact, it is only the working of the instinct of self-preservation common to every animal.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. This plan is practiced by the natives, who no doubt have learned it after many a hungry failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by the circular course of its enemy.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told, had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the "Jeannette," they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer, and wolves.

As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful, and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shot-guns with which to shoot them. As it was, the rifles brought down but a few of the birds, and thus, in the midst of comparative plenty, the brave fellows starved.

Since the ground is covered with snow such a great part of the year, it might be imagined that the hare would find it no easy matter to procure its food. Fortunately for it, however, an evergreen bush, known as the Labrador tea-plant, is scattered throughout these regions, and seeking this in the snow, the creature makes a grateful meal upon it. At other times, the bark of the dwarf willow affords it a dainty repast.

Not only in the matter of food is the polar hare suited to its bleak, snowy home. Human beings who live in the same latitude have found it necessary to make for themselves broad, flat, light frames which they call snow-shoes, to enable them to move about on the feathery material into which they would otherwise sink over their heads at times. Nature has done the same thing for the hare when it gives it the broad, long, fur-clad hind legs, upon the lower joints of which the animal rests, and from which it springs.

Its body is protected from the bitter cold by long, soft, and thick fur, and as, even in its lonely home, it has enemies, this same fur, by a simple yet most ingenious plan, is made to serve as a means of safety.

The golden eagle and the snowy owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage, and therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air, with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it instantly sinks upon the snow as motionless as if dead, and, thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from the material it rests upon. This same snowy fur which protects it in winter would, however, as surely betray it in summer, when the snow is gone; so the little creature changes its white winter coat for a brown one as soon as the short spring has cleared the ground, and thus it is still made to resemble its surroundings.

Still another provision is necessary to enable the hare to exist in its chosen home. It must have eyes arranged so that it can see during the long night of winter; and it is wonderful to find that its eyes are not fitted for total darkness, but for twilight; for the aurora borealis, which glows almost continuously in the arctic heavens, dispels the complete darkness that would otherwise exist, and makes a sort of twilight.

There is scarcely any animal that can not be tamed if properly treated, and the polar hare is no exception to the rule. Indeed, its gentle disposition makes it a very easy subject, and consequently it has not only been tamed for a pet, but even domesticated and kept for food.

Captain Ross, the great arctic explorer, caught a young one which had come, with a number of others, to eat the tea-leaves which had been thrown overboard from the ship on the ice. This hare he tamed and made such a pet of that it spent most of its time in his cabin. There it would sit, with a solemn air, listening to the conversation that was going on as if it understood every word, and when

the conversation was over it would leave the cabin with an air of having learned all that it wished to know.

A story is told of a boy in Newfoundland who had two polar hares which he one day determined to harness to his sled. Gentle as the creature is, it has the utmost dislike of being touched, and so it was a long and tiresome struggle for Master Tom before he could induce the hares to submit to even the simple harness he had contrived. At last it was accomplished, however, and with little Miss Annie, his three-year-old sister, on the sled, Tom touched his pets with his whip.

Poor little Annie must have thought she had suddenly alighted upon the tail of a comet going about a hundred miles a minute, for no sooner had the hares felt the whip than with one accord they started. And as the hare has but one way of going, and that is with a jump, and as Tom, to help matters, had headed them down a pretty steep hill, the sled was jerked from under Annie, who, being something like a very chubby barrel in shape, went after the flying hares as fast as she could roll, over and over.

The sled, too, being free at the second jump of the frightened animals, was also on its way down the incline, while Tom had started to run after Annie, but, losing his balance, had sat down, and was skimming along in the rear of the procession.

When Tom picked Annie out of a snow-drift she was breathless with indignation and fright, but recovering herself in a few moments, declared with an emphatic stamp of her foot: "Don't want to yide yabbits any more." Nor did she have the opportunity, for Tom never saw his hares again, they having concluded, no doubt, that they were not fitted for that kind of work. Tom would have tried the experiment again with Annie's pet hare, but this that positive young lady refused to allow, telling her pet afterward, in confidence, that he was "a very nice yabbit, but not a good horsey."

There is a use to which the polar hare, or more properly its fur, is put, which is certainly novel. The fur is so long that the Esquimaux women spin the hairs into thread, which they afterward knit into gloves. Captain Ross, the celebrated arctic explorer, had such a pair of gloves made for him, and says they rivaled Angora wool in whiteness, and surpassed it in softness.

LITTLE MAUD'S STORY.

By M. M. Gow.



I 'M going to tell you
a story—
It 's nice, I know you
'll say;
Not an old tale
Worn out and
stale—
I made it myself, to-
day.

There was once a bee-*yoo*-tiful princess
Oh, ever so long ago!
When fairies and kings
And all such things
Were common enough, you know.

And oh, she was awfully lovely!
With eyes as blue as the sky;
Slender and fair,
With long, light hair,
And about as big as I.

But oh, she was awful unhappy!
And if ever she smiled at all,
'T was once in awhile,
A weak little smile,
When she played with her Paris doll.

For she had such *terrible* teachers!
And lessons she could not bear;
And she hated to sew,
And she hated to—
She *hated* to comb her hair!

Well, one day, she wandered sadly
In a dark and dismal dell;
When, do you know,
She stubbed her toe,
And tumbled into a well!

The well was wet and slimy,
And dark and muddy and deep,
But the frogs below
They pitied her so,
They scraped the mud in a heap.

And then they clubbed together,
And a toad-stool tall they made;
And safe on that
The princess sat,
And waited for mortal aid.

And she, to keep from crying,
And her anxious fears disable,
Repeated fast,
From first to last,
Her multiplication-table.

And all the songs and verses
She had ever learned to say,
Books she had read,
Pieces she 'd said,
And the lessons of yesterday.

Now, a prince there came a-riding,
In the forest thereabout;
When he saw the fair
Maid sitting there,
Of course, he helped her out.

And, of course, they rode together,
Till they reached the palace gate,
Where they alighted,
Their tale recited,
And the wedding was held in state.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

The lives of authors are so often at variance with the spirit of their writings that it is always pleasant to learn that the poet is also a man of harmonious personal qualities; that the novelist who makes us weep over his pathetic domestic scenes is a good husband and father; and that the eloquent apostle of liberty is not a tyrant in his own household. An interest of this sort attaches to the subject of our sketch, and we shall be gratified to know that the author of "The Boy Hunters" and "The Rifle Rangers" was in youth a daring adventurer.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's boyhood we hear little, except that he was born in the North of Ireland in 1819, of mixed Scotch and Irish parentage, and that his father, a Presbyterian minister, designed him also for the pulpit. What manner of home he had, and the sort of life the future traveler and writer lived there; who were his associates, what his aspirations, his adventures,—for adventures he must certainly have had,—of all this we know nothing, when we could wish to know so much. But it is fitting, perhaps, that this haze of obscurity should hang over the early years of the romancer, whose life is itself like a page of romance.

Of one thing we may be sure, that the clerical profession was not to the taste of the imaginative boy, whose brave dreams beckoned him from far away, and cast altogether too dazzling a light over the sober books he was set to study. And we are not surprised to find him, at the age of twenty, quitting his tutors and his tasks, to follow those bright visions over seas.

Landing in New Orleans, he began a career of adventure in the wilds of America, the recollections of which stood him in good stead when he came to write the romances which flowed so copiously from his pen a few years later. Of this part of his career, also, we have no very definite information, except that he made two excursions up the Red River, hunting and trading with the Indians; that he, in like manner, ascended the Missouri and explored the vast prairies which the wave of civilization had not then reached. He afterward traveled extensively in the States, writing descriptions of his journeys for the newspaper press.

He was thus employed when, in 1845, war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and young Reid threw himself ardently into the

struggle as a volunteer. Joining a New York regiment, with a lieutenant's commission, he fought through the entire campaign, coming out of it with honorable wounds, a reputation for impetuous bravery and generous good-fellowship, and the title of captain, by which the world has known him since.

Two or three incidents of this memorable campaign serve to show the intrepid character of the young officer.

When our army, under General Scott, on its victorious march to the Mexican capital was, after several battles, stopped at Churubusco by the enemy under Santa Anna, a bloody engagement took place (August 20, 1847) at the causeway and bridge over the little river, Mayne Reid's active part in which is described by a correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, and substantially corroborated by affidavits of members of his regiment.

In the midst of the fight, at a moment of great uncertainty and confusion, when it was impossible to tell how the scale of battle would turn, Reid, then lieutenant, noticed a squadron of the enemy's lancers preparing to charge. Fearing the result to our broken and hesitating troops, he decided that it ought to be anticipated by a counter charge. As there was no superior officer of his own regiment on the spot to order such a movement, Reid hastened to the lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina Volunteers, then in command, Colonel Butler having retired wounded from the field, and said to him:

"Colonel, will you lead your men in a charge?"

Before he could receive an answer, "he heard something snap," and the officer fell to his knees with one leg broken by a shot. As he was carried away, Reid exchanged a few words with the remaining officers, then hurried back to his own men, calling out, as he rushed to the front of the line:

"Soldiers! will you follow me to the charge?"

"Ve vill!" shouted Corporal Haup, a brave Swiss. The order was given, and away they went, with Haup and an Irishman named Murphy the first two after their leader, the South Carolina Volunteers joining in the charge.

A broad ditch intervened between the causeway held by the enemy and the field across which the Americans were sweeping. Thinking this was not very deep, as it was covered by a green scum, Mayne Reid plunged into it. "It took him nearly up to the armpits," says the correspondent whose account we condense, "and as he struggled out, all over slime and mud, he was a sight for gods and men!" and for our readers, if they can picture him there, emerging from the ooze, and rushing on with waving sword, not the less a hero for the plight which seems ludicrous enough to us who have the leisure to smile at it.

The leader's mishap served as a warning to his followers, and they avoided the plunge by taking a more roundabout course. The Mexicans, at sight of the advancing bayonets, did not wait, but took to their heels down the splendid road which led to the City of Mexico. As the pursuers gained the causeway, Phil Kearney's fine company of cavalry came thundering along on their dapple grays; and Reid firmly believed that the city might that day have been taken, if a recall had not been sounded and the enemy given time to fortify a new line of defense, "the key of which was Chapultepec."

The Castle of Chapultepec, commanding the great road to Mexico, was successfully stormed by our troops on the 13th of September. Of the part taken by Reid in that action we fortunately have an account written by himself, which appeared in the *New York Tribune* about a year ago, together with the printed testimony of several officers who witnessed his behavior on that occasion.

Reid was in command of the grenadier company of New York Volunteers and a detachment of United States marines, with orders to guard a battery which they had thrown up on the southeastern side of the castle on the night of the 11th, and which had been hurling its crashing shot against the main gate throughout the 12th. The morning of the 13th was fixed for the assault, and a storming party had been formed of five hundred volunteers from various parts of the army. The batteries were ordered to cease firing at eleven o'clock, and the attack began.

Reid and the artillery officers, standing by their guns, watched the advance of the line with intense anxiety, which became apprehension when they saw that about half-way up the slope there was a halt. "I knew," he says in his account, "that if Chapultepec was not taken, neither would the city be; and failing that, not a man of us might ever leave the valley of Mexico alive." This opinion he formed from the fact that the Mexicans had thirty thousand soldiers against our six thousand, and that a serious check to our advance would give them, and a host of hostile *rancheros** in the country around, all the advantages of position and overwhelming numbers. Whatever may be thought of his judgment from a military point of view, the decision he took was certainly a brave one.

Asking leave of the senior engineer officer to join the storming party with his men, he obtained it with the words, "Go, and God be with you!" He was off at once, with his volunteers and marines. After a quick run across the intervening ground, they came up with the storming

* A Mexican term for herdsmen.

party under the brow of the hill, where it had halted to await the scaling ladders. "At this point," says Lieutenant Marshall, of the Fifteenth Infantry, "the fire from the castle was so continuous and fatal that the men faltered, and several officers were wounded while urging them on. At this moment, I noticed Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers; I noticed him more particularly at the time on account of the very brilliant uniform he wore. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and calling upon those around to follow, and without looking around to see whether he was sustained or not, pushed on almost alone to the very walls."

Reid's action was not quite so reckless as this account of an eye-witness would make it appear. The outer wall of the castle was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which, loaded with grape and canister, fearfully decimated the ranks of the Americans at every discharge. To advance seemed certain death. But death seemed equally certain whether the assailants retreated or remained where they were. Such is his own explanation of his conduct.

"Men!" he shouted out, in a momentary lull of the conflict, "if we don't take Chapultepec, the American army is lost! Let us charge up the walls!"

Voices answered: "We will charge if any one will lead us!" "We 're ready!"

Just then the three guns on the parapet roared almost simultaneously. It would be a little time before they could load and fire again. Reid seized the opportunity, and calling out, "Come on! I 'll lead you!" leaped over the scarp that had temporarily sheltered them, and made the charge already described.

There was no need, he says, to look back to see if he was followed. He knew that his men would not have been there, unless prepared to go where he led. About half way up, he saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerists, on the point of discharging a volley. He avoided it by throwing himself on his face, receiving only a slight wound in his sword-hand, another shot cutting his clothing. Instantly on his feet again, he made for the wall, in front of which he was brought down by a Mexican ounce-ball tearing through his thigh.

All the testimony goes to show that he was first before the wall of Chapultepec. Second was the brave Swiss, Corporal Haup, who also fell, shot through the face, tumbling forward over the body of his officer. It was Reid's lieutenant, Hypolite Dardonville, a young Frenchman, who afterward, mounting the scaling ladders with the foremost, tore down the Mexican flag from its staff.

Before that, however, Reid was observed by Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Voltigeurs. Cochrane was pushing for the castle with his men, when before him, scarcely ten yards from the wall, an officer of infantry and a comrade were shot and fell. "They were the only two at the time," he says in his statement, "whom I saw in advance of me on the rock upon which we were scrambling."

Reaching the wall, Cochrane ordered two men "to go back a little way and assist the ladders



CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

up the hill." As they passed the spot where the wounded officer lay, he raised himself with evident pain, and sang out above the din and rattle of musketry, imploring the men to stand firm:

"Don't leave that wall," he cried, "or we shall all be cut to pieces. Hold on, and the castle is ours!"

Cochrane answered, to re-assure him: "There is no danger, Captain, of our leaving this! Never fear!" Then the ladders came, the rush was made, and the castle fell.

"The wounded officer," Cochrane continues,

"proved to be Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers."

Lieutenant Marshall, to whom we are indebted for that vivid glimpse of the young officer in "his very brilliant uniform," describes the effect produced by the exploit,—all those who witnessed or knew of it pronouncing it, "without exception, the bravest and most brilliant achievement performed by a single individual during the campaign."

These statements of Reid's fellow-officers (there are others from which we have not quoted) were called out shortly after the close of the war by the question going the rounds of the newspapers, "Who was first at Chapultepec?" Reid's own statement was in answer to some criticisms on his Mexican record by a newspaper correspondent, who admitted that he was foremost in the charge, yet attributed his action to a false motive.

It was charged that Reid had previously, in the heat of passion, run his sword through the body of a soldier he was reprimanding for some offense, and that his conduct at Chapultepec was prompted by a remorseful desire to atone for that rash act.

"It is quite true," Reid says, "that I ran a soldier through with my sword, and that he afterward died of the wound; but it is absolutely untrue that there was any heat of temper on my part, or other incentive to the act than that of self-defense and the discharge of my duty as an officer. On the day of the occurrence I was an officer of the guard, and the man a prisoner in the guard-prison, where he spent most of his time; for he was a noted desperado and, I may add, robber; long the pest and terror, not only of his comrades in the regiment, but the poor Mexican people, who suffered from his depredations." This man, having several times escaped, had that day been recaptured, and for his greater security Reid had ordered irons to be put upon his hands. He was a fellow of great strength, fierce and reckless; he had boasted that no officer should ever put him in irons; and now that the attempt was made, clutching the manacles and rushing upon Lieutenant Reid, he aimed a murderous blow with them at his head. The sword was too quick for him, and he rushed upon it, to his own hurt.

That the act was considered justifiable is shown by the fact that the court-martial which investigated it acquitted Reid of misconduct, and ordered him to rejoin his regiment. That he felt a brave man's regret for the necessity which forced him to take the life of a fellow-man, we can readily believe. But why should that have caused him to risk his own at Chapultepec?

The war over, Captain Reid resigned his commission. But the spirit of adventure was roused in him again when the Hungarian struggle for freedom enlisted the sympathies of liberty-loving people everywhere; and in 1849 he organized, in New York, a body of men to join it. He had arrived in Paris, on his way to Hungary, when news reached him of the failure of the insurrection.

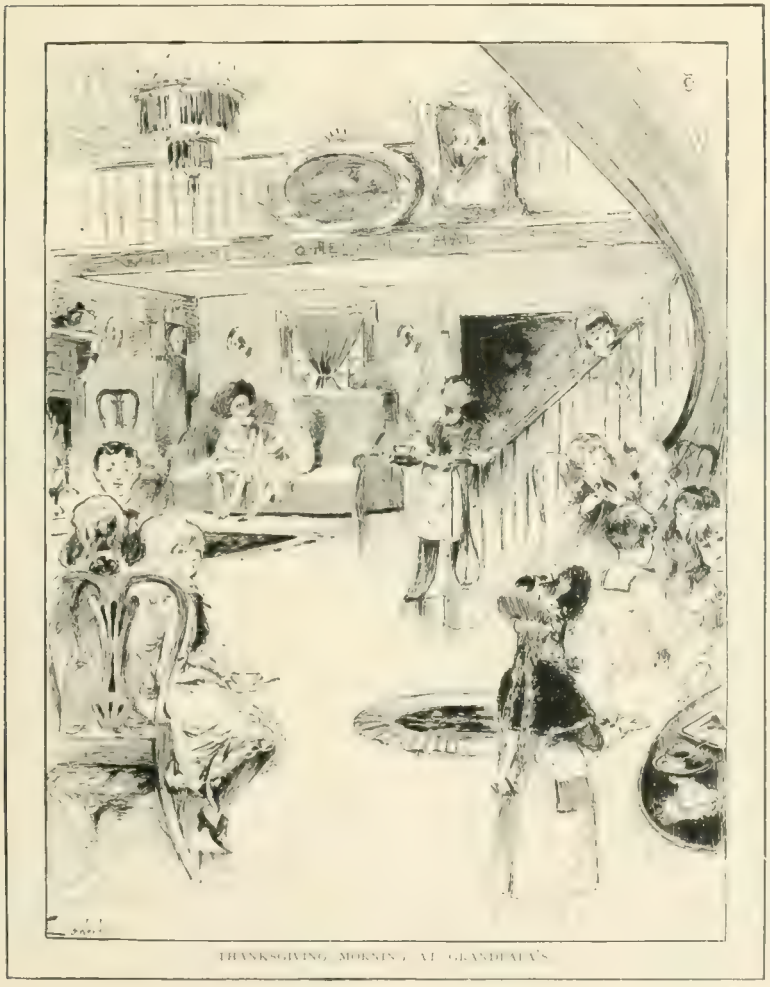
Reid then retired to England and settled down to literary work. "The Scalp Hunters," his first romance, was written largely from his own knowledge of the scenes it describes, and it had an immediate success. It was followed rapidly by others, drawn partly from recollection, partly from the observations of other travelers, and partly, it must be admitted, from his own audacious imagination. A man who had displayed such intrepidity with the sword could hardly be expected to lack courage in wielding the pen. You are following no timid leader when you enter the field of fiction, where the calculating rashness of his invention goes forward somewhat like the "very brilliant uniform" that led the charge at Chapultepec. He takes you through regions where strange things happen—almost too strange and improbable, you sometimes say; but this criticism serves rather to raise than to depreciate his books in the opinion of most boys. We can forgive some extravagance of incident and peculiarities of style in an author who evidently writes as he acts — with unhesitating boldness and decision.

In the last letter written by the great African explorer, Livingstone, he says, "Captain Mayne Reid's boys' books are the stuff to make travelers." There is, moreover, this to be said of them, that the frame-work of fact in which he sets his pictures can always be relied on as fact. Believe as much or as little as you please of the marvelous things that happen in his stories; but be sure that he has carefully gathered from the most trustworthy sources all that he has to tell you of natural history, of the traits, manners, and habits of the strange people among whom his scenes are laid, and of the wonders of the countries themselves.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's forty volumes of romances, nearly all have been reprinted in this country, and many have been translated into other languages. He is popular in Russia, where several of his tales have had a large circulation. No doubt, many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have sat up nights over "The Desert Home," "The English Family Robinson," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys"; and those whose youthful recollections go back as far as the first volumes of "Our Young Folks," will remember "Afloat in the Forest," which delighted the early readers of that magazine.

Captain Mayne Reid's home is in England, where he lives the life of a quiet country gentleman, devoting himself to literature and rural pursuits. He is now a man of sixty-four years, but young-

looking for his age, although suffering from severe lameness caused by the old wound received at Chapultepec. In 1854 he was married to a young English lady of the Clarendon-Hyde family, a lineal descendant of the famous Lord High Chancellor. Among his latest writings are a series of interesting letters on the Rural Life of England, which have recently appeared in the *New York Tribune*, giving detailed and graphic descriptions of the farmer, the parson, the squire, the magistrate, field clubs, and sports, and many other things of which we over the water read so much in books and yet know so little. But his very latest work, as the editors will tell you, is a story written for ST. NICHOLAS, in which you will be invited to accompany some English and American boys through some thrilling perils and marvelous escapes in the "Land of Fire," during the coming year. You will be sure to be entertained, for whatever else may be said of him, Mayne Reid is never dull. And you will feel all the more interested in the story told when you know that the teller is a brave man, who carries wounds received in fighting your country's battles.



THANKSGIVING MORNING AT GRANDPAPA'S

NUTTING-TIME.

BY H. I.

THE month was October, the frosts had come down,
The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown;
The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
But warm was the day on the south of the hill.

'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
And searching the dry leaves we busily bent;
The chestnuts were big and the beech-nuts were small,
But both sorts are welcome to boys in the fall.

And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
On eves of November, with laughter and game,
The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still
How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



HERE he stood, on the nursery mantel-piece, "grin'n' and grin'n', as if he 'd grin the hairt out iv him," as Nora, the nurse, said, and nobody seemed to know how he came there. He might have walked all the way from China, and set himself up there of his own accord, for all that Dode, or Teddy, or Marion, or the baby knew. But he looked so much like a gentleman on a screen down in the library, that Marion ran down to see if it were not he. She had thought, before, that he must have a very stupid time, standing there on the screen, always squinting with his queer long eyes, at nothing in particular, and she did not think it in the least strange that he had preferred to hop off, if he could, and come up to the nursery where there was always something going on.

But no; there he was on the screen, squinting away, just as usual, and when you came to compare them, the resemblance was not so very great. Instead of an agreeable smile, the one on the screen had a scowl, and his petticoats were purple, instead of red, like the gentleman's in the nursery, and his tunic and trousers, instead of being a lovely gold color like his, were a very dull, unpleasant pink. He had no queer, box-like cap perched on the top of his head and tied under his chin, like the one upstairs; but when you came to his pigtail, there was the greatest difference. The Chinese gentleman in the nursery had a pigtail of "truly" hair, well combed and glossy, and reaching almost to his feet; while the one on the screen had only an embroidered one, that could n't have looked like anything but sewing silk, if he had come off.

Marion decided that they could be only distant relatives.

When she got back to the nursery, she found that an astonishing thing had happened.

Teddy had given the Chinese gentleman's pigtail a jerk, and there had suddenly appeared in the front of his queer little box of a cap the word, SATURDAY.

It *was* Saturday. They did not need to be told that, for Saturday was a holiday. But how he knew what day of the week it was, the children could not understand.

The letters seemed to be rattling about in his head like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and suddenly to rattle themselves together into a word.

"It 's a wise ould felly, he is," said Nora, shaking her head mysteriously. "It 's meself knew that same be the quare looks iv him. He 'll be

afther watchin' iverythin' that 's go'n' on, and if there 's mischief done he 'll not kape it til himself. Och, but he has a shly way wid him!"

The children looked at each other in dismay.

There was certainly something very queer about him. He ran his tongue out, in a mocking and very unpleasant way when the word appeared in front of his cap, and there was no denying that he had a very sly and knowing twinkle in his eye.

He seemed to know altogether more than was proper for a gentleman who, after all, was only made of wood, if he was Chinese; and if he was going to be a spy, and tell who did mischief, he was not to be tolerated. Teddy gave his pigtail another jerk, after a rather cross fashion, and out came his tongue in that very impolite way, and up into his cap popped the word Sunday.

"Pooh! he is n't much," said Dode. "He is only just fixed up inside so that he can tell one day after another. Just let him alone, and he 'll say to-morrow is Monday. Nora is only trying to scare you. I should think she might know that *I* would know better." And Dode drew himself up to look just as tall as he possibly could, which was not, after all, so tall as he could wish, and did not seem to impress Nora, although it did impress Teddy, and Marion, and the baby.

"He 's only an old wooden image, is he? and not so very pretty either!" said Marion, who almost always believed what Dode told her.

"He 's a calendar! He 's useful. I know Aunt Esther brought him!" said Dode, with great contempt.

Aunt Esther was very kind about some things, and she had a big dog named Ponto who could dance a polka, though she valued him only because he kept burglars away. But she had one failing that almost spoiled her: she would make useful presents.

It was not of the least avail for Marion to hint, about Christmas time, that her doll, Lady Jane Grey, was suffering for a Saratoga trunk full of stylish clothes; Aunt Esther was sure to send her a work-box, or a writing-desk. She gave Teddy a dozen pocket handkerchiefs when he wanted a pistol; and Dode a very dry History of the World, in seven volumes, when he had hinted for a banjo.

She took Teddy to a lecture on Fossil Remains, when he wanted to go to the circus, and she made Dode go to the School of Anatomy to see a lot of skeletons, instead of to the Zoölogical Gardens. She never bought candy, and she thought Mother Goose was silly. She said dolls were a waste of time, and she thought drums made a noise.

Aunt Esther had no children of her own. They all died young. Dode said it was no wonder.

It did not seem, at first thought, as if Aunt Esther could have bought the Gentleman from China. He was so red-and-gold, and had such a grin. He looked exactly as if Aunt Esther would not approve of him.

"If you pulled his pigtail every morning he would tell you what day of the week it was, and that was useful, certainly; but if Aunt Esther had bought a Chinese Gentleman at all, she would have bought a drab one, who would n't under any circumstances have run out his tongue," the children thought.

How he came there was not explained to the satisfaction of Marion and Teddy and the baby, whatever Dode might think; and they did think he was a little "quare," and feel a little awe of him, although they pretended not to.

He had such an opportunity to make himself disagreeable if he really could watch all the mischief that was done, and tell who was at the bottom of it! For there was no denying that they were full of mischief—Dode and Marion and the baby. Teddy did not really belong to the family; he was a little orphan cousin. "He is just the same as one of us, only not so bad," Marion always explained.

It was not often Teddy who did the mischief, but it was very often Teddy who was blamed for it.

For several days the Gentleman from China conducted himself as mildly and unobtrusively as a wooden gentleman might be expected to; he certainly saw plenty of mischief, if he kept his eyes open, but he never mentioned it, and the children grew so bold as to laugh to scorn Nora's warnings that he was a "foxy ould felly, that was layin' up a hape o' saycrets to let out agin 'em, some foine day."

His smile became very tiresome, and it was decided that he was not, after all, very handsome. His pigtail was not pulled, even once a day, and the children's big brother, Rob, said he "smiled and smiled and was a villain," because he so seldom told the truth about the day of the week.

One rainy day, Dode did take him down to try to find out what there was inside of him. He was a long time about it; but he put him back rather suddenly, at last, and went off as if he were in a hurry. And neither Marion nor Teddy nor the baby cared enough about the Chinese Gentleman to remember to ask him, when he came back, if he found out where the gentleman kept his letters.

One reason for this may have been that the nursery was enlivened, just then, by three of the most bewitching kittens that ever frisked. Three fuzzy balls with blue eyes, and the pinkest of noses and toes; and they tore and scampered over everything, like small whirlwinds. They understood so thoroughly the art of being agreeable,

there was such variety in their entertainments, and they enjoyed them so much themselves, it was no wonder that they put the Chinese Gentleman in the background. The kittens, to be sure, could not tell you what day of the week it was,—the baby had pulled each of their tails to see,—but so long as there was time enough in it to turn somersaults, race together pell-mell, and tumble headlong, they did n't care.

It was a great shame that such lovely kittens should not have had prettier names; but there had been so many kittens in that family that the children had exhausted all the pretty names, or got fairly tired out thinking them up. They had had Gyps, and Fluffs, and Daisies, and Muffs, and Pinkies, and Fannies, and Flossies, and Minnies; and dignified names, too — Lord This and Lady That; a splendid old patriarch named Moses, and a wicked little black kitten called Beelzebub; and now there really did n't seem to be any names left for these three but Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail; and Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail they were accordingly named.

Bob-tail did have a funny little bob of a tail; it looked as if half of it had been bitten off; that was what made them think of his name, and his name suggested the others. Bob-tail was white, without a speck of any other color upon him; but, I am sorry to say, that he usually looked somewhat dingy. His one fault was that he would not keep himself clean.

Marion and the baby — who was a three-year-old boy, if he was still called the baby, and could do as much mischief as an ordinary ten-year-old one — had become so disgusted with Bob-tail's want of cleanliness, that they had resolved to dye him. He really ought to be of some dark color that would not show dirt, they thought.

And they had found, in Mamma's room, a bottle of indelible ink, of a bright, beautiful, purple color, which, they decided, would be just the very thing to dye him with.

The operation was performed that very day, as soon as Dode had finished examining the interior arrangements of the Chinese Gentleman, and left the room.

They waited until he had gone, because he always wanted to superintend things, and thought he ought to, because he was the oldest. Marion and the baby thought, as it was their own idea, they ought to have the privilege of dyeing Bob-tail just as they pleased; so it was just as well not to let Dode know anything about it until it was done.

Teddy was allowed to look on, and was finally promoted to the honor of holding Bob-tail, who, being only a kitten, had not sense enough to understand the advantage of being dyed purple, and struggled and scratched like a little fury.

The baby thought he would be prettier dyed in spots; but that was found to be impossible, because he would not keep still. The only way was to pour the ink over him, and they had to take great care to prevent it from getting into his eyes. A great deal went upon the carpet; but, as Nora was down in the kitchen, ironing, and would never know how it came there, I am sorry to say that they did not think that was of much consequence. Marion did look up, once, at the Gentleman from China, to see if he showed any signs of noticing what was going on, any more than any image would, for she could not rid herself of the fancy that, after all, Nora might be right about his being "quare" and "shly." But he exhibited only his usual pleasant grin, and no more of a twinkle in his queer, long eyes. Marion concluded that it would be just as absurd to suspect him of noticing what was going on as it would be to suspect the little brass Cupid on the chandelier, who always had his arrow poised, but never let it fly.

It was proposed to hold Bob-tail over the furnace-register until the ink was thoroughly dry; but Nora suddenly opened the door, and Bob-tail took advantage of the commotion which her entrance caused to make his escape. It happened, unfortunately, that the street-door had been left ajar, and out Bob-tail slipped.

When Marion and Teddy reached the lower hall there was no kitten to be seen. They called until they were hoarse, but no Bob-tail came.

"Perhaps he has gone to see if his mother will know him," suggested the baby; for Bob-tail's mother, a sober-minded and venerable tabby, lived only a few blocks away.

"If he should happen to see himself in a looking-glass, he might think it was n't he, and never come home," said Marion; "just like the little old woman on the king's highway who had her petticoats cut off, and said:

"'Oh, lauk a mercy on me! This surely can't be I!'"

"I 'm not afraid of that," said Teddy, after some deliberation, "because he 'll know himself by his bob-tail."

Still, they all felt very anxious and uneasy, and would have rushed out in pursuit of him, only that it was raining very hard, and they were not allowed to go out.

They thought he would be sure to come home to supper, for Bob-tail was the greediest of the three, and always cried lustily for his saucer of warm milk.

But supper-time came, and no Bob-tail. It was so sad to miss his shrill little "mew!" that they all three cried, and were quite cross to Rag and Tag, who had not got lost.

The next morning, they were all up bright and early to see if Bob-tail had not come home. But, alas! there were Rag and Tag alone, and so dejected in spirit that they hardly cared to play, and looking very melancholy with the bits of black ribbon which Dode, who was rather heartless and would make fun, had tied around their left forefeet.

Marion and Teddy went up and down the street, and called Bob-tail in beseeching tones, but no Bob-tail responded.

When they came home from school, and found that he had not come back, it was resolved that something must be done.

"I 'd rather have him dir-dir-dirty-white and found, than pur-pur-purple and lost!" sobbed the baby.



"IT 'S A WISE OLD FELLY, HE IS," SAID NORA, MYSTERIOUSLY.

And they all agreed to that sentiment. But that did not help matters in the least.

"If the Chinese Gentleman really knew as much as Nora said, he might tell us where Bob-tail is," said Teddy. "Let 's give his pigtail an awful pull!"

"Pooh! he 'll only say it is Wednesday. I suppose he will tell the truth, because he was pulled yesterday, but we all know that already," said Marion.

Dode cast a somewhat uneasy glance at the Gentleman from China, but said nothing.

Teddy gave his pigtail "an awful pull." And a most extraordinary thing happened. Instead of the name of the day of the week, this was what appeared in the front of the Chinese Gentleman's head-dress:

SEND E W

Some of the letters were tipsily askew, but the message was plain enough. "Send E. W." Of course, E. W. stood for Edward Warren, Teddy's name.

Teddy turned pale, and Marion thought that Nora was certainly right, and wished that she had believed her before.

Dode looked a little frightened, but he laughed and went and gave the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail another twitch.

"We 'll find out whether he really means it," he said.

Those letters fell away, and up came: YES.

The letters were even more askew than the others, and there was a great rattling before they came, as if he had to make a great effort to get them up into his cap. But here it was, as plain a "Yes" as one could wish to see.

"There 's no doubt about it; he means for you to go, Teddy," said Dode, laughing still, though he did look a little frightened — and Dode was not easily scared.

"And oh, Teddy, perhaps you will find Bob-tail!" cried Marion, forgetting her fears in joy at this prospect.

Teddy prepared at once to obey the Chinese Gentleman's direction. He had not the least idea where to go, but he had faith that he should find Bob-tail, for the Chinese Gentleman seemed gifted with miraculous powers.

Dode and Marion and the baby escorted him down to the door; and Marion, determined to have everything properly done, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and made him whirl around until he could not tell which way he was facing, and then started him off. When he took the handkerchief off, he found he was turned in just the opposite direction to the one he had intended to follow; but, since Marion was sure it was the proper way to do, he went on, having a queer feeling that the Chinese Gentleman had had something to do with turning him around.

On he went, up one street and down another, peering into every alley-way, and calling "Kitty, Kitty," or "Bobby, Bobby," continually. Several times he stopped and asked persons whom he met if they had seen "a purple kitten without very much of a tail." They all looked surprised and said "No"; one boy laughed, and said there was no such thing as a purple kitten. Teddy did not condescend to explain, and, as the other boy was a big one, Teddy did not tell him what he thought of him.

He grew very weary and discouraged, and had begun to think that the Gentleman from China was a humbug, when suddenly he espied a crowd collected around a hand-organ. Perhaps there was a monkey! If there was anything in the world that Teddy thoroughly delighted in, it was a monkey. He forgot that he was tired, he almost forgot Bob-tail, for there *was* a monkey, and an uncommonly attractive one, too, with scarlet trousers and a yellow jacket, ear-rings in his ears, and a funny little hat, with a feather standing upright in it. He was holding his hat out for pennies, and, suddenly seeing a lady at an upper window of a house, he darted nimbly on to the window-blind, and so made his way up to her.

The lady put some money into his hat, and he turned away; but something on the roof of the house suddenly caught his eye, and he darted up the spout to the very top of the house!

There sat a kitten — a most forlorn, and dirty, and draggled-looking kitten, of a dull, dingy black color, with streaks and spots of dirty white here and there, and not very much of a tail.

Bob-tail's very self; but oh, how changed from the happy, frisky Bob-tail of other days!

The monkey advanced, chattering, and with uplifted paw, and cuffed poor Bob-tail's ears.

The kitten made a fierce little spit at the monkey. And then, seeming to be overcome with fear of a kind of enemy which was new to his experience, and might be altogether too much for him, he turned and fled.

Teddy could see an open sky-light, and the tip of the kitten's tail vanishing into it.

Teddy ran up the steps of the house and rang the bell.

"My kitten, is in your house! I saw him go down through your sky-light," he said to the young girl who opened the door.

"Is it a queer kitten, that looks as if he 'd been through *everything?*" said the girl.

"Yes, perhaps he does. He 's been dyed," said Teddy, rather shamefacedly.

"Dyed? What a cruel, wicked boy you must be to dye a poor little kitten!" said the girl, severely. "He has been crying around here all day. He would n't eat anything, he was so frightened. I 'm sure I don't know about letting you have him."

"We thought he would be prettier purple. But we 'll never dye him again," said Teddy, meekly.

The girl seemed to have difficulty in catching Bob-tail, but she at last appeared with him, though he was struggling frantically for freedom.

The moment he saw Teddy he made a leap into his arms. He was of a forgiving disposition, and willing to overlook the dyeing, or perhaps he had found, already, that there is no place like home. At all events, he curled up snugly in Teddy's arms, and Teddy, rejoicing, carried him home.

Great was the joy among the children over the wanderer restored to the bosom of his family, but Rag and Tag were somewhat cold and reserved in their manner toward him.

They eyed him askance for awhile, Tag even showing an inclination to do battle with him, but at last they both drew nearer and smelled of him, and seeming re-assured by this, they set to work to restore him to his natural color. But they retired from the labor with disgusted faces before long, evidently not finding the taste of the ink agreeable.

It was night then, and by gaslight Dode and Marion did not think Bob-tail looked very badly, considering that purple is not expected to be very pretty by gas-light; but the next morning Marion thought he did look "horrible," as she said.

"Oh, I wish we had him back as he was!" she exclaimed. "I don't think purple is in good taste for kittens, and he 's almost black anyway, and so streaked! What shall we do?"

"Ask the old chap; maybe he 'll know," said Dode.

"Oh, the Chinese Gentleman! Do you dare to twitch his pigtail, Dode?" asked Marion, in a voice of awe.

Dode pulled it, and with a great deal of rattling more than he had made just to tell the days of the week — up came these letters

DURTY

"Dirty! why, of course, Bob-tail is dirty. That's true, old fellow, if you can't spell!" cried Dode.

"Oh, hush, Dody! Perhaps that's the way they spell it in China. How could he know?" cried Marion.

"I don't see that we know any more," said Teddy. "You'd better ask him again, Dode, how we can clean him."

Dode twitched the Chinese Gentleman's pig-tail again, he being the only one who had the courage to do it.

STAY came up, the letters askew, as if he were in a great hurry.

"Stay? What does he mean by that? We wont let Bob-tail stay purple, if that's what you mean, my ancient chap," said Dode, whose bump of reverence was but small.

"I should n't want to be so rude to a witch like him," said Teddy, seriously. "He might turn you into something."

"There are n't any gentleman witches in my book," said Marion, doubtfully; "but perhaps they have them in China. Pull him once more, Dode, and be awfully polite."

Dode pulled, and TRY came up, very straight and trim.

"Try! So we will. We will wash him like everything," said Marion.

And into the bath-tub went poor Bob-tail as soon as they came from school that afternoon, and such a scrubbing as he had it is probable that no other kitten was ever compelled to endure since the world began.

They could hardly tell whether he looked any better or not that night, he was so wet, and draggled, and unhappy. And the next morning he was still shivering, and seemed, as Marion said, "as if he were going to have a fit of sickness."



"TEDDY, REJOICING, CARRIED BOB-TAIL HOME."

The purple had come off a good deal, but that was no comfort if he were going to die!

"I 'd a good deal rather have him pur-pur-purple than not to have him a ter-ter-tall!" cried the baby.

"Oh, Dode, ask the Chinese Gentleman what we shall do for him!" exclaimed Marion.

"All right," said Dode. "It 's Friday to-day, is n't it?"

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Teddy.

"Oh, nothing," said Dode, "only he 'll be sure not to say the same that he did yesterday."

"What do you mean, Dode?" said Marion.

"Oh, nothing, only they never repeat themselves in China," said Dode, who could be very disagreeable about keeping things to himself.

He jerked the pigtail, and IRDF greeted the children's astonished eyes.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Marion.

"It 's probably Chinese. If you only understood Chinese you 'd know just how to cure Bob-tail. I'll pull again and ask him to speak English."

The pigtail being jerked, up came these letters: DRY.

"That 's English, anyway! And I don't suppose he 's quite dry, or he would n't shiver so. Let 's wrap him up in warm blankets."

The Chinese Gentleman's command was accordingly obeyed, and in twenty-four hours Bob-tail was himself again, and really more a white kitten than a purple one.

Sunday afternoon, it happened that Dode and Marion were alone in the nursery. Marion, who had been earnestly looking at the Gentleman from China, suddenly said, in a very serious tone:

"Dode, do you think he really is a witch?"

"Oh, you goose! I should think anybody might see through that," said Dode, who was in an unusually good-natured mood. "I broke him, trying to find out how he was made, and now, instead of coming up in order, the letters that make the name of the day come any way; that 's all. Sometimes it makes a word, and sometimes it does n't. It has happened queerly, sometimes, and that 's all. Yesterday I pulled him, and he said DUTY; now we 'll see what he 'll say."

DUNS came up, at which Dode clapped his hands provokingly, and declared that the old Chinee had some sense, after all; for if that did n't spell "dunce," what did it spell? and did n't it just describe the girl that thought he was a witch? It was rather hard to make Marion believe Dode's simple explanation, and he told her, grandly, that "half the grown people in the world could be humbugged by a simple thing like that, which any fellow, with a head on his shoulders, could explain to them in two minutes."

Teddy, on being summoned, was inclined to agree with Marion in thinking that the Chinese Gentleman must have brains, instead of machinery, in the head which that wonderful pigtail grew out of.

But they all united in one opinion, that he was "the splendidest fun they ever had; and if Aunt Esther did buy him, he made amends for all the useful presents she had ever given them."

It happened that Aunt Esther came to see them the very next day. The first thing that she said, when she came into the nursery, was:

"I am very glad to hear that you like the present I sent you. I did n't suppose you would, because it is not a frivolous, useless toy. I am sorry that it is broken, and I will have it repaired."

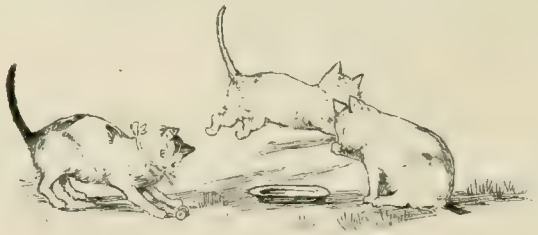
"Oh, Aunt Esther, please don't!" cried Marion. "We *hated* him when he went right. We only like him spoiled!"

Aunt Esther heaved a great sigh.

"It is just as I might have expected. You never will care for anything useful. Hereafter, I shall give my presents to deserving children."

Just at that moment Dode slyly pulled the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail, and—of course it was very impolite and wrong, but he did n't know any better—the Chinese Gentleman, running out his tongue and, it seemed to the children, with a broader grin than he had ever grinned before, rattled these letters up into his cap: O MY.

And Aunt Esther will not believe, to this day, that the children did not mean to make fun of her.



THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

By Mary A. Lathbury.



Light up the sky! Light up the sky!
The moon is set and the wind is high,
And two little runaways — Madge and I
Must journey and journey
Till night is done,
To the Land o' Clouds,
To meet the sun.
So, little Lamp-lighter,
The stars must burn brighter,
And whether to Cloud-land
Or Dream-land, or nearer,
The stars must burn clearer,
For Madge and for me,
To go when the sun comes up
Out of the sea.

THE BEE-MAN AND HIS ORIGINAL FORM.

By Frank R. Stockton.

In the ancient country of Orn, there lived an old man who was called the Bee-man, because his whole time was spent in the company of bees. He lived in a little hut, which was nothing more than an immense bee-hive, for these little creatures had built their honey-combs in every corner of the one room it contained, on the shelves, under the one little table, all about the rough bench on which the old man sat, and even about the head-board and along the sides of his low bed. All day the air of the room was thick with buzzing insects, but this did not interfere in any way with the old Bee-man, who walked in among them, ate his meals, and went to sleep, without the slightest fear of being stung. He had lived with the bees so long, they had become so accustomed to him, and his skin was so tough and hard, that the bees no more thought of stinging him than they would of stinging a tree or a stone. A swarm of bees had made their hive in a pocket of his old leathern doublet; and when he put on this coat to take one of his long walks in the forest in search of wild bees' nests, he was very glad to have this hive with him; for, if he did not find any wild honey, he would put his hand in his pocket and take out a piece of a comb for a luncheon. The bees in his pocket worked very industriously, and he was always certain of having something to eat with him wherever he went. He lived principally upon honey; and when he needed bread or meat, he carried some nice combs to a village not far away and bartered them for other food. He was ugly, untidy, shriveled, and brown. He was poor, and the bees seemed to be his only friends or relations. But, for all that, he was happy and contented; he had all the honey he wanted, and his bees, whom he considered the best company in the world, were as friendly and sociable as they could be, and seemed to increase in number every day.

One day, there stopped at the hut of the Bee-man a Junior Sorcerer. This young person, who was a student of magic, necromancy, and the kindred arts, was much interested in the Bee-man, whom he had frequently noticed in his wanderings. He had never met with such a being before, and considered him an admirable subject for study. He got a great deal of useful practice by endeavoring to find out, by the various rules and laws of sorcery, exactly why the old Bee-man did not happen to be something that he was not, and why he was what he happened to be. He had studied a good while at this matter, and had found out something.

"Do you know," he said, when the Bee-man came out of his hut, "that you have been transformed?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, much surprised.

"You have surely heard of animals and human beings who have been magically transformed into different kinds of creatures?"

"Yes, I have heard of these things," said the Bee-man; "but what have I been transformed from?"

"That is more than I know," said the Junior Sorcerer. "But one thing is certain — you ought to be changed back. If you will find out what you have been transformed from, I will see that you are made all right again. Nothing would please me better than to attend to such a case."

And, having a great many things to study and investigate, the Junior Sorcerer went his way.

This information greatly disturbed the mind of the Bee-man. If he had been changed from something else he ought to be that other thing, whatever it was. He ran after the young man, and overtook him.

"If you know, kind sir," he said, "that I have been transformed, you surely are able to tell me what it is I was."

"No," said the Junior Sorcerer, "my studies have not proceeded far enough for that. When I become a senior I can tell you all about it. But, in the meantime, it will be well for you to try to discover for yourself your original form, and when you have done that, I will get some of the learned masters of my art to restore you to it. It will be easy enough to do that, but you could not expect them to take the time and trouble to find out what it was."

And, with these words, he hurried away, and was soon lost to view.

Greatly disquieted, the Bee-man retraced his steps, and went to his hut. Never before had he heard anything which had so troubled him.

"I wonder what I was transformed from?" he thought, seating himself on his rough bench. "Could it have been a giant, or a powerful prince, or some gorgeous being whom the magicians or the fairies wished to punish? It may be that I was a dog or a horse, or perhaps a fiery dragon or a horrid snake. I hope it was not one

of these. But, whatever it was, every one has certainly a right to his original form, and I am resolved to find out mine. I will start early to-morrow morning, and I am sorry now that I have not more pockets to my old doublet, so that I might carry more bees and more honey for my journey."

He spent the rest of the day in making a hive of twigs and straw, and, having transferred to this a colony of bees that had just swarmed and a great many honey-combs, he rose before sunrise the next day, and having put on his leathern doublet, and having bound his new hive to his back, he set forth on his quest, the bees who were to accompany him buzzing around him like a cloud.

As the Bee-man passed through the little village the people greatly wondered at his queer appearance, with the hive upon his back. "The Bee-man is going on a long expedition this time," they said; but no one imagined the strange business on which he was bent. About noon he sat down under a tree, near a beautiful meadow covered with blossoms, and ate a little honey. Then he untied his hive and stretched himself out on the grass to rest. As he gazed upon his bees hovering about him, some going out to the blossoms in the sunshine, and some returning laden with the sweet pollen, he thought that he noticed a bee who was a stranger to him. He was so familiar with his own bees that he could distinguish an outsider.

"This stranger seems very busy," he said aloud. "I wonder what it wants of my bees?"

As he said this, a large and very beautiful bee alighted on his knee, and looking up at him said, in a clear little voice: "I want only to know where you are going, and what you intend to do. And I have been asking your bees about it."

"My bees can't talk," said the Bee-man, in surprise.

"They can talk to me," said the bee, "and I can talk to you. I am really a fairy, and have taken the form of a bee for purposes of my own."

"Then you have been transformed," cried the Bee-man, "and no doubt you know all about that sort of thing!"

"I know a good deal about it," said the Fairy. "Your bees say you are greatly troubled. What has happened to you?"

Then the Bee-man, with much earnestness, told all that had occurred, and what he was trying to find out.

"So you have been transformed, have you?" said the Fairy bee, "and you want to know what your original form was. That is curious, and, if you choose, I will go with you and help you. The case is very interesting."

"Oh, that will be an excellent thing!" said the Bee-man. "If you help me, I shall be sure to find out everything."

"But you should consider," said the Fairy, "that you may have been some dreadful creature. In that case, it would be well to know nothing about it."

"Oh, no," cried the Bee-man. "It is not honest for any person to have a form that is not originally his own. No matter what I was before, I am determined to be changed back. I shall never be satisfied to live in a false form."

"Very well," said the Fairy, "I will help you all I can."

And when the Bee-man started out again, the Fairy bee went with him.

"How did you expect to do this thing," said the Fairy, "when you first set out?"

"I supposed I should find my original form," said the Bee-man, "very much as I find bee trees. When I come to one I know it."

"That may be a very good plan," said the Fairy, "and when you see anything in your original form you may be drawn toward it."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Bee-man.

It was not long after this that the Bee-man and his companion entered a fair domain. Around them were rich fields, splendid forests, and lovely gardens, while at a little distance stood the beautiful palace of the Lord of the Domain. Richly dressed people were walking about or sitting in the shade of the trees and arbors; splendidly caparisoned horses were waiting for their riders, and everywhere were seen signs of opulence and gayety.

"I think," said the Bee-man, "that I should like to stop here for a time. If it should happen that I was originally like any one of these happy creatures, it would please me much."

"Very well," said the Fairy bee. "I suppose we might as well stop here as anywhere."

"Perhaps," said the Bee-man, "you can help me to pick out my original form."

"No," said the Fairy, "that you must discover for yourself. But if you are so drawn toward any living creature that you feel certain that once you must have been like it, then, perhaps, I can help you."

The Bee-man untied his hive, and hid it behind some bushes, and taking off his old doublet, laid that beside it. It would not do to have his bees flying about him if he wished to go among the inhabitants of this fair domain.

For two days the Bee-man wandered about the palace and its grounds, avoiding notice as much as possible, but looking at everything. He saw handsome men and lovely ladies; the finest horses, dogs, and cattle that were ever known; beautiful birds

in cages, and fishes in crystal globes, and it seemed to him that the best of all living things were here collected.

At the close of the second day, the Bee-man said to the Fairy, who had accompanied him everywhere: "There is one being here toward whom I feel very much drawn, and that is the Lord of the Domain."

"Indeed!" said the Fairy. "Do you think you were once like him?"

"I can not say for certain," replied the Bee-man, "but it would be a very fine thing if it were so; and it seems impossible for me to be drawn toward any other being in the domain when I look upon him, so handsome, rich, and powerful."

"Well, I have nothing to say about it," said the Fairy. "You must decide the matter for yourself. But I advise you to observe him more closely, and feel more sure of the matter, before you apply to the sorcerers to change you back into a lord of a fair domain."

The next morning, the Bee-man saw the Lord of the Domain walking in his gardens. He slipped along the shady paths, and followed him so as to observe him closely, and find out if he were really drawn toward this gracious and handsome being. The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time, not noticing that the Bee-man was behind him. But suddenly turning, he saw the little old man.

"What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried; and he gave him a kick that sent him quite over some bushes that grew by the side of the path.

The Bee-man came down upon a grass-plat on the other side of the path, and getting to his feet he ran as fast as he could to the bush where he had hidden his hive and his old doublet.



"AS THE BEE-MAN PASSED THROUGH THE LITTLE VILLAGE PEOPLE WONDERED AT HIS QUEER APPEARANCE."

"Do you still," said the Fairy, "feel drawn toward the Lord of the Domain?"

"No, indeed," replied the other, much excited. "If I am certain of anything, it is that I was never a person who would kick a poor old Bee-man, like myself. Let us leave this place. I was transformed from nothing that I see here."

The two now traveled for a day or two longer, and then they came to a great black mountain, near the bottom of which was an opening like the mouth of a cave.

"This mountain," said the Fairy, "is filled with caverns and under-ground passages, which are the abodes of dragons, evil spirits, horrid creatures of all kinds. Would you like to visit it?"

"Well," said the Bee-man with a sigh, "I suppose I ought to. If I am going to do this thing properly, I should look on all sides of the subject, and I may have been one of those horrid creatures myself."

Thereupon they went to the mountain, and as

they approached the opening of the passage which led into its inmost recesses they saw, sitting upon the ground, and leaning his back against a tree, a Languid Youth.

"Good-day," said this individual when he saw the Bee-man. "Are you going inside?"

"Yes," said the Bee-man, "that is what I am going to do."

"Then," said the Languid Youth, slowly rising to his feet, "I think I will go with you. I was told that if I went in there I should get my energies toned up, and they need it very much; but I did not feel equal to going in by myself, and I thought I would wait until some one came along. I am very glad to see you, and we will go in together."

So the two went into the cave accompanied by the Fairy, whom the Languid Youth had not noticed. They had proceeded but a short distance when they met a little creature, whom it was easy to recognize as a Very Imp. He was about two feet high and resembled in color a freshly polished pair of boots. He was extremely lively and active, and as he came bounding toward them, his quick eye perceived the Fairy bee, and, paying no attention to the Bee-man and his companion, he immediately entered into conversation with her.

"So you are changed into a bee, are you?" said he. "That is queer. But you need not keep up that sort of thing in here. I wish you would change back into a fairy. I like you ever so much better that way."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Fairy, "for then I would not have any sting. I know what you want to do. You want to put me in a jar and pickle me."

"That is exactly it," said the Very Imp. "I have got lots of things in pickle, but I never had a pickled fairy: but if I can't get hold of you I suppose I shall have to give it up. What did you bring these two people here for?"

"I did not bring both of them," said the Fairy. "That younger one came here to have his energies toned up."

"He has come to the right place," said the Very Imp, giving himself a bounce like an India-rubber ball. "We will tone him up. And what does that old Bee-man want?"

"He has been transformed from something, and wants to find out what it is. He thinks he may have been one of the things in here."

"I should not wonder if that were so," said the Very Imp, rolling his head on one side, and eying the Bee-man with a critical gaze. "There is something about him that reminds me of one of those double-tailed dragons with red-hot claws, that live in the upper part of the mountain. I will take him to one of them, and see if we can make a trade."

"No, you wont," said the Fairy bee. "He is under my protection. He shall see all these creatures, and if he feels a drawing toward any of them as if he must once have been the same kind of thing himself, I will know if it is really so, and he will be changed back."

"All right," said the Very Imp; "you can take him around, and let him pick out his previous existence. We have here all sorts of vile creepers, crawlers, hissers, and snorters. I suppose he thinks anything will be better than a Bee-man."

"It is not because he wants to be better than he is," said the Fairy bee, "that he started out on this search. He has simply an honest desire to become what he originally was."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said the other. "There is an idiotic moon-calf here with a clam head, which must be just like what the Bee-man used to be."

"Nonsense," said the Fairy bee. "You have



THE BEE-MAN AND THE LANGUID YOUTH SEE THE VERY IMP.

not the least idea what an honest purpose is. I shall take him about, and let him choose for himself."

"Go ahead," said the Very Imp, "and I will attend to this fellow who wants to be toned up." So saying he joined the Languid Youth.

"Look here," said that individual, regarding

him with interest, "do you black and shine yourself every morning?"

"No," said the other, "it is water-proof varnish. You want to be invigorated, don't you? Well, I will tell you a splendid way to begin. You see that Bee-man has put down his hive and his coat with the bees in it. Just wait till he gets out of sight, and then catch a lot of those bees, and squeeze them flat. If you spread them on a sticky rag, and make a plaster, and put it on the small of your back, it will invigorate you like everything, especially if some of the bees are not quite dead."

"Yes," said the Languid Youth, looking at him with his mild eyes, "if I had energy enough to catch a bee I would be satisfied. Suppose you catch a lot for me."

"The subject is changed," said the Very Imp. "We are now about to visit the spacious chamber of the King of the Snap-dragons."

"That is a flower," said the Languid Youth.

"You will find him a gay old blossom," said the other. "When he has chased you round his room, and has blown sparks at you, and has snorted and howled, and cracked his tail, and snapped his jaws like a pair of anvils, your energies will be toned up higher than ever before in your life."

"No doubt of it," said the Languid Youth; "but I think I will begin with something a little milder."

"Well then," said the other, "there is a flat-tailed Demon of the Gorge in here. He is generally asleep, and, if you say so, you can slip into the farthest corner of his cave, and I'll solder his tail to the opposite wall. Then he will rage and roar, but he can't get at you, for he does n't reach all the way across his cave; I have measured him. It will tone you up wonderfully to sit there and watch him."

"Very likely," said the Languid Youth; "but I would rather stay outside and let you go up in the corner. The performance in that way will be more interesting to me."

"You are dreadfully hard to please," said the Very Imp. "I have offered them to you loose, and I have offered them fastened to a wall, and now the best thing I can do is to give you a chance at one of them that can't move at all. It is the Ghastly Griffin, and is enchanted. He can't stir so much as the tip of his whiskers for a thousand years. You can go to his cave and examine him just as if he was stuffed, and then you can sit on his back and think how it would be if you should live to be a thousand years old, and he should wake up while you are sitting there. It would be easy to imagine a lot of horrible things he would do to you when you look at his open mouth with its awful fangs, his dreadful claws, and his horrible wings all covered with spikes."

"I think that might suit me," said the Languid Youth. "I would much rather imagine the exercises of these monsters than to see them really going on."

"Come on, then," said the Very Imp, and he led the way to the cave of the Ghastly Griffin.

The Bee-man and the Fairy bee went together through a great part of the mountain, and looked into many of its gloomy caves and recesses, the Bee-man recoiling in horror from most of the dreadful monsters who met his eyes. Many of these would have sprung upon him and torn him to pieces had not the Fairy bee let them know that the old man was under her protection and, therefore, could not be touched by any of them. While they were wandering about, an awful roar was heard resounding through the passages of the mountain, and soon there came flapping along an enormous dragon, with body black as night, and wings and tail of fiery red. In his great fore-claws he bore a little baby.

"What is he going to do with that?" asked the Bee-man, shrinking back as the monster passed.

"He will take it into his cave and devour it, I suppose," said the Fairy bee.

"Can't you save it?" cried the other.

"No," said the Fairy. "I know nothing about that baby, and have no power to protect it. I have only authority from our Queen to act as your guardian."

They saw the dragon enter a cave not far away, and they followed and looked in. The dragon was crouched upon the ground with the little baby lying before him. It did not seem to be hurt, but was frightened and crying. The monster was looking upon it with delight, as if he intended to make a dainty meal of it as soon as his appetite should be a little stronger.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed the Bee-man. "Somebody ought to do something." And turning around, he ran away as fast as he could.

He ran through various passages until he came to the spot where he had left his bee-hive. Picking it up, he hurried back, carrying the hive in his two hands before him. When he reached the cave of the dragon, he looked in and saw the monster still crouched over the weeping child. Without a moment's hesitation, the Bee-man rushed into the cave and threw his hive straight into the face of the dragon. The bees, enraged by the shock, rushed out in an angry crowd and immediately fell upon the head, mouth, eyes, and nose of the dragon. The great monster, astounded by this sudden attack, and driven almost wild by the numberless stings of the bees, started suddenly back

to the farthest portion of his cave, still followed by his relentless enemies, at whom he flapped wildly with his great wings and struck with his paws. While the dragon was thus engaged with the bees, the Bee-man sprang forward and, seizing the child, he rushed away. He did not stop to pick up his doublet, but kept on until he was out of the caves. The Fairy bee followed him; but perceiving the

The Fairy bee said no more; but, flying on, she soon came to the outside opening, beyond which she saw the Languid Youth talking to the Bee-man, who still held the child in his arms.

"You need not be in a hurry now," said the former, "for the rules of this institution don't allow the creatures inside to come out of this opening, or to hang around it. If they did, they would frighten



THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRY. (SEE SONG, PAGE)

Very Imp hopping along on one leg, and rubbing his back and shoulders with his hands, she stopped to inquire what was the matter, and what had become of the Languid Youth.

"He is no kind of a fellow," said the Very Imp. "He disappointed me dreadfully. I took him up to the Ghastly Griffin, and told him the thing was enchanted, and that he might sit on its back and think about what it could do if it was awake; and when he came near it the wretched creature opened its eyes, and raised its head, and then you ought to have seen how mad that simpleton was. He made a dash at me and seized me by the ears; he kicked and beat me till I can scarcely move."

"His energies must have been toned up a good deal," said the Fairy bee.

"Toned up! I should say so!" cried the other. "I raised a howl, and a Scissor-jawed Clipper came out of his hole, and got after him; but that lazy fool ran so fast that he could not be caught."

away-visitors. They go in and out of holes in the upper part of the mountain."

The Bee-man now walked on, accompanied by the other. "That wretched Imp," said the latter, "cheated me into going up to a Griffin, which he said was enchanted. I gave the little scoundrel a thrashing, and then a great thing, with clashing jaws and legs like a grasshopper, rushed after me and chased me clean out of the place. All this warmed me up, and did my energies a lot of good. What are you going to do with that baby?"

"I shall carry it along with me," said the Bee-man, "as I go on with my search, and perhaps I may find its mother. If I do not, I shall give it to somebody in that little village yonder. Anything would be better than leaving it to be devoured by that horrid dragon."

"Let me carry it. I feel quite strong enough now to carry a baby."

"Thank you," said the Bee-man, "but I can

take it myself. I like to carry something, and I have now neither my hive nor my doublet."

"It is very well that you had to leave them behind," said the Youth, "for the bees would have stung the baby."

"My bees never stung babies," said the other.

"They probably never had a chance," remarked his companion. "But there is one bee flying about you now. Shall I kill it?"

"Oh, no!" cried the Bee-man. "That is a fairy bee. She is my protector."

The Youth was very much astonished, and looked at the Fairy bee with wide-open eyes; and when she flew near him, and spoke to him, he was so much amazed that he could not answer.

"Yes," she said, "I 'm a fairy, and I 'm taking care of this old man. I do not tell him where to go, or what to do, but I see that he comes to no harm."

"It is very good of you," faltered the Youth. He was trying to think of some other complimentary remark, but they had now entered the village, and something ahead of them attracted his attention. In a moment, he exclaimed: "Do you see that woman over there, sitting at the door of her house? She has beautiful hair, and she is tearing it all to pieces. She should not be allowed to do that."

"No," said the Bee-man. "Her friends should tie her hands."

"It would be much better to give her her child," said the Fairy bee. "Then she will no longer think of tearing her hair."

"But," the Bee-man said, "you don't really think this is her child?"

"Just you go over and see," replied the Fairy.

The Bee-man hesitated a moment, and then he walked toward the woman with the baby. When the woman heard him coming, she raised her head, and when she saw the child she rushed toward it, snatched it into her arms and, screaming with joy, she covered it with kisses. Then, with joyful tears, she begged to know the story of the rescue of her child, whom she never expected to see again; and she loaded the Bee-man with thanks and blessings. The friends and neighbors gathered around, and there was great rejoicing. The mother urged the Bee-man and the Youth to stay with her, and rest and refresh themselves, which they were glad to do, as they were tired and hungry.

The next morning the Youth remarked that he felt so well and vigorous that he thought he would go on to his home across a distant plain. "If I have another fit of languidity," he said, "I will come back and renew my acquaintance with the Very Imp. But, before I go, I would suggest that something be done to prevent that dragon from returning after the child."

"I have attended to that," said the Fairy bee. "Last night I flew away, and got permission to protect the infant, and I have given it a little sting on its forehead which will so mark it that all dragons and other evil creatures will know it is under fairy protection. It hurt a little at first; but that was soon over, and the scar will scarcely be noticed by common eyes."

"A good idea," said the Youth, "and it was very generous in you to think of it." And, so saying, he took his leave.

"And now," said the Fairy bee to the Bee-man, "I suppose we might as well go on."

"Not just yet," said the other. "This is a very pleasant place to rest, and I am tired."

The Bee-man remained at the cottage all day, and in the evening he said to the Fairy: "Do you know that I never felt drawn toward anything so much as toward this baby? And I believe that I was transformed from a baby."

"That is it," cried the Fairy bee. "I knew it all the time, but you had to find it out for yourself. Your original form was that of a baby. Would you like to be changed back?"

"Indeed I would," said the Bee-man. "I have the strongest yearning to be what I originally was."

That night the Fairy bee flew away, and informed the Junior Sorcerer and his Masters that the Bee-man had discovered what he had been transformed from, and desired to be changed back. The Junior Sorcerer was very much interested, and with some of his learned friends he journeyed down to the mother's cottage. And there, by magic arts, the Bee-man was changed into a baby. The mother was so grateful to the Bee-man that she agreed to take charge of this baby, and bring it up as her own.

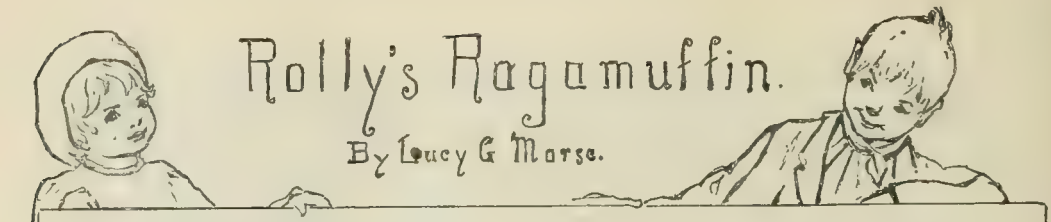
"It will be a grand thing for him," said the Junior Sorcerer, "and I am glad that I studied his case. He will now have a fresh start in life, and will have a chance to become something better than a miserable old man, living in a wretched hut with no friends or companions but buzzing bees."

The Junior Sorcerer and his Masters then returned to their homes; and the Fairy bee, having vaccinated the new baby against dragons, flew away to her Queen, and resumed her usual form.

Years and years afterward, when the Junior Sorcerer had become a Senior, and was very old indeed, he passed through the country of Orn and noticed a small hut about which swarms of bees were flying. He approached it and, looking in at the door, saw an old man in a leathern doublet, sitting at a table, eating honey. By his magic art, he knew this was the baby which had been transformed from the Bee-man.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Sorcerer. "He has grown into the same thing again!"





Rolly's Ragamuffin.

By Lucy G Morse.

AT the corner of Broadway and the street where little Rolf Kingman lives, there is a small, neat grocery store kept by a man named Jacob Dilber. Jacob is red-faced and rough looking, but he has a good character in the neighborhood, and Friend Haviland, who lives just opposite Rolf, buys all her groceries of him because he wont sell any kind of liquor.

She was in the store one morning, buying some Kennedy wafers, when Rolf's round head, under his broad-brimmed hat, showed itself in the door-way. The shop was quite crowded, there being in it at least six people waiting to be served, and Jacob had a cross scowl on his face, for the street boys had teased him unmercifully that morning by pilfering apples and nuts from the barrels outside, and he had discovered a counterfeit trade dollar in his money drawer. Friend Haviland had not seen him so "put out" for months.

"Can't stand it!" he muttered, as he was writing down his orders. "Must have some protection 'gainst a set of mis'rable, good-for-nothing loafers! I 'll teach 'em a lesson some day—just wait till I catch one! No, Mrs. Smith," he said to a shabby-looking woman who asked him a question from the back of the store; "eggs *have n't* ris'! I 've been lettin' you have 'em at cost price, and now I can't afford it. Got to make up deficiencies somehow!" And Jacob's manner was gruff even to Friend Haviland, until, counting her change on the edge of the counter, he spied Rolf's big, blue eyes peering over it at him. In an instant Jacob's scowl vanished. A broad smile spread over his face, and he stopped short in the midst of his counting to bend his ear and listen to Rolf's wonderfully sweet, clear voice say, rather softly:

"How do ye feel to-day, Mr. Dilber? Dŏ ye feel well?"

"Pretty well! Pretty well, I thank you, sir!" answered Jacob, heartily. "And how do *you* feel?"

"I 'm all well," answered Rolf. "I have a scratch pussy made on my thumb," holding up a dimpled hand for Mr. Dilber's examination. "Oh, I forgot—it is n't that hand—it 's this one. But I 'm all well—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my boy—good-bye! Come again to-morrow," said Jacob, covering the tiny hand with both his great ones, and watching the child as he stepped off a soap-box and quietly left the shop.

Turning again to his duties, it was with quite a different manner that Jacob gave Friend Haviland her change.

"Thirty-eight an' two are forty—fifty—a dollar. Can send 'em home for ye as well as not, Miss Haviland—no trouble at all. Thank you 'm! Good morning, mum! Now Mrs. Smith, what can I do for you? Well—no matter. You can have the eggs for the same as usual—ten, twelve—there! We 'll throw in one an' call it a 'baker's dozen.' Never mind thanks—we must do a good turn for one another sometimes. That little chap does *me* a good turn most every day. I 'm so used to seeing his bit of a figger coming in and stepping up on that box to ask me how I feel, that it 's like organ music to me. I keep that box (he shoved it there himself one day) o' purpose—he can't see over the counter without it; and every day, sure as the sun shines, he trots down just to inquire about my feelings! He wont take anything,—not a seed-cake even,—and there 's something in his way that makes ye think of all the angels at once, and it sets me up for the day. There 's a mighty power in just a pleasant word now and then."

When Rolf left the shop, he trudged back to his own door-step. There he found one of the very ragamuffins who had been pilfering some of Mr. Dilber's nuts; he was now cracking them with a piece of a brick. Rolf was very fond of human kind, and his mother's prejudices made nuts a rarity. So he sat down on the bottom step by the ragamuffin and said, "Who are you?"

"I 'm Tim Riley," said the boy. "Who are you?"

"I 'm Rolly Kingman, and I 'm most as big as you," said Rolf. "I 'm growin' longer every day.

My mamma found a dress what I wore once, and it 's too little for me and Willie 's got to wear it."

"I guess she must 'a' found it with a spy-glass an' I guess Willie 's a sparrer!" said Tim. "Where did you come from?"

"From Mr. Dilber's; an' I live in this house, 'an I have a kitty an' a little brother," said Rolly.

"Did ye get any nuts at Dilber's?" asked Tim.

"No. I did n't ask him for any," said Rolly.

"Ho! Well, afore ye get many yards longer, ye 'll find out that it wastes time to *ask* for wot ye want. Never mind, though—ye can have that," said Tim, trying to get his teeth into an impossible inside corner of a walnut, and throwing half a one into Rolf's lap.

"Did Mr. Dilber give it to you 'thout your asking him?" said Rolly, thoughtfully.

"Ho! Of course not! I tuk it when he was n't lookin'. Why don't ye eat it? It 's good. Eat away."

"Don't want to," said Rolf, squeezing it tight in his little fist.

"Laws!" said Tim. "Ye need n't be so savin'—ye can get plenty of 'em, if ye watch round."

"Don't want to get any," said Rolf. "An' I 'm not goin' to eat it at all."

"What did ye go to the shop for, if ye did n't want sumpthin'? an' what 'll ye do with a nut if ye don't eat it?" asked Tim.

"I 'll give it back to Mr. Dilber," said Rolf. "It 's *his*, an' it aint—aint——"

Rolf was instinctively a gentleman, and thought an instant before he said: "It aint anybody else's. I don't go to get nuts—I go to ask Mr. Dilber how does he feel."

Tim giggled and said: "Well, I guess he said he felt kind o' peppery this mornin'—did n't he?"

"No," said Rolf, quietly. "He said he felt pretty well, but I don't think he did. No—I really don't." Rolly shook his head several times with an expression of much anxiety, and looking up into Tim's face, said, mysteriously, "He had a trouble!"



"Ye don't mean it!" said Tim. "What kind of a trouble could it 'a' been, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Rolf. "But he 's got it, for he writed it in a book—I saw him! An' I 'm goin' to ask my mamma what makes people well when they have troubles. But first I 'll give him back this piece of a nut. If ye want me to, I 'll—I 'll—I 'll take them other ones back what you 've got, an' I 'll give 'em to him for ye." And Rolf said this in such a pleasant voice, holding out his hand so prettily, that Tim felt something stirring

within him which he had never felt before. Somehow, that last bit of a nut had lost its fine flavor, and he rattled the others uneasily in his pockets.

"I 'll do it, if ye *want* me to," said little Rolf again,—"only I wont give him back those"—pointing to the broken shells on the step—"'cause you 've ate 'em up—all what 's good. But when you get a penny, you can *buy* some at the store, an' you can give 'em back *then*. Or, if you don't want to, you can give 'em to me, an' *I'll* give 'em back, an' ——"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Tim. "How 'm I ever goin' to git a penny? Nobody ever gives me a cent! But ye can take these, if ye likes—only don't let on that it was *me*. Don't tell him *I* took 'em—will ye?"

"No," said Rolf, quite delighted to see the nuts emptied into his lap. "I 'll tell him it 's a secret! *Is* it a secret?"

"Yes—'course it is," said Tim.

"Then I must n't tell *anybody*," said Rolf. "If you tell a secret to more than just one person, it is n't a secret any more—my papa says so." And so saying, the little fellow gathered his skirts into a knot to accommodate the nuts, and traveled off a second time to Mr. Dilber's.

Very soon he came running back, and his big eyes shone as he said to Tim: "I put 'em all out on the counter, an I told Mr. Dilber *I* did n't take 'em, but a boy did—a boy what 's sorry, an' wont do it another time, an' I said the boy's name was a secret. An' I guess it 's good for troubles to take back things, 'cause it made Mr. Dilber laugh. So now he can 'cratch the trouble out of his book if he wants to."

Now, Rolf was too little to understand what he had done. A child so carefully reared as he was acquires a sense of justice at a very early age, and he took back the nuts without any real sense of the fact that Tim had *stolen* them, or that it was a crime to steal, but simply as he would give his little brother a toy which belonged to him. The nuts were Mr. Dilber's, and Mr. Dilber ought to have them—that was all.

But Tim was nearly twice as old as Rolf, and understood the lesson better. When Rolf's mother called him in, Tim sat still a long while thinking. He had heard plenty of people talk about stealing, and been addressed many a time as a young sinner, and called to repentance. But nobody had ever made him *want* to repent before. "There he was—nothin' but a baby," said Tim to himself, "settin' aside o' me an' lookin' up to me as if I was just exackly as good as him! An' he kind o' laughed up beautiful in my face, an' he looked as if he was as good—right through to his bones—as—as a hull church! I wisht his mother had n't 'a' called him in! I guess if she 'd seen him talkin' to me, though, she 'd 'a' called him sooner. Laws! would n't she have been scared? Why, he don't know nothin' bad, I don't b'lieve! An' I know how to steal"—and Tim counted over his sins on his fingers—"to steal, an' to fight, an' to tell lies—my, *oh!* such rousin' ones as I can tell 'd take the crinkle out o' her hair in a jiffy! All the same," he said, heaving a great sigh as he rose and looked up at the windows, "I wisht she had n't called him in! I would n't let on to *him* what I knows—an' I wisht I had a penny!"

II.

THE next day, Rolf left his tin cart on the doorstep while he ran down to Mr. Dilber's. When he came back the cart was gone, and there was a scuffle among some boys farther down the street. Rolf drew himself together, looking very forlorn, and was just about to raise a cry when out from the group of quarreling boys darted Tim with the cart. Racing as fast as his legs could take him to Rolf's house, he placed the toy in the child's hands, and squared round in front of him, with fists ready for the boys, if necessary. But they, seeing the front door open, passed on with only a few sneers for Tim's benefit. Tim, betousled, sat down to right his much abused cap, and to get his breath.

"Those boys are n't polite!" said Rolf.

"They aint never been to 'Lasco's Dancin' 'Cademy' roun' the corner—so ye must n't spect too much of 'em," said Tim, adding, with significant gestures, "they 've just had a little dance that 'll teach 'em sumpthin', though!"

The boys had another conversation which lasted until Rolf was called in, as usual. But the next day, and every day when Rolf went out for his little airing, he found Tim on the lookout for him, and their acquaintance grew rapidly. It was Rolf's custom to play out-of-doors, and take his little trip to Dilber's grocery while his mother dusted the parlors, looking out of the windows or stepping to the door now and then to see if her boy was safe. Tim watched his chance and talked to Rolf when she was not in sight, for he held to his first idea that she would be troubled to see them together, and he would run away at the first sound of her voice. Rolf naturally repeated things which "a boy" had told him, and she saw them together sometimes, but she knew that Rolf was social in his disposition, and, not recognizing Tim, thought only that the boys passing along the street exchanged greetings with the child.

But the two were growing meanwhile very fond of each other. They had formed a friendship with which time had little to do. Rolf, in his baby way, accepted Tim as a stanch defender of his rights

and his confidential friend. And Tim grew to love the little fellow as he had never loved anything or anybody in his life before.

One day Rolf failed to appear, and although Tim tried several times from the opposite pavement, he caught no glimpse of him at any of the windows.

The next day, and the next, and many days went by and Tim did not see his little friend. He went at all hours to look at the house; but, although he saw every other person who lived in it, and even the cat through the basement blinds, he saw no Rolf, and his heart was troubled.

One day it occurred to him to ask Mr. Dilber what was the matter, and he walked into the shop. He was greeted by being ordered out at once. Instead of obeying, he walked up to the counter and, putting his foot on the soap-box which Rolf used to stand upon, was about to speak, when Jacob, whose back had been turned for an instant, saw him and made a dive for him. Tim sprang toward the door and squared off, shouting at the top of his voice: "I tell ye I don't want nothing, an' I would n't take it if ye gave it to me! I want to know 'bout Rolly Kingman!" Here there was a catch in Tim's voice, and he added huskily: "What 's come to him?"

It was Rolly's name that caught Jacob's attention — not the catch in Tim's voice.

"What do *you* know about *him*? An' what business is it of *yours* what 's come to him?" asked Jacob, gruffly. "An' how do ye dare set foot on that box when it 's put there for him to stand on when he comes down to the shop? I wont have anybody touch that box — I wont! It stands there just where he shoved it himself — an' I 'll break anybody's bones who touches it!"

Not a whit did Tim care for Jacob's scolding. He only squeezed his hands hard together and cried: "I 'll go, an' I wont touch nothing *never*, if ye 'll just tell me what 's come to Rolly! Rolly likes me, an' nobody ever did afore, an' they never will. Oh, what 's come to him, Mr. Dilber?"



TIM MAKES A VISIT TO ROLLY

Jacob saw misery in the boy's face, and his tones softened as he said: "Well, boy, they say he 's near to death's door! An' may be, by this time — may be the *Lord Himself* has come to him!"

Tim's cry was n't a loud one, but it was desolate. He dropped his head and trembled. He was turning to go, when his eye lighted on Rolly's box. Jacob did not interfere with him then, when he dropped on his knees before it, and, rubbing it with his ragged sleeves, said: "I wont — wont put my foot on it again — no, I — I wont — but — O Rolly! Rolly!" and his poor face was pressed down on the box and his tears fell upon it fast.

III.

It was many weeks afterward that Rolly sat up in his crib one morning, cutting paper soldiers and waiting for Tim. For Tim was coming to

see him! The Doctor had told about the poor boy who waited for him every day in cold or wet, whether the sun shone or the rain fell, only to hear how Rolly was.

Tim had been hunted up and taken care of. He had — but wait! Let him tell his good fortune himself to Rolly.

"Halloo!" said Rolly, when Tim showed himself with a bunch of lilacs in his hand. If Rolly had been older, he would have seen Tim's clean face and neat clothes before he spied the lilacs. As it was, he had sniffed at the flowers a good while before he said again: "Halloo! you 've got a new jacket!" And it was then that Tim told what had happened to him.

"Ye see," said he, "the Doctor axed me to hold his horse, an' then he seen me every day, an' the horse an' me got 'quainted. An' the Doctor was 'stonished 'cause I held on to the horse when the fire ingines went by. But before that, he knowed you an' me was friends. An' I said nobody did n't know me much 'cept Mr. Dilber, an' *he* would n't say nothin' good for me, 'cause I used to crib nuts an' things. But I was n't fair to Mr. Dilber, for he told the Doctor that he thought if I had a chance I 'd learn how to b'have myself in time. 'Certain sure,' says he, 'he has n't touched anythin' o' mine since Rolly Kingman was took sick!' So the Doctor tried me, an' I 'm his boy, an' the horse an' him both likes me, an' I 'm earnin' my clothes (your mother gave me two suits to start with) till I show 'em I can keep my tongue in my head and 'tend to my business. But I 've got a secret, Rolly, that I 'm not goin' to tell to any one but you!" And Tim seized his opportunity while Rolf's mother left the room for a moment. "Rolly," he whispered, "do ye mind them nuts I took that day?"

Rolly nodded.

"Well," said Tim, "I told the Doctor, when he talked to me about earnin' my clothes, that I did n't want no money but just a penny, an' if he 'd give me that I would n't ax for another cent. So he did. An' this is the secret: I bought a cent's worth o' them same nuts, an' I watched round till Mr. Dilber did n't see me, an' then I just put every one of 'em back in the barrel!"

Rolly laughed as if he thought the secret was a capital one.

"I 'll tell ye sumpthin' else, too," continued Tim. "I 'm learnin' at night school, an' I 'm *un*learnin'! I used to know heaps o' bad things, but since I tuk those nuts back, an' unlearned how to — how to — steal, ye know — it 's lots easier than I thought it 'd be to unlearn the other things. An' since you 've been my friend, Rolly, somehow it 's harder to do bad things than it used to be, an' I think if you 're my friend long enough, why bimeby I 'll forget how altogether, an' quite entirely for evermore!"

AMONG THE PINES.

A Children's Play for Christmas-Tide. In Two Acts.

By RUTH OGDEN.

CHARACTERS

POLLY: a little village maid — JACK: Polly's younger brother.
FATHER PINE: an elderly pine.
MOTHER PINE: " " "
CONE and SCRUB: Two promising young Pinelets, sons to Father and Mother Pine.
NEDDIE SHED, LOUIS SCREW, FELIX DEAN, TINY MITE: Four queer little fellows, aids-de-camp to Santa Claus.

SCENE.

A snow-covered hill-side in New England.

N. B. — For parlor representation, sides and background of some rich, red color, bordered with pine-boughs at the top, will be found most effective. The four pine-trees included in the *dramatis personæ* must be of varying heights, and should be placed at the rear of the stage. Green is the best color for covering the floor.

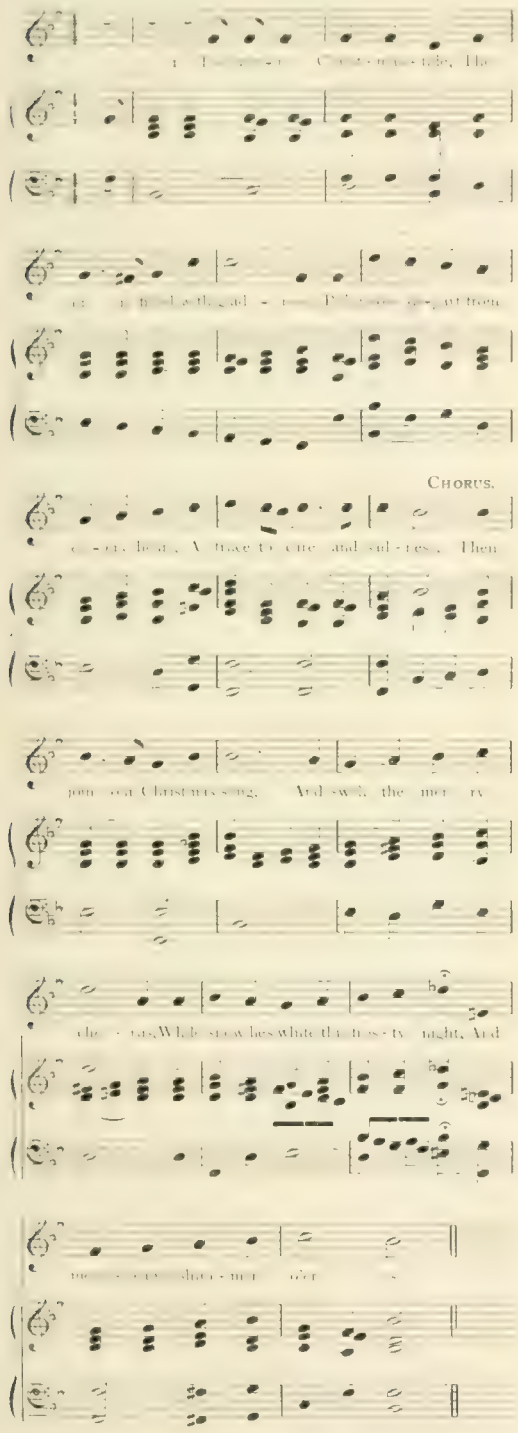
An ingenious arrangement of cotton on and about the trees will give the effect of snow; and a low fence, running directly across the front of the stage, will lend a certain finish to the scene.

The snow coverlid needed in the play should be made of some red material, generously covered with cotton, and should be folded, ready for use, on the floor at the front of the stage. Two low benches will be needed. These should be placed one on either side toward the forward part of the stage. The members of the Pine family are to be impersonated by children, concealed behind the various trees, with only heads and arms showing. FATHER and MOTHER PINE must be placed respectively at the back of the largest trees.

MOTHER PINE'S costume should be distinguished from the rest by a wide-frilled green cap, tied under the chin; a baby held in her arms may be impersonated by a large doll in green long-clothes. FATHER PINE, attired in a broad-brimmed green hat, should be smoking a pipe. It may be necessary to cut away a few branches, in order to allow the children to stand close to the main stems of the trees, and to afford them free play of the arms. As the Pine family is necessarily stationary, as much expression as possible must be thrown into voice and gesture.

The four aids-de-camp should be respectively costumed in red, blue, green, and yellow. Imitations of Kate Greenaway costumes will prove most effective for JACK and POLLY.

Curtain rises to piano accompaniment of the Pine-tree carol:



2. Between bright holly-leaves
Lo! berries red are glowing!
The ivy vine climbs round the pine
From very love of growing.
Chorus.

3. And we, this frosty eve,
Our Christmas watch are keeping;
While cradled low, beneath the snow,
Dear summer blooms are sleeping.
Chorus.

4. Bleak winter storms we brave
With joyous exaltation,
Right proud to be the Christmas-tree
Of every Christian nation. *Chorus.*

FATHER PINE [*gruffly*]. It takes a pretty stout heart to sing that song to-night; that is, with any feeling.

CONE PINE. Why, Pa? Why?

SCRUB PINE. Yes; what 's the matter, Daddie? I 'm sure I feel as jolly as a sixpence. [*Begins to whistle.*]

MOTHER PINE. Be still, this minute!

FATHER PINE. Jolly as a sixpence! To be sure you do! You 're a flighty young thing, with scarce sense enough to understand the reason why we should all feel anything but jolly. Do you forget that this has been the first Christmas-day, for many a year, when some one of us has not been carried off for a Christmas-tree? I 'm ashamed of the family. We are degenerating.

CONE PINE. Not a bit of it, Pa! Just look at me!

MOTHER PINE. Yes, Conie, you are certainly very promising; and yet, I doubt if you will ever be wanted for a tree. You are a little spindly, and not quite straight. You see, a wood-cutter sat down on you when you were young, and you never seemed to get over it.

SCRUB. Would I do, Ma?

MOTHER PINE. Yes; I am sure you would, Scrubbie; but no one [*sighing heavily*] has cared for even the best of us, this year. Your father and I, my dear, have been content to live right on here, trusting that you would each be a Christmas-tree in your day.

FATHER PINE. Well,—come what will, three of this family *have* been Christmas-trees in their day, and very fine ones, too. There 's great comfort in that.

CONE. Well, I 'm satisfied. It seems to me a deal more fun to keep sprouting here with the rest of you than to be tricked out in pop-corn and gimcracks for an evening, and then thrown into some one's back-yard to die. I don't mind being crooked and spindly, if it keeps an old wood-cutter from chopping me down.

MOTHER PINE. Why, Conie! You can not tell how it grieves me to hear you talk in this fashion. Ah, what evil influences will group themselves about one stationary little pine-tree. Tell me, Conie, from whom did you contrive to pick up so many queer expressions?

CONE. From an old wood-chopper. He said Pa was a tough old customer, and that there was mighty little sap left in you, Ma. Then he told us he had two children at home that he was bound to care for. They were n't his own, though. They belonged to a soldier-cousin of his who was killed in a war with the Indians. "Got a wife?" said I. "Great grief, no!" said he. "I 'm a bachelor, every inch of me; and yet I have to look out for a pair of youngsters. Hard luck, is n't it, sonny?" "Well, I don't know," I said. "Are they nice children?"

"Depends upon what you call nice," said he; "they 're well favored as far as looks is concerned, and has kind of 'cute ways; but their appetites is fearful."

SCRUB PINE. He was a queer old chap, Ma! I asked him what the children's names were. "What were they christened?" said he. I did n't understand him; but I was afraid he 'd dig his pickax into me if I seemed stupid; so I said, "Yes, sir; that 's what I mean." "Say so, then," said he. "One 's called Jack, and t' other Polly; but their regular cognomens is John and Mary."

CONE PINE [*interrupting*]. Then I asked him, Ma, if he was going to have a Christmas-tree for them, which made him look awful mad, and he said: "My eyes! young offshoot, what do you take me for? It 's 'bout all I can manage to keep 'em in food, and clothes, and fuel, let alone any such nonsense as a Christmas-tree. Besides, they 've been extra troublesome lately, and don't deserve a single thing." Then he looked cross enough, and said he was tired answering questions, and he 'd advise all us little pinelets to shut right up, if we did n't want to be cut down for firewood.

MOTHER PINE [*very much shocked*]. You should have known better, both of you, than to have anything to do with a man like that. Why, every other word he used was slang. You are a great grief to me, Conie.

CONE PINE. "Great grief" is slang, Ma!

MOTHER PINE [*severely*]. Not when I use it.

SCRUB PINE [*innocently*]. What is slang, Pa?

FATHER PINE. It is a concise but vulgar form of expression, originating in institutions of learning, and much in vogue among young men and women of the present day. A really high-toned pine-tree would never indulge in it. You had better write it down, boys. Where are your slates?

CONE and PINE. Here, Pa! [*Producing slates with pencils attached.*] What shall we write?

FATHER PINE. Write just what I told you.

CONE and SCRUB. What was it about, Pa?

FATHER PINE. About slang, I believe.

CONE and SCRUB. But, Pa! What about slang?

FATHER PINE [*impatiently*]. I do not at the moment recall what I said, but never mind! Write it down, all the same, commencing with a capital I.

[CONE and SCRUB slowly draw a large I on their slates, then scratch their heads and seem to be puzzled. JACK and POLLY are heard singing softly, as if in the distance, the first verse of the Christmas hymn. The Pine family look surprised, and listen attentively.]

CONE and SCRUB. Why — what — is — that?

FATHER PINE [*peering into the distance*]. It 's two children; they are coming this way.

MOTHER PINE [*eagerly*]. Let them come. Don't frighten 'em.

CONE and SCRUB. Pa!

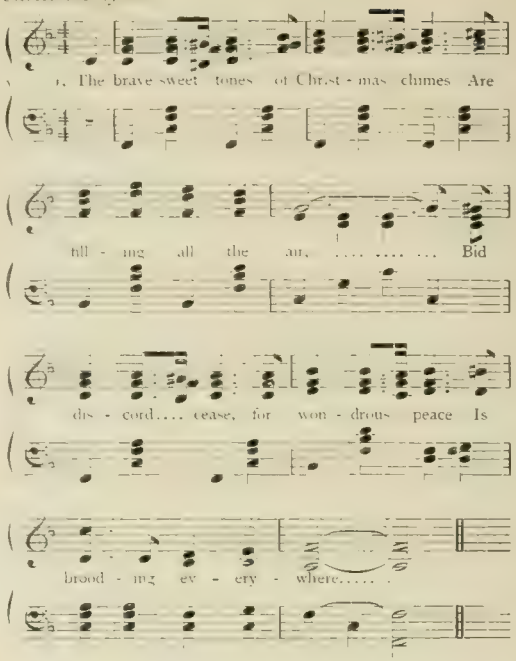
FATHER PINE. Silence, I say! both of you. Eyes right — so as not to embarrass them.

CONE PINE [*looking furtively to the left*]. It 's a boy and a girl, Pa.

FATHER PINE. Be quiet. If you speak again I 'll pull you up by the roots.

[JACK and POLLY enter from the left and, while walking about among the trees, as if in a place unfamiliar to them, sing first and second verses of Christmas hymn.]

Christmas hymn:



2. "Good-will to men," the blessed strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of joyous Christmas-tide.

3. Let loving words, and loving deeds
Crowd out each sad regret;
For one short day, good Christians may
Their cares and toils forget.

JACK [*interrupting at close of second verse*]. Oh, Polly! Don't let 's go no furder. These mittens are n't worth a cent for keeping out the cold.

POLLY. Blow your fingers this way, Jack. Don't give up yet. Where will this year's mittens be coming from, if we don't find Santa Claus? Let 's sing another verse, and try and keep our spirits up till we do find him.

[The children wander about once again, and sing third verse of hymn.]

JACK [*stopping abruptly.*] It is n't any good.

POLLY. Oh, yes, it is. The little boy said, you know, that Santa Claus lived in a cottage, on a snowy hill among the pines.

JACK. Well! here 's the hill, and the pine-trees, and the snow; but you can see for yourself there 's no sign of a cottage. [*Confidentially*] I guess the little boy lied.

FATHER PINE. Tut! tut! tut! never say that.

JACK and POLLY [*looking up surprised*]. Never say what?

FATHER PINE. Lied, to be sure! say prevaricated; it means the same thing, and sounds better.

POLLY [*accusingly*]. If we 'd known you were listening, we would n't have said anything. But who ever heard of pine-trees hearing and talking?

MOTHER PINE. There are a great many wonderful

things, my dear, which such a small child as yourself may be presumed not to have heard of.

JACK. And can you eat?

CONE and SCRUB. Can we?

JACK. What did you say?

CONE and SCRUB. We said we could.

JACK. Could what?

CONE and SCRUB. Why, eat, to be sure!

JACK. And do you like candy rabbits?

CONE and SCRUB. Love 'em.

JACK [*producing a piece of candy*]. I have only a part of one. A little boy gave it to me who got it for his Christmas. But I guess I had better give it to the baby. May she have it, Mrs. Pine?

MOTHER PINE. Certainly, my dear, if you do not want it yourself.

JACK. But I do.

MOTHER PINE. Then keep it.

JACK. No, I wont! There, then! [*Gives it to Mother Pine for the baby*]. My Sunday-school teacher says, "There 's no credit in giving only what you 've got no use for."

CONE and SCRUB. Three cheers for Jack! Hip——

JACK [*interrupting*]. Oh, please don't both talk at once! It frightens me so!

CONE and SCRUB. We wont, then.

JACK. But you 're doing it now [*very despairingly*].

CONE and SCRUB. We wont do it again.

FATHER PINE. See that you don't, boys. I will not allow it. But look here, Jack and Polly, tell me what do you want way up here? for it 's growing late, and you ought to be at home, and in bed. Where do you live?

POLLY. In that little cottage, yonder, way down at the foot of the hill. You can just see the light in the kitchen window from here.

JACK [*sadly*]. But you can't smell the muffins.

POLLY. Never mind, Jack! What 's muffins to finding Santa Claus? [*Turning to Father Pine.*] I guess you must have heard us say, sir, that we were hunting for Santa Claus. We want to talk matters over with him. Our Uncle Dick says we do not deserve any presents; but don't you think it 's pretty hard for little folks like us not to have just a little Christmas?

CONE and SCRUB [*indignantly*]. To be sure we do.

JACK. There! You 've broken your promise.

CONE and SCRUB. Beg your pardon, Jack; we forgot.

JACK. Well, please don't forget again.

POLLY. You see, Mr. Pine, Jack thinks he 'll be a better boy next year, and I know I shall be a better girl; so if we could only see Santa Claus our own selves and tell him so, I believe he would give us something. We really need it. We have no father nor mother, and Jack's mittens — look — are almost worn out.

FATHER PINE [*gravely*]. But how can I help you, my dear? Santa Claus does not live here.

POLLY. Does n't he?

JACK. No wheres near?

FATHER PINE. Whoever told you he did, prevaricated. Don't forget that word; say it after me: pre-var-i-ca-ted. Now! all together!

CONE and SCRUB. Pre-var-i-ca-ted.

JACK and POLLY.

[The dwarfs, or attendants of Santa Claus, are heard singing the air of "Homeward March" softly in the distance.]

FATHER PINE. Really, I 'm very sorry for you; I——

JACK [*listening to the music*]. Oh! what is that?
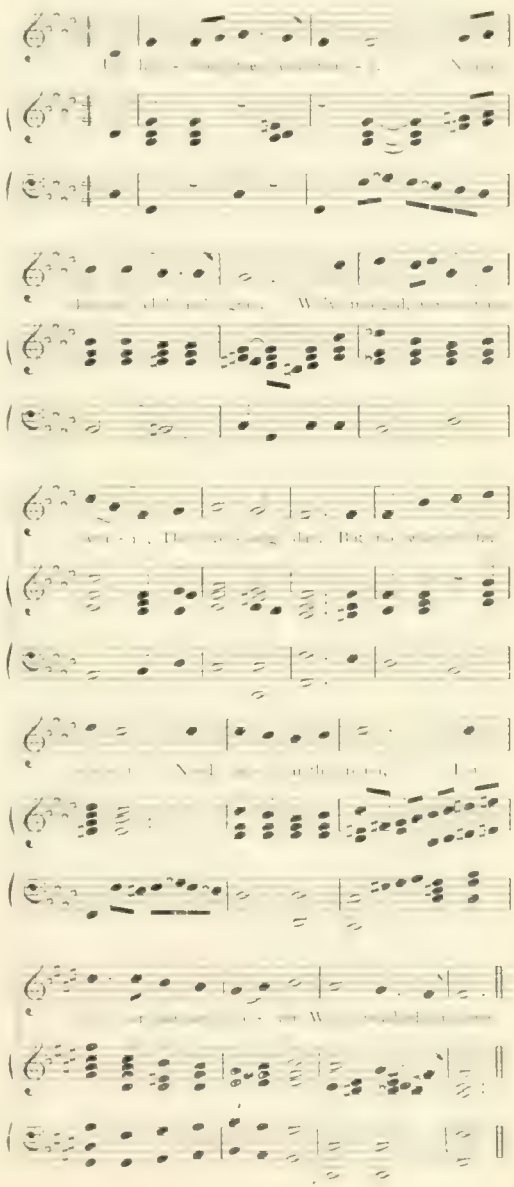
FATHER PINE. Only the boys, singing as they come home.

JACK and POLLY [*excitedly*]. And who are the boys?

FATHER PINE. Oh, a jolly set of fellows who live up here. Crawl in under my boughs, and they wont see you; but they would not hurt you if they did.

[Dwarfs enter, keeping step to the music, and when fairly upon the stage commence singing. Descriptive gestures introduced at the [illegible] will add greatly to the "taking" properties of the song.]

Homeward March:



Never were dwarfs enlisted in such a worthy cause
As we while we 've assisted good Santa Claus.
More work had he last season than he could fully do;
And for this simple reason, we 've helped him through.

Such scores of wee doll-mothers waited in every town;
Such ranks of baby brothers, lately come down.
And 't would have been so shocking, if any girls or boys,
Op'ning their Christmas stocking, had found no toys.

Therefore, with hearts most willing, we 've worked our level best—
Hundreds of stockings filling, no thought of rest.
Such dolls! such wondrous treasure! Such stacks of ginger-bread!
Have we, with keenest pleasure, dis-trib-u-ted.

Just what each child expected, we 've served on ev'ry hand—
Not one has been neglected in this great land.
So now, each conscience easy, softly to bed we 'll creep,
And in this bedroom breezy, all fall asleep.

[During the singing of the last four lines, the dwarfs crawl under the snow coverlid, and fall asleep, resting their right elbows on the floor, and their heads on their right hands.]

JACK [*after a pause, and in a stage whisper*]. Oh, please, I do not like it. I want to go home.

POLLY [*dragging him from under the boughs of the tree*]. Now, Jack, don't be afraid! If they are such good friends of Santa Claus, they 'll do something for us. We 'll ask them. [*Starts to touch one of them.*]

JACK. Oh, no! no! no! Don't waken 'em! They 're very tired, and they 'll be awful mad.

POLLY. No, they wont. I 'll risk it, and waken the one that seems kindest [*walking from one to the other, and bending over each critically*]. Snappish—cross—all worn out—rather grouty—Well! none of them look very kind, asleep.

FATHER PINE. Children! [*in a subdued tone.*]

JACK and POLLY. Yes, sir.

FATHER PINE. Sing a verse of your little hymn. It will waken them all at once, and waken them in a good humor. They are very susceptible to music.

[Jack and Polly sing a verse of the Christmas hymn in a frightened manner, and the dwarfs begin to yawn and stretch, and at the conclusion of verse sit bolt upright, with folded arms, and look wonderingly at the children.]

POLLY [*timidly*]. Please, sirs, we—we—we heard you say you had been working for Santa Claus, and that no child had been forgotten; but, please, sirs, you *are* mistaken. When Jack and I woke up this morning there was nothing for us; not—one—single—thing. Uncle Dick, who takes care of us, says he did not tell Santa Claus about us, because we did not deserve any presents. Then we both cried very hard, and were so disappointed, till a little boy told us Santa Claus lived somewhere up here, and gave Jack a candy rabbit what he had gotten for his own Christmas. So that is how we came up, trying to find him; for really we have not been so very bad. You see, it seems so to Uncle Dick because he is not fond of children. Now, could you do anything for us, sirs?

JACK [*beseechingly*]. Yes; could you?

ALL THE DWARFS [*rising*]. Yes; we could.

LOUIS SCREW. And we could hang your old Uncle Dick. He deserves it. How would you like that?

POLLY [*decidedly*]. Oh, we would not like that, sir; 'cause then there would be no one at all to care for us.

JACK. Besides, you see, he 's the muffin man, and makes splendid muffins what he sells out of a little cart. [*Thoughtfully.*] We 'd rather you would not hang him.

FELIX DEAN. We wont, then! But now, look here: tell us, what would you like for Christmas?

JACK. A great, big tree.

POLLY. With pretty lanterns.

JACK. [*holding up his hands*]. And some mittens!

POLLY. And books.

JACK. And a sled, and roller-skates, and candy—lots of candy—and a velocipede.

TINY MITE [*sarcastically, and in a piping voice*]. Is that all?

JACK [*slowly*]. Yes;—that 's all,—I think.

NEDDIE SHED. Well, you shall have them. Sit down yonder, on those little benches, and we 'll fix things up for you.

[JACK and POLLY sit down on the little benches, and the Dwarfs, taking hold of hands, dance, to the music of the Lantern Song, in front of FATHER PINE, during which the curtain falls.]

ACT SECOND.

[During the intermission between the acts, Father Pine must be trimmed with the usual Christmas-tree decorations. This process need consume but very little time, as only the side of the tree visible to the audience requires decoration. Some of the toys enumerated by Jack and Polly should be placed at its base. The curtain rises, discovering Jack and Polly still seated upon the little benches.]

CONE and SCRUB [*looking in wonder at Father Pine.*] Oh, Ma! Just look at Pa! Is n't he splendid?

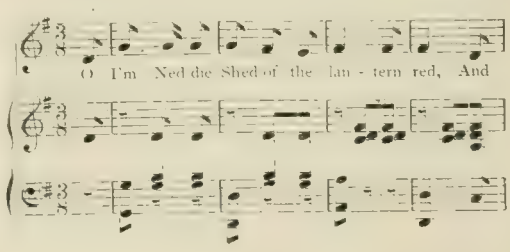
MOTHER PINE. Yes, dears, splendid. I always knew he had it in him to make a beautiful Christmas-tree. What wonderful miracle-workers these little dwarfs are, to be sure! To think that only a moment ago he was a sober, green pine, like the rest of us, and now—well! is n't he magnificent, Polly?

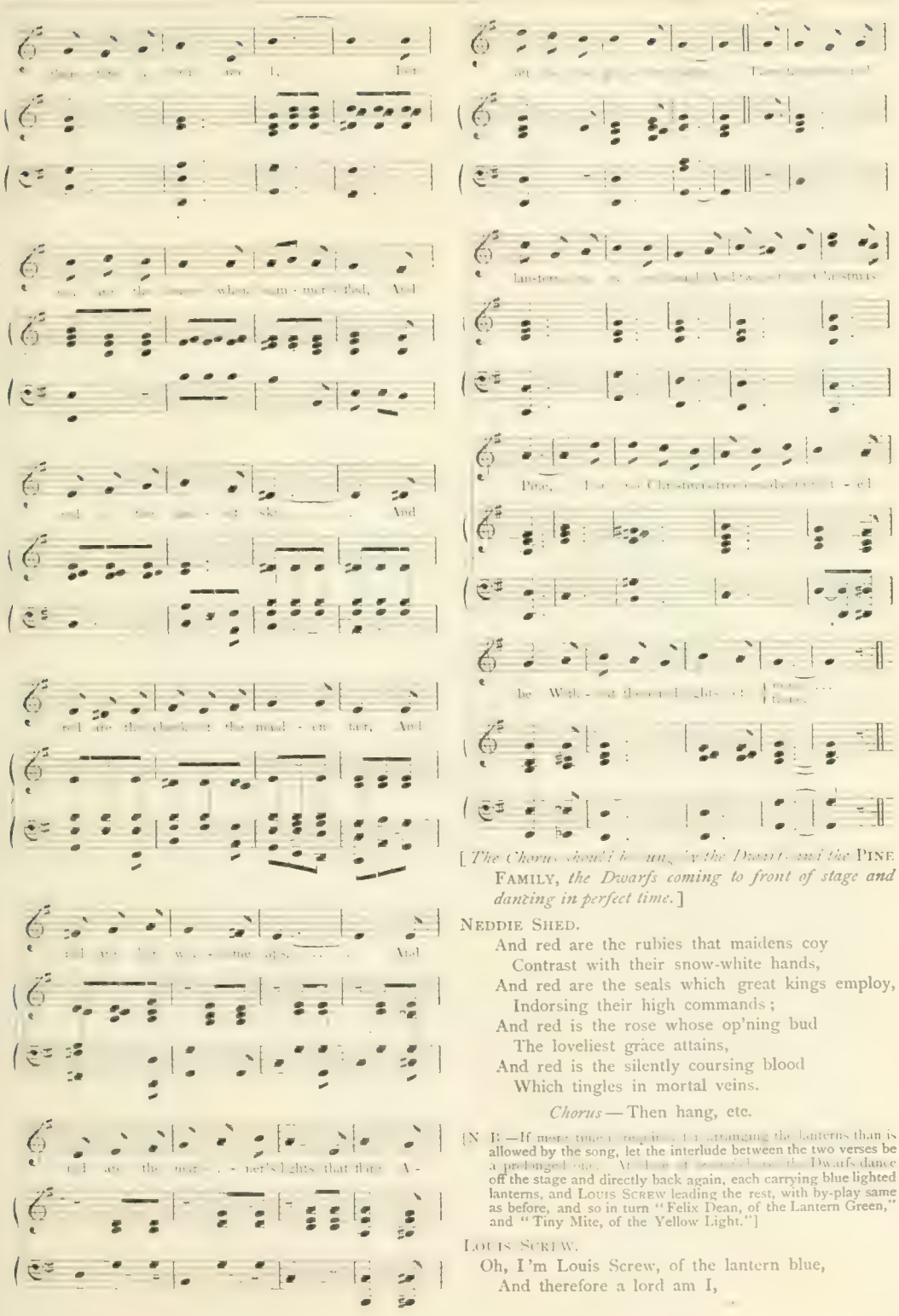
POLLY [*with a long-drawn sigh.*] Yes, magnificent.

JACK. But it seems to me, a *regular* Christmas-tree needs candles, or lanterns, or something.

FATHER PINE. You ungrateful little thing! You ought to be only too thankful to have any tree at all—but, hark!

[Enter the Dwarfs, each carrying lighted red lanterns, (the ordinary isinglass lanterns which come specially prepared for Christmas-trees are the best for this purpose), and keeping time to the music of the following song. NEDDIE SHED leads the rest, and coming to the front of stage, sings the Lantern Song, during which the other dwarfs fasten the lighted lanterns to the tree. Here again descriptive gestures on the part of the soloists will add greatly to the effectiveness of the song. The lights on the stage should be lowered to make the dwarfs' lanterns more effective.]





[*The Chorus should be sung by the Dwarfs and the* PINE FAMILY, *the Dwarfs coming to front of stage and dancing in perfect time.*]

NEDDIE SHED.

And red are the rubies that maidens coy
Contrast with their snow-white hands,
And red are the seals which great kings employ,
Indorsing their high commands;
And red is the rose whose op'ning bud
The loveliest grace attains,
And red is the silently coursing blood
Which tingles in mortal veins.

Chorus—Then hang, etc.

[N. B.—If more time is required for arranging the lanterns than is allowed by the song, let the interlude between the two verses be a prolonged one. At the end of the Dwarfs dance off the stage and directly back again, each carrying blue lighted lanterns, and LOUIS SCREW leading the rest, with by-play same as before, and so in turn "Felix Dean, of the Lantern Green," and "Tiny Mite, of the Yellow Light."]

LOUIS SCREW.

Oh, I'm Louis Screw, of the lantern blue,
And therefore a lord am I,

For blue are the flowers of tend'rest hue,
And blue is the cloudless sky;
And blue are the eyes of the maiden grave
The sailor would make his bride,
And blue is the sweep of the crested wave
That kisses the brave ship's side.

CHORUS:
Then hang the blue lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For who 'd care to see a brave Christmas-tree
Without these blue lights of { mine. / thine.

LOUIS SCREW.
And blue are the turquoise, and wondrous rare,
They set in the king's gold crown;
And blue is the robe he sees fit to wear
On occasions of great renown;
And blue is the tiny forget-me-not,
Which true lovers prize, I ween,
While blood that is red in a Hottentot
Is *blue* in a king or queen.

Chorus: Then hang the blue lanterns, etc.

FELIX DEAN.
Oh, I 'm Felix Dean, of the lantern green,
And therefore a lord am I,
For green is the moss of the deep ravine,
And green are its hemlocks high;
And green is the lane with tall, plumy ferns
Where violets and harebells hide,
And 'green is the signal the steamer burns
All night on her starboard side.

CHORUS:
Then hang the green lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For grave as a rook any tree would look,
Without these green lights of { mine. / thine.
And green is the mermaid whose winning smile
Exerts such a wondrous spell;
And green are the shores of blest Erin's isle,
And green are her folk as well;
And green is the beautiful emerald stone,
That all other gems outvies;
And green, with a green that is all their own,
Are pussy-cats' brilliant eyes.

Chorus: Then hang the green lanterns, etc.

TINY MITE.
Oh, I 'm Tiny Mite, of the yellow light,
And therefore a lord am I,
For yellow 's the moon that shines at night
So clear in the dark, dark sky;
And yellow of hair, I make bold to claim,
Are ladies of high degree;
And yellow and bright is the beacon flame
Which gleams o'er the storm-tossed sea.

CHORUS:
Then hang yellow lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For nothing, you know, can excel the glow
Of these yellow lights of { mine. / thine.
And yellow 's the ore that the goldsmith molds
For bracelet and brooch and ring,
And rich yellow gold is the cup which holds
The wine of the royal king;
And yellow of hue is the primrose sweet
Wherever maids chance to range,
And yellow 's the coin which buys a seat
For you in the Stock Exchange.

Chorus: Then hang yellow lanterns, etc.

[At conclusion of song the Dwarfs take their stand a little in the background, two on either side of the tree.]

CONE and SCRUB. There, now, Jack, what do you think of that?

JACK. I don't think at all. I can't think. I 'm too happy to think.

NEDDIE SHED. Come! help yourselves, children; step right up to the tree and help yourselves.

LOUIS SCREW [*taking* JACK *by the hand*]. Yes, indeed! Come right along. Don't be bashful!

[JACK and POLLY leave their benches and, while the air of the Christmas Hymn is played softly, appropriate some of the toys from the foot of the tree.]

POLLY [*standing with her arms full of toys*]. Oh, you have all been so very kind! I 'm sure we never dreamt of anything like this. I do not see how you ever did it!

TINY MITE. Of course you don't. We never tell how. Besides, you could not understand if we did.

[JACK, loaded with toys, starts to walk quietly off the stage.]

POLLY. Jack! Jack! Where are you going?

JACK. Home.

POLLY. But you have not so much as thanked Mr. Dean and all the rest of them.

JACK. What 's the use? I can't thank 'em enough.

POLLY. And is that any reason why you should not thank them at all? Come right back, Jack.

[JACK obeys, and POLLY takes him by the hand.]

POLLY. I would like to make you a fine little speech, sirs, because of all you have done for us; but you would only wonder *how* I did it, and [*slyly*] *I never tell how;* so I 'll just say that we are very much——

JACK. Don't make such a fuss, Polly! Just say "Thanks" and be done with it.

FATHER PINE. Oh, I do hope you will not "just say" anything of the kind. If there is a barbarous abbreviation in the English language, it is that word "Thanks." It is lazy; it is common. I sincerely hope it may never again be uttered in my presence. What has become of the courtly, old-fashioned "No, I thank you," and "Yes, I thank you"—— But I am lecturing.

POLLY [*indignantly*]. And Jack is almost crying, Mr. Pine.

FATHER PINE. No cause for tears, Jack! Now run along home, and show your presents to your uncle.

JACK [*wistfully to the Dwarfs*]. What—what are you going to do with all the other things?

NEDDIE SHED. Well—— Suggestions are in order.

JACK. I *would* like something for Uncle Dick, though he does not deserve anything.

POLLY. And there are a good many other people in the town besides Uncle Dick—real nice people, too.

LOUIS SCREW. Is that so? Then I 'll tell you what we 'll do. [illegible] and watch them, and we 'll help them and carry some presents to your friends. Do you approve of that, Miss Polly?

POLLY. Why, I 'd rather do that than have a Christmas of my own. Would n't you, Jack?

JACK [*hesitating*]. No, I would n't; but I think it would be very nice, very nice, indeed, to have both.

FATHER PINE. That 's right, Jack; whatever else you do, always speak the truth, and now, Mother and Cone and Scrub, we can surely sing our old carol merrily enough.

[illegible] to have the presents intended for distribution arranged on trays beforehand.]



PAPA'S LITTLE MAN: "WON'T PAPA BE HAPPY? HE DON'T KNOW WHAT ABOUT THOSE TUCKERS — AND NOW HE DON'T KNOW 'LITTLE MAN' IS CUTTING OUT HIMSELF NICE AND SMOOTH!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.*

By Edward W. Tuffley.

On the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was the flag which, first unfurled by Captain John Paul Jones on the "Ranger," became the standard of the new American republic. It floated above the historic field of Yorktown, and fluttered from the north bastion of old Fort George when, one hundred years ago this very month of November, the troops of King George evacuated the city of New York, and the long war of the Revolution was ended.

Does any reader of ST. NICHOLAS know why the stars and stripes were adopted as our national emblem? Various theories have been advanced — from that which traces them to the "Union Jack" of England's flag to the highly poetical claim that the banner of the Union represents the crimson clouds of sunset blown into stripes by the free winds of heaven, and spangled with the evening stars just twinkling in the blue. But none of these can be proven, and, as one authority says, "the official origin of the 'grand Union' flag is involved in obscurity."

Let me tell you, if I can, the story of the flag as I have been able to read it.

Some twenty years ago, I drove, one fine summer day, through pleasant country roads from the borough town of Northampton, some sixteen miles north-west of London, to a glorious old mansion standing in a spacious park amid the green woodlands of Northamptonshire — Althorp House, for many generations the family-seat of the noble house of Spencer. I would like to introduce my young American readers to this great English estate, with its far-stretching fields and forests, its heronry (one of the very few still remaining in England), its dairy standing in the shadow of the ancestral oaks, its broad flower-beds and beautiful lawn, on which I saw such a funny sight — a mowing-machine drawn by a mule shod in leather boots so as not to injure the turf. I should like to tell you of the grand old house, with its state apartments, its superb antiquities, rich furniture, and rare paintings; its library, one of the finest in England, so lined with books that, once in, you can scarce find your way out; its patch-work bedroom, and other rare sights. But this is not part of my story. Althorp House is the home of Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and not far away stands the parish church of Brington, rich in monuments and memorials of the noble Spencer family. Passing down the aisle with the parish clerk, he called my attention to an uninviting-looking spot — a board about two yards long and one wide, covering part of the pavement. Stooping down, he removed the board and uncovered one of the old-time "brasses," so common in the parish churches of England — a piece of *latten* or sheet brass, set into the pavement of the church, and bearing an engraved inscription.

"I wish to call your attention to this brass," said the clerk; "it is one to Robert Washington and his wife. They lived in this parish many years, and died in 1622, within a few days of each other. Here is their coat-of-arms," he continued. "See: the stars and stripes."

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in surprise, "do you really mean that the American flag, the stars and stripes, was taken from the arms of the Washington family?"

"Most certainly I do," he replied. "Earl Spencer frequently brings American gentlemen here to see this brass. Mr. Motley, the historian, has been here, and so has Senator Sumner."

I was interested at once, for I am something of an antiquary. "But surely," said I, "few Americans can know of this. I wish I could take the brass away with me, but that is out of the question."

"Why not take a rubbing in heel-ball on paper?" suggested the clerk.

"The very thing," I replied; and I soon transferred the whole inscription by what we call "heel-ball," that is, an impression on paper in the way that boys take the impressions of pennies, by covering them with paper and rubbing the surface vigorously with a blunt pencil.

I obtained a fair copy of the Washington brass, and, years after, traced the letters on gilt paper, so that I have a fac-simile of the brass as it now lies beneath the unattractive-looking board in Brington Church, and you will find a copy of it on the next page.

Well, I carried my treasure home and read and re-read the rubbing — "Robert Washington, gent, second son of Robert Washington of Solgrave."

"Sulgrave?" I repeated, "I wonder if there are any Washington relics at Sulgrave?"

I wrote to the Vicar of Sulgrave and was politely

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HERE LIES INTERRED Y^E BODIES OF ELIZAB: WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMORTALLITIE
Y^E 19^TH OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y^E BODY OF ROBERT
WASHINGTON GENT. HER LATE HVSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y^E
COVNTY OF NORTH^H. ESQ^R: WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y^E
10^TH OF MARCH 1622. AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER
IN THIS PARISH

FAC-SIMILE OF THE INSCRIPTION IN GREAT BRITON CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

informed that there was a tomb to Laurence Washington, bearing several brasses, in Sulgrave Church. In reply to a second letter, the vicar kindly sent me rubbings, beautifully done on tracing-paper, of the Sulgrave brasses. First of these was the inscription placed on the tomb by Laurence Washington upon the death of "Amee his wyf" in 1564, of which also a fac-simile is shown on this page.

Next to this came the brasses of his numerous family—four sons and seven daughters—all very quaint in style, as will be seen by the sketches on page 68.

The Washington Pedigree.

LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

In 1538 (30 Henry VIII.), the Manor of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire (parcel of the dissolved Priory of St. Andrew's, Northampton), was granted to Laurence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, and Mayor of Northampton, 1513 and 1546 (see list of Mayors in Northampton Town Hall this day). The manor at Sulgrave has still the arms of the Washingtons, the stars and stripes, carved on stone

ROBERT WASHINGTON.

Son of the above; with the remainder of his son and heir Laurence Washington, and the Sulgrave Estate

LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

Son and heir of Robert; married Margaret eldest daughter of William Butler, Rentuer, of Tow (or Tighe) Rectory, and had seven sons and nine daughters. He died December 13th, 1616, and was buried in Great Brington Church, where there is a costly monument recording the same (for a fee), and having the stars and stripes on a shield—coupled with the arms of the Dormers. Robert, second son of the above Robert and brother of Laurence, died 1622, was knighted at Newport, and has a brass to his memory, with the Washington shield of quarterings, impaled with

SIR WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

Eldest Son of the above Laurence Washington; married a Lady [illegible] of Gerard Walton, of Lancashire.

JOHN WASHINGTON.

Second Son of the above; emigrated to Accomack, February 1657; emigrated to Bridge Creek, Augustine Co.; he married Anne Pope, and died 1675.

LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

Merchant at Broom on Bridge (Ogle), 1622. Letter Plus 1624.

LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

Son of the above; married Mildred Warner; died 1697. Left issue.

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.

Second Son of Laurence; married first Jane Butler, by whom he had three children, viz., Mary, Butler, and half-brother, died 1743.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Eldest Son by second marriage of the above Augustine Washington; was born February 22nd, 1732. Great grandson of John, who emigrated to America in 1657, and sixth in descent from the first Laurence Washington, of Sulgrave, Mayor of Northampton, and he was the first President of the United States of America. Died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799. Left no issue.

Then came the likeness of Laurence Washington, in his mayor's robes of black cloth trimmed with sable fur; for, as two of the five hundred shields of the mayors in the corridors of Northampton town-house bear record, the Worshipful Laurence Washington was twice mayor of Northampton—in 1532 and 1545.

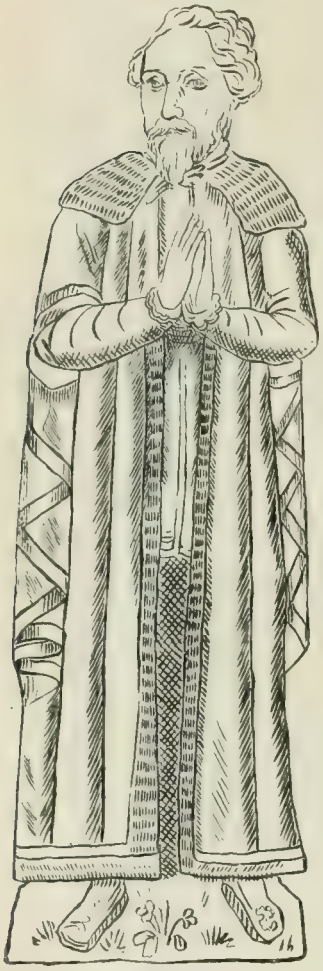
The shield, much defaced by the feet of three centuries of worshipers, is hard to decipher. But, dim as are the outlines, we may still

Here lyeth buried ỹ bodys of Laurence Wallshingtō Gent & Amee his wyf by Whome he had issue iiij sons & viij daughts W laurence dyed ỹ day of on & Amee deceased the vj day of October an̄ dm 1564

FAC-SIMILE OF MEMORIAL BRASS TO LAURENCE WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE IN SULGRAVE CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE; HOWEVER, THE LAST FIVE LINES ARE ON PLATE LET INTO THE BRASS, WHICH WERE STOLEN FILLED IN THE INSCRIPTION.

trace there, on the pavement of Sulgrave Church, the shield bearing upon its face the Washington arms — the stars and stripes.

Every boy and girl who studies English history knows the sad and terrible story of "Bluff King Hal," Henry the Eighth of England, and his six unhappy wives. When, in 1533, this royal Blue-beard sought to marry fair Mistress Anne Boleyn, the Pope, Clement the Seventh, seeing no just cause for the King's divorce from Queen Katherine, refused his consent. But the self-willed monarch, throwing off all allegiance to the Pope, proclaimed himself "head of the Church," secured a divorce by English law, and married the fair Mistress Anne Boleyn, only (poor lady!) to cut off her head scarce three years after in his grim old Tower of London. And when King Henry had declared himself free of the "See of Rome," he took forcible possession of the religious houses in England, confiscated their money and divided the church lands among his friends and adherents. Now, the Worshipful Laurence Washington, some time mayor of Northampton, was an adherent of the King, a clever lawyer, and a man to conciliate, and how better could King Henry make a fast friend of him than by presenting him with a "parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrews, Northampton," under the name of the Manor of Sulgrave? This was done in 1538. But easily gotten wealth is not always the most secure, and sometimes, as the old saying is, it "spends badly." So with the Manor of Sulgrave. For we learn that Robert Washington, Esquire, the next heir, getting into difficulties, was forced to sell the estate in 1610; and his son Laurence, grandson of the mayor, went back to Great Brington, and died there in 1616, as



COPY OF BRASS IN SULGRAVE CHURCH TO THE MEMORY OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.



THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

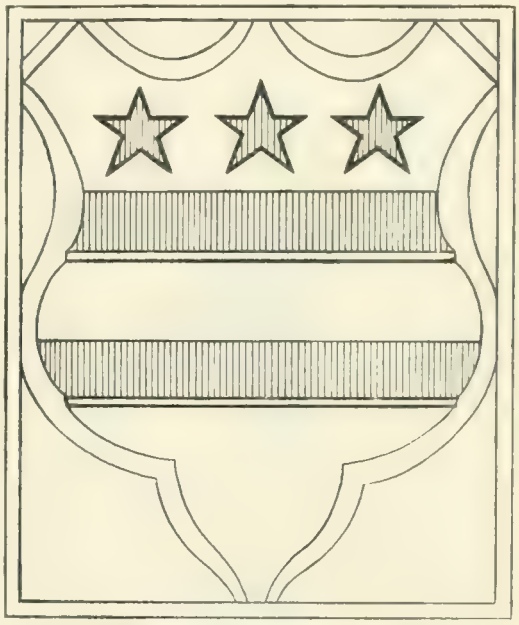


THE FOUR SONS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

the "mural record" on his tomb in Brington Church, bearing the shield with the stars and stripes, bears witness. (In the Boston State House may be seen a facsimile of this inscription, presented by Earl Spencer, through the instrumentality of Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, and Jared Sparks, the biographer of George Washington.) Twice had the Washingtons married into the lordly family of Spencer, and the removal to Brington was doubtless to be near their noble relatives, for, even in their days of adversity, we find the Washingtons to have been honored guests at Althorp House. John Washington, second son of this second Laurence, and great-grandson of the mayor, was knighted at Newmarket in 1622; and, when the great civil war between king and parliament filled England with blood and blows, we find this Sir John Washington a stanch cavalier, fighting "for church and king." But poor King Charles lost his crown and his head in 1649, and Cromwell, the Protector, was by no means a comfortable "protector" of those who had taken sides with the King. At least, Sir John Washington found it so; for, in 1657, he left his pleasant home in Yorkshire, and emigrating to the New World, settled at Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland County, in the colony of Virginia, where he soon afterward married Mistress Anne Pope. Thus was established the American line of the Washingtons, for General George Washington, first President of the United States, was great-grandson of this same Sir John, the emigrant, as Sir John was great-grandson of the first Laurence, twice mayor of Northampton and lord of the Manor of Sulgrave.

This browsing among the Washington genealogies and studying of their monumental brasses and family records grew very interesting to me, and about a year ago I made a trip to Sulgrave on a search for Washington relics and memorials. There was the old church, and there, not far away, was the still older manor-house, part of the confiscated estates of the unfortunate priory of St. Andrew. I first visited the church and studied the brasses, of which I had received such excellent copies, and then turned my steps to the manor-house. The ancient home of the Washingtons belongs now to a farmer by the name of Cook, and is little more than a quaint and interesting ruin. A few signs of its former stability and grandeur may be traced; but the window with the Washington crest, which Washington Irving mentions in his "Life of Washington," is no longer to be seen, having been broken after it had been removed elsewhere "for safe keeping." The porch, or entrance, to the old manor-house still speaks, though somewhat shakily, of the early glory of the place; and from the village doctor I was fortunate enough to obtain a plaster cast of the Washington arms which King Henry's adherent, the worshipful ex-mayor of Northampton, had placed above the porch of the manor-house in 1540 — the now familiar shield bearing on its face the stars and stripes.

And now, from genealogy, come with me, girls and boys, into the Heralds' College, in London. We will take the Washington arms with us and make a short study of heraldry. You know what heraldry is, I suppose. It is the art of blazoning or describing in proper terms crests, arms, and armorial bearings. It is full of odd and curious terms which, to any one not versed in the mysteries



THE WASHINGTON SHIELD.
FAC SIMILE.
FROM OLD MANOR HOUSE, SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, A.D. 1540.

of the art, seem but a strange jargon. Representations of arms and crests can not, of course, be always given in colors, and in the study of heraldry, therefore, colors are denoted by the lines of shading. Thus perpendicular lines denote red; horizontal, blue; diagonal, green and purple; and these colors are thus designated: red is *gules;* white is *argent;* blue is *azure;* black is *sable;* green is *vert,* and purple is *purpure.* Gold is *or,* and silver is *argent.* An object given in its natural color is called *proper. Chief* is from *caput,* the head, and indicates the head or upper part of the shield, covering one-third of it and set off by a horizontal line. The *mullet* is the small star-shaped wheel or rowel of a spur and, in heraldry, indicates a third son. Now, with this short study as a guide, see whether

you can translate the description of the arms and crest of the Washington family as I obtained them from the Heralds' College in London. Remember that arms and crest are by no means the same thing. Arms means the shield itself — protection in battle; crest is the ornament that surmounts the shield.

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

ARMS: *argent;* two bars *gules;* in chief, three mullets of the second.

CREST: a raven with wings indorsed proper; issuant from a ducal coronet *or*.

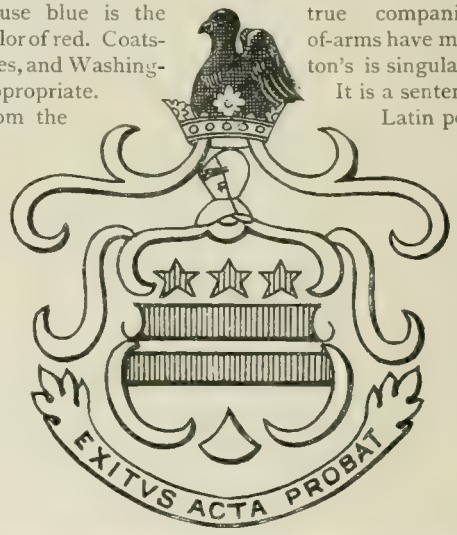
I obtained a drawing of the armorial bearings of the Washingtons — a fac-simile of the illumination that has stood for centuries in the old and time-worn book I studied so carefully in the Heralds' College. And here it is.

The bars on the shield, you see, are in perpendicular shading, signifying red and white stripes, and the mystery as to the origin of the star-spangled banner became, now, very plain to me. The flag sprang from the armorial bearings of General Washington. The Archæological Society of England, the highest authority in the world on ancient church and heraldic matters, seems to indorse my opinion, for it has said that "in the red and white bars, and the stars of his shield, and the eagle issuant from his crest, borne later by General Washington, the framers of the Constitution got their idea of the stars and stripes and the spread eagle of the national emblem"—only an advance upon the bars *gules*, the three *mullets*, and the raven of the old shield of the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor.



THE WASHINGTON ARMS & CREST.
FROM HERALD'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
ARMS. *ARGENT*, TWO BARS *GULES*, IN CHIEF THREE MULLETS OF THE SECOND.
CREST: A RAVEN WITH WINGS INDORSED PROPER, ISSUING OUT OF A DUCAL CORONET *OR*.

Blue seems to have been added to the flag because blue is the true companion color of red. Coats-of-arms have mottoes, and Washington's is singularly appropriate. It is a sentence from the Latin poet Ovid: "*Exitus acta probat*," which, freely translated, means "Actions are tested by their results." These arms were on his carriage panels, his bookmarks, and his watch-seals.



THE ARMS EMBLAZONED ON GENERAL WASHINGTON'S COACH.

Admiral Preble, of the United States navy, who wrote a very interesting work on "Our Flag," says, in regard to Washington's crest and arms: "The American patriot was fond of genealogies, and corresponded with English heralds on the subject of his pedigree. Yes! this George Washington, who gave sanction, if not birth, to that most democratic of sentiments,—'all men are born free and equal,'—was, as the phrase goes, a gentleman of blood, of court armor, and ancient lineage. When the Americans, in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, what did they ultimately adopt? Why, nothing more than a gentleman's badge — a modification of the old English coat-of-arms borne by their leader and deliverer. A few stars and stripes had, in the old times, distinguished his ancestors; more stars and additional stripes were added, denoting the number of States that joined in the struggle, and this now became the standard round which the patriots so successfully rallied. It is not a little strange that this 'worn-out rag of feudalism,' as

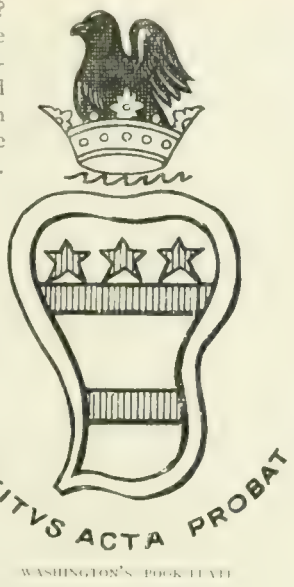
so many would call it, should have expanded into that bright and ample banner that now waves on every sea."

So much for the flag; but ere I close, I wish to mention another matter that may be found of





interest. The stars on the flag are five-rayed, that is, having five points. The stars on the coins of the United States have *six* points. Did you ever notice this? I doubt whether one American in a thousand ever remarked it. Look at any coin in your pocket. The stars are all six-rayed. Now, notice the stars on the flag. After my study of the Washington arms, I felt confident that, if I could obtain a coin of Washington's day, I should find that the stars corresponded with those on the flag. After long search, I finally found what I wished in a collection of coins belonging to an English friend — a fine specimen of a copper cent of 1791, showing a beautiful profile of Washington on one side, and on the reverse the eagle and the stars — *all with five points*. This confirmed my opinion. I joyfully pocketed the coin, with my friend's permission, of course, and when in America compared it with others in the Treasury Department at Washington. In every case I found that the coins of Washington's day have five-rayed stars. So the stars on the early coinage and the stars on the early flag of the young republic are but an adaptation of the "three mullets" of the old Washington arms. The five-rayed stars on the coins died with the great President, for I find that the coinage of the next Presidential term, and all issued since, have six-rayed stars. Here is a historical puzzle. Who can explain the reason for the change?



WASHINGTON'S POCKET-PIECE.

This, girls and boys, is my story of your flag. The stars and stripes of the armorial bearings of old Laurence Washington, the worshipful mayor of Northampton three hundred years ago, as they appear on the brasses of Sulgrave Church and above the porch of the old manor-house, were the "heraldic insignia of the old English ancestry which is traced back almost to the days of Columbus," and these re-appear in the arms and crest of General George Washington of Virginia, first President of the United States of America, and sixth in descent from the first Laurence Washington of Sulgrave. The stars and stripes of the flag of the Union had their origin in the armorial bearings of the Washington family — a compliment from his fellow-citizens to the man whom they hailed as leader and deliverer, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." No written records exist to prove this, but the fact was well known at the time, and Washington's old friend, Mrs. Ross, an upholsteress of Arch street, Philadelphia, was intrusted by a committee of Congress, in June, 1776, to work these emblems into a flag, from designs drawn by Washington himself in the little back parlor of the Arch-street house.

So the Star Spangled Banner dates back almost to the days of knights and crusaders, and, as the English author of an interesting book on "the Washingtons" says (when speaking of doughty Sir John Washington, the King's man of the old Roundhead days, who left his Yorkshire fells for a new home beyond the sea): "On he rode to carry across the Atlantic a name which his great-grandson should raise to the loftiest heights of earthly glory, and a coat-of-arms which, transformed into



AN AMERICAN PENNY OF 1791.

the flag of a mighty nation, should float over every sea as far and as proudly as the blended crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George."

WILLIE AND ROSA.

By EMMA GILBERT.

LIT-TLE Wil-lie Jack-son and his sis-ter Ro-sa lived in a pret-ty lit-tle house in the coun-try. Wil-lie had six toys and Ro-sa had four dolls. And Wil-lie had a lit-tle toy-bank, too, that his pa-pa had given him; and his un-cle gave him ev-er so many pen-nies and some silver, to put in the bank.

Wil-lie and Ro-sa lived close by a riv-er. And they had fine times play-ing a-long the shore, throw-ing in sticks and stones, and sail-ing lit-tle bits of board and pieces of bark which they called boats. Wil-lie was six years old and Ro-sa was eight. The riv-er was not deep near their home, and they played near it all they chose, and they oft-en put a lot of small sticks on the bark boats and played that the sticks were boys and girls go-ing for a ride on the wa-ter.

One day, Ro-sa was gone from home, and Wil-lie played a-lone. Aft-er send-ing off some boats load-ed with lit-tle sticks, he wished for some-thing to sail that looked more like real peo-ple, and he went sly-ly in-to the house and got Ro-sa's four dolls, Maud, Fan-ny, Grace, and Pol-ly, and set them all on a large piece of board and pushed them off in-to the mid-dle of the riv-er with a long stick. He played that Maud, who was the larg-est, was the mam-ma of the oth-ers, and that they were go-ing to the end of the world. They float-ed a-long in fine style, and Wil-lie fol-lowed them a-long the shore, great-ly pleased to see them sail, un-til they got so far a-way that he could hard-ly see them when he went home, and the four dolls were left a-lone on the riv-er to sail as far as they liked.

Now, Ro-sa had gone to see a lit-tle girl named Hel-en, who lived far-ther down the riv-er, and as the dolls sailed a-long, the girls were at play on the shore throw-ing sticks in-to the wa-ter. For when-ev-er they threw a stick in-to the riv-er, Hel-en's big black dog would then swim out and bring the stick back in his mouth.

All at once, Hel-en cried out, "What is that com-ing down the riv-er?" and as the boat came near-er, Ro-sa looked and looked, and soon she saw that her own dolls were up-on it, and she be-gan to cry for fear they would all be drowned.

Hel-en said, "Per-haps Trip will bring them in. There, Trip! There,

Trip!" and pointed to them; but Trip on-ly looked and wagged his tail. He would not go in-to the wa-ter un less some-thing was thrown for him to go in aft-er; and when Hel-en threw a stick, he swam out and got it and let the dolls sail a-long.

"He does n't know what we want," said Hel-en. "I will run and tell Mam-ma; may-be she can get them out." But be-fore she got to the house the board ran a-gainst a rock, and all the dolls tipped in to the wa-ter; and when Hel-en's mam-ma came, the emp-ty board was float-ing far a-way down the riv-er.

Then Ro-sa went home ver-y sad, and Hel-en cried a lit-tle, too.

When Wil-lie's mam-ma knew what he had done, she said he must o-pen his lit-tle bank and give all the pen-nies and sil-ver his un-cle had



"THERE, TRIP!" SAID ROSA, POINTING TO THE DOLLS.

giv-en him to Ro-sa, to buy her an-oth-er doll like La-dy Maud; and Hel-en's mam-ma and Ro-sa's aunt brought her some more, and Wil-lie nev-er sent Ro-sa's dolls to sail a-gain.

But when Wil-lie grew to be a big boy, he had a real boat with seats in it, and he oft-en took Ro-sa and Hel-en in his boat on the blue wa-ter. They were care-ful not to tip out, as the poor dolls did.

He could not think what had made him act so bad-ly to the dolls. But it must have been be-cause he was such a ver-y lit-tle boy in those days.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IT may interest you, dear friends, young and otherwise, to know that the first of November is your Jack's birthday. Yes, with this month I enter upon the eleventh volume of my existence, so to speak, and a very happy one it promises to be, thanks to your faithful attendance, the state of things in general, and the success of ST. NICHOLAS in particular.

Now that I think on it, to be in the eleventh volume of one's age is about as grand a thing as a Jack-in-the-Pulpit of this latitude can desire — an unusual thing, too, though that 's neither here nor there in this case. Our family are mostly very sensitive to cold weather; but a ST. NICHOLAS Jack-in-the-Pulpit is quite another thing. The love of boys and girls should make even a mushroom as strong and hardy as an oak.

After all, every one of us, my chicks, begins a fresh volume once a year — so here 's to all our birthdays! May they be happy and honored — full of pleasant memories and joyful promises, and a hearty determination to go ahead!

FALLING STARS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can answer the question asked by Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell in the August ST. NICHOLAS, saying that they have seen stars fall and wish to know if they really do fall and what becomes of them afterward, where do they go to, and do they ever shine again? *Answer:* A falling star is caused by a piece of star or planet falling down toward the earth. We know that when you get a certain distance from the earth the air becomes different from what it is around us here; thus the piece of planet or star falling downward from above, where the air is different, strikes the current of air around the earth, when it becomes warmed by the friction of falling through the air and shines like a star, and this is the cause of what we call a falling star. This is what I have been told, and I believe it. What becomes of them afterward and where they go, I guess nobody knows; and as they are not stars, they never shine again. Your fond admirer,

Lenox, Mass. JOHNNY.

You are shown Johnny's letter, my friends, just as he wrote it (excepting that the dear Little School-ma'am scratched out the rest of his name). Does he clear up the matter much? I fear not. You see, it is such a very hard subject. Well, here is a letter from a Washington boy:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If you will let me answer Lulu Clarke's and Nellie Caldwell's questions about "Shooting-stars," in the August ST. NICHOLAS, I will ask all those who have access to an encyclopedia or book on astronomy to look under the subjects "meteors" and "aerolites," as both are commonly called "shooting-stars." In the encyclopedia or book on astronomy will be found much more information than you would allow me space to give. I would like to say for those who can not see an encyclopedia or book on astronomy that the scientific men have decided that there is a stream of meteors or shooting-stars going around the sun all the time, after the manner of the going around of the earth and the other planets; but this stream forms a different ring, or "orbit," as they call it, from that of the earth, so that the two orbits or rings made by the earth and the stream of meteors cross every year about August or November, when we can see more shooting-stars than at other times. Now, when the earth passes through the stream of meteors as the rings of the two meet, the meteors pass through the air which is around the earth; some even fall to the earth, and because they move so fast through the air they begin to burn from friction. Friction, you know, is caused by the rubbing of two bodies together, and causes heat, as when we scratch a match to light it. How wonderful it is that, as light and thin as air is, there is enough friction between the air and meteors to make them light and burn. Meteors are found to be made mostly of iron. Some persons have collections of them. There are also some at the Smithsonian Institution in this city.

I believe I have answered all the questions Lulu and Nellie asked, and I hope, dear Jack, you will pardon me if my letter seems long, but I could n't see how I could make it shorter and make it plain.

Yours, etc., G. M. F.

Fred. H. W., of Michigan City, Indiana, writes that "these meteors, when rushing through the air, go with such velocity that they are ignited by friction and are consumed."— Jesse A——, of Detroit, Mich., says: "In answer to Miss L. Clarke, in the August number, I think that the stars do not fall. It looks as if they did, but what really falls is a stone. These are called meteorites. According to Miss Yonge, one of these which fell in the fifteenth century was four feet long and weighed 215 pounds. They are very numerous, and sometimes set houses afire."

Elise Van W. asks: "What makes these pieces break off and go rushing through the air? and what do they break off of, anyway?" and a number of correspondents tell your Jack that at the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, there are specimens of meteoric stones or aerolites — *real specimens* — that have been found on the ground after a meteoric shower, and that have fallen right out of the sky. The dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green have seen some of these very specimens at the Smithsonian Institute, and they tell me the stories about them are perfectly true. Big stones some of 'em are, too. I hope I shall never be honored by having any extra fine specimens rained upon my pulpit.

Many other letters on this subject have come from my boys and girls; but as I can not show them all to you, I must be content with thanking Ella B. G., Frank H. Stephens, Jr., "Barebones," F. C. L., Mary and Henry L., Edwin B. S., Red-school-house boy, and Willis F——, whose letters the Little School-ma'am says are very creditable.

The fact is, "Shooting-stars" are rather heavy and risky things for a Jack-in-the-Pulpit to handle; but so long as my chicks are pecking at it, I am

content. They 'll be sure to find out something before they get through — bless their busy noddles!

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER

BUT all the shooting-stars do not come from the great sea of air and the greater sea of nothing in particular that is said to surround our earth. Hear this letter from a California girl:

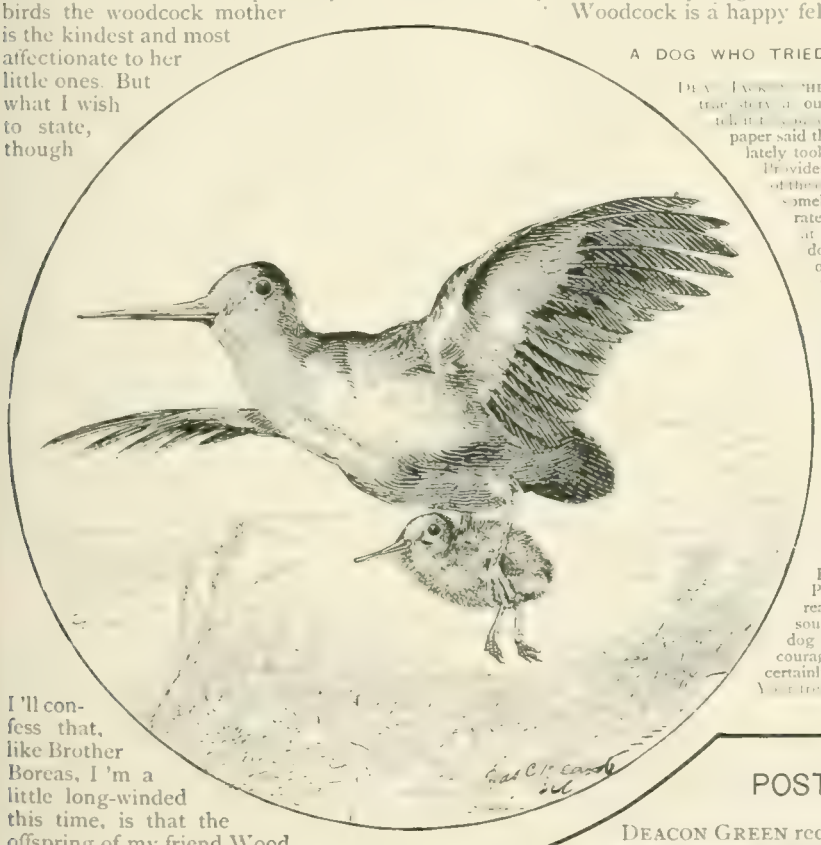
[illegible] in our fields in great abundance. They are a pale lavender color, or sometimes a pinkish tint.

[illegible] large: they are also very fragrant. So we consider them as one of the most beautiful and sweet of all our wild flowers.

[illegible]

GOOD MOTHER WOODCOCK.

MY friend the woodcock has an excellent wife, and an excellent mother — that is, an excellent mother to his children. He may have had an excellent mother himself; probably he did, for of all birds the woodcock mother is the kindest and most affectionate to her little ones. But what I wish to state, though



I 'll confess that, like Brother Boreas, I 'm a little long-winded this time, is that the offspring of my friend Woodcock actually are carried about by their mother when they are too young to escape from danger unaided. She does not carry them by her bill (no, even the cat-bird would not attempt that), but she closes her little feet upon them and so holds them as safely as your mother holds the baby in her careful arms.

In numbers of cases hunters have seen the great-eyed birds rise and fly away heavily and low, seemingly holding something between their feet. Mr. C. F. Holder, one of the ST. NICHOLAS writers, tells me that a Western sportsman recently had curiosity enough to follow such a bird, and a good chase she led him, through a hay-field, over brambles, bushes, and stones, but he finally gained upon her, and saw that in her feet she carried a tiny downy woodcock that seemed not the least alarmed by such a strange mode of traveling. The old bird carried it several hundred yards, before alighting with it; and then quickly disappeared in the tall thick grass.

My little Mrs. Woodcock is the proudest mother I ever knew. She thinks her children are perfection. To me they seem to have rather large mouths, but she scouts the idea of that being anything against their beauty. To her way of thinking, a large mouth gives an openness of expression to the young that is simply charming. Ah, Woodcock is a happy fellow!

A DOG WHO TRIED THE TELEPHONE.

[illegible]-THE-PULPIT: I read such a queer true story in our paper to-day, that I want to tell it [illegible] all the girls and boys. The paper said that a Rhode Island gentleman lately took his pet dog (named Pat) to Providence, which, you know, is one of the capitals of Rhode Island. Well, somehow, he and Pat became separated and could not find each other at all. Well, [illegible] that dog do but go to a certain telephone office, whither he had often gone with his master. He whined so dismally that the operator, understanding the case, telephoned to a store where he thought the dog's owner might be; and finding him there, asked him to speak to Pat by the telephone. He [illegible] did so. The operator held the instrument to Pat's ear, and the dog gave a joyful bark at the sound of his master's voice. Then, the paper says, Pat was let out and darted off to find him, as though he knew exactly where to go; but it does not tell any more. I wish I could say, for certain, that Pat found his master; but I really think he did, because the sound of his voice gave the poor dog courage, you see, and, with courage to help him, I think he must certainly have succeeded.

Your true young friend, [illegible] JENNIE S.

POSTPONED!

DEACON GREEN requests me to say that the announcement of his SPLENDID OFFER, as *I* call it, is unavoidably postponed to the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CARPENTERSVILLE, ILL., 1883

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not have much time to read, but always take time to read your interesting stories.

I am in an office from eight A. M. until five or six P. M. every day; and when I am at home I have other duties besides reading. My work is taking down in short-hand, from dictation, the business letters of the firm, and then printing them on a type-writer. I have other work also, putting up the mail, sending off circulars, indexing books, etc.

I began studying short-hand in February last, and was sixteen years old in July. Am now supporting myself, and intend to keep on doing so. JOSEPHINE B.

Josephine B.'s welcome letter is but one out of many which we have received from boys and girls who are already supporting themselves or who are intending soon to begin the battle of life in earnest. And it is very gratifying to us to know that all of these budding men and women who have been reading ST. NICHOLAS refuse to outgrow the magazine, as they outgrow their juvenile toys and pleasures, and that they find it as interesting and helpful a companion on their return from office-desk or counter as when, in past times, they rushed home from school to greet it.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how an oil painting should be cleaned, when dusty and fly-stained? I have tried several methods, but have not succeeded in finding one that will not injure the painting. AGNES L.

An experienced dealer in oil-paintings sends us this answer to Agnes L.'s query: Take a quart of lukewarm water, and into it put ten drops of ammonia. With this water and a soft sponge clean the painting very carefully, and wipe it dry with a piece of chamois or soft silk.

THE "SHIP IN THE MOON" AGAIN.

NR. CAERNARVON, N. WALES, September 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much interested in an article entitled "The Ship in the Moon," in the September number of your magazine, more especially as, a short time ago, I saw something rather similar to the curious sight described by S. T. R. We are staying two miles from Caernarvon, North Wales, and have a splendid view from our house over the Menai Straits, and also over the sea, where the sun sets. We have some beautiful sunsets here, over the water, and about ten days ago, when we were watching one, just as the sun was looking like a bright ball on the horizon, a distant ship crossed slowly in front of it, looking quite black against the golden orb. We all thought it rather a remarkable thing to see, for it was an occurrence quite new to us. I was, therefore, rather astonished when I saw in the next ST. NICHOLAS S. T. R.'s article, relating a somewhat similar coincidence. Yours truly, J. E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once at Eastbourne, England, in 1870, we had the rare experience mentioned by S. T. R. in the current number of ST. NICHOLAS, only instead of a ship in the moon we saw an ocean steamer; and until seeing the article have never met with any one who had seen this unique and picturesque sight.

W. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer we were at Maplewood, N. H., and a gentleman told father, that from the hotel piazza there he had seen the moon rise behind Mt. Washington, bringing out the Tip Top House in strong relief. A sight, to be sure, somewhat different from that witnessed by S. T. R., but quite as rare. E. C.

STONINGTON, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a little about our town of Stonington. When the war was going on between the British and the Americans, the British tried to capture our town on a certain morning — I forget the date. The British took us by surprise, and therefore we were not ready for the fight; but as all the people were pretty brave, we rose up in a multitude, at least as many as there were in the town. We had two cannons, and yet we were all so brave as to hold out till reënforcements came to our aid, and thus we won the battle, on the 10th of August, 1816. We have those two cannons yet, in the center of the town in a little square, and four bomb-shells that did not go off. Now I must say good-bye. Hoping that this will be published, I remain yours,

C. PALMER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading one of the old volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, I came across a story of a black-and-tan dog, which told of the numerous tricks that he could do, and I wish some of the little folks of the ST. NICHOLAS who have been successful in training dogs could tell me how to teach my little black-and-tan. He can already sit upon his haunches, waltz, and speak for things. Please print this, and oblige your true reader, AUNT EMILY.

Now, boys and girls whose pets under your careful tuition have graduated in tricks — who of you will best answer Aunt Emily's question?

ROME, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your Letter-box so much. The letters are so interesting. I often wonder how old the subscribers are, and try to guess from their letters. I composed a little piece of poetry, which I am going to ask you to publish if you can find a spare corner. I expect you are bothered by other such people as I, but I hope my epistle will not share the fate of some others. If you will publish my piece, you will oblige your little friend,

TOMMIE H.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS WITH GREAT ENDINGS.

See! a little brooklet is traveling through a field of clover.
It is running on as though a child at play,
Turning the little pebbles over and over.
In its happy and joyous way.

On and on it travels through miles and acres of land,
Carrying with it as it goes everything that comes on hand,
Such as pebbles, weeds, and sand,
As it begins to expand.

Lo! what do we see?
A river! Yes, a river traveling on to sea.
'T is the same little brooklet that through the field was flowing,
We did not think that it was to the great ocean going.

'T is thus with you, my little friend,
When a little baby in your cradle laid low,
We could not picture for you
Into a fine and noble woman to grow.

SCALES, SIERRA CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not find words to express the pleasure I felt when I received a letter with a recent number of your dear magazine, from my aunt who lives in Oakland, California, saying that she had subscribed to it for us as a present. There are eight of us, four boys and four girls. You can imagine what a commotion there is in our house when it arrives, for the little ones want to see the pictures, and the large ones to see the pictures and read the stories. My father is a miner, and we live in the Sierra mountains. In the winter the snow is from ten to thirteen feet deep, and we travel on snow-shoes, or skees, just like those you described in the February number. We have fine sport sliding down hill. But last winter was an exception, for we had only thirty inches of snow at one time.

From your ardent reader, MATTIE B. WESTALL.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in Mr. Leland's article on "Brass Work," in the July number, as I know him and have been to the school he speaks of. I have never beaten brass, but have seen it done, and I do not think it looks very difficult. I take lessons in modeling, and I find it very interesting, and am extremely fond of it. It is not difficult to model, and I think any one could do it. My sister, who is nine years old, takes lessons in modeling at the school Mr. Leland mentions, and models very nicely. I also take lessons in painting and in designing from Mr. Leland. I do not go to the same school with my sister, but to the Art Club, of which Mr. Leland is also the founder. I am sure the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will like the article on "Modeling," and find it very interesting.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is my first.

Your constant reader, H. ROBINS.

Hosts of readers, we are sure, will welcome Mr. Leland's article on "Modeling," and the kindred articles that he is to contribute.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-SECOND REPORT.

The Agassiz Association was formed [illegible] at the [illegible] N[illegible] has [illegible] members. The number of chapters in regular working order is [illegible] than [illegible] but the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

resorted to circulars; but finally the range of inquiry broadened so rapidly, and the number of inquirers increased so fast, that we were obliged to issue a little volume called "THE HAND-BOOK OF THE ST. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION." In this we endeavored to put answers to every possible question regarding the society, and the book has now come to be indispensable to every wide-awake member of the A. A. The first step, therefore, to be taken, if one wishes to form a "chapter," or to join the A. A. as an individual member, is to send for a copy of the hand-book. The price is fifty cents, and all orders should be sent to the President.

We should prefer writing personal letters to all of our kind friends, as a printed circular is apt to seem formal and cold; but with six thousand members this evidently can not often be done.

All who have not already done so are invited to send their photographs, and particularly group photographs of their chapters.

MORE HELP NEEDED.

While, as seen above, we have a goodly array of scientific gentlemen ready to assist us, there is ample room for many more; particularly in more restricted subdivisions of the various branches: such as the "logies" of beetles, dragon-flies, birds' eggs, trees, etc., etc.

But now, to proceed with our regular work, the subject for Professor Parker's Entomological class for November is *Coleoptera*.

The work on *Lepidoptera* has been satisfactorily completed, and ten members have passed the examination. We regret that the number pursuing the course is so small; but the success of these will doubtless stimulate others to join the class.

The best essay was

1. On *Dryocampa pellucida*, by Bashford Dean, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Then follow

2. On *Sphinx quinquemaculata*, by Fred. Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.
3. On *Telea polyphemus*, by Helen Montgomery, Saco, Me.
4. On *Attacus polyphemus*, by G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.
5. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
6. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
7. On *Dryocampa senatoria*, by Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.
8. On *Papilio turnus*, Linn., by A. H. Stewart, Washington, D.C.
9. On *Colias philodice*, by Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.
10. On *General Lepidoptera*, by Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Professor Parker writes, "I think all have earned their diplomas, so far, and that the essays reflect great credit on the association." Papers for November should be prepared and sent to Professor Parker, as explained in detail in ST. NICHOLAS for JULY. Any who have hitherto been prevented from joining the class may enter now and continue with the others; and on completing the course shall receive certificates of the actual work accomplished.

The Botanical section will now take up Flowers, and specimens, or better, drawings should be arranged according to the following scheme, and sent to Dr. Jones, as explained in July:

IV. FLOWERS.

INFLORESCENCE (arrangement on stem).
- *Definite:*
  - glomerule,
  - fascicle,
  - cyme.
- *Indefinite:*
  - head,
  - spike,
  - spadix,
  - catkin,
  - umbel,
  - corymb,
  - raceme,
  - panicle,
  - thyrsus.

KINDS OF FLOWERS.
- *Perfect.*
- *Imperfect.*
- *Complete.*
- *Incomplete.*
- *Symmetrical.*
- *Unsymmetrical.*

PARTS OF FLOWERS.
- a. Calyx,
- b. Corolla,
- c. Stamens,
- d. Pistils,
- e. Receptacle.

a. *Calyx.*
- Ordinary forms:
  - monosepalous (sepals united),
    - shapes (see corolla),
    - teeth, lobes, etc. (see leaf),
  - polysepalous (sepals not united),
    - shapes (see leaf).
- Special forms:
  - burs,
  - fruits (apples, etc.
  - pappus,
    - hairs.
    - awns,
    - scales,
    - cups, etc.,
    - petal-like, etc.,
    - uses.

b. *Corolla.*
- Monopetalous (parts united):
  - entire,
  - toothed,
  - cleft,
  - parted,
    - shapes (see blade of leaf),
  - wheel-shaped,
  - salver-form,
  - bell-shaped,
  - funnel form,
  - tubular,
  - irregular,
    - labiate,
    - ringent,
    - personate,
    - strap-shaped,
    - spurred,
    - etc.,
  - appendages,
    - folds,
    - scales,
    - nectaries,
    - etc.
- Polypetalous (parts separate):
  - parts,
    - shapes (see blade of leaf),
    - number,
  - special forms
    - of Leguminosæ,
    - of Dicentra,
    - of Columbine,
    - etc.,
  - insertion,
    - on the receptacle,
    - ovary,
    - calyx,
  - æstivation (arrangement in the bud),
    - open,
    - valvate,
    - reduplicate,
    - induplicate,
    - convolute,
    - imbricated,
    - plaited,
    - supervolute,
    - etc.

c. *Stamens.*
- Insertion
  - on receptacle,
  - ovary,
  - style (apparently),
  - calyx,
  - corolla.
- Free (from each other).
- United by filaments,
  - monadelphous,
  - diadelphous,
  - etc.
- United by anthers.
- Lengths,
  - individual,
  - comparative,
    - equal,
    - unequal,
      - didynamous,
      - tetradynamous,
      - etc.
- Number.
- Parts,
  - filaments,
    - lengths,
    - shapes (see stems and leaves),
  - anthers,
    - spherical,
    - didymous,
    - tailed,
    - etc. (see leaves and stems),
    - attachment to filaments,
      - innate,
      - adnate,
      - introrse,
      - extrorse,
      - versatile,
    - parts.
      - cells,
        - one,
        - two,
        - dehiscence, (mode of opening),
          - by slits,
          - valves,
          - holes,
        - shapes,
      - pollen,
        - shapes (see leaves and stems),
        - appendages,
          - spirals,
          - bands,
          - knobs,
          - points,
          - etc., etc.,
        - uses
          - to the plants,
          - insects,
          - other animals.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
514	Iowa City, Iowa, (A)	4	W. M. Clute.
515	Rogers Park, Ill., (A)	4	C. B. Coxe.
516	Dighton, Mass., (A)	18	W. A. Reade.
517	Trenton, N. J., (C)	12	Herbert Westwood.
518	Bergen Pt., N. J., (A)	5	Miss Alida Conover.
519	Lawrence, Kan., (A)	5	Fred. H. Bowersock.
520	Baltimore, Md., (G)	4	E. B. Stockton, 179 McCullogh street.
521	New York, N. Y., (O)	6	R. A. Linden, 207 E. 122d st.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN

H. H. BALLARD — *Dear Sir:* I would be very glad to assist any of your A. A. in geology, mineralogy, or microscopy. Having seen the ill effects of science teaching, as conducted at present generally, I am desirous of aiding *seekers* all I can. Yours, very truly,

JAS. C. LATHROP, 134 Park ave.

EXCHANGES.

A few fine moths.— Miss Lillie M. Stephan, sec., Pine City, Minn.

Plants, eggs, and minerals.— Edwin F. Stratton, sec., Greenfield, Mass.

Correspondence with distant chapters.— Miss Nellie Scull, box S, Rochester, Indiana.

NOTES.

(56) *Cicada.*— A cicada was in its immature state, destitute of wings, and evidently just out of the ground. I placed it under a glass, and left it a few minutes. On returning, I saw that the skin had separated along the back in a line from a point on the head in a line with the eyes, to the first segment of the abdomen. The body

was arched over its rest in its extremities. By extending and contracting its body, the insect drew the old skin partly out of the cocoon, releasing its head and fore legs, and then drew them back, with the skin, and hooked the two hooks on the cocoon and head appeared. It then straightened itself, and lay as if exhausted. After a time it began again to move, and drew out first the legs, then the first pair of legs, then the wings, folded and refolded, so that they seemed but small bits of tissue covered with minute veins. After the wings the second pair of legs appeared. By the time the abdomen had been drawn nearly half way through the opening. The remaining portion was now drawn slowly forth, segment by segment. The old skin discarded, the body of the insect was light pink; its feet bright red, its legs light green, and its eyes dark brown.

Its wings now began to expand, not apparently by any action of the insect, but by their natural expansion, much as a flower unfolds. The time occupied in the entire change was a little over an hour.

HERBERT H. [illegible], Utica, N. Y.

In your August number, page 798, under the heading of "Reports from Chapters" reference is made to a lavender shooting flower," and is accompanied by a wood-cut. The flower referred to must be *Dodecatheon Meadia*, a primrose, which is very common throughout California, growing in great abundance in meadow land. It has a fine perfume, and fills the air with fragrance. It resembles the [illegible] and is more showy and fragrant. The [illegible] call it "shooting-star," and it is also known as the "American cowslip" and "Pride of Ohio."

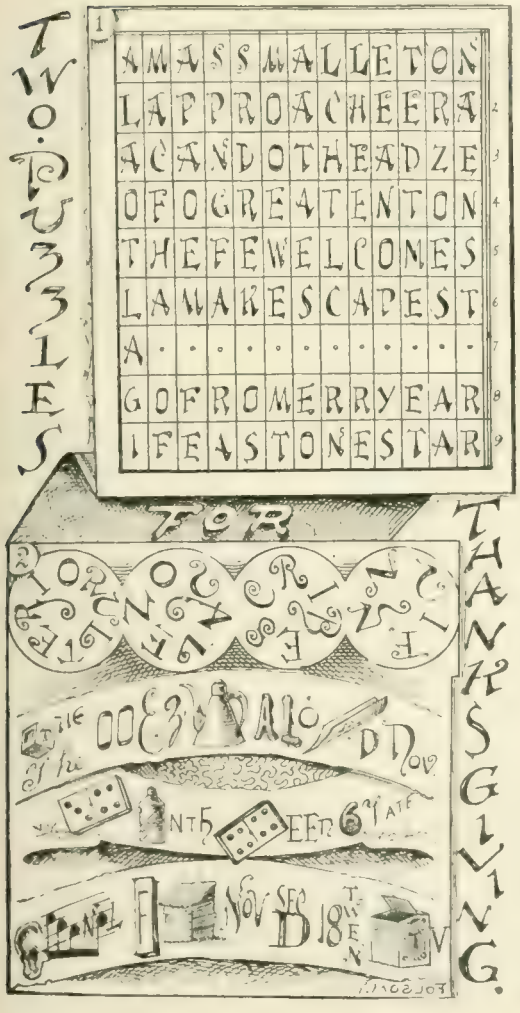
The name Dodecatheon is derived from the Greek, and signifies twelve gods, in allusion to the flowers, which are sometimes twelve in number, though the usual number in this State is from three to six. Respectfully yours,

DAVID [illegible], of San Diego, Cal.

We regret that a large number of interesting notes and very encouraging chapter reports are crowded out this month. We believe the A. A. was never in a more prosperous or happy condition than now. We invite all interested in [illegible] to write us, and while we gratefully thank our many friends for their cooperation and good wishes, we urge all old members to renewed efforts for the cause, and to renewed energy in their special departments. Address all communications to the President,

HALLOCK H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



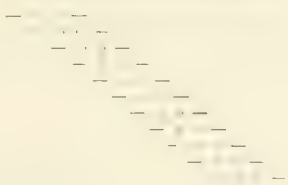
TWO PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING.

I. HIDDEN WORDS: In each of the nine horizontal lines are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right one from each line, a quotation from the "Comedy of Errors" may be found.

II. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC: Divide each of the four letter-sets in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The four words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic; the initials and finals will each name the result of an engineering enterprise which is very useful to commerce.

The rebus beneath the letter-circles, when rightly read, will furnish some information concerning the initials and finals of the acrostic.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.



ACROSS: 1. A circle. 2. A forest. 3. A dunce. 4. To plunder. 5. An apartment. 6. Meager. 7. An implement. 8. To decree. 9. The part of a class where nobody likes to be. 10. Midday. 11. A bird.

DOWNWARD: 1. In kerchief. 2. Two-thirds of an animal. 3. Three-fourths of the weft. 4. A small body of water. 5. An entrance-way. 6. A noose. 7. To blow. 8. Humor. 9. A covering. 10. A swimming and diving bird. 11. A heath. 12. Also. [illegible] A negative. 14. In kerchief. [illegible]

DIAMOND.

1. IN insipid. 2. A preposition. 3. A peninsula of Asia. 4. An instrument of torture employed by dentists. 5. Beloved by collectors of bric-à-brac. 6. To choose a second time. 7. Speedily. 8. To rest. 9. In insipid. "ALCIBIADES."

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

IN each of the following sentences behead and curtail the word represented by the long dash, and there will remain three words, which may replace the three short dashes. EXAMPLE: It is Sue at the [illegible] Answer, Valentine.

1. Joseph's brethren seemed to think — — — —— place to hide him in.

2. When such a claim — — — there is but little use in —— it.

3. One would gaze — — — admiration, no matter how large the —— at which she was met.

4. His success in — — — acknowledged fact by enemies as well as [illegible].

5. We look with admiration only — — — of the career of Napo- [illegible]

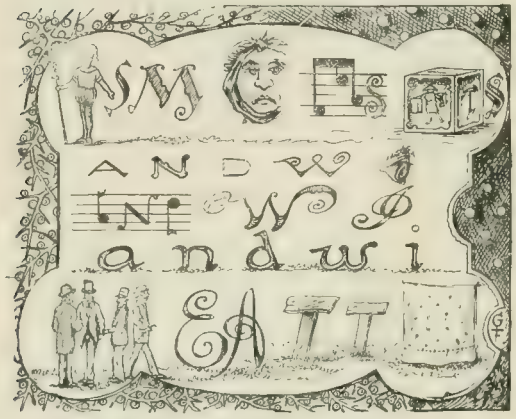
ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. TULLIPANII. Very small.
2. TENNTOOPMI. All-powerful.
3. MISSUUPOOOR. Confused
4. SMEETUTSOUP. Turbulent.
5. XIGOREECPHRAL. The author of a dictionary.
6. TASCOOTNHTNE. A group of stars

H. V. W

PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer to this rebus is a saying of Poor Richard.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EACH word described contains eight letters. When these have been rightly selected, and placed one below another in the order here given, the diagonals (reading downward), from left to right, and from right to left, will spell the names of two large lakes in the central part of North America.

1. Supernatural events. 2. A formal conversation between two persons. 3. Broken down with age. 4. Up to this time. 5. Taking exorbitant interest for the use of money. 6. A three-sided figure 7 Matrimonial. 8 Supplication.

"SUMMER BOARDER."

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Blotted out. 2. Cut off or suppressed, as a syllable. 3. Cloth made of flax or hemp. 4. A paradise. 5. A numeral. 6. A boy's nickname 7 In diamond

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In nimble. 2. A cover. 3. Cloth made from flax or hemp. 4. A cave. 5. In nimble.

C. D.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an Indian girl.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ripple. 2. To observe. 3. An instrument of torture. 4. A volcanic mountain of Sicily. 5. A Roman emperor who reigned but three months. 6. A burrowing animal. 7. Close at hand. 8. A minute particle. 9. A decree. 10. The principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians. "ROBIN HOOD."

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I 1 PART of a book. 2. A girl's name. 3 Part of a prayer 4. Useful in summer.

II. 1. Weapons of defense 2. Part of a plant. 3. Fashion. 4. Part of a plant.

III. 1. To blink. 2. A metal. 3. Part of the face. 4. The joint covered by the patella.

LIZZIE D. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. First row: white letters, Maryland; first monogram, Frederick; second, Potomac; third, Annapolis; fourth, Chesapeake; fifth, Salisbury. Second row: white letters, France; first monogram, Cher; second, Rouen; third, Marne; fourth, Nantes; fifth, Fécamp. Third row: white letters, Asia; first monogram, Kiusiu; second, Japan; third, Burmah; fourth, Mandaleh; fifth, Osaka. Fourth row: white letters, Maine; first monogram, Deer; second, Schoodic; third, Frenchman's; fourth, Machias; fifth, Portland. Fifth row: white letters, England; first monogram, Thames; second, London; third, Birmingham; fourth, Avon; fifth, Penzance.

SUBSTITUTIONS. Third row, Bull Run; fourth row, Atlanta. Cross-words: 1. Abet, abba. 2. Rose, rout. 3. Rope, roll. 4. Else, Ella. 5. Ease, earn. 6. Bore, bout. 7. Anon, Anna.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Central words, Charles Dickens. I. 1. C. 2. Oho. 3. Opals. 4. Charles. 5. Ollie. 6. See. 7. S. II. 1. D. 2. Lid. 3. Lucre. 4. Dickens. 5. Dread. 6. End. 7. S. —— CHARADE. Hottentot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Mozart. Finals, Goethe. Cross-words: 1 MeddlinG. 2. OporttO. 3. ZonE. 4. AraraT. 5. RajaH. 6. Terpsichore.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Centrals, Cat tail. Cross-words: 1. ChiCken. 2. SlAte. 3. STy. 4. T. 5. CAt. 6. ChIld. 7. BalLoon.

BEHEADED RHYMES. 1. Spout, pout, out. 2. Chill, hill, ill.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Opera. 2. Piper. 3. Epode. 4. Redan. 5. Arena.

RIMLESS WHEEL. From 1 to 8, Columbus. From 1 to 9, Cone; from 2 to 9, Oboe; from 3 to 9, Lane; from 4 to 9, Urge; from 5 to 9, Mate; from 6 to 9, Blue; from 7 to 9, Urge; from 8 to 9, Sage.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, Polka, Waltz. Cross-words: 1. Pshaw. 2. No nad. 3. Sulky. 4. Stake 5. Zebra.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Beheaded letters, Colt. 1. C-lock. 2. O-men. 3. L-one. 4. T-ill.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Hudson. 2 Union. 3. Dial. 4. Sol. 5. On. 6. N. —— RIDDLE. Bar.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Elsie T.— Lulu M. Stabler — Paul Reese — Frances Salisbury — Davidson Kennedy — Lizzie Hall and Mary Nicolson — "The Twins and their Cousin" — S. R. T. — Estelle Riley — Louisa Stuart Lennox — P. S. Clarkson — "The Three Graces" — Clara J. Child — Willie C. White — Minnie B. Murray — Maggie F. Turrill — Jennie and Birdie — Arthur Gride — Mamie Hitchcock — Francis W. Islip — "Nip and Tuck" — Hugh and Cis — Bessie C. Rogers Jessie A. Platt — F. and H. Davis

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Bucknor Van Amringe, 1 — Eliza Westervelt, 2 — "The Two Annies," 10 — Cambridge Livingston, 6 — Eddie Shipsey, 4 — Violet and Pansy, 2 — "We, Us, and Company," 2 — Eva Cora Deemer, 1 — E. , 2 — Pansy, 6 — Pussy B., 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Alice F. Wann, 1 — "Chingachgook," 1 — Theodore S. Palmer, 9 — Horace R. Parker, 4 — E. P. and J. H. , 2 — Louisa H. , 5 — Weston Stickney, 3 — Alex. Laidlaw, 6 — "Sisters Twain," 9 — Professor and Co., 6 — G. M. L., 4 — Florence Savoye, 8 — "Kingfishers," 3 — Lillian C. Byrne, 8 — Hattie Brown Badeau, 9 — Philip Embury, Jr., 7 — Charles H. Kyte, 8 — "Ignoramus and Nonentity," 7 — O. K. Fagundus, 2 — Dycie, 9 — "Bob Buss and Winkie," 7 — No Name (England) — "Fortress Monroe," 6 — Jeannie M. Elliott, 9 — Heath Sutherland, 9 — "Alcibiades," 9 — S. L. P. and John Hobbie, 8 — Josephine, Josias, and Jonas, 5 — Kate B. Deane, 1 — G. L. and J. W. , 4 — May G. Jones, 6 — Florence E. Provost, 5 — Katie L. Robertson, 6 — D. B. Shumway 6 — Charles H. Wright 5 — Eddie, 4 — L. L., 6.



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

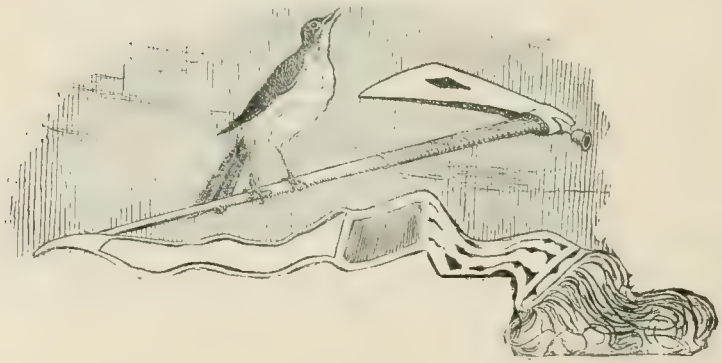
HAPPY young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree;
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:

Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the poor boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, Father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
One day more!" the father said.
When, next morn, the lodge he sought,

And boiled samp and moose-meat brought
For the boy, he found him dead.

As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid—
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said, or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life from death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise—
He who sings than he who slays.



Almion, Auria and Mona

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE



A LITTLE boy, named Almion, traveling from a distant land, came at evening to the borders of a new country. He was very weary, and, before going farther, he looked about for a place in which to rest himself. He soon found a bank of soft moss beneath the face of a rock, which was still warm from the sunshine that had been on it all the afternoon. So he laid himself down on the moss, with his back against the warm rock, and began to wonder what adventures awaited him in the country over yonder. The duskiness of twilight had by this time so overspread the earth that Almion could see little. He fancied there was a glimmer of many lights somewhere in the distance in front of him, and a murmur as of many voices: but while he was straining his eyes and ears, trying to make out what the lights were and what the voices said, his weariness overcame him, and he fell asleep.

He had a strange dream during his sleep. He dreamt that it was early morning, just before sunrise, and that he was walking toward the East, when he saw, advancing to meet him, a beautiful little girl. She was dressed in a wonderful garment, soft as the touch of the south wind in June, and changing with rainbow hues as she moved. Her hair flowed down on her shoulders like a delicate mist of amber; her eyes sparkled like blue stars, and her voice was like the music of birds singing for joy—only birds can not speak in words, as this little maiden did.

"Almion, is that you?" she said.

"I am Almion," he said, gazing at her; "but I have never seen you before. Who are you?"

"I am a princess," she replied, "and I am sent to be your companion."

Almion thought it would be pleasant to have such a lovely little companion. So he stretched forth his hand to take hers, and said, "Come, then, let us go together!"

"That can not be, Almion," answered the princess, "until you have become rich and beautiful, and wear a garment like this of mine."

"How shall I become rich and beautiful, and where shall I find such a garment?" asked the boy.

"That you may learn in yonder country," said the little princess, pointing toward the West. "There is work to be done there which will give you both riches and beauty and the power to weave a rainbow garment. And then, dear Almion, we will be happy together."

As she said these words, the princess smiled and waved her hand to him, as if she were about to go away. But Almion exclaimed: "Shall I never see you while my work is going on? Must I be all alone?"

The princess was silent for a moment, and Almion fancied he saw tears in her eyes. At last she said:

"You will not be alone, Almion, unless you wish to be. But your princess can not show herself to you unless you seek for her. And sometimes, perhaps, when you think she is nearest you, she will be farthest away. But if you find the right gold, and know the true beauty, all will be well. Otherwise, even though I stood beside you, you would not know me."

"Oh, I shall always know you!" exclaimed Almion. The princess smiled again, though the

tears were still in her eyes, and again waved her hand. And at that moment the great sun rose above the earth, directly behind her, and in its strong brightness her rainbow figure seemed to be absorbed and to vanish; so that when the sun had risen a little higher, the place where she had just stood was empty. Almion turned around and looked behind him, but saw only his long shadow stretching over the borderland of the new country. With that he awoke and rubbed his eyes, and found that it was a dream; but the night had passed over him while he slept, and the sun had indeed arisen, and was shining over the new country. The princess was nowhere to be seen; but over the meadow there was a wreath of golden mist that reminded Almion of her hair, and from the grove came a music of birds that was like the tones of her voice, and the grass was sprinkled with dew that sparkled like the tears in her eyes when she had smiled through them. So, although he had only dreamt of her, he felt sure that she was a real princess, and that they would meet again.

Almion's sleep had rested him, but he felt quite hungry; so, having washed his face in a brook that flowed across the road, he set forward briskly in the hopes of meeting with some one who would give him a breakfast. The new country, seen by daylight, looked very pleasant. Before him stretched a wide plain, which, beyond, seemed to descend into a deep valley, with rocky clefts here and there, and shaggy clumps of pine-trees and tangled bushes. On the farther side of this valley a great mountain rose high aloft, with a misty height of snowy pinnacles, and its dark sides, above the forest-belt, seamed with the ancient furrows made by glaciers and avalanches. The valley and the mountain seemed wild and perilous; but the plain was fertile, with cultivated fields and waving crops, and shady roads winding through the midst. Upon the verge of the plain, just where it overhung the deep valley, stood a pretty village with many little white houses ranged in rows, each house with a red brick chimney, and standing in the midst of a small square yard surrounded by a wall. The road along which Almion was walking led directly to this village, and as he came nearer, he saw numbers of little people hastening to and fro in the streets. At first, he thought they were children, for few of them were any taller than himself; but when he reached the entrance of the village, he saw that their faces were old, like those of grown-up people. They all appeared very busy, for they hurried along, with their eyes on the ground or looking straight before them; and they paid no attention to one another.

"Will you tell me where I can get some breakfast?" asked Almion of one of them who was passing him.

The little man, without stopping or even looking around, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and hurried on.

Almion went in the direction indicated, which was toward the center of the village. On his way thither, he passed and was passed by many persons, and often he repeated to them his question, "Where can I get my breakfast?" Some of them turned their heads aside, and crossed the road as if to get out of his way; others stared at him and frowned; others smiled oddly; and others again pointed with their thumbs in the same way that the first had done. At last the hungry traveler came to a large open square, in the midst of which was a large table heaped up with pies and cake and other good things to eat; and sitting in a chair beside the table was a little old woman—the very first woman that Almion had seen in the whole village.

"Good-morning," said Almion, walking up to the table. "Is this breakfast for me?"

The old woman had two boxes, one on each side of her, both containing a quantity of coarse yellow dust that glowed in the sunlight with a dull, tawny luster, and which Almion thought looked too dirty to handle. Nevertheless, the old woman kept dipping her fingers into the box on the right, clutching up handfuls of the yellow dust, and putting it into the box on the left; and every time she did this, she would mutter to herself the following rhyme:

"Double must, pretty dust,
Hearts of men and iron rust."

On hearing Almion's question, she glanced up at him for a moment, and then said, while she went on with her occupation: "Yes, if you have gold enough."

"What sort of gold?" asked Almion, remembering what the princess had told him.

"The right sort, to be sure," answered the old woman—"the sort I have here;" and she fished up another handful of the tawny dust.

"If that is gold," said Almion, "I have none, and don't want any."

"Then you don't want any breakfast," replied the old woman.

Now Almion did want his breakfast very much, and the sight of the cakes and pies had made him hungrier than ever. So he said, "Where can I find the gold, then?"

"Where other honest folks do, I suppose," returned she.

"And where is that?"

"In the pit!" was her answer; and nothing more could he induce her to say, except to mutter the old doggerel:

> Dig and find pretty dust,
> Heart of men and iron rust."

Almion turned away, feeling rather down-hearted; but he told himself that such yellow dirt as the old woman wanted must be common enough, and that if he could but find his way to the pit, all would soon be well. "Besides," added he, brightening up a little, "gold is what the princess told me to get; and if the old woman told the truth about this being the right gold, then I shall not only be earning my breakfast, but my princess, too!" This idea so encouraged him that he stepped out briskly, and, overtaking a little man who was hurrying along with a spade in one hand and a bucket in the other, he inquired his way to the pit.

The little man gave his head a jerk in the direction in which they both were going, as much as to say that the pit lay before them; so, without more words (for Almion had by this time begun to find out that very little talking was done in this country), they jogged along together side by side, and the road by which they went led toward the deep valley beyond the verge of the plain.

When they got there, Almion looked down and saw an immense hole, big enough to have held a good-sized hill; and multitudes of the little people were scattered all about in its depths, working as if their lives depended upon it. Each man had a spade and a bucket, and they would first loosen the earth with their spades, and then sit down and sift it carefully through their fingers; and all the yellow grains that were sifted out they would put into the buckets. It was a very tiresome and dirty business, but otherwise there seemed to be no particular difficulty about it, and Almion thought he would soon be able to get all the gold he needed. So he set about clambering down into the pit. But, before doing so, he looked out across the valley and toward the mountain. The valley was a vast chasm of wild and awful beauty; the sunshine never seemed to find its way into the lower depths, where the black rocks and swarthy pines made a sort of midnight even at noon. Far beyond, on the farther side, uprose the mighty mountain, towering toward the sky, steep and sublime, with the pure gleam of snow upon its pinnacled summit. It seemed a pity to go down into the dirty pit, out of sight of all this grandeur. But how else was Almion to earn his breakfast? Down he went, therefore, and on his way he asked his companion whether any one ever had crossed the valley and climbed the mountain. The little man seemed perplexed at this question. He put on a pair of horn spectacles and stared in the direction Almion pointed; but soon he shook his head and smiled oddly, as much as to say that there were no such things as a valley and a mountain, and that Almion must be out of his wits to talk about such things. It is evident, however, that one might as well shut one's eyes as attempt to see through a pair of horn spectacles.

All day long, Almion dug and sifted in the pit, and by evening he had quite a large heap of yellow dust in his bucket; but he was all begrimed with dirt, and very tired. As he climbed out of the hole, on his way back to the village, he saw that a mist had gathered over the valley, making it look like a cloudy ocean; but around the crest of the mountain was a wreath of vapor, which the setting sun had turned into celestial gold. As Almion gazed at it, a fear came over him that this might be the right sort of gold after all, and that the stuff he had in his bucket was nothing but the dirt that it appeared to be. The thought almost made him cry; but just at that moment some one touched his shoulder, and looking around, whom should he see but the little old woman, with a basket full of pies and cakes on her arm.

"Come, my dear," she said, speaking in a much pleasanter tone than in the morning. "You have dug well to-day, and that is a fine lot of gold you have sifted out. Come home with me, and since you had no breakfast this morning, you shall now have breakfast, dinner, and supper all in one. Come along, my dear; you will be as rich and handsome as any of them before long."

The sight of the good things to eat, and the pleasant manner of the old woman, encouraged Almion greatly, and made him forget all about the golden wreath on the mountain. So he let the old woman take him to her house, which was a little square white building like the others, with a brick chimney, and a wall surrounding the yard. There Almion ate until he was satisfied; and then, feeling very heavy and stupid, he fell asleep. But he had no such dream as had visited him the night before.

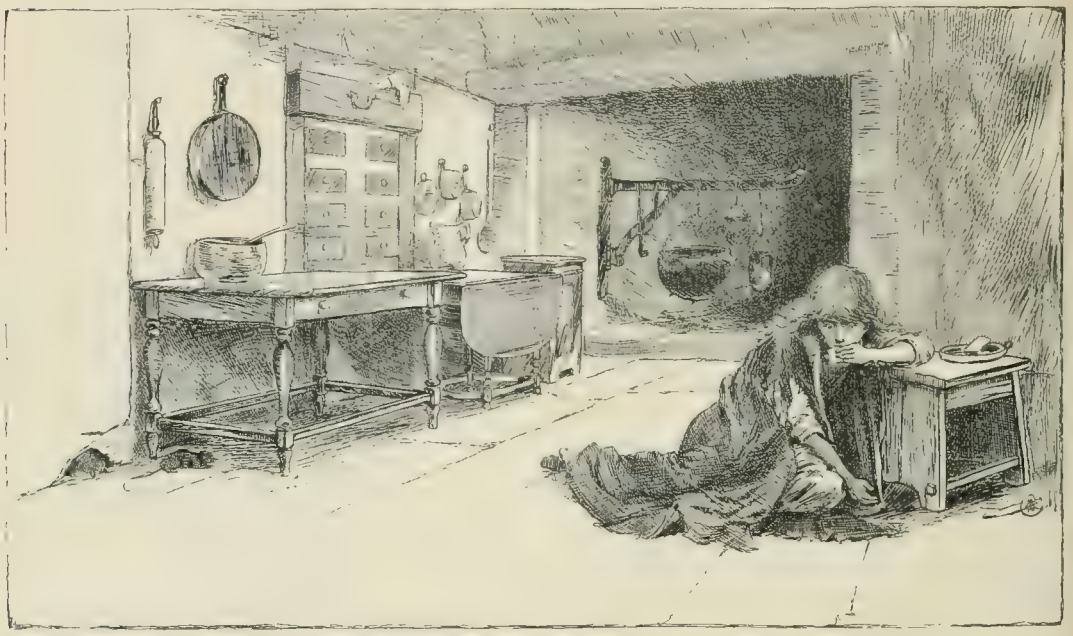
He was awakened in the morning by hearing the voice of the old woman in the kitchen, where she was scolding somebody very hard. Almion looked in, and saw her standing over a little creature in a black gown, who was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"Who is that you are scolding?" Almion asked.

"She is our servant, my dear," the old woman answered; "and a more lazy, good-for-nothing, vicious little wretch does not live in this village. And the more I scold her the worse she gets."

Almion thought that, in that case, it might be better not to scold her at all. But just at that moment the old woman began to lay the table for breakfast, and the sight of it put the thought of the little servant out of his head. He ate very heartily, the old woman all the while pressing him to eat more; and when he had finished, she said:

"And now, my dear, you can go back to the pit and get some more of the pretty dust. And while you are away, I will begin to weave your garment for you."



"'SHE CERTAINLY IS A WRETCHED LITTLE CREATURE,' SAID ALMION TO HIMSELF."

"My rainbow garment?" cried Almion, brightening up.

"To be sure, my dear; only it will be much prettier than a rainbow, for it will be all made of gold and precious stones. And the more dust you get the prettier it will be, and the sooner it will be finished."

"And then shall I find my princess?" inquired Almion.

"To be sure you will, my dear," replied the other, nodding knowingly. "You will find her sooner than you expect, and a very pretty princess she will be, though I say it."

Almion looked at the old woman, and it seemed to him that she was neither so old nor so ugly as the day before, and her voice was quite soft and agreeable. He hardly knew what to make of it; but he resolved to get a great deal of dust that day. As he went out of the house, he heard the old woman scolding Mona, the little servant, in the kitchen, and he even thought she was beating her. He could not help feeling sorry for the poor creature, who seemed to him more feeble and unhappy than vicious. But he told himself that the old woman must know more about that than he; so he drove the subject out of his mind, and went down to the pit. As he descended, he glanced over at the valley and the mountain; but a heavy gray mist still lay over the former, and the latter seemed so remote and dim as almost to be invisible. But the pit was full of little men, all of them working as hard as if their lives depended upon it, and chanting this rhyme:

"Pretty pelf, pretty pelf,
Every man for himself;
Lay it up on the shelf.
Pretty pelf, pretty pelf."

At first, it struck Almion as being mere meaningless doggerel; but after awhile, as the chant went on, he found himself joining in with the rest, and the chanting of the words seemed really to make the digging and sifting easier to him. So he dug and sifted and chanted all day long, and by evening he had filled his bucket up to the brim with yellow dust. At the pit's mouth he met the old woman, as before; but it was surprising to see how much she had improved in appearance. She

seemed scarcely more than middle-aged, and her face was almost handsome. Almion gazed at her, and hardly knew what to make of it.

"There you are, my dear!" she exclaimed, smiling at him; "and a very good day's work you have done, sure enough. Come home with me at once; there is a delicious supper waiting, if that lazy girl, Mona, has not spoiled it while I was away. But I'll give her what she deserves!"

"Why don't you send her away, since she is good for nothing?" asked Almion.

"Ah! that is just what she would like; but I 'm not going to please her. No, indeed; she shall stay and work her fingers to the bone, if I have to scold her from morning till night. But don't you trouble yourself about her, my dear. I have begun to weave your garment, and it will be finished by the end of the week, if you work as well as you have done."

When they reached the house, the mistress bustled about to get the supper on the table, rating Mona soundly all the while. Almion peeped into the kitchen, and there was the little servant on her knees on the floor, scrubbing away with soap and sand, and looking dingier and raggeder than ever. She kept her face turned away from Almion, but he could imagine how homely and haggard it must look. "She certainly is a wretched little creature," he said to himself; "I wish we could get rid of her altogether." By this time supper was ready, and it tasted even better than the evening before, and Almion ate till he was as full as his own bucket, his companion heaping more good things on his plate. At last he fairly fell asleep in his chair, and slept heavily until the next morning.

At breakfast the old woman appeared, looking so fresh and young and agreeable that it was plainly impossible to think of her as an old woman any longer. She was youthful, rosy, comely, with the softest of voices and the sweetest of smiles. Her eyes were bright blue, like bits of blue china, and instead of the old hood which had, till now, covered her head, she wore a great coil of yellow hair, very much the same color as the gold dust that Almion had been so busy gathering. Altogether, if Almion had not had an idea that he had heard her scolding and beating that wretched little Mona just before he was fully awake, he would have taken her to be a charming young lady, as good-tempered as she was good-looking. But it was a curious fact, which Almion hardly knew what to make of, that whenever she spoke to Mona, her voice had the same harsh and cracked tone that he had noticed when he first talked with her in the market-place, as she sat scooping the dust out of one box into the other. As for Mona, it did not seem likely that she would last much longer. She tottered about as if she were going to fall down from weakness, and her old black gown hung about her in tatters. She had apparently got all the age and infirmity that her mistress had lost.

"Good-morning, Almion dear," said the young lady, smiling at him with her blue eyes and her red lips. "How well and handsome you look after your night's sleep! And you will soon be so rich that nothing short of a princess will be good enough for you. But see what a beautiful garment I am weaving for you — all gold thread and precious stones!"

"Yes, it is very fine," said Almion, looking at the half-finished garment, which was rich, heavy, and glittering. "But it does not look much like a rainbow."

"There is always a difference, Almion dear," replied she, in a soft voice, "between what one imagines in a dream and what one sees in reality. A garment made of a rainbow would not last you ten minutes; it is nothing but a silly fancy; but this that I am making for you is all gems and precious metal, and will last all your life."

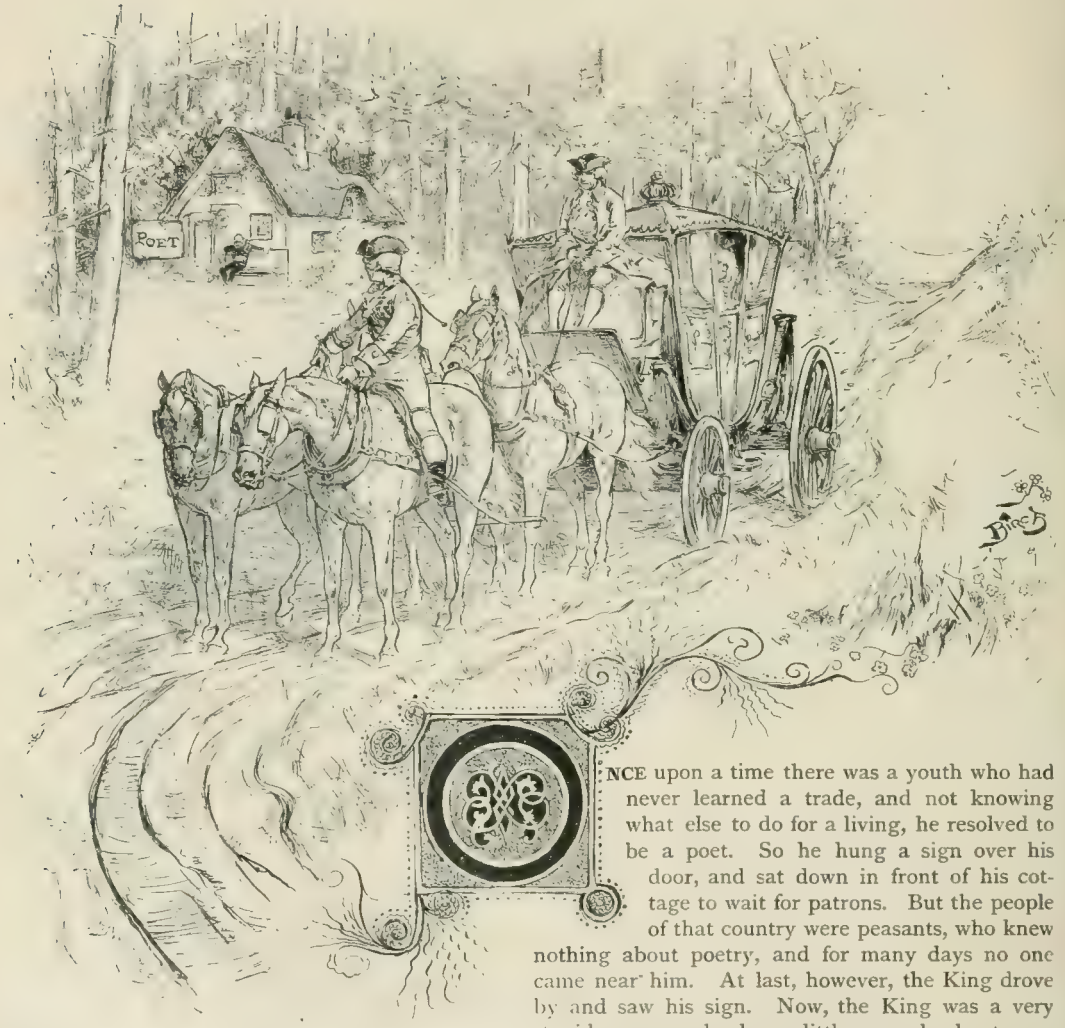
"But I saw the princess in my dream," said Almion. "Was she a silly fancy, too?"

"A real princess is better than a dream one," answered the other, nodding with a knowing look. "But, dear me!" she added, turning away, "there is that lazy wretch, Mona, at her tricks again!" And she ran into the kitchen.

"So this it is to be rich and handsome!" said Almion to himself, with a sigh, as he ate his breakfast. "But the real princess — who can she be?" In truth, Almion had begun to have an idea that the real princess was not far off; but for the present he thought it as well to keep his ideas to himself.

THE RHYME FOR TWELFTH.

By Frank M. Bicknell.



ONCE upon a time there was a youth who had never learned a trade, and not knowing what else to do for a living, he resolved to be a poet. So he hung a sign over his door, and sat down in front of his cottage to wait for patrons. But the people of that country were peasants, who knew nothing about poetry, and for many days no one came near him. At last, however, the King drove by and saw his sign. Now, the King was a very stupid person, who knew little enough about anything; yet he had been sufficiently cunning to make his subjects believe he knew everything, and the way he managed it was this: He always took with him, wherever he went, an exceedingly clever young man, and when he needed any information, he would question him as a teacher catechises a pupil who is reciting his lesson. The name of this young man was Koruhl, and he was also called the Catechised.

When the King noticed the poet's sign, he wanted to know its meaning, so he said to the Catechised:

"Attention, Koruhl! What do you see over yonder door?"

"A sign-board bearing the word 'Poet,' sire," answered the Catechised, promptly.

"Very good," said the King, approvingly; "and what does the word 'poet' signify, Koruhl?"

"One who writes poetry, sire."

"Right, Koruhl; right. And now tell me—what do we understand by the term poetry?"

"Poetry, sire, is metrical composition," returned the Catechised, and the King became silent until, noticing that the Catechised seemed to be pondering deeply, he exclaimed:

"Koruhl, what do you suppose I am thinking about?"

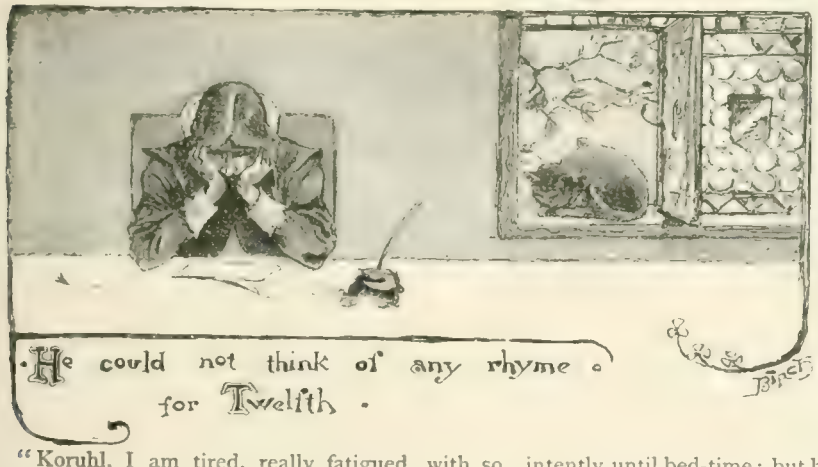
"Sire," answered the Catechised, slowly, "you have already a Court Orator, a Court Historian, a Court Story-teller, a Court Riddle-maker, and a Court Jester; perhaps you want to add a Court Poet."

"You have guessed my thoughts, Koruhl," returned the King, much delighted. "Let it be done."

So the poet was taken to the palace, and made Court Poet. He was given a fine apartment, where he might sit and meditate all day long, and everybody who saw him admired him, for he had a pale face, long, fair hair, and large, mournful eyes.

"How handsome and interesting he is!" they all said. "He looks as if he could write beautiful poetry." Yet no one ever knew of his writing a single word.

Every morning, the King sat in his audience chamber, after the fashion of the country, and heard the complaints and settled the disputes that his subjects brought before him; that is to say, this business was attended to with the help of the Catechised, who was always the real judge. One day, after an unusual number of decisions had been rendered, the King said, with a great yawn:



"Koruhl, I am tired, really fatigued, with so much hard thinking; do you happen to know what I am going to do for recreation?"

"Perhaps, sire, you are going to bid me send for the Court Poet, and order him to make some verses for you?"

"Exactly, Koruhl," answered the King, much pleased; "let it be done."

The Court Poet being summoned and the King's wishes made known, he bowed low and said:

"On what subject will Your Majesty have me write?"

"Koruhl," demanded the King, "on what subject do poets usually write?"

"On a variety of subjects, sire," answered the Catechised; "though in this case you will doubtless ask for a poem to be read on the twelfth birth-day of the princess, which will occur next month."

The King nodded loftily to the Court Poet.

"Such is my will; let it be done."

"Your Majesty is doubtless aware," said the Court Poet, "that poetry is a work of time, and to be really good must be written in solitude."

"Certainly," returned the King, who would have been ashamed to appear ignorant in the matter; "you may go back to your apartment until the poem is done."

So the Court Poet went to his room and, taking pen and paper, he thought intently until bed-time; but he wrote nothing whatever. The next day, it was the same; he did not write because he could not think of anything to say.



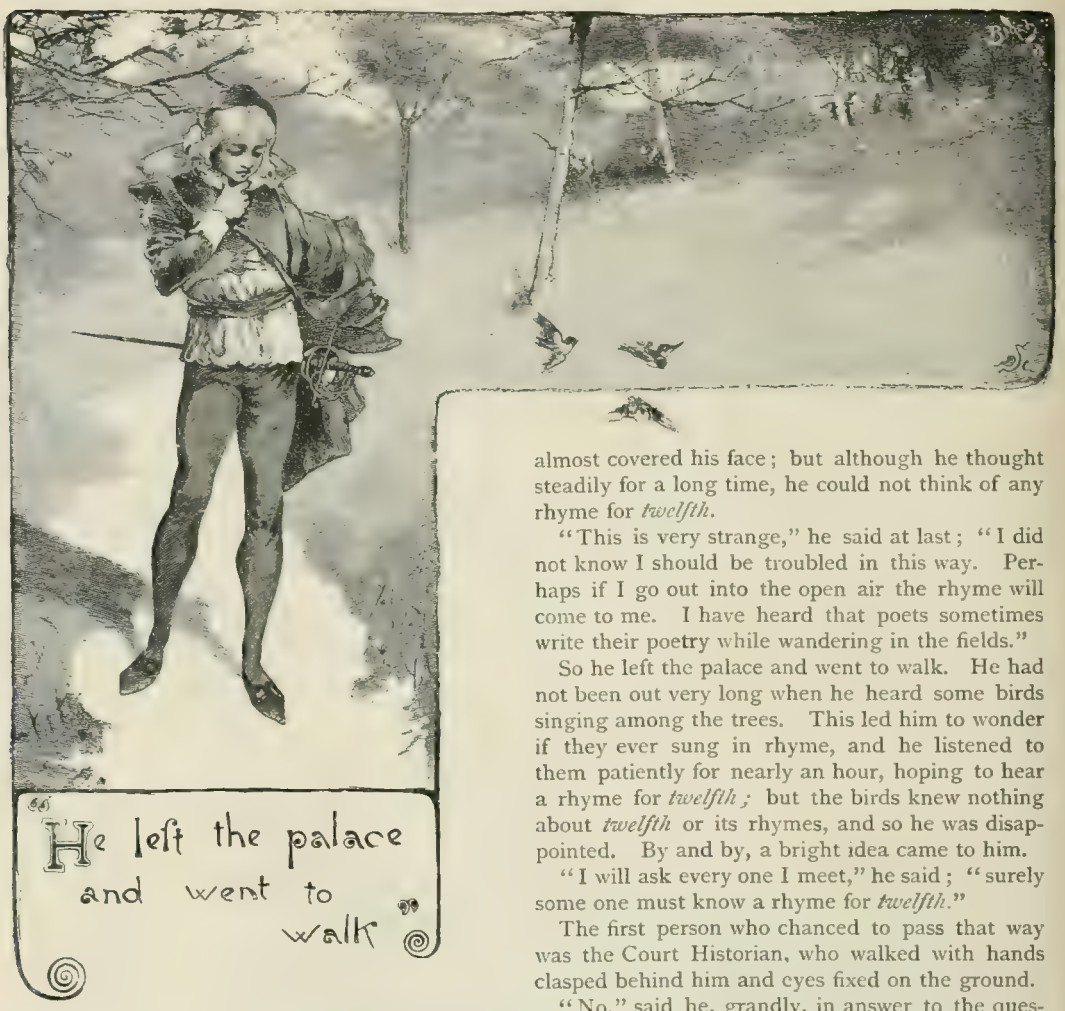
"If I could only make a beginning," he exclaimed over and over again; but he could not make a beginning, so at length he threw down his pen and went to the Court Physician for help. The Court Physician was a learned man, and when the Court Poet asked him how he should begin his poem, he answered immediately:

"Oh, that is very simple; your first two lines should be something like this:

"Beautiful little princess, on your birthday—'t is the twelfth—
Permit your loving subjects to inquire about your health."

The Court Poet thanked him and went back to his work; but as he repeated the lines to himself, he noticed that *health* was not a rhyme for *twelfth* at all.

"This will not do," he said; "unless I begin my poem aright, I shall never be able to carry it through. I must find a suitable rhyme for *twelfth* before going any farther." He leaned his head on his hands, and his long hair fell down until it almost covered his face; but although he thought steadily for a long time, he could not think of any rhyme for *twelfth*.



"This is very strange," he said at last; "I did not know I should be troubled in this way. Perhaps if I go out into the open air the rhyme will come to me. I have heard that poets sometimes write their poetry while wandering in the fields."

So he left the palace and went to walk. He had not been out very long when he heard some birds singing among the trees. This led him to wonder if they ever sung in rhyme, and he listened to them patiently for nearly an hour, hoping to hear a rhyme for *twelfth;* but the birds knew nothing about *twelfth* or its rhymes, and so he was disappointed. By and by, a bright idea came to him.

"I will ask every one I meet," he said; "surely some one must know a rhyme for *twelfth*."

The first person who chanced to pass that way was the Court Historian, who walked with hands clasped behind him and eyes fixed on the ground.

"No," said he, grandly, in answer to the question of the Court Poet, "history never uses rhymes; they are undignified," and he went his way.

Next came the Court Orator, who held his head very high and waved his hands in air majestically as he rehearsed a speech he was to give that evening at a grand dinner. He would hardly listen to the Court Poet at all.

"Rhyming is a silly amusement, unworthy a great mind," he declared, and also went his way.

Then came the Court Riddle-maker, in a great hurry.

"I am chasing an idea," he said; "do not stop me. I have something else to do beside finding rhymes for other people; I have already too much

trouble with my own duties," and he, too, disappeared.

As the Court Poet cast his eyes about, he saw, sitting on a stone bench under a tree, a man who was weeping bitterly; and when he went toward him he saw he was no other than the Court Jester.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, bending over him.

"Nothing," answered the Court Jester.

"Why do you weep, then?" persisted the Court Poet.

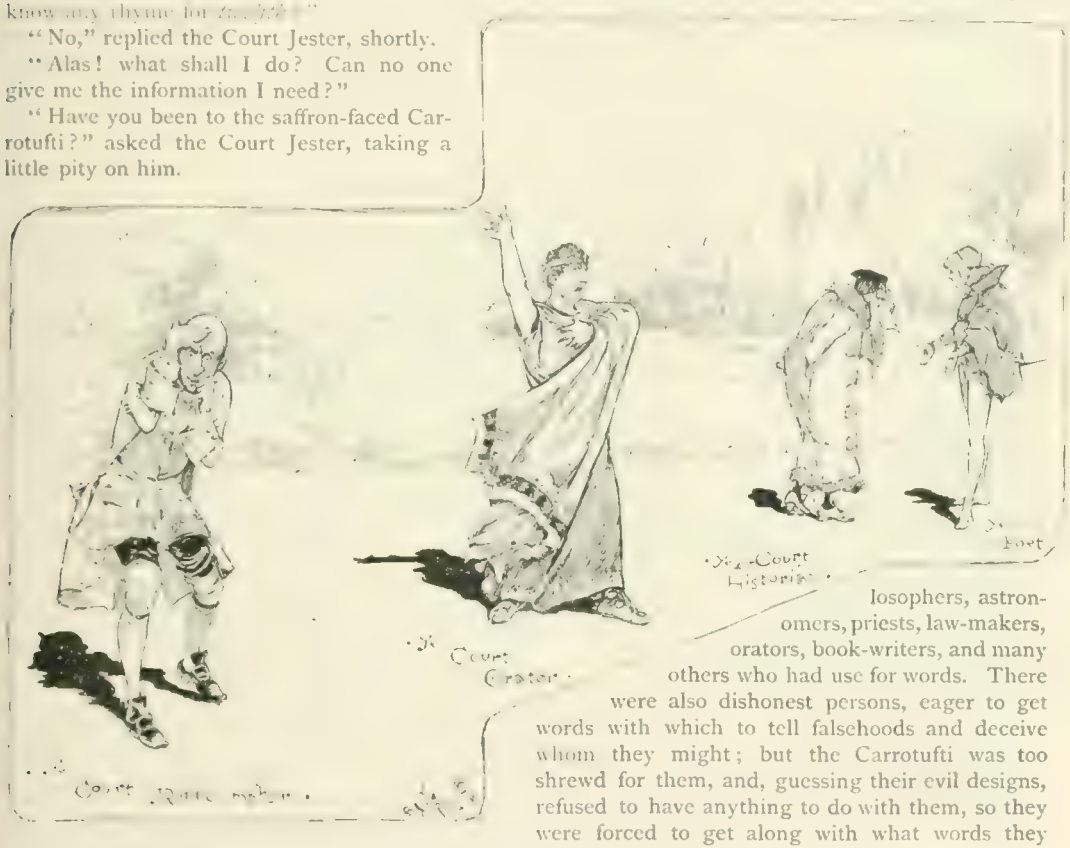
"Because the King has given me a holiday. After I have earned my bread so many years by making jokes and being merry, why may I not now enjoy a few tears undisturbed?"

"Certainly, you may; only tell me first, do you know any rhyme for *twelfth*?"

"No," replied the Court Jester, shortly.

"Alas! what shall I do? Can no one give me the information I need?"

"Have you been to the saffron-faced Carrotufti?" asked the Court Jester, taking a little pity on him.



"No, I have not," returned the Court Poet, brightening. "Who is he?"

"Do you not know?" asked the Court Jester, in surprise. "He is the wisest man in the world and he deals in language. He has a collection of many thousand words, from which he sells to those who want to buy. If there are any rhymes for *twelfth* he will surely have them."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"In the lower left-hand corner of the Kingdom of Kandalabara, in a stone house."

The Court Poet thanked the Court Jester (who immediately resumed his weeping just where he had left it off) and set out for the house of the saffron-faced Carrotufti, where he arrived in about five days. This house was very large; for although only the Carrotufti lived in it, he had so many words, letters, figures, and other useful and curious things, that a great deal of room was necessary to hold them. The Carrotufti was a very old person with bright yellow skin and a long white beard, and he wore a green gown, a pair of immense round-eyed spectacles, and a pointed cap. He was exceedingly busy when the Court Poet entered his house, for there were, waiting to be served, philosophers, astronomers, priests, law-makers, orators, book-writers, and many others who had use for words. There were also dishonest persons, eager to get words with which to tell falsehoods and deceive whom they might; but the Carrotufti was too shrewd for them, and, guessing their evil designs, refused to have anything to do with them, so they were forced to get along with what words they could beg or steal from the others.

As each one made known his needs, the Carrotufti went to something that looked like a large book set up on end, and, turning one or another of its huge leaves, selected from among the little cases or drawers with which it was filled the letters, words, or figures required, laid them on the counter, and took payment according to their value.

By and by, when it was the Court Poet's turn to

be waited upon, the Carrotufti nodded for him to make known his wants.

"Sir," said the Court Poet, "I have come a long distance to learn whether you have any rhymes for *twelfth*."

The Carrotufti shook his head. "There is but one rhyme for *twelfth* in the whole world, and that I sold a hundred years ago, to be used at the coronation of our good king, Sharlos Twelfth. Perhaps the rhyme is still in the royal treasury, and the young queen who is now reigning may be willing to let you have it. You might go to the palace and see her."

The Court Poet thanked the saffron-faced Carrotufti for his information, and, having taken his leave, set out for the royal palace, which he reached in something less than two days. The Queen, who was young and very beautiful, received him graciously, and directed that he should be lodged in a splendid guest-chamber and presented with a fine new suit of clothes, for his own were worn and travel-stained. After he had rested and refreshed himself he came into the Queen's presence, looking so noble and handsome in his elegant apparel that she fell in love with him straightway, and made him sit down at her side and talk with her for several hours. When he asked her about the rhyme for *twelfth*, and told her why he wanted it, she hesitated before answering, for she thought to herself:

"Although I have the rhyme among my treasures, I must not give it to him at once, lest, when he has it in his hands, he may leave me and return to his own country, which must not be, for one does not every day encounter a young man so beautiful to behold, so agreeable to converse with, and also a poet." So she presently said to him carelessly: "I think the rhyme you seek is somewhere about the palace, though I don't know exactly where. It has long been out of style, and is so cumbrous I have made no use of it whatever; therefore, I fear it has not been well taken care of, and the letters may be scattered from one end of the house to the other. I will order a search, and if it can be found you shall have it. Meanwhile, tarry with us, and I will take care that time shall pass pleasantly with you."

The Court Poet was very glad to stay and be entertained by the Queen, who, on the first day,



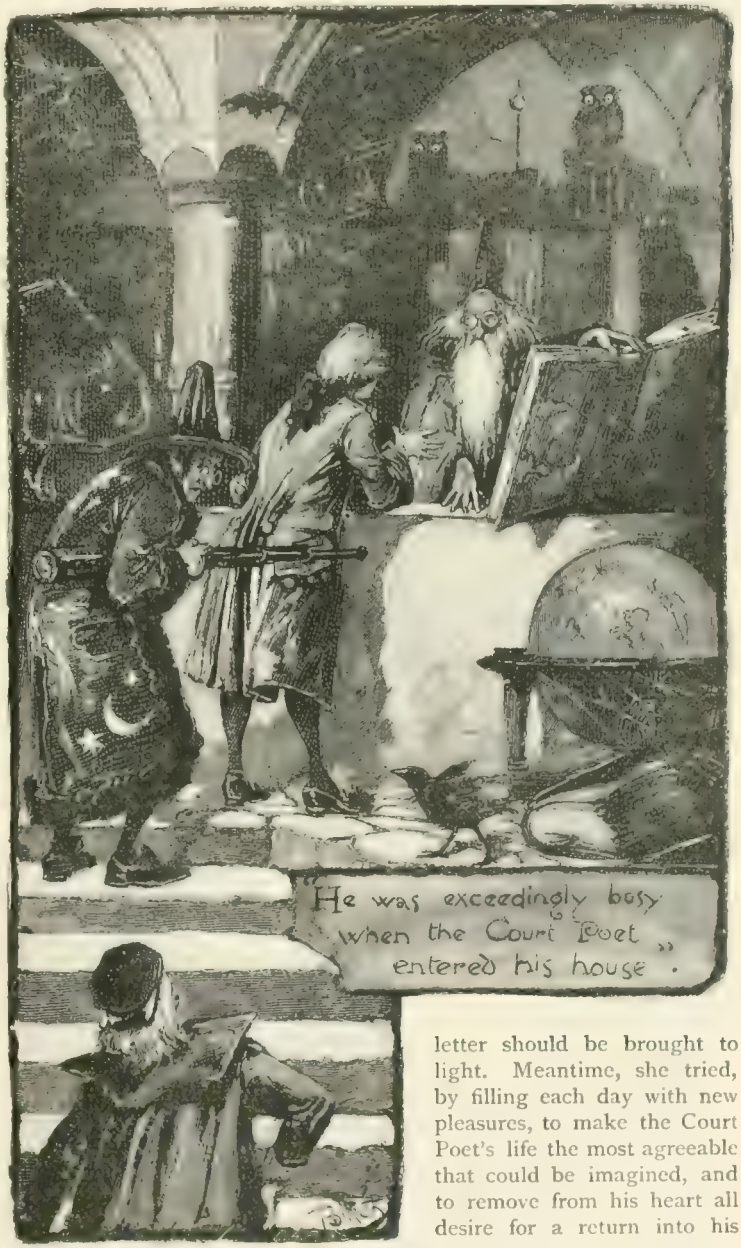
ordered a great dinner to be prepared, and invited a brilliant company, who treated the Court Poet as if he had been a prince. At night, after this feasting had been brought to an end, the Lord Chamberlain came before the Queen and the

Court Poet to make his report. He informed them that a strict search had been made through one wing of the palace, and the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* had been found in an old book of songs on a stone table in one of the tower chambers. He then presented the letter to the Queen, who gave it to the Court Poet, who, for safe keeping, strung it on a silken cord which he put about his neck.

On the morrow, the Queen again called together a great many illustrious people and made a grand chase, to which the Court Poet rode at her side, mounted on a cream-yellow horse, and armed with a costly hunting-knife having three large diamonds in the hilt. When they returned to the palace, the Lord Chamberlain appeared as before, to say that the servants had hunted carefully through another part of the palace, and had found the next to the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* in a cookery book hanging on the wall near the great fire-place in the kitchen. This letter he also laid before the Queen, who handed it to the Court Poet, who put it on the silken cord with the other.

The next day, there was a grand tournament, and the next a series of games such as were peculiar to that country. Then the Queen gave a splendid ball, at which she would dance only with the Court Poet, although many nobles, and even princes, sought her as a partner.

And so each day was spent in some kind of festivity, and each night the Lord Chamberlain brought another letter of the rhyme for *twelfth*, until all but one had been given into the hands of the Court Poet and strung on the cord about his neck. This, the first and most important, the Lord Chamberlain declared, could not be found; whereupon the Queen pretended to be vexed, and ordered a continual search to be made, not only in and about the palace, but throughout the kingdom, until the missing

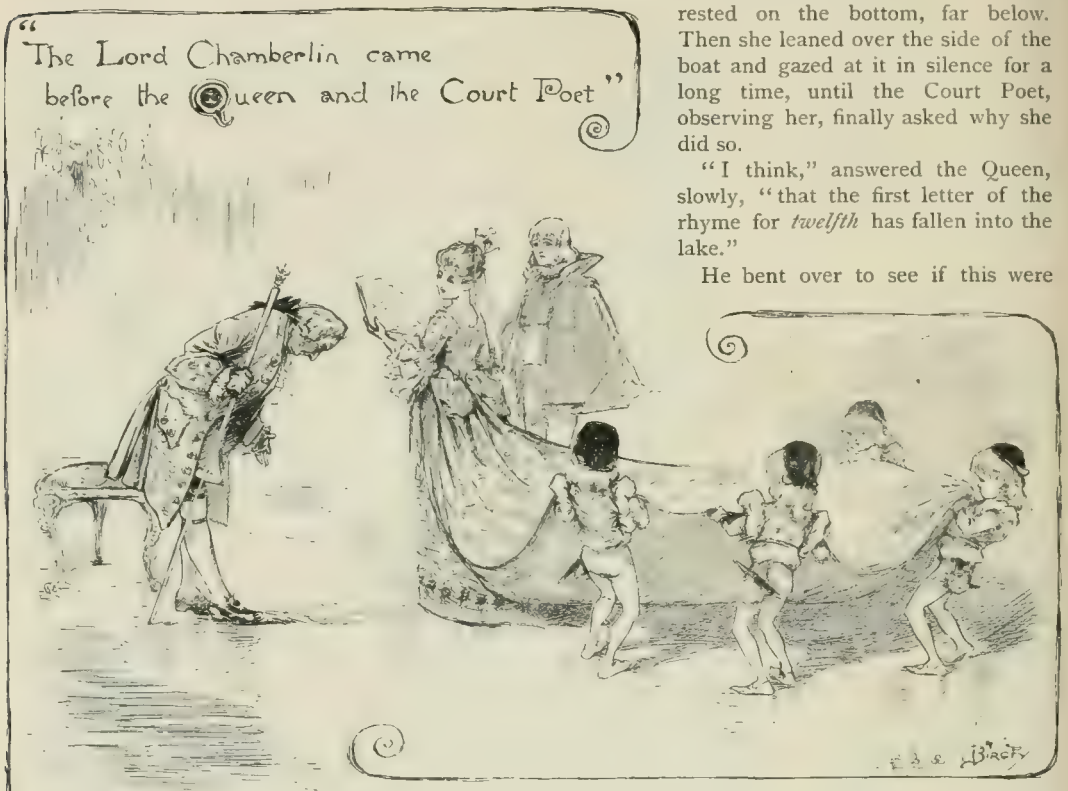


letter should be brought to light. Meantime, she tried, by filling each day with new pleasures, to make the Court Poet's life the most agreeable that could be imagined, and to remove from his heart all desire for a return into his own country.

But, although much gratified by the attentions shown him, he could not forget that his poem was unfinished and the birthday of the little princess was approaching; so, when the Lord Chamberlain had announced for the tenth time that

nothing had been found during the day, he addressed the Queen thus:

"Your Majesty, since your servants are unable to find the letter needed to complete the rhyme for *twelfth*, I am of the opinion that it must certainly have been stolen and carried out of Your Majesty's dominions. Therefore, I pray you, permit me to express my devout gratitude for all Your Majesty's gracious kindnesses,—and now to go away into the world in quest of the missing letter."



At hearing these words, the Queen was very sad, for she could think of no excuse for denying his request, and she perceived he was unwilling to be detained any longer; nevertheless, she besought him to remain one more day, promising that, if the letter were not then found, she would suffer him to depart.

So he staid, and she tried to think of a plan whereby she might forever prevent him from leaving her domains. By and by, she decided how to act, and when the sun began to go down in the western sky, she invited him to take a sail with her on a beautiful lake lying in front of the palace. When they were in the middle of this lake, which was very deep and very clear, she took from her pocket the missing first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* and secretly dropped it into the water, where it immediately sank until it rested on the bottom, far below. Then she leaned over the side of the boat and gazed at it in silence for a long time, until the Court Poet, observing her, finally asked why she did so.

"I think," answered the Queen, slowly, "that the first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* has fallen into the lake."

He bent over to see if this were true, and as he looked down into the water, she seized a pair of scissors which she had concealed and quickly cut the silken cord on which all the other letters were hanging, so that they also fell into the lake and sank to the bottom.

At this accident—for such he thought it—the Court Poet was much dismayed, and wrung his hands with grief.

"What shall I do!" he exclaimed. "Now all are lost. I never can finish my poem without the rhyme for *twelfth*, which an unhappy mischance has now made it impossible for me ever to obtain, and I shall not dare go back to the King, who will be very angry with me, and will doubtless order me to be put to death at once. What shall I do to 'escape my fate!'"

Then the Queen looked at him kindly, and said, in her most gracious tones:

"Do not lament; why need you go back at all? Is not my country as beautiful as yours? Is not my palace as splendid as your King's? Is not my kingdom as grand and large as his? My people

have asked me to choose a husband, but I have never until now cared to make a choice, for I have sworn I will wed none but a poet. But you are a great poet; can you not stay with me and share my possessions?"

It is not every one to whom is made an offer so fine as this. The Court Poet did not hesitate long before accepting it.

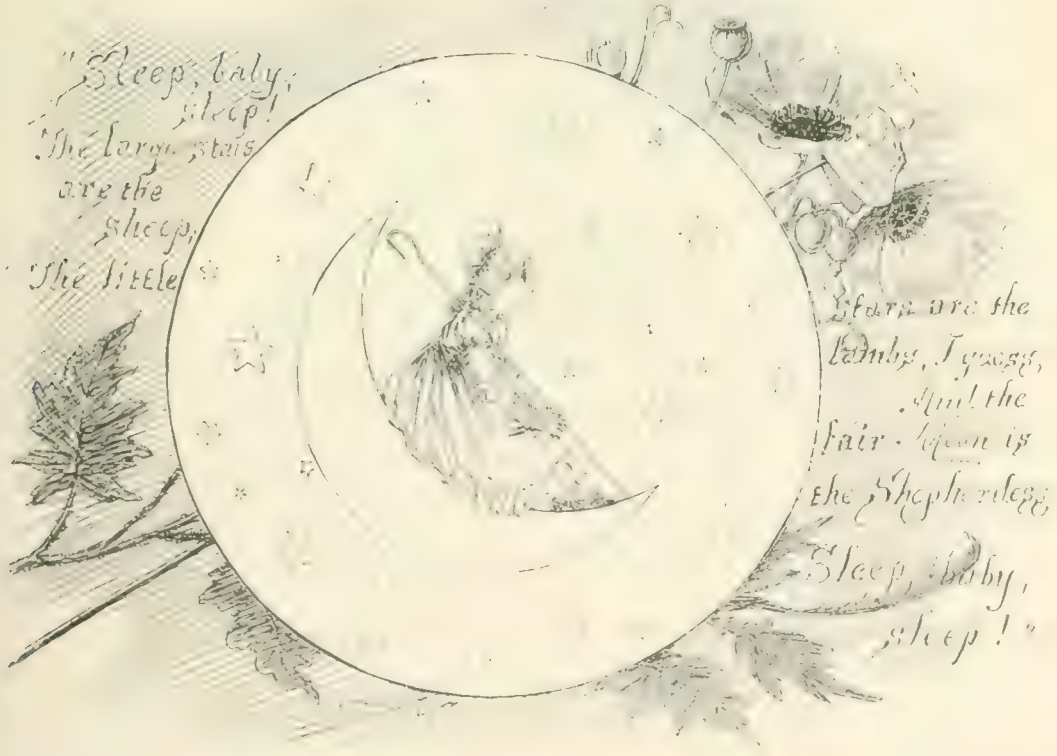
"Madam," he returned, "the honor and the happiness are beyond my deserts; but to me your wishes are commands, and obedience to you is always a pleasure."

So they were married, and the Court Poet became King. He never again tried to write any poetry; the ill success of his first attempt had completely discouraged him, and, besides, he had not time for rhyming, with the affairs of a great kingdom to look after.

As for the birthday of the little princess, it came and went without any poem whatever; for the rhyme for *twelfth* lay out of reach hundreds and hundreds of feet below the surface of the lovely lake, where, if this story be true, it doubtless lies to this day.

A LULLABY.

By Mary A. Lathbury.



CAT'S-CRADLE.



"IT 'S criss-cross high, and it 's criss-cross flat;
Then four straight lines for the pussy cat;
Then criss-cross under; ah, now there 'll be
A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

"Now change again, and it 's flat once more—
A lattice-window! But where 's the door?
Why, change once more, and, holding it so,
We can have a very good door, you know.

"Now over, now under, now pull it tight;
See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right!"
So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet,
As deftly she wrought. "See, now it 's a net!

"But where did you learn cat's-cradle so well?"
She suddenly asked; and he could not tell.
He could not tell, for his heart was sore,
As he gravely said, "I have played it before."

What could the sweet little maiden know
Of beautiful summers long ago?
Of the merry sports, and the games he played,
When "Mamma," herself, was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran
Through the weary brain of the world-worn man?
But she knew, when she kissed him, dear
Grandpa smiled,
And that was enough for the happy child.

TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

First Story—Magnie's Dangerous Ride.

Magnie was consumed with the hunting fever. He had been away to school since he was ten years old, and had never had the chance of doing anything remarkable. While his brother, Olaf, who was a midshipman in the navy, roamed about the world, and had delightful adventures with Turks and Arabs, and all sorts of outlandish peoples, Magnie had to scan Virgil and Horace and torment his soul with algebraic problems. It was not at all the kind of life he had sketched out for himself, and if it had not been his father who had imposed it upon him, he would have broken away from all restraints and gone to Turkey or China, or some place where exciting things happened. In the meanwhile, as he lacked money for such an enterprise, he would content himself with whatever excitement there was in hunting, and as his brothers, Olaf and little Edwin (who was fourteen years old), were also at home for the vacation, there was a prospect of many delightful expeditions by sea and by land. Moreover, their old friend, Grim Hering-Luck, who was their father's right-hand man, had promised to be at their disposal and put them on the track of exciting experiences. They had got each a gun, and had practiced shooting at a mark daily since their return from the city. Magnie, or Magnus Birk as his real name was, had once (though Olaf stoutly maintained that it was mere chance) hit the bull's-eye at a hundred yards, and he was now eager to show his skill on something more valuable than a painted target. It was, therefore, decided that Grim and the boys should go reindeer hunting. They were to be accompanied by the professional hunter, Bjarne Sheepskin.

It was a glorious morning. The rays of the sun shot from the glacier peaks in long radiant shafts down into the valley. The calm mirror of the fiord glittered in the light and fairly dazzled the eye, and the sea-birds drifted in noisy companies about the jutting crags, plunged headlong into the sea, and scattered the spray high into the air. The blue smoke rose perpendicularly from the chimneys of the fishermen's cottages along the beach, and the housewives, still drowsy with sleep, came out, rubbed their eyes and looked toward the sun to judge of the hour. One boat after another was pushed out upon the water, and the ripples in their wakes spread in long diverging lines toward either shore. The fish leaped in the sun, heedless of the gulls which sailed in wide circles under the sky, keeping a sharp lookout for the movements of the finny tribe. The three boys could only stand and gaze in dumb astonishment upon the splendid sights which the combined heavens, earth, and sea afforded. Their father, who was much pleased with their determination and enterprise, had readily given his consent to the reindeer hunt, on condition that Grim should take command and be responsible for their safety. They were now mounted upon three sturdy ponies, while their provisions, guns, and other commodities were packed upon a fourth beast—a shaggy little monster named Bruno, who looked more like a hornless goat than a horse. Bjarne Sheepskin, a long, round-shouldered fellow, with a pair of small, lively eyes, was leading this heavily laden Bruno by the bridle, and the little caravan, being once set in motion, climbed the steep slopes toward the mountains with much persistence and dexterity. The ponies, which had been especially trained for mountain climbing, planted their hoofs upon the slippery rocks with a precision which was wonderful to behold, jumped from stone to stone, slipped, scrambled up and down, but never fell. As they entered the pine forest, where the huge trunks grew in long, dark colonnades, letting in here and there stray patches of sunshine, partridges and ptarmigan often started under the very noses of the horses, and Magnie clamored loudly for his gun, and grew quite angry with Bjarne, who would allow "no fooling with tomtits and chipmunks, when they were in search of big game." Even hares were permitted to go unmolested; and it was not until a fine caper-cailzie* cock tumbled out of the underbrush close to the path, that Bjarne flung his gun to his cheek and fired. The caper-cailzie made a somersault in the air, and the feathers flew about it as it fell. Bjarne picked it up quietly, tied its legs together, and hung it on the pommel of Edwin's saddle. "That will make a dinner for gentlefolks," he said, "if the dairy-maids up on the *sæters* should happen to have nothing in the larder."

Gradually, as they mounted higher, the trees became more stunted in their growth, and the whole character of the vegetation changed. The low dwarf-birch stretched its long, twisted branches along the earth, the silvery-white reindeer-moss clothed in patches the barren ground, and a few shivering alpine plants lifted their pale, pink

* A species of grouse.

flowers out of the general desolation. As they reached the ridge of the lower mountain range, the boys saw before them a scene the magnificence of which nearly took their breath away. Before them lay a wide mountain plain, in the bottom of which two connected lakes lay coldly glittering. Round about, the plain was settled with rude little log-houses, the so-called *saeters*, or mountain dairies, where the Norse peasants spend their brief summers, pasturing their cattle.

They started at a lively trot down the slope toward this highland plain, intending to reach the Hasselrud *saeter*, where they expected to spend the night; for it was already several hours past noon, and there could be no thought of hunting reindeer so late in the day. Judging by appearances, the boys concluded that fifteen or twenty minutes would bring them to the *saeter;* but they rode on for nearly two hours, and always the cottages seemed to recede, and the distance showed no signs of diminishing. They did not know how deceptive all distances are in this wondrously clear mountain air, whose bright transparency is undimmed by the dust and exhalations of the lower regions of the earth. They would scarcely have believed that those huge glacier peaks, which seemed to be looming up above their very heads, were some eight to twelve miles away, and that the eagle which soared above their heads was far beyond the range of their rifles.

It was about five o'clock when they rode in upon the *saeter* green, where the dairy-maids were alternately blowing their horns and yodeling. Their long flaxen braids hung down their backs, and their tight-fitting scarlet bodices and white sleeves gave them a picturesque appearance. The cattle were lowing against the sky, answering the call of the horn. The bells of cows, goats, and sheep were jangled in harmonious confusion; and the noise of the bellowing bulls, the bleating sheep, and the neighing horses was heard from all sides over the wide plain.

The three brothers were received with great cordiality by the maids, and they spent the evening, after the supper was finished, in listening to marvelous stories about the ogres who inhabited the mountains, and the hunting adventures with which Bjarne Sheepskin's life had been crowded, and which he related with a sportsman's usual exaggeration. The beds in one of the *saeter* cottages were given up to the boys, and they slept peacefully until about four o'clock in the morning, when Grim aroused them and told them that everything was ready for their departure. They swallowed their breakfast hastily and started in excited silence across the plateau. Edwin and the horses they left behind in charge of the dairy-maids, but took with them a shepherd dog who had some good blood in him, and had a finer scent than his sedate behavior and the shape of his nose would have led one to suppose.

Light clouds hovered under the sky; the mist lay like a white sheet over the mountain, and drifted in patches across the plain. Bjarne and Grim were carrying the guns, while Olaf led the dog, and Magnus trotted briskly along, stooping every now and then to examine every unfamiliar object that came in his way. The wind blew toward them, so that there was no chance that their scent could betray them, in case there were herds of deer toward the north at the base of the glaciers. They had not walked very far, when Bjarne put his hand to his lips and stooped down to examine the ground. The dog lifted his nose and began to snuff the air, wag his tail, and whine impatiently.

"Hush, Yutul," whispered Bjarne; "down! down, and keep still!"

The dog crouched down obediently and held his peace.

"Here is a fresh track," the hunter went on, pointing to a hardly perceptible depression in the moss. "There has been a large herd here — one buck and at least a dozen cows. Look, here is a stalk that has just been bitten off, and the juice is not dry yet."

"How long do you think it will be before we shall meet them?" asked Magnus, breathlessly. The hunting-fever was throbbing in his veins, and he crawled cautiously among the bowlders with his rifle cocked.

"Could n't tell; may be an hour, may be three. Hand me your field-glass, Lieutenant, and I will see if I can catch sight of 'em. A gray beast is n't easily seen agin the gray stone. It was fer the same reason I wanted ye to wear gray clothes; we don't want to give the game any advantage, fer the sentinels be allers on the lookout fer the herd, and at the least bit of unfamiliar color, they give their warnin' snort, and off starts the flock, scudding away like a drift of mist before the wind."

Crouching down among the lichen-clad rocks, all listened in eager expectation.

"Down!" commanded Bjarne, "and cock rifles! A pair of antlers agin the snow! That 's all. Don't anybody rise so as to show agin the sky. Hallo! it is as I thought — a big herd. One, two, three — five — seven — ten — fourteen! One stunnin' buck, worth his forty dollars, at least. Now follow me slowly. Look out for your guns! You, Grim, keep the dog muzzled."

The boys strained their eyes above the edge of the stones, but could see nothing. Their hearts hammered against their sides, and the blood throbbed in their temples. As far as their eyes

could reach, they saw only the gray waste of bowlders, interrupted here and there by patches of snow or a white glacier-stream, which plunged wildly over a precipice, while a hovering smoke indicated its further progress through the plain. Nevertheless, trusting the experience of their leader, they made no remark, but crept after him, choosing, like him, every available stone for cover. After half an hour of this laborious exercise, Bjarne suddenly stretched himself flat upon the ground, and the others, though seeing no occasion for such a maneuver, promptly followed his example. But the next moment enlightened them. Looming up against the white snow, some sixty or a hundred feet from them, they saw a magnificent pair of antlers, and presently the whole body of a proud animal was distinctly visible against the glacier. In the ravine below, a dozen or more cows with their calves were nibbling the moss between the stones, but with great deliberateness, lifting their heads every minute and snuffing the air suspiciously; they presently climbed up on the hard snow and began a frolic, the like of which the boys had never seen before. The great buck raised himself on his hind-legs, shook his head, and made a leap, kicking the snow about him with great vehemence. Several of the cows took this as an invitation for a general jollification, and they began to frisk about, kicking their heels against the sky and shaking their heads, not with the wanton grace of their chief, but with half-pathetic attempts at imitation. This, Magnus thought, was evidently a reindeer ball; and very sensible they were to have it early in the morning, when they felt gay and frisky, rather than in the night, when they ought to be asleep. What troubled him, however, was that Bjarne did not shoot; he himself did not venture to send a bullet into the big buck, although it seemed to him he had an excellent aim. The slightest turn in the wind would inevitably betray them, and then they would have had all their toil for nothing. He would have liked to suggest this to Bjarne; but in order to do this, he would have to overtake him, and Bjarne was still wriggling himself cautiously forward among the stones, pushing himself on with his elbows, as a seal does with his flippers. In his eagerness to impart his counsel to Bjarne, Magnus began to move more rapidly; raising himself on his knees, he quite inadvertently showed his curly head above a bowlder. The buck lifted his superb head with a snort, and with incredible speed the whole herd galloped away; but in the same moment two bullets whistled after them, and the buck fell flat upon the snow. The cow which had stood nearest to him reared on her hind-legs, made a great leap, and plunged head long down among the stones. With a wild war whoop, the boys jumped up, and Magnus, who had come near ruining the whole sport, seized, in



"PRESENTLY THE WHOLE BODY OF A PROUD ANIMAL WAS DISTINCTLY VISIBLE AGAINST THE GLACIER."

order to make up for his mishap, a long hunting-knife and rushed forward to give the buck the *coup de grace*,* in accordance with the rules of the chase. thing was being done by his companions for his rescue. But he could see nothing except a great expanse of gray and white lines, which ran into



"MAGNIE INSTINCTIVELY SEIZED ONE OF THE REINDEER'S HORNS TO KEEP FROM FALLING."

Bounding forward with reckless disregard of all obstacles, he was the first down on the snow. In one instant he was astride of the animal, and had just raised his knife, when up leaped the buck and tore away along the edge of the snow like a gust of wind. The long-range shot, hitting him in the head, had only stunned him, but had not penetrated the skull. And, what was worse, in his bewilderment at the unexpected maneuver, Magnus dropped his knife, seizing instinctively the horns of the reindeer to keep from falling. Away they went with a terrific, dizzying speed. The frightened boy clung convulsively to the great antlers; if he should fall off, his head would be crushed against the bowlders. The cold glacier-wind whistled in his ears, and stung his face like a multitude of tiny needles. He had to turn his head in order to catch his breath; and he strained his eyes to see if anyeach other and climbed and undulated toward him and sloped away, but seemed associated with no tangible object. He thought, for a moment, that he saw Grim Hering-Luck aiming his gun, but he seemed to be up in the sky, and to be growing huger and huger until he looked more like a fantastic cloud than a man. The thought suddenly struck him that he might be fainting, and it sent a thrill of horror through him. With a vehement effort he mastered his fear and resolved that, whatever happened, he would not give way to weakness. If he was to lose his life, he would, at all events, make a hard fight for it; it was, on the whole, quite a valuable life, he concluded, and he did not mean to sell it cheaply.

Troubling himself little about the direction his steed was taking, he shut his eyes, and began to meditate upon his chances of escape; and after

* The finishing stroke

some minutes, he was forced to admit that they seemed very slim. When the buck should have exhausted his strength, as in the course of time he must, he would leave his rider somewhere in this vast trackless wilderness, where the biting wind swept down from the eternal peaks of ice, where wolves roamed about in great hungry companies, and where, beside them, the reindeer and the ptarmigan were the only living things amid the universal desolation. When he opened his eyes again, Magnus discovered that the buck had overtaken the fleeing herd, which, however, were tearing away madly at his approach, being evidently frightened at the sight and the scent of the unfamiliar rider. The animal was still galloping on, though with a less dizzying rapidity, and Magnus could distinguish the general outline of the objects which seemed to be rushing against him, as if running a race in the opposite direction. The herd were evidently seeking safety in the upper glacier region, where no foot less light and swift than their own could find safety among the terrible ravines and crevasses.

Fully an hour had passed, possibly two, and it seemed vain to attempt to measure the distance which he had passed over in this time. At all events, the region did not present one familiar object, and of Olaf and his companions Magnie saw no trace. The only question was, what chance had they of finding him, if they undertook to search for him as, of course, they would. If he could only leave some sign or mark by which they might know the direction he had taken, their search might perhaps be rewarded with success. He put one hand in his pocket, but could find nothing that he could spare except a red silk handkerchief. That had the advantage of being bright, and would be sure to attract attention. The dog would be likely to detect it or to catch the scent of it. But he must have something heavy to tie up in the handkerchief, or it might blow "all over creation." The only thing he could find was a silver match-box which he had obtained by a trade with Olaf, and which bore the latter's initials. He carefully emptied it, and put the matches (which he foresaw might prove useful) in his vest pocket; then tied up the box securely and dropped it, with the handkerchief, upon a conspicuous rock, where its bright color might appear striking and unnatural.

He was just on the ridge of what proved to be a second and higher mountain plateau, the wild grandeur of which far transcended that of the first. Before him lay a large sheet of water of a cool green tint, and so clear that the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. A river had made its way from the end of this lake and plunged, in a series of short cataracts, down the slope to the lower plain.

It made Magnus shiver with dread to look at this coldly glittering surface, and what was his horror when suddenly his reindeer, in his pursuit of the herd, which were already in the water, rushed in, and began with loud snorts to swim across to the further shore! This was an unforeseen stratagem which extinguished his last hope of rescue; for how could Bjarne track him through the water, and what means would he find of crossing, in case he should guess that the herd had



"HE CLIMBED UP ON THE GREAT ANTLERS, STEADYING HIMSELF CAREFULLY."

played this dangerous trick on him? He began to dread also that the endurance of the buck would be exhausted before he reached dry land again, and that they might both perish miserably in the lake. In this horrible distress, nothing occurred to him

except to whisper the Lord's Prayer; but as his terror increased, his voice grew louder and louder, until he fairly shouted the words, "And deliver us from evil," and the echoes from the vast solitudes repeated first clearly and loudly, then with fainter and fainter accents: "And deliver us from evil—and deliver us from evil." His despairing voice rang strangely under the great empty sky, and rumbled away among the glaciers, which flung it back and forth until it died away in the blue distance. It was as if the vast silent wilderness, startled at the sound of a human voice, were wonderingly repeating the strange and solemn words.

A vague sense of security stole over him when he had finished his prayer. But the chill of the icy water had nearly benumbed his limbs, and he feared that the loss of heat would conquer his will, and make him unconscious before the buck should reach the shore. He felt distinctly his strength ebbing away, and he knew of nothing that he could do to save himself. Then suddenly a daring thought flashed through his brain. With slow and cautious movements he drew his legs out of the water, and, standing for a moment erect on the buck's back, he crawled along his neck and climbed up on the great antlers, steadying himself carefully and clinging with all his might. His only fear was that the animal would shake him off and send him headlong into the icy bath from which he was endeavoring to escape. But, after two futile efforts, during which the boy had held on only by desperate exertion, the buck would probably have resigned himself to his fate, if he had not been in imminent danger of drowning. Magnus was, therefore, much against his will, forced to dip his limbs into the chilly water, and resume his former position. It was a strange spectacle, to see all the horned heads round about sticking out of the water, and Magnus, though he had always had a thirst for adventures, had never expected to find himself in such an incredible situation. Fortunately, they were now approaching the shore, and whatever comfort there was in having *terra firma* under his feet would not be wanting to him. The last minutes were indeed terribly long, and again and again the buck, overcome with fatigue, dipped his nose under the water, only to raise it again with a snort, and shake his head as if impatient to rid himself of his burden. But the boy, with a spark of reviving hope, clung only the more tenaciously to the antlers, and remained unmoved.

At last,—and it seemed a small eternity since he had left his brother and companions,—Magnus saw the herd scramble up on the stony beach, and the buck he rode was soon among the foremost, and, having reached the land, shook his great body and snorted violently.

"Now 's my chance," thought Magnus, "now I can slide off into the snow before he takes to his heels again."

But, odd as it may seem, he had a reluctance to part company with the only living creature (except the wolves) that inhabited this awful desert. There was a vague chance of keeping from freezing to death as long as he clung to the large, warm animal; while, seated alone upon this bleak shore, with his clothes wringing wet, and the cold breath of the glacier sweeping down upon him, he would die slowly and miserably with hunger and cold. He was just contemplating this prospect, seeing himself in spirit lying dead upon the shore of the lake, and picturing to himself the grief of his brother and father, when suddenly his glance was arrested by what seemed a faint column of smoke rising from among the bowlders. The herd of reindeer had evidently made the same discovery, for they paused, in a startled manner, and wheeled about toward the easterly shore, past which a branch of the glacier was pushing downward into the lower fiord-valley.

Magnie, who had by this time made up his mind not to give up his present place except for a better one, strained his eye in the opposite direction, to make sure that he was not deceived; and having satisfied himself that what he saw was really smoke, he determined to leap from his seat at the very first opportunity. But as yet the speed of the buck made such a venture unsafe. With every step, however, the territory was becoming more irregular, and made the progress even of a reindeer difficult.

Magnus drew up his feet, and was about to slide off, having planned to drop with as slight a shock as possible upon a flat moss-grown rock, when, to his utter amazement, he saw a human figure standing at the edge of the glacier, and aiming a rifle, as it appeared, straight at his head. He tried to scream, but terror choked his voice. He could not bring forth a sound. And before even the thought had taken shape in his bewildered brain he saw a flash, and heard the report of a shot which rumbled away with tremendous reverberations among the glaciers. There was a surging sound in his ears, and strange lights danced before his eyes. He thought he must be dead.

(Concluded next month)

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES AND HIS PALACE.

By Olive May Eager.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D'ALESSANDRI BROTHERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.)

All boys and girls who have read recent Italian history are familiar with the name of Victor Emmanuel, who united the various states of Italy into one kingdom. As the Italians had long been hoping and praying for this union, they naturally regarded Victor Emmanuel as the savior of their country, and were much grieved when he died, in 1878. His son Humbert succeeded him on the throne, and he in time will be followed by his only son, the Prince of Naples, this title corresponding in Italy to the title of Prince of Wales in England.

The little Prince bears his grandfather's name, Victor Emmanuel, and was born November 11, 1869, in Naples, probably the most beautiful city of the whole world. Should the Prince marry before he becomes king, he will live in the royal palace of Naples, which is built overlooking the lovely bay, and in full view of Vesuvius, with its

undying volcanic fires and streams of smoke. As I walked through the large palace, passing *suite* after *suite* of elegantly furnished rooms, I thought of the boyish owner, and wondered if he feels very haughty and proud as he gazes upon his possessions. In the center of the superb dining-room stands an ornamental cradle presented at his birth by the city of Naples.

Adjoining one end of the palace is the theater of San Carlo, which has an interesting story. When Charles III. was King of Naples, he issued orders for the most magnificent theater of Europe to be built in the shortest time possible. Angelo Carasale, a Neapolitan architect, offered to complete it in three months, and by great effort and energy actually did so. On the opening night, the King sent for the architect to come to the royal balcony, and there publicly commended his work, adding that only one thing was lacking, and that was a private door and stair-case leading from the palace into the theater for the use of the royal family. The architect bowed low, and retired that the play might begin. When the play was finished, the architect again appeared before the King, saying, "Your Majesty's wish is accomplished," and preceded the astonished monarch to a private entrance in one end of the theater. In the three hours that the acting had engaged the King's attention, the untiring architect had collected his workmen, and by almost superhuman effort had completed his task. He had torn down partitions and laid huge logs of wood for a stairway; but elegant velvet carpets and beautiful curtains concealed the rough floors and defaced walls, while a skillful arrangement of handsome mirrors and chandeliers produced a magical effect, and made the whole seem the work of fairy hands. Afterward, the entrance was properly finished, and last summer I walked from the palace through this private door, and stood in the royal balcony where the King had received the architect nearly one hundred and fifty years before. I trust the Prince of Naples will profit by this monument of energy and perseverance which he has continually before him in his own palace.

The young Prince spends his winters in Rome, and may be often seen driving on the Corso, the main street of the city. Were it not for the bright scarlet livery of the coachmen, a stranger would not notice particularly the neatly and quietly dressed boy, driving with a middle-aged gentleman. But the Romans all know and love the boyish face, raising their hats politely as the carriage passes, while the *principino* (little prince), as they call him, gracefully bows in acknowledgment of their courtesy. He is a fine, manly little fellow, and is being trained with the care and attention that his rank deserves. He has the best masters that it is possible to procure, and they instruct him in various branches of study.

At rare intervals he is seen driving with his mother, the beautiful and beloved Queen Margaret; but he is usually accompanied by his private tutor, a cultured and educated man, whose chief thought is to interest his young charge and improve his mind. They often drive by in earnest conversation, the Prince evidently asking questions about something he has seen in passing, and the tutor giving him all the information in his power. I am sure this gentleman is fully sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, for upon him more than any other man depends the character of the next king of Italy, who will have grave matters to decide and momentous questions to settle. Judging from his face, I feel equally sure that the *principino* himself thinks seriously of the importance of improving the present, in order that he may know how to rule his people with judgment and wisdom.

I give the following incident as it was related to me by the personal friend of an English peeress who was in the habit of attending the court receptions. She was at a private reception of the Queen, when the *principino* came into the room and gave her a kiss of greeting. His mother told him it was rude not to ask permission to kiss a lady. The boy replied archly, "Ah, Mother, *English* ladies like to be kissed."

I conclude this short sketch with two items that may interest you. The Prince of Naples speaks the English language very well, and is also a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE BIRDS AT MONKSTOWN CASTLE.

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.



MONKSTOWN CASTLE, IRELAND. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. JENKINS & SON.)

I know a ruin on a hill -
  Like other ruins it may be,
It must be tired of standing still
  And always looking at the sea.

So old that I am young by it,
  It tells me tales of monk and knight -
Tales that no chronicler hath writ,
  Just as my great-grandmother might.

It likes to talk of silken train,
  Of jeweled sword and plumèd head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
  Has beaten down its courtly dead.

It told me, with a gracious air,
  About Elizabeth's best gown;
But when I spoke of her red hair
  And painted nose, I saw it frown!

It has invited me to sit
  Till after dark. But then it 's clear—
Somehow—oh, I don't care a whit
  For Things you can not see nor hear.

But, children, though this ruin might
  Not be the place to sleep, you see,
At morning it 's the prettiest sight
  In all this pretty world to me.

For when, like one that 's slept too long,
  The sudden sun before me springs,
Ivy and stone break into song
  And hall and battlement take wings!

The lords of earth lie still down there;
  They have their night who had their day.
See, in their place the lords of air
  Make merry with their honors gray;

From mullioned windows they peep out,
In families or in lover-pairs;
On the high walls they walk about
And chatter of their sweet affairs.

Sir Something, gone from grave-yard fame,
God rest you under flower and dew!
The wind has blown away your name,
But, in my heart, I reverence you.

Oh, you were good to build (too good
For me to set your praise to words)
So brave a castle by the wood
To be the happy home of birds!



By Tudor Jenks.

A lazy magician, tired of work, left Damascus and went into a sandy desert, seeking quiet and solitude. Finding a lonely place, he filled his pipe, and, after smoking it out, fell fast asleep.

An indolent wizard, looking for rest, came riding across the desert upon a magic camel, which he had made out of an old rug that morning, and, not seeing the sleeping magician, ran over him.

Now, magical creations can not touch magicians without vanishing. So the wizard's camel vanished, the wizard fell plump down on top of the magician, and the baggage which the camel carried was scattered on the sand.

The wizard was the first to collect his senses, and asked, in a fierce voice: "Where is my camel?"

The magician replied, with some anger: "Don't you think you 'd better ask some one who was awake while your camel was getting away?"

"You are the only man I have met in this desert," replied the wizard.

"Perhaps," resumed the magician, "your camel may have climbed one of the trees with which you see the desert is covered; if you think I 've got him, you can search me."

"I made that camel only this morning," said the wizard, complainingly.

"You are then a magician?" asked the other.

"No; I 'm only a wizard," replied the first.

"Well, *I 'm* a magician, and I should think you would know better than to drive your camel up against me."

"It was careless, I admit," replied the wizard. "But let that go; I can make another. I hope I did n't hurt you?"

"Oh! not at all; I was lying down there on purpose; that is why I came to the desert, where there are so many passing," remarked the magician, rubbing his side.

"I can not regret an accident which brings me so agreeable a companion," replied the wizard, with a low bow.

"I 'm sorry to have lost my temper," said the magician, more good naturedly; "but, since I came to this desert looking for quiet and solitude, I was *not* glad to see you."

"I, also, was sorry to meet any one, even yourself, for I was equally anxious to be alone," rejoined the wizard, frankly.

"Well," said the magician, thoughtfully, "since you are a wizard and I a magician, and each of us wishes solitude, the matter is easily remedied. Nothing is easier than to put twenty leagues between us. I have only to wish it."

"Allow me," asked the wizard, politely, "to join you in the wish."

"Certainly," said the magician; "we can save our feelings by making the parting mutual. We will wish together."

"Agreed," said the wizard, eagerly. "Are you ready?"

"Quite!" returned the magician, delighted.

So they raised their wands, shook hands, and said together: "I wish myself twenty leagues away!"

They were powerful enchanters, and the wish was at once accomplished. In an instant they stood together in a place twenty leagues away.

"I am afraid," said the magician, after a moment's silence,—"I am afraid that this can not be called a success. We have traveled some distance, but solitude seems as far off as ever. Perhaps we forgot to take it with us. We must wish again; this time, each for himself!" The wizard agreed that this was the best plan. So, saying, "Excuse my back," he turned from the magician and wished himself back again where he was at first. Instantly he was there, among his pieces of baggage.

"Ah," said he, smiling, "it was not a bad adventure, but I am glad to be alone again!"

"Ahem!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "I beg pardon, I 'm sure; but I fear there has been another mistake. I am sorry to see we both happened to find this spot so attractive!"

The wizard turned and saw the magician standing behind him, looking very foolish.

"So you 're there, are you? Well, it was a natural mistake! We must have no mistake this time. I 'll give the word, and let us each wish ourselves forty leagues away in opposite directions — you to the east, I to the west."

The word was given, the wands waved, and, presto! — nothing at all! Each stood where he was before, for each expected the other to wish himself away.

"It seems to me," said the wizard, after a slight pause, "that it is hardly fair to expect me to leave all my baggage lying around here on the sand!"

"But I was here first," said the magician.

"Yes, to sleep. It strikes me as rather a spacious bedroom!"

"I like a large bedroom," replied the magician. "But we wander from the subject. It is, of course, useless for us to wish again. We have had our three chances, and must now make the best of it. Sit down and have a smoke."

In a moment they were puffing out blue clouds of smoke, sitting cross-legged opposite each other.

"May I ask," said the wizard, presently, "how long you have been practicing your profession?"

"Only since Merlin's time — say about a thousand years. I was a pupil of Merlin, and a very good teacher he was."

"Indeed!" said the wizard, with more respect; "that is a long time. I can not claim more than five centuries. I am but a beginner beside you."

"By hard work you might have learned much in that time."

"I fear I have been lazy," said the wizard, regretfully.

"Perhaps being, as Shakespeare will soon say, 'an older soldier, not a better,' I might be able to give you a useful hint or two. We have still some daylight before us. Suppose we have a lesson?"

"I fear I will only bore you," said the wizard, rather nettled by the patronage of the other.

"I have nothing else to do, and should enjoy teaching so promising a pupil," said the magician, rather pompously.

This was a little too much, for the wizard had graduated with the degree of F. W. (Full Wizard) some three centuries before. He attempted to make excuses, saying: "I am really out of practice; my wand is dusty from disuse."

"Oh, bother your excuses! I can see your true rank at once. Go ahead!" said the magician.

Not seeing how to refuse without being rude, the wizard, after a minute's hesitation, rose and, walking a little apart, drew a circle in the sand. Standing here, he waved his wand slowly in the air and repeated a mystic incantation. The magician, who had only received the degree of P. M. (Passable Magician) when *he* graduated, looked on very critically.

At the most impressive part of the charm, the wizard suddenly and violently sneezed, in spite of all he could do. Much ashamed, he turned to excuse himself.

"Oh, that 's nothing," said the magician, with a condescending smile. "It is a little awkwardness natural to a beginner. No more than I expected! Throwing your arms about creates a draft — makes you chilly; you sneeze, naturally enough. Go on; we wont count this time."

The wizard was much vexed, but kept his temper and resumed the charm. Soon, a mist poured from the tip of his wand, like the smoke from a cigar, and formed a cloud above his head, which slowly revolved and wound itself up into a ball until, as the chant ended, an enormous figure appeared. The wizard turned proudly to the magician, who said nothing. At length the wizard,

seeing no sign of movement in his rival, asked confidently: "How 's that?"

"Well," said the other, crossing his legs as he filled his pipe, "it is n't bad — not *very* bad. It

The magician smiled, and rising, took a handful of dust and threw it over the wizard's head.

"When are you to begin?" asked the wizard.

"Look around," said the magician.



THE INDOLENT WIZARD ON THE MAGIC CAMEL MEETS THE LAZY MAGICIAN IN THE DESERT.

is really fair work, of a certain kind. But it is n't the way *I* was taught. However, I 'm afraid of hurting your feelings."

"Not at all," said the wizard. "I am delighted to be criticised. Speak freely, I beg!"

The old magician, with a bland smile and half-shut eyes, went on: "Well, it seems to me too long — much too long. If you were in a hurry, — suppose a rhinoceros was stamping his feet on your door-mat, — you would n't have time to do all that. That cloud is no use — it only spoils the effect; it is out of style. And your spirit looks rather stupid and under-bred — an ugly wretch!"

A terrific howl was heard as the spirit dashed down upon the magician, seeking to tear him to pieces. The magician gently raised his wand, and the spirit melted as snow does into the ocean, and the magician went on quietly: "That shows you what a fool he is — no discretion and no stamina."

The wizard was rather cast down and said sullenly: "Perhaps you will show me how you would do it?"

The wizard turned and saw a little winged figure, looking like a fairy.

"That is *my* spirit," said the magician.

"It 's too small to be of any use," remarked the wizard, scornfully.

"I think you will find it quite large enough for all practical purposes."

"Why, *my* spirit," said the wizard, "could roll yours up like a dry leaf and put it in his pocket!"

"Well," said the magician, good naturedly, "I have no objection to that; let him try."

The wizard pronounced the incantation and summoned his spirit.

"Ahab," cried the wizard, calling the spirit by name, "fetch me that small imp!"

"Master, I obey!" shouted the spirit in a voice of thunder, and then suddenly dashed down upon the little fairy.

If the fairy had remained still it might have been hurt; but, just as Ahab came rushing down, the fairy darted away like a humming-bird, too quick for the eye to see the motion. Ahab made a clutch, but caught nothing but sand. Again he tried, but

with no better success. A third and fourth trial so exhausted the huge monster that he sat down upon the sand completely tired out.

The wizard danced around in a perfect rage: and when Ahab gave it up, raising his wand he waved it thrice, and commanded the fairy to stand still. The fairy bowed, and stood quiet.

"Now, Ahab," said the wizard, triumphantly, "bring her to me!"

Ahab arose, and walking heavily to the fairy, took her by the arm. The arm came off in his grasp; but Ahab, not noticing this, brought it to the wizard.

"You dunce!" commenced the wizard; but the absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he laughed, saying: "Well, bring me the rest of her!"

On the next trip, Ahab brought the head.

"Very good," said the wizard; "perseverance will bring her. Go on."

In a few more journeys the pieces of the fairy lay at the wizard's feet.

"There!" said the wizard, in triumph, "I think that ends *your* spirit!"

"Not at all," said the magician, pointing his wand at the heap of arms, wings, body, and head. In an instant the pieces flew together, and the fairy stood before them as well as ever.

"Come now," said the wizard, angrily, "that 's not fair!"

"You had to help your spirit, why should n't I help mine?"

"I only kept your spirit still!"

"I only put mine together!"

The wizard had to admit the justice of the magician's claim; but, completely losing his temper, he said angrily: "I don't believe you are any sort of a magician, with all your airs! You may have a friend among the fairies, but I 'd like to see what you can do by yourself; send your spirit away, and we 'll see who is the better man!"

The spirits were dismissed, and the magician, never losing his temper, said with a smile: "I can't afford to show my magic for nothing! If you will insist on seeing what I can do in the way of real old Egyptian magic, I will show you, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That he who shows the best magic shall take the wand and power of the other. Do you agree?"

The wizard, although startled, was too angry to be prudent, and replied boldly: "I agree!"

"Let us lose no time, then," said the magician, with a crafty smile. "Are you ready?"



THE WIZARD RAISES AHAB

"Quite ready," said the wizard.

"Find that, then!" and, as he spoke, the magician threw his wand high into the air. An immense bird, that was flying overhead, clutched the wand, and flew off with lightning speed.

"A baby's trick!" said the wizard, laughing. "I learned that with the alphabet. The idea of playing magical hide-and-seek with me!" and breaking his wand into nine short pieces, he stuck them up in the sand, forming a circle around him. Out from each suddenly sprang a wire and stretched itself along above the sand, like a serpent, only a thousand times faster; and down from this wire fell poles and stuck up in the sand. In the middle of the ring of sticks sat the wizard, with a telegraph instrument, ticking away for dear life. In a moment he stopped and listened. An answering tick was soon heard; and the wizard, smiling, said: "We shall have a dispatch very soon! Wonderful thing, the telegraph—wonderful!"

A speck was seen in the distance coming quickly toward them. It soon resolved itself into a small boy, running as fast as he could.

"Well, my boy?" said the wizard, rubbing his hands, as the messenger arrived.

"Please, sir, here 's a package and a letter for you, sir," replied the boy, puffing a little from his run. "Please sign my receipt."

"Certainly, certainly," said the wizard, scarcely hearing what was said; and handing the package to the magician, he opened his letter. It read as follows:

"BORNEO, July 12th

"Your message received. Inclosed find wand as requested. Had to shoot bird. Sorry. Will have it stuffed.

"Yours, AHAB."

The magician opened the package, and there was the wand.

"You are a little behind the age," said the wizard. "I should think you would know better than to race with electricity!"

"You really did it very well, very well, indeed," said the magician, a little vexed; "but, as you say, it was a baby's trick; I was foolish to try it."

"Well," said the wizard, "let us not waste any more time. Do your very best this time, and let us get through with it!"

"Please, sir," said the telegraph messenger, "sign my receipt; I 'm in a hurry."

"Get out! I can't bother with you now!" said the wizard, impatiently. "The idea," he went on, to the magician, "of stopping me now for such a trifle as signing a receipt!"

The boy laughed softly to himself, but no one noticed him, so he stood and watched what was going on.

Meanwhile, the magician was thinking over his very best tricks. At last he said, solemnly: "This time I 'll show you something worth seeing!"

Then he wiped his wand in the skirt of his robe, and pronounced a long incantation, while the wizard pretended to be very tired of it. As the incantation proceeded, a crystal ball formed itself out of the air and floated before them.

"What 's that for?" asked the boy, apparently much interested. "That 's the biggest marble I ever saw!"

"That," said the magician with great impressiveness, not noticing who spoke, "is the magician-tester. Merlin invented it for the express purpose of putting down conceited magicians. Such is its peculiar construction that only the greatest and most powerful magician can get inside of it."

"Get into that marble!" said the boy. "I don't see what for."

"Probably not," said the magician, much amused.

"Now see here, Johnny," said the wizard, impatiently, "don't you think you 'd better run home?"

"I must have my receipt signed," said the boy, positively; "besides, it 's fun to see this game."

"Never mind him," said the magician. "Now, what I propose is this: You and I stand about twenty paces from the tester; then let the boy count three (for, while you pay for his time, we may as well use him). Whoever first appears in the tester shall be the winner."

"Am I in this?" asked the boy, much delighted.

"Certainly," said the magician, smiling graciously.

"Let 's see if I know the game," said the boy, eagerly. "You two fellows stand a little way off, then I count three, and you two cut as fast as you can for the marble; and then whoever of us three gets into it first wins?"

The magician was much amused to see that the boy included himself in the "game," and replied: "Well, yes; that 's the game. There can be no harm in your trying."

"What 's the use of talking nonsense to the boy?" asked the wizard.

"Oh, it amuses him and does n't hurt us," replied the magician, good naturedly.

"Get your places!" called the boy, who seemed to enjoy the game very much.

They retired in opposite directions, while the boy also went back some distance.

"All ready?" cried the magician.

"Hold on," said the boy, suddenly; "I 'm not half so big as you two — I ought to have a start!"

The wizard was much provoked at the delay, but the magician said, laughing: "All right, my boy; take any start you like, but hurry."

The boy took a few steps, carefully compared the distances, and took a step or two more. He seemed very much excited.

"Is that about right?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; do hurry up!" said the wizard.

"Are you ready?" said the boy.

"Yes!" they replied.

"One—two—three!" shouted the boy, and off he went as fast as his short legs could carry him. The wizard and magician, starting at the same instant, ran with very great speed, and reached the tester on opposite sides at about the same time. Both did their best to get inside; but it was no use. Each turned away, thinking himself defeated. In turning from the tester, they met.



"BOTH DID THEIR BEST TO GET INSIDE"

"Hallo!" cried the magician, "I thought you were inside the tester!"

"And I thought you were!" said the wizard, equally surprised.

"Well, what means this?" asked the magician.

"I can't tell," replied the wizard; "I did n't make the tester; there must have been some mistake."

"Oh, no; it 's all right," said the magician; "we must try again. Where 's the boy?"

"Here I am!" said the boy's voice.

"Where?" they asked, not able to see him.

"In the marble!" said the boy. "I 've won!"

There was no mistake. They could both see him, coiled up in the tester and grinning with delight.

"This is too ridiculous!" said the magician. "Come out of that, you little monkey!"

"I sha n't," said the boy, clapping his hands with glee. "I 've won, and I 'm to have the prize!"

"You sha'n't have anything but a good thrashing!" said the wizard, and catching up his wand he rushed toward the tester.

But at that moment, a crack was heard. The tester broke like a bubble, and forth from it came the majestic figure of the enchanter Merlin.



THE MAGICIAN AND THE WIZARD GO HOME

The wizard and magician fell upon their knees.

"It is Merlin!" they cried.

"Yes," replied the enchanter, gravely, "it is Merlin. When a wizard and magician spend their mighty powers in juggling tricks fit only to amuse fools, those powers must be taken from them. You have made the agreement and must abide by it. Drop your wands!"

The wands fell upon the sand.

"Go home, and work!"

They went home and worked, and neither of them married a princess or lived happily ever after.

Merlin laughed softly to himself, and remarking, "There 's a couple of dunces!" changed himself back into a messenger-boy, signed his receipt himself, and walked away over the desert. Soon he disappeared over the horizon, and all was still.



THEY put me in the great spare bed, and there they bade me sleep:
I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even peep!
Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;
I repeated that Fifth Reader piece — a poem called "Repose,"
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze —
When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft, strong bound —
'T was Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.
'T was nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,
And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.

"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;
'T was daylight — Brother Bob was up! and oh, that splendid stocking!



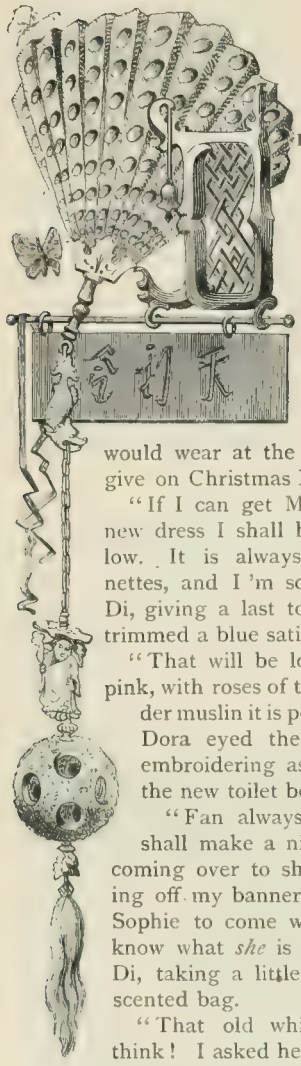
"A Miss is as good as a mile" I think
When pretty Kitty Lee
Leaning upon the well's soft brink
Lingers to talk with me
And mother wonders why I don't
Get home in time for tea.



SOPHIE'S SECRET—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Begun on page 25 of the November number.)

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



PART III.

DECEMBER snow was falling fast and the wintry wind whistled through the streets, but it was warm and cozy in the luxurious parlor where Di and Do were sitting making Christmas presents, and planning what they would wear at the party Fanny was to give on Christmas Eve.

"If I can get Mamma to buy me a new dress I shall have something yellow. It is always becoming to brunettes, and I 'm so tired of red," said Di, giving a last touch to the lace that trimmed a blue satin *sachet* for Fanny.

"That will be lovely. I shall have pink, with roses of the same color. Under muslin it is perfectly sweet." And Dora eyed the sunflower she was embroidering as if she already saw the new toilet before her.

"Fan always wears blue, so we shall make a nice contrast. She is coming over to show me about finishing off my banner-screen, and I asked Sophie to come with her. I want to know what *she* is going to wear," said Di, taking a little sniff at the violet-scented bag.

"That old white cashmere. Just think! I asked her why she did n't get a new one, and she laughed and said she could n't afford it. Fan told me Sophie's father sent her a hundred dollars not long ago, yet she has n't got a thing that we know of. I do think she 's mean."

"She bought a great bundle of books. I was there when the parcel came, and I peeped while she was out of the room, because she put it away in a great hurry. I 'm afraid she *is* mean, for she never buys a bit of candy, and she wears shabby boots and gloves, and she has made over her old hat instead of having that lovely one with the pheasant's breast in it."

"She 's very queer; but I can't help liking her, she 's so pretty and bright and obliging. I 'd give anything if I could speak three languages and play as she does."

"So would I. It seems so elegant to be able to talk to foreigners. Papa had some Frenchmen to dinner the other day, and they were so pleased to find they need n't speak English to Sophie. I could n't get on at all, and I was so mortified when Papa said all the money he had spent on my languages was thrown away."

"I would n't mind. It 's so much easier to learn those things abroad, she would be a goose if she did n't speak French better than we do. There 's Fan! she looks as if something had happened. I hope no one is ill and the party spoilt."

As Dora spoke, both girls looked out to see Fanny shaking the snow from her seal-skin sack on the doorstep; then Do hastened to meet her, while Di hid the *sachet* and was hard at work on an old-gold sofa cushion when the new-comer entered.

"What 's the matter? Where 's Sophie?" exclaimed the girls together as Fan threw off her wraps and sat down with a tragic sigh.

"She will be along in a few minutes. I 'm disappointed in her! I would n't have believed it if I had n't seen them. Promise not to breathe a word to a living soul and I 'll tell you something dreadful," began Fanny, in a tone that caused her friends to drop their work and draw their chairs nearer as they solemnly vowed eternal silence.

"I've seen Sophie's Christmas presents—all but mine, and they are just nothing at all! She has n't bought a thing, not even ribbons, lace, or silk to make up prettily as we do. Only a painted shell for one, an acorn emery for another, her ivory fan with a new tassel for a third, and I suspect one of those nice handkerchiefs embroidered by the nuns for me, or her silver filigree necklace. I saw the box in the drawer with the other things. She 's knit woolen cuffs and tippets for the children, and got some eight-cent calico gowns for the servants. I don't know how people do things in Switzerland, but I do know that if *I* had a hundred dollars in my pocket, I would be more generous than that!"

As Fanny paused, out of breath, Di and Do groaned in sympathy, for this was indeed a sad state of things; because the girls had a code that Christmas being the season for gifts, extravagance would be forgiven then as at no other time.

"I have a lovely smelling-bottle for her, but I've a great mind not to give it now," cried Di, feeling defrauded of the bracelet she had plainly hinted she would like.

"I shall heap coals of fire on her head by giving her *that*," and Dora displayed a very useless but very pretty apron of muslin lace and carnation ribbon.

"It is n't the worth of the things; I don't care for that so much as I do for being disappointed in her, and I have been lately in more ways than one," said Fanny, listlessly taking up the screen she was to finish. "She used to tell me everything, and now she does n't. I 'm sure she has some sort of a secret, and I do think *I* ought to know it. I found her smiling over a letter one day, and she whisked it into her pocket and never said a word about it. I always stood by her and I do feel hurt."

"I should think you might! It 's real naughty of her, and I shall tell her so! Perhaps she 'll confide in you then, and you can just give *me* a hint; I always liked Sophie, and never thought of not giving *my* present," said Dora, persuasively, for both girls were now dying with curiosity to know the secret.

"I 'll have it out of her, without any dodging or bribing. I 'm not afraid of any one, and I shall ask her straight out, no matter how much she scowls at me," said dauntless Di, with a threatening nod.

"There she is! Let us see you do it now!" cried Fanny, as the bell rang, and a clear voice was heard a moment later asking if Mademoiselle was in.

"You shall!" and Di looked ready for any audacity.

"I 'll wager a box of candy that you don't find out a thing," whispered Do.

"Done!" answered Di, and then turned to meet Sophie, who came in looking as fresh as an Alpine rose with the wintry wind.

"You dear thing! we were just talking of you. Sit here and get warm, and let us show you our gifts. We are almost done, but it seems as if it got to be a harder job each Christmas. Don't you find it so?"

"But no; I think it the most charming work of all the year," answered Sophie, greeting her friend, and putting her well-worn boots toward the fire to dry.

"Perhaps you don't make as much of Christmas as we do, or give such expensive presents. That would make a great difference, you know," said Di, as she lifted a cloth from the table where her own generous store of gifts was set forth.

"I had a piano last year, a set of jewels, and many pretty trifles from all at home. Here is one;" and pulling the fine gold chain hidden under her frills, Sophie showed a locket set thick with pearls, containing a picture of her mother.

"It must be so nice to be rich, and able to make such fine presents. I 've got something for you, but I shall be ashamed of it after I see your gift to me, I 'm afraid."

Fan and Dora were working as if their bread depended on it, while Di, with a naughty twinkle in her eye, affected to be re-arranging her pretty table as she talked.

"Do not fear that; my gifts this year are very simple ones. I did not know your custom, and now it is too late. My comfort is, that you need nothing, and, having so much, you will not care for my — what you call — coming short."

Was it the fire that made Sophie's face look so hot, and a cold that gave a husky sort of tone to her usually clear voice? A curious expression came into her face as her eyes roved from the table to the gay trifles in her friend's hands, and she opened her lips as if to add something impulsively. But nothing came, and for a moment she looked straight out at the storm as if she had forgotten where she was.

"'Short-coming' is the proper way to speak it. But never mind that, and tell me why you say 'too late'?" asked Di, bent on winning her wager.

"Christmas comes in three days, and I have no time," began Sophie.

"But with money, one can buy plenty of lovely things in one day," said Di.

"No, it is better to put a little love and hard work into what we give to friends. I have done that with my trifles, and another year I shall be more ready."

There was an uncomfortable pause, for Sophie did not speak with her usual frankness, but looked both proud and ashamed, and seemed anxious to change the subject, as she began to admire Dora's work, which had made very little progress during the last fifteen minutes.

Fanny glanced at Di with a smile that made the other toss her head and return to the charge with renewed vigor.

"Sophie, will you do me a favor?"

"With much pleasure."

"Fan has promised me a whole box of French bonbons, and if you will answer three questions you shall have it."

"*Allons*," said Sophie, smiling.

"Have n't you a secret?" asked Di, gravely.

"Yes."

"Will you tell us?"

"No."

Di paused before she asked her last question,

and Fan and Dora waited breathlessly, while Sophie knit her brows and looked uneasy.

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish to tell it."

"Will you tell if we guess?"

"Try."

"You are engaged."

At this absurd suggestion Sophie laughed gayly, and shook her curly head.

"Do you think we are betrothed at sixteen in my country?"

"I *know* that is an engagement-ring: you made so dramatically that the girls were a little startled, yet charmed at this discovery.

"Have you his picture?" asked Di, feeling that she had won her wager now.

"Yes," and pulling out the locket again, Sophie showed in the other side the face of a fine old gentleman who looked very like herself.

"It 's your father!" exclaimed Fanny, rolling her blue eyes excitedly. "You are a humbug!" cried Dora. "Then you fibbed about the ring," said Di, crossly.

"Never! It is Mamma's betrothal ring, but her



"'HAVE N'T YOU A SECRET, SOPHIE?'" ASKED DI, GRAVELY.

such a time about it when you lost it in the water, and cried for joy when Tilly dived and found it."

"Ah, yes, I was truly glad. Dear Tilly, never do I forget that kindness!" and Sophie kissed the little pearl ring in her impulsive way, while her eyes sparkled and the frown vanished.

"I *know* a sweetheart gave it," insisted Di, sure now she had found a clew to the secret.

"He did," and Sophie hung her head in a sentimental way that made the three girls crowd nearer with faces full of interest.

"Do tell us all about it, dear. It 's *so* interesting to hear love stories. What is his name?" cried Dora.

"Hermann," simpered Sophie, drooping still more, while her lips trembled with suppressed emotion of some sort.

"How lovely!" sighed Fanny, who was very romantic.

"Tell on, do! Is he handsome?"

"To me the finest man in all the world," confessed Sophie as she hid her face.

"And you love him?"

"I adore him!" and Sophie clasped her hands

finger grew too plump, and when I left home she gave the ring to me as a charm to keep me safe. Ah, ha! I have my little joke as well as you, and the laugh is for me this time." And falling back among the sofa cushions, Sophie enjoyed it as only a gay girl could. Do and Fanny joined her, but Di was much disgusted, and vowed she *would* discover the secret and keep all the bonbons to herself.

"You are most welcome, but I will not tell until I like, and then to Fanny first. She will not have ridicule for what I do, but say it is well, and be glad with me. Come now and work. I will plait these ribbons, or paint a wild rose on this pretty fan. It is too plain now. Will you that I do it, dear Di?"

The kind tone and the prospect of such an ornament to her gift appeased Di somewhat, but the mirthful malice in Sophie's eyes made the other more than ever determined to be even with her by and by.

Christmas Eve came and found Di still in the dark, which fact nettled her sadly, for Sophie tormented her and amused the other girls by pretended confidences and dark hints at the mystery which might never, never be disclosed.

Fan had determined to have an unusually jolly party, so she invited only her chosen friends, and opened the festivities with a Christmas-tree as the prettiest way of exchanging gifts and providing jokes for the evening in the shape of delusive bottles, animals full of candy, and every sort of musical instrument to be used in an impromptu concert afterward. The presents to one another were done up in secure parcels, so that they might burst upon the public eye in all their freshness. Di was very curious to know what Fan was going to give her, for Fanny was a generous creature and loved to give. Di was a little jealous of her love for Sophie, and could n't rest till she discovered which was to get the finer gift.

So she went early and slipped into the room where the tree stood, to peep and pick a bit as well as to hang up a few trifles of her own. She guessed several things by feeling the parcels; but one excited her curiosity intensely, and she could not resist turning it about and pulling up one corner of the lid. It was a flat box, prettily ornamented with sea-weeds like red lace, and tied with scarlet ribbons. A tantalizing glimpse of jeweler's cotton, gold clasps, and something rose-colored conquered Di's last scruples, and she was just about to untie the ribbons when she heard Fanny's voice, and had only time to replace the box, pick up a paper that had fallen out of it, and fly up the back-stairs to the dressing-room, where she found Sophie and Dora surveying one another as girls always do before they go down.

"You look like a daisy," cried Di, admiring Dora with great interest because she felt ashamed of her prying and the stolen note in her pocket.

"And you like a dandelion," returned Do, falling back a step to get a good view of Di's gold-colored dress and black velvet bows.

"Sophie is a lily of the valley, all in green and white," added Fanny, coming in with her own blue skirts waving in the breeze.

"It does me very well. Little girls do not need grand toilets, and I am fine enough for a 'peasant,'" laughed Sophie, as she settled the fresh ribbons on her simple white cashmere and the holly wreath in her brown hair, but secretly longing for the fine dress she might have had.

"Why did n't you wear your silver necklace? It would be lovely on your pretty neck," said Di, longing to know if she had given the trinket away.

But Sophie was not to be caught, and said, with a contented smile: "I do not care for ornaments, unless some one I love gives me them. I had red roses for my *bouquet de corsage;* but the poor Madame Page was so *triste*, I left them on her table to remember her of me. It seemed so heartless to go and dance while she had only pain, but she wished it."

"Dear little Sophie, how good you are!" and warm-hearted Fan kissed the blooming face that needed no roses to make it sweet and gay.

Half an hour later, twenty girls and boys were dancing round the brilliant tree. Then its boughs were stripped. Every one seemed contented; even Sophie's little gifts gave pleasure, because with each went a merry or affectionate verse, which made great fun on being read aloud. She was quite loaded with pretty things, and had no words to express her gratitude and pleasure.

"Ah, you are all so good to me! and I have nothing beautiful for you. I receive much and give little, but I can not help it! Wait a little and I will redeem myself," she said to Fanny, with eyes full of tears and a lap heaped with gay and useful things.

"Never mind that now, but look at this, for here 's still another offering of friendship, and a very charming one, to judge by the outside," answered Fan, bringing the white box with the sea-weed ornaments.

Sophie opened it, and cries of admiration followed, for lying on the soft cotton was a lovely set of coral. Rosy pink branches, highly polished, and fastened with gold clasps, formed necklace, bracelets, and a spray for the bosom. No note or card appeared, and the girls crowded round to admire and wonder who could have sent so valuable a gift.

"Can't you guess, Sophie?" cried Dora, longing to own the pretty things.

"I should believe I knew, but it is too costly. How came the parcel, Fan? I think you must know all," and Sophie turned the box about, searching vainly for a name.

"An expressman left it, and Jane took off the wet paper and put it on my table with the other things. Here 's the wrapper — do you know that writing?" and Fan offered the brown paper which she had kept.

"No; and the label is all mud, so I can not see the place. Ah, well, I shall discover some day, but I should like to thank this generous friend at once. See now, how fine I am! I do myself the honor to wear them at once."

Smiling with girlish delight at her pretty ornaments, Sophie clasped the bracelets on her round arms, the necklace about her white throat, and set the rosy spray in the lace on her bosom. Then she took a little dance down the room and found herself before Di, who was looking at her with an expression of naughty satisfaction on her face.

"Don't you wish you knew who sent them?"

"Indeed, yes;" and Sophie paused abruptly.

"Well, *I* know, and *I* wont tell till I like. It 's my turn to have a secret, and I mean to keep it."

"But it is not right," began Sophie, indignantly.

"Tell me yours and I 'll tell mine," said Di, teasingly.

"I will not! You have no right to touch my gifts, and I am sure you have done it, else how know you who sends this fine *çadeau?*" cried Sophie, with the flash Di liked to see.

Here Fanny interposed: "If you have any note or card belonging to Sophie, give it up at once. She shall not be tormented. Out with it, Di. I see your hand in your pocket, and I 'm sure you have been in mischief."

"Take your old letter, then. I know what 's in it, and if I can't keep my secret for fun, Sophie shall not have hers. That Tilly sent the coral, and Sophie spent her hundred dollars in books and clothes for that queer girl, who 'd better stay among her lobsters than try to be a lady," cried Di, bent on telling all she knew, while Sophie was reading her letter eagerly.

"Is it true?" asked Dora, for the four girls were in a corner together, and the rest of the company busy pulling crackers.

"Just like her! I thought it was that, but she would n't tell. Tell us now, Sophie, for *I* think it was truly sweet and beautiful to help that poor girl, and let us say hard things of you," cried Fanny, as her friend looked up with a face and a heart too full of happiness to help overflowing into words.

"Yes; I will tell you now. It was foolish, perhaps, but I did not want to be praised, and I loved to help that good Tilly. You know she worked all summer and made a little sum. So glad, so proud she was, and planned to study that she might go to school this winter. Well, in October, the uncle fell very ill, and Tilly gave all her money for the doctors. The uncle had been kind to her, she did not forget; she was glad to help, and told no one but me. Then I said, 'What better can I with my father's gift than give it to the dear creature, and let her lose no time? I do it; she will not at first, but I write and say, 'It must be,' and she submits. She is made neat with some little dresses, and she goes, at last, to be so happy and do so well that I am proud of her. Is not that better than fine toilets and rich gifts to those who need nothing? Truly, yes! yet I confess it cost me pain to give up my plans for Christmas, and to seem selfish or ungrateful. Forgive me that."

"Yes, indeed, you dear generous thing!" cried Fan and Dora, touched by the truth.

"But how came Tilly to send you such a splendid present?" asked Di. "Should n't think you 'd like her to spend your money in such things."

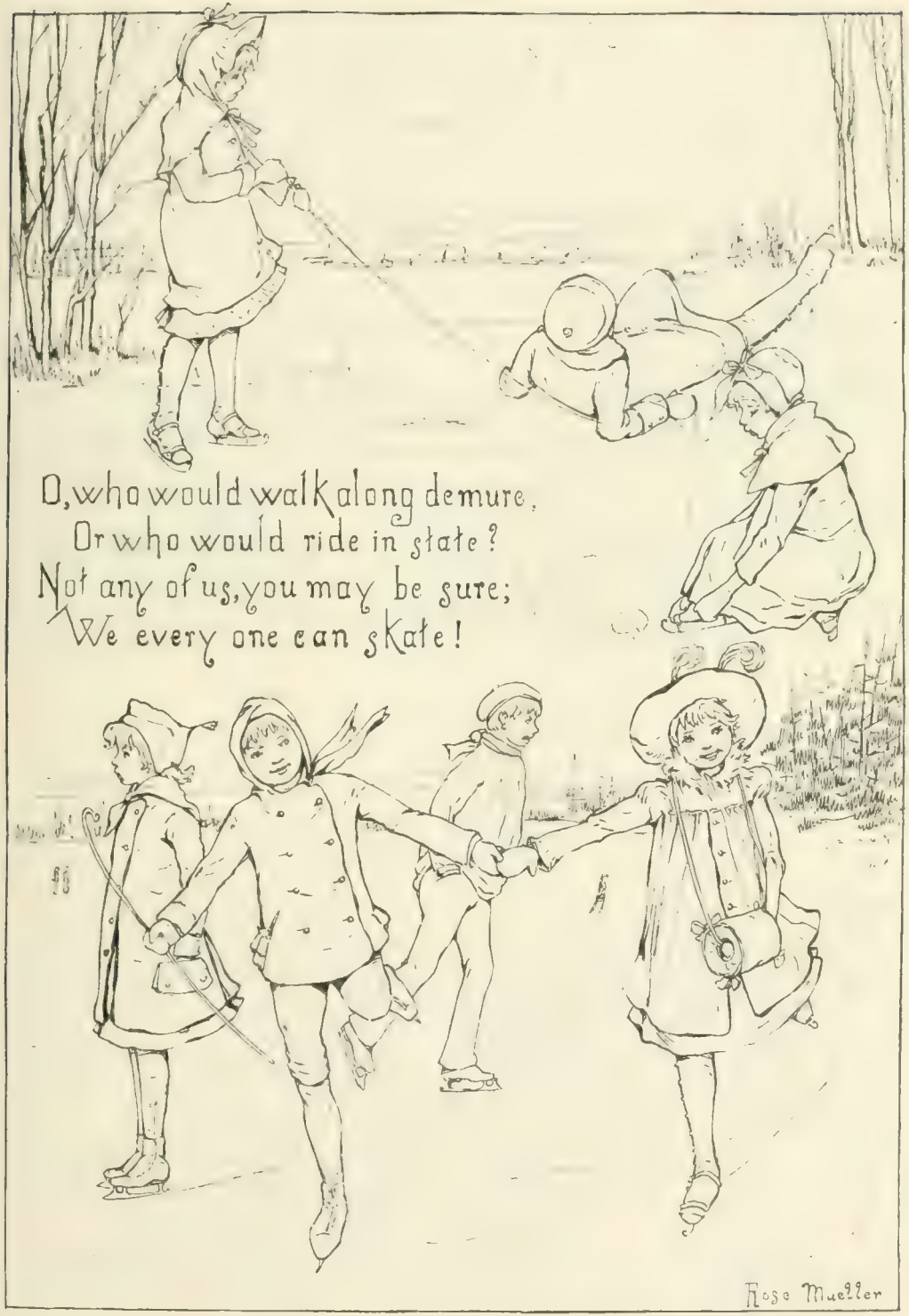
"She did not: a sea-captain, a friend of the uncle, gave her these lovely ornaments, and she sends them to me with a letter that is more precious than all the coral in the sea. I can not read it, but of all my gifts *this* is the dearest and the best!"

Sophie had spoken eagerly, and her face, her voice, her gestures made the little story eloquent; but with the last words she clasped the letter to her bosom as if it well repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made. They might seem small to others, but she was sensitive and proud, anxious to be loved in the strange country, and fond of giving; so it cost her many tears to seem mean and thoughtless, to go poorly dressed, and be thought hardly of by those she wished to please. She did not like to tell of her own generosity, because it seemed like boasting, and she was not sure that it had been wise to give so much. Therefore, she waited to see if Tilly was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and she now found a balm for many wounds in the loving letter that came with the beautiful and unexpected gift.

Di listened with hot cheeks, and when Sophie paused she whispered regretfully:

"Forgive me, I was wrong! I 'll keep your gift all my life to remember you by, for you *are* the best and dearest girl I know."

Then, with a hasty kiss, she ran away, carrying with great care the white shell on which Sophie had painted a dainty little picture of the mermaids waiting for the pretty boat that brought good fortune to poor Tilly, and this lesson to those who were hereafter her faithful friends.

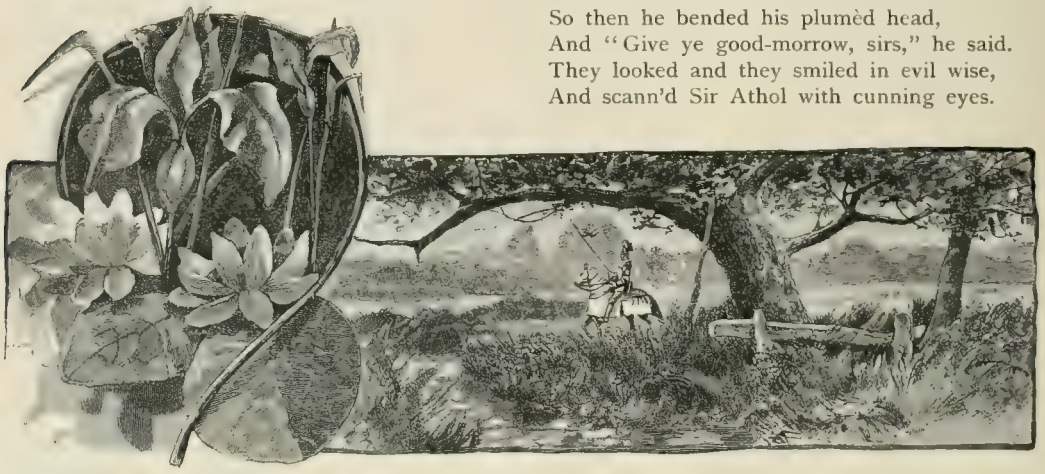

O, who would walk along demure,
Or who would ride in state?
Not any of us, you may be sure;
We every one can skate!
Rose Mueller

HOW SIR ATHOL CAME TO HIS KINGDOM.

By E. Vinton Blake.

'T was brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
Who rode by the woodside all alone;
All alone, in his armor dight,
And he was a passing goodly knight.

"Right heavy the grudge they bear to me,
Though ever I greet them courteously;
But it shall not be said Sir Athol shrank
From seven old men on a river bank."

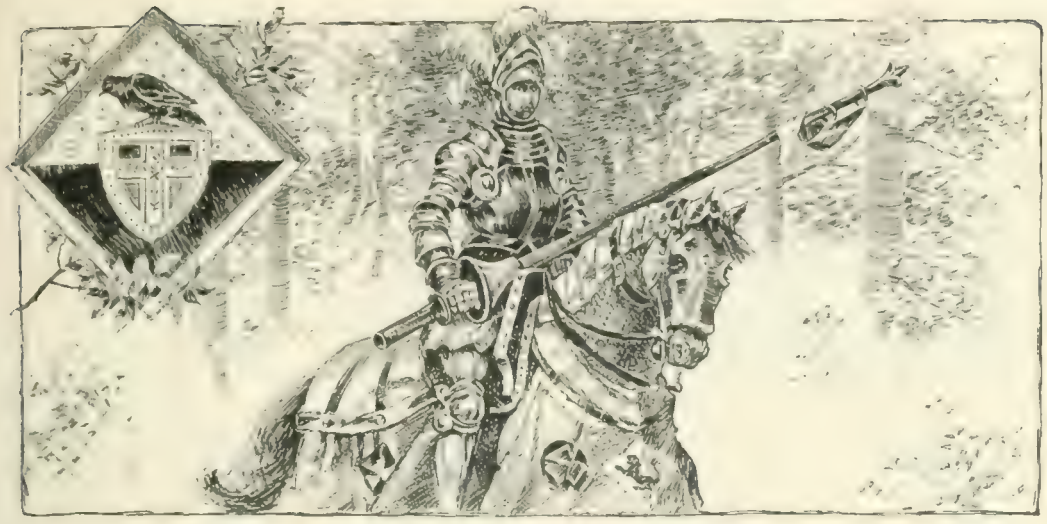


So then he bended his plumèd head,
And "Give ye good-morrow, sirs," he said.
They looked and they smiled in evil wise,
And scann'd Sir Athol with cunning eyes.

It chanced as he rode, a harness clank
Of riders came from the river bank;
He said to himself as he saw the first,
"Now here be the Seven Wise Men of Hirst."

The first was palsied, the second lame,
And blind, deaf, halting, the others came;
On seven black mules in single rank
They rode along on the river bank.





In shrewish voices the knight they cursed —
The wicked Seven Wise Men of Hirst;
With wag of head and with wave of arm,
They prophesied he would come to harm.

"Now fare ye well with your sorry cheer;
For what has a knight to do with fear?"
And brave Sir Athol, no whit dismayed,
Rode blithely down through the thicket's shade.

And in at the river's brink he rides,
To find him a way through its foaming tides.
But the furious stream's resistless force
Bears down with the current man and horse.

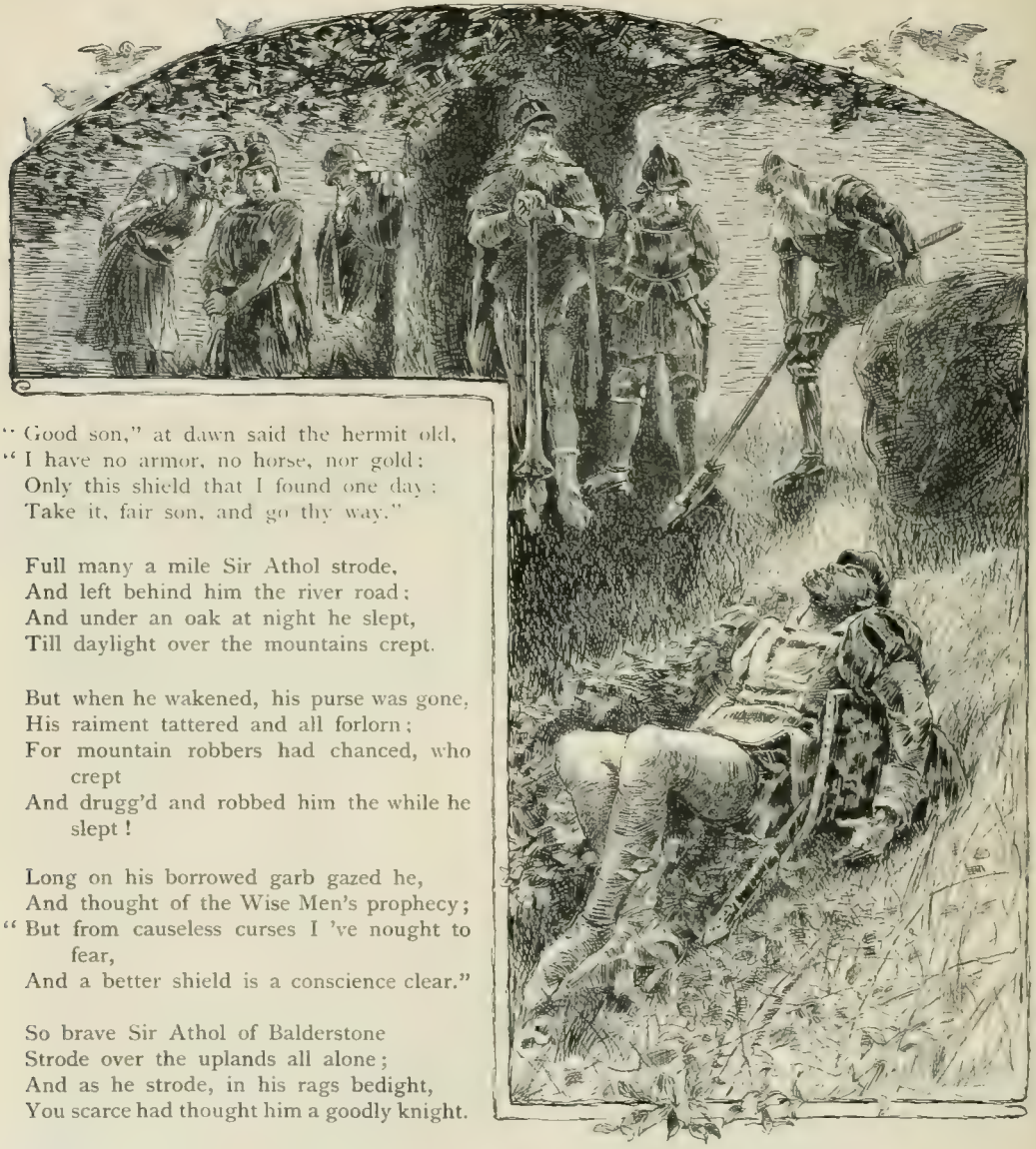
A drooping bough by an islet shore
The brave Sir Athol at last upbore;
But, weighted down with his armor, sank
The good roan steed by the island bank.

And safely landed, the knight made moan:
"I sore regret thee, my noble roan;
And how shall I from this islet's strand —
All heavy-armor'd — achieve the land?"

He scann'd the river both far and wide,
But nothing of hope or help espied;
Then down on the sand his armor laid,
And girt himself with his trusty blade.

Then plunging into the sweeping tide
He gained, exhausted, the other side;
And all that night with a hermit 'bode
In an ivied cell by the river road.





"Good son," at dawn said the hermit old,
"I have no armor, no horse, nor gold:
Only this shield that I found one day:
Take it, fair son, and go thy way."

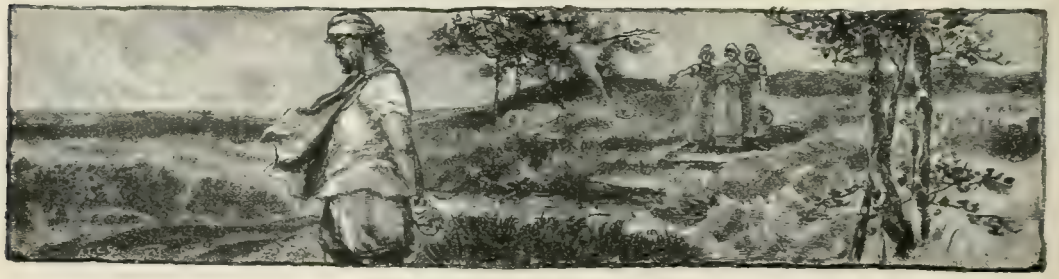
Full many a mile Sir Athol strode,
And left behind him the river road:
And under an oak at night he slept,
Till daylight over the mountains crept.

But when he wakened, his purse was gone,
His raiment tattered and all forlorn;
For mountain robbers had chanced, who crept
And drugg'd and robbed him the while he slept!

Long on his borrowed garb gazed he,
And thought of the Wise Men's prophecy;
"But from causeless curses I 've nought to fear,
And a better shield is a conscience clear."

So brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
Strode over the uplands all alone;
And as he strode, in his rags bedight,
You scarce had thought him a goodly knight.

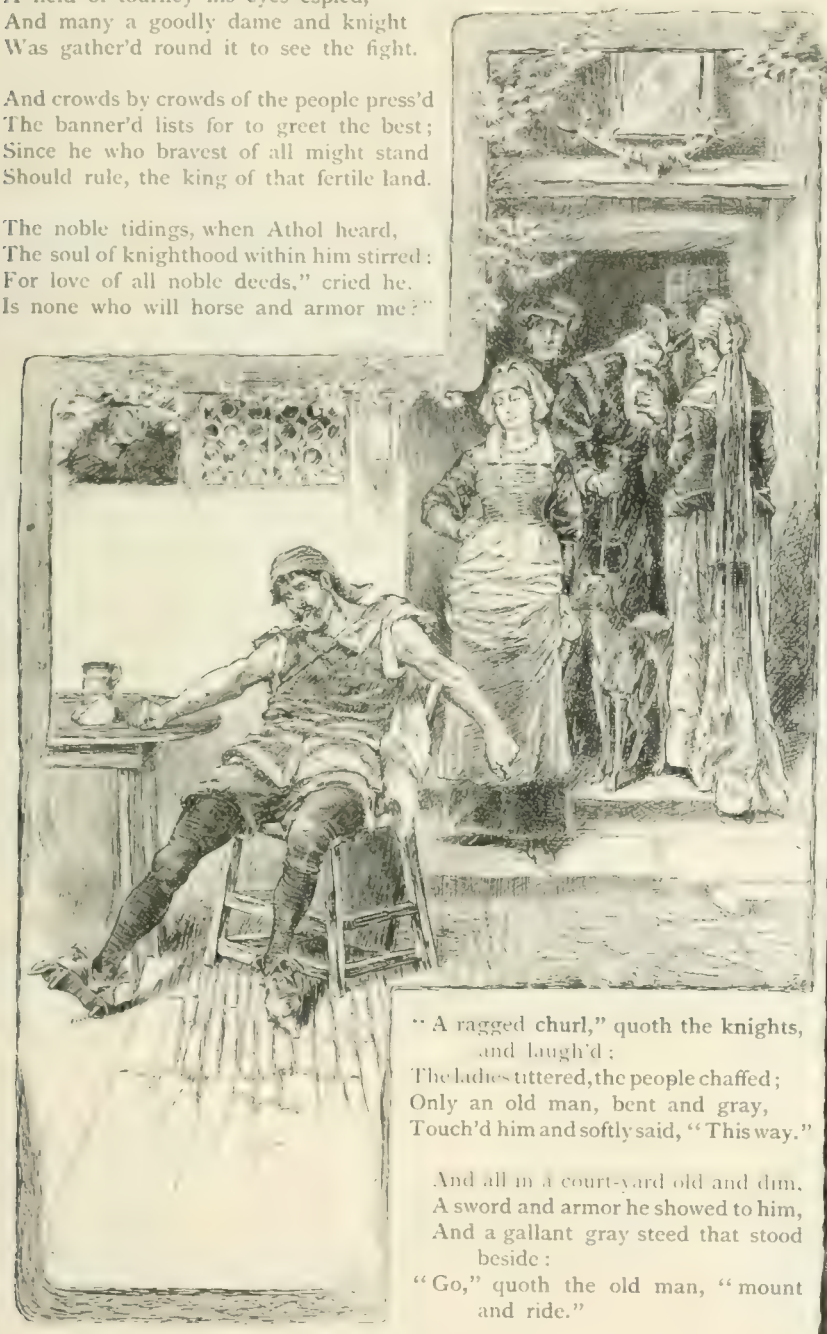
And thirst and hunger endurèd he,
And many a flout and contumely;
For many a day believed him none
That he was Athol of Balderstone.



It chanced one day by a meadow side
A field of tourney his eyes espied,
And many a goodly dame and knight
Was gather'd round it to see the fight.

And crowds by crowds of the people press'd
The banner'd lists for to greet the best;
Since he who bravest of all might stand
Should rule, the king of that fertile land.

The noble tidings, when Athol heard,
The soul of knighthood within him stirred:
"For love of all noble deeds," cried he,
"Is none who will horse and armor me?"



"A ragged churl," quoth the knights, and laugh'd:
The ladies tittered, the people chaffed;
Only an old man, bent and gray,
Touch'd him and softly said, "This way."

And all in a court-yard old and dim,
A sword and armor he showed to him,
And a gallant gray steed that stood beside:
"Go," quoth the old man, "mount and ride."

Then rode Sir Athol of Balderstone,
A happier man than he was none;
He into the heat of battle flew,
And seventeen knights that day o'erthrew;

Then heard, as he paused, the greetings flung,
With cries and praises from every tongue;
They bow'd to greet him with loud acclaim,
And gather'd round him and asked his name.

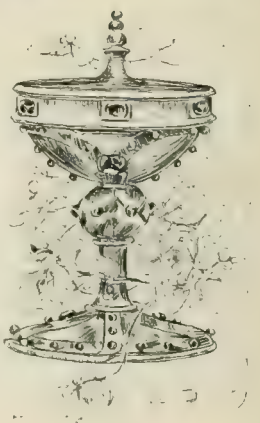




* * * * * *

That night, in his palace chamber dim,
The Wise Men's prophecy came to him:
"'T was only a road,—this toil and shame,—
By which I into my kingdom came."

And I,—as I read my story back,—
I wonder if o'er the self-same track,
Like to King Athol, you and I
Will come to OUR kingdoms by and by.



ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AND HIS CHILD PICTURES.

By Miss Lizzie W. Champney.

A TINY gem on the beautiful belt of clustered country-seats, abbeys, chateaux, parks, villas, and charming suburban resorts that girdle Paris, there nestles a queer little village overflowing with children. They swarm in the court-yards, floating wooden shoes for boats in the water-tank. They sit contentedly on door-steps, plastering their faces with bread and jam. Their white caps make a dash of light above the scarlet geraniums which flame at the windows. They troop over the cobble-stone pavements, with a clatter like that of a passing regiment. They buzz and hum in the school, defying the efforts of even the good curate to keep them in order. They skirmish over the fields and meadows, gathering bouquets of poppies, or raiding after fruit and birds' nests; and they are to be seen in every glimpse which we catch of home interiors. Sometimes a sweet face is outlined against a great brass platter, like an angel head with its golden aureole, and again the sooty cavern of the chimney furnishes to another a Rembrandtesque background.

Everywhere children; with their dolls and carts, their little pet animals, their treasures of flowers and dainties, their pleasures of play, their little griefs and troubles. And such picturesque children, in peasant suits of blue petticoats with white sleeves and odd little caps and kerchiefs, and clumsy wooden shoes. "Pretty enough for a picture!" would be your exclamation, and the wisest art-lover would agree with you; for since the time of Raphael, the greatest child-painter, artists have agreed that there is nothing more lovely on this beautiful earth than a sweet-faced boy or girl.

And so you will not be surprised to learn that this village of Ecouen has become the haunt of artists, who go there not because of its fine scenery or architecture, but because a great painter was first attracted to the spot by these peasant babies, and made such charming pictures of them that the world cried out for more.

When Édouard Frère first came to Ecouen the world did not call him a great painter. He was only a young art-student who had graduated at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, had been four years the pupil of the celebrated artist, Paul Delaroche, and was gaining a slender livelihood as an illustrator. If he had had the means he might have gone to Rome to study, and have lost all originality in the mannerisms of the Italian school; but he was poor and in love, and looking about, among the many charming villages which cluster around Paris, for some cozy spot in which to build his home-nest where living would not be so dear as in the great city, he chanced upon this queer little nook.

I have no doubt that his bride's relations pitied poor Gabrielle, and thought of her as buried alive in this obscure country place. But Gabrielle had the keen insight and foresight of a loving woman. She could see genius, in this gentle-mannered youth, which as yet no one else could see, and to her all the long years which lay between them and recognition were as nothing for the love which she bore him.

For a time after their coming to Ecouen, Édouard Frère continued his work as an illustrator. But this did not satisfy him. He had a true artist's love for color, and when not busied with his black-and-white drawings he made little paintings of the Ecouen babies and pinned them to the walls of his studio. The children learned to love him and kept on with their little games when he was near, for they knew that Monsieur Frère was interested in their play, and liked to snare birds and play at soldier, and watch the little girls nurse their hideous dolls, as much as if he were himself a child. He had such a sympathetic, kindly manner, that they were never afraid to trust their secrets with him, to show him the white rabbit's little bunnies, or to ask him to set the leg of their tame crow. He knew each child by name, and sometimes on his sketches names are to be found noted under the figures. As the villagers gathered around his easel when he painted in the open air, or now and then paid a reverent visit to his studio and scanned the sketches on the wall, they would pick out their friends and acquaintances from the pictured groups with many an exclamation of delight.

"See!" they would exclaim, before a painting representing boys coasting, "there is Toupet scratching up snow with his hands. Ernest Joly has fallen, the awkward one!"

"And here are the three Arnoux, hugging each other tight, and sliding down hill upon one small sled. Ah! it is so in life; if brothers are rich and live in a wide house, then they can quarrel politely, and stand aloof from one another like gentlemen; but when quarters are narrow, then there is the more need for affectionate embracing."

"Hold — Sainte Beuve and Yvon have tumbled

together! That is good. If one must be down in the world, it is more endurable if you have good company."

"Look, there is Donat, the dandy; how proud he is of his new hat! He must needs be painted in it before the boys had spoiled the shape for him, and now all the world will imagine that he wears a hat like that every day of his life — the pretender!"

And so the villagers would rattle on, almost without cessation.

Édouard Frère did not try to invent pictures, but took just such as he found, not fancying that any one else would care greatly for them, but painting them because they appealed to him. He soon found that these young faces were not all joyous; some were pinched and pale with hunger, or drawn with pain, and often the eyes had the wistful, patient look that belongs to the poor. The parents were hard-worked, poorly paid men and women, who toiled all day in the fields, and either became brutalized and hard of heart and life, or faded away and died under their cruel lot. Millet, the great French painter, himself a peasant, saw all the pathos in these lives of labor and endurance, and a little later touchingly interpreted it for the world. But no one at this time painted peasants, and even Millet did not care greatly for the children. Édouard Frère alone seemed to recognize and appreciate the beauty of their simple pleasures, their little deeds of self-denial and kindness, and the brave helpfulness, the grateful content and love, with which a little child graces poverty.



MOTHER COCOTTE (SEE PAGE 130)

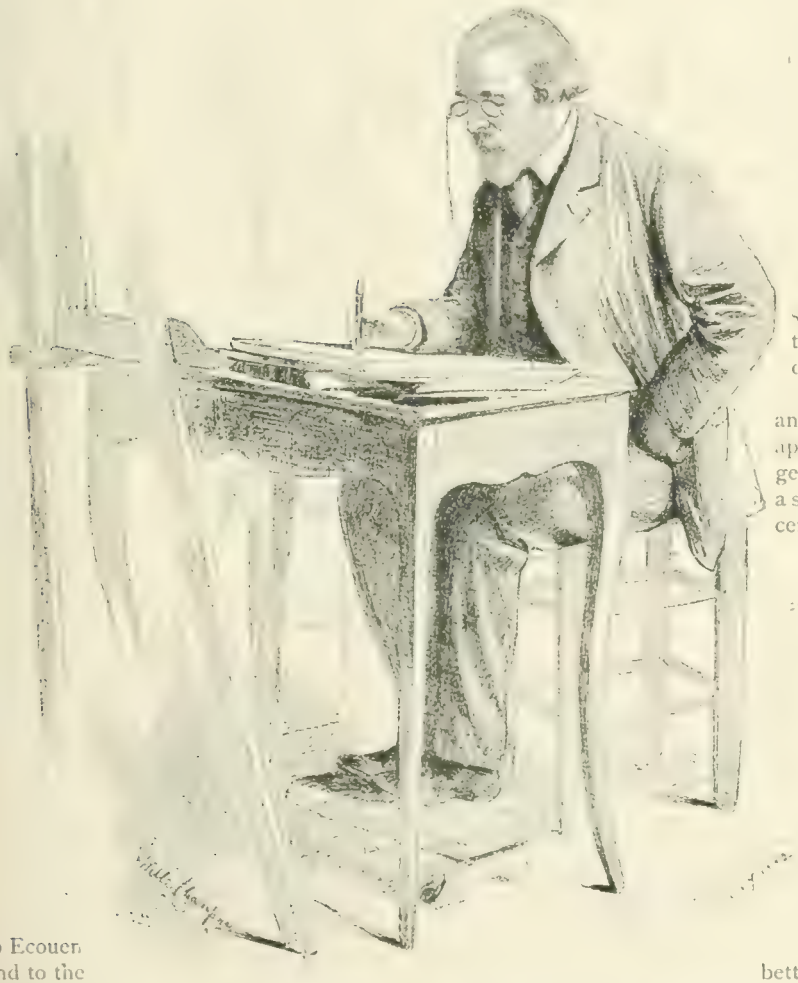
He was twenty-nine years old when his wife persuaded him that the great world might care for these little pictures of child-life, and induced him to exhibit seven tiny canvases at the *Salon*. The *Salon* is the yearly exhibition of pictures at Paris, many times larger than the exhibition of our National Academy in New York, and though thirty-four apartments open into each other, and the pictures are hung so closely that the frames touch from wainscot to ceiling, giving space for from two to three thousand canvases, there are yet so many painters in France and in other countries who send to the *Salon* that thousands of pictures are always rejected. A committee of artists view the paintings sent, and only the best are accepted. It is always a great event in a young artist's life when his first picture is hung at the *Salon*. We can imagine that Édouard Frère and his young wife were very anxious to hear the decision of the committee in regard to the seven little pictures. Many times the artist must have regretted sending them — it would be such a disappointment and disgrace to be refused. Madame Gabrielle must have been in a fever of impatience, for she, at least, had no doubt of their acceptance.

And they were accepted, well hung, and commanded attention. Eminent critics paused, pencil in hand, before them. Young mothers grasped their husbands' arms to have them notice how like little Annette, or Jean, or François, this child was. And the committee of awards made a note of the name of Édouard Frère as that of a new man of surprising originality, whose career must be followed. French artists hitherto had not dared to paint real country folk; their peasants were masquerade shepherds and shepherdesses of the theater, dressed in pink-and-blue satin, with powdered hair and ribboned crooks. But here was a young man who had actually found sentiment and beauty in the every-day life of the poor, in their worn and tattered clothing, with all its pitiful story of privation and suffering, in the brave cheerfulness with which the young faces uncomplainingly met their tasks, and found pleasure in toil. He had touched the commonplace with something of the radiance which a carpenter's son shed upon it when he dwelt, long ago, among the peasants of Galilee.

Four years later the *Salon* awarded him a medal, — a wonderful success for a man hitherto entirely unknown to the art world, — and at the Exposition of 1855 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Then Monsieur Gambart, of Brussels, one of the great picture dealers who tell the rich people all over the world whose paintings are the only proper ones to be bought, packed his portmanteau and hurried to Ecouen to inquire where Édouard Frère lived. Every child in the village street lifted up his hand to point and his voice to shout: "There — there, over yonder, is our good little Papa Frère;" and preceded by an advance guard and followed by a retinue of young models, the capitalist entered Monsieur Frère's studio, bringing the lady Fortune with him.

Success had come to him in early middle life, while there were still long years before him in which to enjoy all the good things of the world.

He could make his residence where he chose; could study the masterpieces of Italy as he had longed to do as a young man; could join his brother, who was painting the glowing skies and warm colors of the Orient, then so much in vogue; could be one of the centers of social life in gay Paris. But he had grown attached to Ecouen and to the children, and he kept on painting them until they grew to men and women, and in their turn led their children by the hand to pose for "Papa Frère."



Aimée, who was one of his early models, has been *bonne*, or maid, in the family for over twenty-five years. She is drill-master and nursery-maid for the children who pose, and is a great institution. She goes for the children and returns them; keeps a mental inventory of ages, sizes, types, and can tell Monsieur Frère on the instant just what child he ought to have for a required action. "Let us see, my good Aimée," says the artist, at the end of one day's work, "to-morrow I begin a new picture. I remember long ago seeing Rosalie Seignac getting dinner for her sick mother, with the aid of her little brother. It was a pretty picture. I said when I saw it, I must paint that. But Rosalie has grown into a tall young woman now, and her brother is with the angels. Seek a little, whom shall we get to pose for the figures? Will Fifine do for one?"

Aimée purses her lips and rolls the corner of her apron. "Monsieur forgets — that girl grows like a squash-vine; she is fifty centimeters too tall."

"Elise, then?"

"Elise is engaged to sit for Monsieur Chialiva's turkey picture."

"How would Annette do?"

"Annette is too fat; Clarice is never still, she is as restless as the vane on the chimney; Marie is sulky; Babette has the chicken-pox; Jeanne has gone to Ezanville. There is no one but Angelique, and she is freckled and red-headed."

"She will do nicely. I can leave the freckles out, and her hair is just the thing. For the boy, I suppose we must take Amedée."

"Amedée is too mischievous; I had the trouble of a lost soul to keep him away from the strawberry beds. Baptiste, now, would be better behaved."

"He is a homely little fellow; I do not think I could use him. What has become of that little Henri La Fontaine, with the blonde curls?"

"His mother has had them cut since the hot weather; besides, he has the mumps in both cheeks. However, I will get him if Monsieur desires."

"Certainly not; but tell me whom I ought to have?"

"Narcisse might do, if I could keep him awake. (That child would sleep if the Prussians bombarded the château!) Quentin is a little runaway; when he sees me coming he makes straight for the forest, where no one can lay a hand on him. Emile is in school; he is a good student, and his mother will not let him pose except on Saturdays. Maurice is beautiful as an angel, but shy as a rabbit, and he weeps if one but looks at him. If Monsieur should tell him to hold the soup-ladle he would faint with fright. Anethol is a gourmand; if he is desired, I must fry a whole kettle of *merveilles*,* and he will eat them every one."

"Can you not overcome Maurice's timidity? Surely I have not the reputation of an ogre."

"No, Monsieur, it is because you are so good and great in his eyes; it is the reverence for a saint. To speak with you is almost to him as if the picture of the Cardinal Odet de Coligny on the church window should step smilingly down toward us! Surely then we should all faint with terror."

"Perhaps if I should play a game of marbles with him, he would feel less of awe."

"Monsieur must not so trouble himself. The child is fond of fairy stories; I will tell them while he is posing, and distract his mind."

No matter how many children figure in his picture, Monsieur Frère requires to see them all in their proper positions, in order to relate them one to the other. Aimée keeps the battalion in order; now and then they are allowed to run out to play, and she watches that they do no mischief. She washes their faces, arranges their hair, costumes them, comforts the homesick, encourages with candy, or punishes the refractory, deals out the copper sous with which they are paid at the end of the sitting, and carries a report to the parents of their behavior. The lazy straighten up and take better positions when they hear the crackle of her stiffly starched petticoats, and the woe-begone, half-starved children of the drunkard know that between their tasks Aimée will take them to the kitchen and feed them until they can eat no more.

What wonder that Aimée fancies that much of the credit for the success of these pictures belongs rightly to her — since all that Monseiur does is to spread the paint on the canvas?

* A kind of pasty.

Édouard Frère now lives in a handsome little château in the center of an extensive park, which contains many interesting rooms, a grand studio, a library, a parlor that is a picture gallery of the works of other French artists, which have been presented to him or to Madame Frère; other apartments rich in bronzes, in water-colors, and handsome furniture. But secluded from the rest is Madame Frère's boudoir, which is perhaps the heart of the house. The furniture here is upholstered with embroidery by the hand of the mistress of the house, rich in color, but of bewildering design — labyrinthine tracery which you fancy must mean something if you could only find the key to the combination. Madame Frère calls it *vitraux d'église*,* from its resemblance to shattered stained glass. She has worked the many strips that compose the furnishing of this room through the long years that stretch between her present and those early days in Ecouen. How many loving thoughts have slipped in with the threads of rose, how many ambitious hopes have followed those ciphers in royal purple. Here is a crimson cartouche; perhaps it is the record of the coming of the red ribbon which marks her husband a Chevalier d'Honneur; and there is a tiny white cross that may tell the giving to God of their baby. On the wall hang thirty or forty engravings from M. Frère's pictures. Here we have a history of his work during all these busy, patient years. Here is "The Little Flute-player," with its companion piece of a tall boy, almost embracing a sturdy little fellow in his efforts to teach him to drum. Here are three pictures of boys snaring snow-birds: the first represents the repressed excitement with which the children watch the birds' survey of the trap, anxiously asking, "Will he be caught?" In the second "He is caught!" and the children are enjoying a brief moment of triumph; but there is many a slip 'twixt the trap and the cage, and in the third scene "He has escaped!" and the children stretch their hands in vain after the fugitive. Another well-known and charming subject which we find here is a wee tot gravely etching a picture with a forefinger through the molasses which covers her bread and butter. Here, too, are the little boy and girl who are carefully dosing a sick doll. The lad plays the doctor very gravely, while the deep solicitude of the child's mamma is not all make-believe. This is the picture which gained Édouard Frère his first medal. Here a young girl stands upon a chair in front of a fire-place to twine a rosary about a crucifix. There is a thoughtful sadness in her face. Is she thinking of Monsieur le Curé's words, "Woman's lot is to love, to suffer, to pray"?

School pictures are evident favorites. In one, two faithful scholars plod through the wet, their

* Church glass — meaning, stained-glass window.



(By permission of Goupil & Co.)



"WILL HE BE CAUGHT?"

torn umbrella resolutely set against the driving storm, while in the "Sortie d'École" ("The Sortie from School") the children, trooping down the narrow staircase, come "bounding out of school," full of frolic and the happy spirit of play-time, and as if glad, one and all, to get into the sunshine again.



"HE IS CAUGHT."

*The weary seamstresses toiling in the next picture in their dormered attic remind one of Millet's hopeless peasants; and so the subjects run, alternating pathos with glee, and each treated with such tenderness that the simple stories never fail to touch the fancy and the heart.

Quite a colony of artists have gathered in Ecouen about this great painter, and so fatherly and kindly is he to all that he is usually spoken of by them by the name which the peasant children first gave him —"Papa Frère." He is a small man, of delicate frame and fine proportions, but big and burly men have learned to look *down* with a respect which is almost reverence upon him. His own son overtops him, and addresses his father playfully as "My good little author"; but there is a dignity mingled with his gentle courtesy which removes any impression of insignificance.



"LA BAVARDE."

The men and women who were in middle life when he came to Ecouen have either died or are aged now. There are grandmothers who are past working in the fields, who sit contentedly on the sunny side of the court, or cower by the chimney-corner, waiting, quietly waiting. Some of these have not saved a pittance for their support in old age, their children have all that they can do to care for their little ones, and it grieves the dear old bodies to be useless and dependent. It was a great consolation to them when the artists, following Monsieur Frère's example, and realizing the touching stories which are written in every wrinkle of their kindly faces, began to paint these aged women as well as the children. And so the old ladies still sit quietly, their frosty locks drawn smooth under queer lace caps, or bound by gay kerchiefs, their tear-dimmed eyes closing drowsily and the toil-cramped fingers resting idly in their laps; but even while they rest they are earning money, for some artist of the sympathetic school is busy transferring the pitiful figure to his canvas.

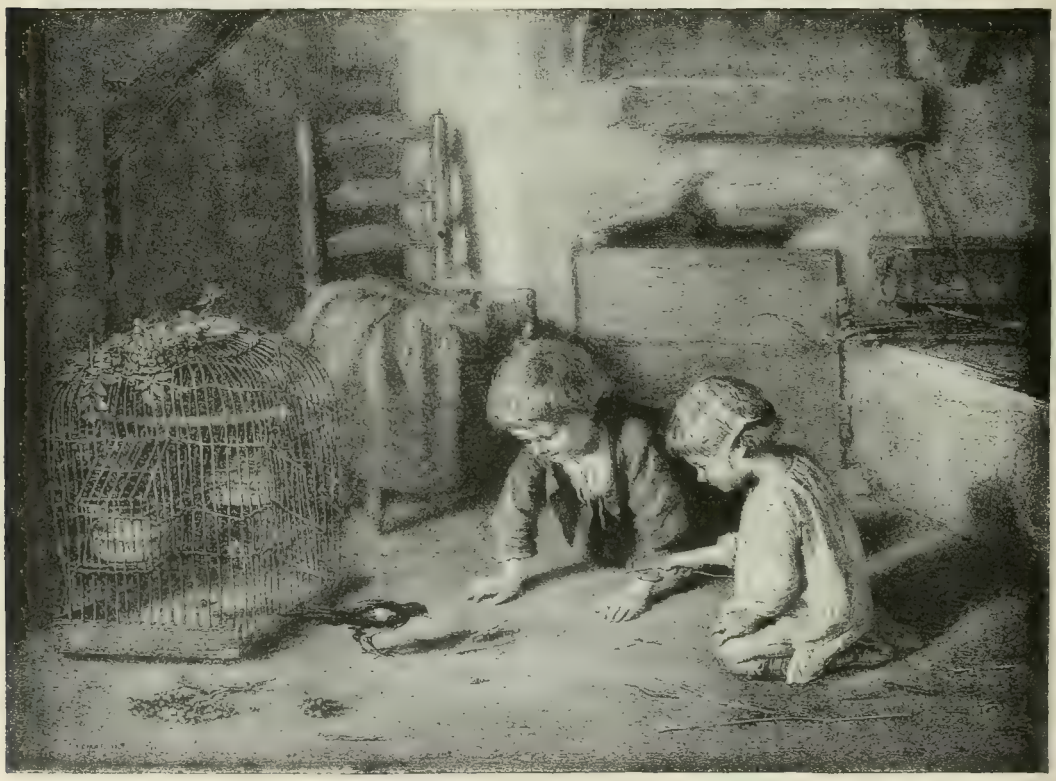
One such old lady I distinctly remember, the Mère Cocotte ("Mother Cocotte"), a universal favorite. Some might have considered her poor, but she felt well-to-do and pleasantly independent; for did she not live in a picturesque old house, so crazy and dilapidated, so darkened with smoke and cobwebs, and so filled with old rubbish of faded pink bed-hangings, Mother Hubbard cupboards, with bits of coarse pottery and shining copper and brass, that the artists loved to paint within it? And did they not pay her well for the privilege? It was true that she did not own this poor home, but "Papa Frère" paid the rent, the town awarded her a fagot of fire-wood and a loaf of bread daily,

*The three pictures on these two pages are engraved by kind permission of L. H. Lefevre, of London, owner of the copyrights.

the butcher gave her a pint of soup every Sunday, and as for other luxuries, she made as much as twenty cents, and sometimes even forty in a day, by sitting for the artists. It was pleasant to listen to the prattle of the old soul. She disliked the Prussians, for when they besieged Paris they stole her two pet rabbits; but she was always merry-hearted and sang delicious little love songs, in a cracked voice which must have been very sweet when she was young. She had a cap of fine lace, which had been handed down to her possibly by her own grandmother, and which she wore only on holidays, when she sat under the great trees that adjoin the castle and watched the young people dance in the open air. It seems to her that they do not dance with the grace and spirit of the young people of sixty years ago, but still she enjoys watching them. She loves to see people happy. The ear-rings, and freshly fluted frills, and look so charming that you would never suspect that a bit of dry bread is all they had for dinner to-day.

"Farewell to misery, poverty, sorrowing,
While we 've a fiddle we still will dance:
Supper we 've none, nor can we go borrowing;
Dance and forget is the fashion of France."

Papa Frère's fête day (or day of his patron saint, which in France is celebrated instead of one's own birthday) was the occasion of the year for popular rejoicing for Ecouen. A grand dinner was served, and in the evening the peasants gathered about his park to see the annual display of fire-works. Since the death of his little granddaughter these festivities have been discontinued, at Monsieur Frère's desire. The peasants of Ecouen are as quick to sympathize with grief as to join in merriment. Mother Cocotte attends every funeral and mass for



"DON'T BE SHY." (ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF L. H. LEFÈVRE.)

charcoal-seller there is on working days as grimy as a pitman, but his face is clean now, and his shirt-sleeves are tied with ribbons. The butcher's boy has scented his curly locks and has a rose in his button-hole, and all the young girls from the village have donned their Sunday finery, their gold the dead, decently clad in black, and has a picture of the Virgin beside her little fire-place, with a blessed branch which the priest gave her last Palm Sunday.

The largest of the bells which hang in the belfry of the little church was given to the parish by

Madame Frère, and when the children hear it tolling they exclaim, "There is Madame Frère calling us." This village church is rich in old stained glass and looks out upon the Place shaded by a magnificent old chestnut tree. It is said that the Chevalier Bayard fastened his horse to this tree while calling on the Montmorencys, who built the old castle which still looks down upon Ecouen. Monsieur has used the Place as a background for "The Young Guard," one of his later pictures, a reproduction of which is given on page 129. France is preëminently a military nation. The artists, Berne Bellecour, Detaille, De Neuville, and others, have given us thrilling episodes in the last war with the Prussians. The same military enthusiasm glows in the breasts of the boys, and we can see the *esprit de corps* shining in each of the young faces. Some of the men who served as soldiers in the French army during the campaign of 1870, Monsieur Frère painted long ago as children learning to drum and playing at drill. His own little grandson, Gabriel Frère, figures in the awkward squad of "The Young Guard."

Monsieur Frère writes in a recent letter:

"I am making a drawing from one of my latest paintings — the head of a child four years of age, my favorite model, who posed for my picture now finished. The drawing is for his mother. The poor woman, [illegible] by the money which the child gained in dressing him handsomely. Dear little fellow, with what courage he held himself motionless in order to earn a pair of velvet pantaloons, a vest of velvet, fine shoes, and a hat with ribbons! He was buried with all his bravery. There remain sixty-two francs of his earnings, with which they intend to erect a little monument."



"A LESSON IN DRUMMING." ENGRAVED BY HENRY L. [illegible] FROM A PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD FRÈRE.

While Édouard Frère's pictures have been painted almost without exception in this secluded spot, they have found their way to all art centers. In England they are especially admired. Early in his successful career he was persuaded to visit a friend in London. He enjoyed the novel experience exceedingly, but as he was entirely unacquainted with the English language, he was extremely dependent on his friend. He was invited with him on one occasion to a grand dinner. There were speeches and toasts, of which he understood not one word; but he followed his friend's cue, applauding where he applauded and answering the jokes and stories with an appreciative smile. Presently some one at the other end of the table proposed a toast which was greeted with universal enthusiasm. Papa Frère clapped his hands with the rest, whereat every one smiled or laughed and applauded more uproariously. Following his friend's example, Papa Frère smiled, nodded, and cheered; but was overcome with confusion when it was explained to him that he had been applauding his own name and some extremely flattering compliments which had just been paid him. It might have occurred to Madame Frère that this was the

case, for to her swift intuitions no success which comes to her husband is a surprise, and she shares his honors with the calm satisfaction of one who had foreseen them from the first. But Papa Frère was of too simple and modest a nature to imagine for a moment that such admiration could be meant for him.

The same sweet and unassuming spirit dwells in him still. His genius, not satisfied with past achievements, has ripened and matured with conscientious study, so that his later pictures are better than the ones which made him famous. The world about him changes, the old people pass away and the children grow old; but the child-heart that is in Édouard Frère can not change. The beauty which he has created can never die, but is a glorious gift from one life to mankind; the great, busy world is more humane and looks with tenderer compassion upon the children of the poor because he has lived, while all who have known him personally are the richer for that privilege, and thank God that he still lives to bless others.

THE LITTLE STONE BOY.

By Sydney Dayre.

He stood in a fountain and held up a shell,
From which a bright shower of diamonds fell,
Just catching the glance of the sunshine which played
Bo-peep in and out of the jessamine shade;
And back at the children, who laughed up in joy,
He laughed, as they called him The Little Stone Boy.

He laughed at the dew and he laughed at the flowers,
Which smiled up at him through the long summer hours;
He laughed as the robin and blue-bird and jay,
Just ceasing a moment their caroling gay,
Came peeping and hopping, with coquetries coy,
To flit round the feet of the Little Stone Boy.

He laughed when the flowers were drooping and dead,
And autumn was painting in gold and in red;
And bleaker and lower the gloomy clouds hung,
Awaking no gleam in the waters he flung—
For nothing of shadow could dim or alloy
The gladness and mirth of the Little Stone Boy.

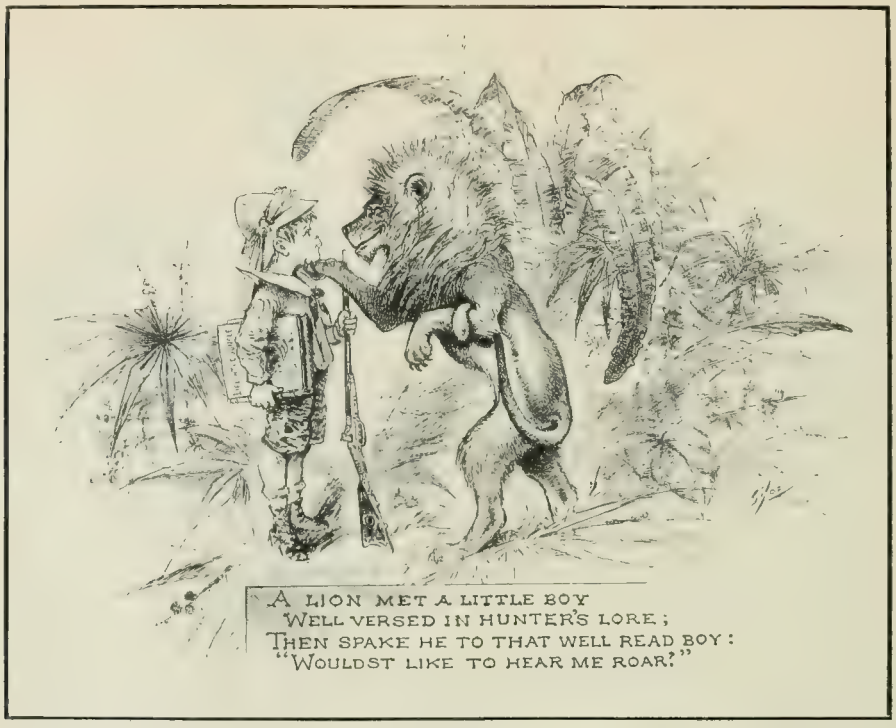
But soon, shaken down from the feathery wing
Of the blast bearing onward the chilly Ice King,
The fast whirling snow lay a covering white
Over garden and lawn. And the children at night
Looked up with a whisper, from picture and toy:
"He has n't a coat on — poor Little Stone Boy!"

But morning, all beaming with sparkles of light,
Brought forth in the brightness each frolicsome wight,
To see if the spirit of winter could quell
The smile of the sprite of the fountain and shell.
"Ho! ho! he is dressed!" cried a chorus of joy,
"And laughing as ever — the jolly Stone Boy!"

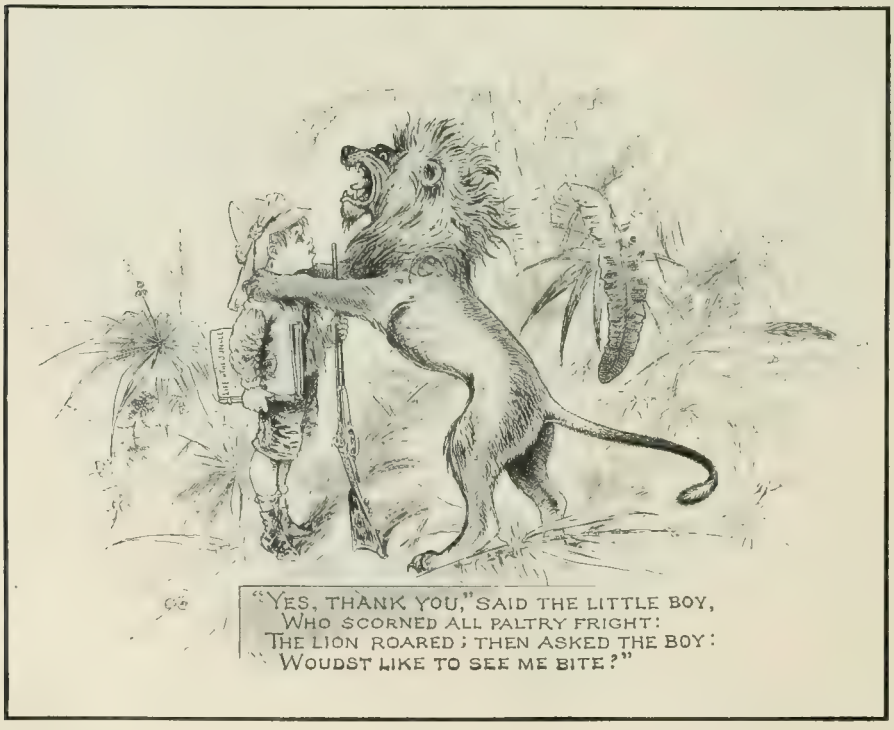
The Snow Queen had tenderly woven for him
A mantle, hung softly o'er each little limb;
An icicle coronet shone on his head—
"Jack Frost made it for him," the little ones said.
Thus decked with the treasures of winter, he bore
As proudly his burthen aloft as before,
And laughed at the storm which could never destroy
The happy, hilarious, Little Stone Boy.



THE LITTLE STONE BOY.



A LION MET A LITTLE BOY
WELL VERSED IN HUNTER'S LORE;
THEN SPAKE HE TO THAT WELL READ BOY:
"WOULDST LIKE TO HEAR ME ROAR?"



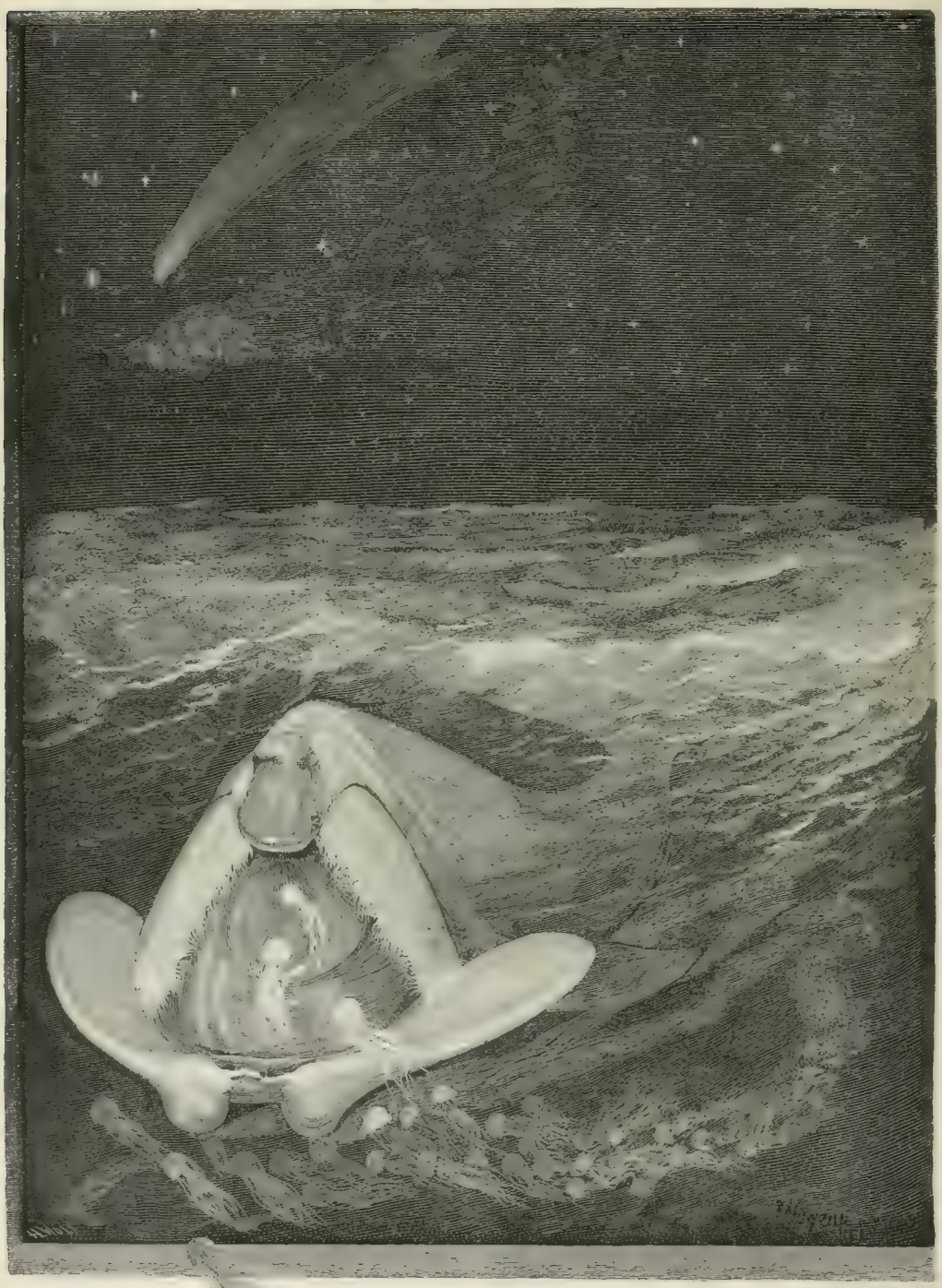
"YES, THANK YOU," SAID THE LITTLE BOY,
WHO SCORNED ALL PALTRY FRIGHT:
THE LION ROARED; THEN ASKED THE BOY:
"WOUDST LIKE TO SEE ME BITE?"



"OH YES," REPLIED THAT PLUCKY BOY,
WHO COOLLY EYED HIS GUN;
"BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO TRY THIS TOY;—
WOULDST LIKE TO SEE SOME FUN?"



THEN FLED THAT LION FROM THE BOY,
AS BEAST NE'ER RAN BEFORE;—
AND TO THIS DAY THAT LITTLE BOY
ENJOYS HIS HUNTER'S LORE.



THE WHALEBONE-WHALE FEEDING UPON JELLY-FISHES.

A SUBMARINE FIRE-EATER.

By John R. Coryell

What a monster of contradictions!

An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which can not live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of St. Nicholas, but whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures.

To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxygen from the atmospheric air, just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you can not exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.

The tail is the only swimming apparatus of the whale, and by it the whale can shoot its entire body, weighing, perhaps, four hundred thousand pounds, entirely out of water. One authentic writer says he has seen a whale leap so high out of the water that he, while standing on the quarter-deck of a ship, saw the horizon under its body.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

This tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by a harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale-boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

Although many whales have no teeth, the spermaceti whale, for example, has a most formidable set. With these it sometimes does terrible execution among the pursuing boats.

As may be supposed, such whales as have no teeth are properly provided for in some other way. Many of them subsist entirely upon the countless millions of jelly-fish, molluscs, and other kindred animals with which the ocean is plentifully stocked; and as they are soft and yielding, teeth are not needed either to capture or masticate them.

A net is what is needed, and this the toothless whales have. Depending from the upper jaw, which may be sixteen or seventeen feet long, is a hedge of baleen, or whale-bone, as it is commonly called. This is about ten feet long, and consists of a number of plates, solid at the upper end, but fraying out, fringe-like, at the lower end. There are about six hundred of these plates on each side of the jaw, and in a large whale their weight will be some two thousand pounds.

When the hungry giant wishes a meal, he opens wide his cavernous mouth, and letting his enormous lower lips drop down, drives through the water with all the force of his powerful tail. Millions upon millions of the tiny creatures upon which he feeds are thus taken into the gaping mouth which, when full, shuts tight.

The plates of baleen close down on the lower jaw and the prey is secure. A large volume of water has been taken in, too, however, and this must be gotten rid of in some way. The way is simple. The whale merely forces the water out through the interstices in the baleen, and the hapless fish remain to be swallowed at leisure down the throat, which is often not more than two inches in diameter.
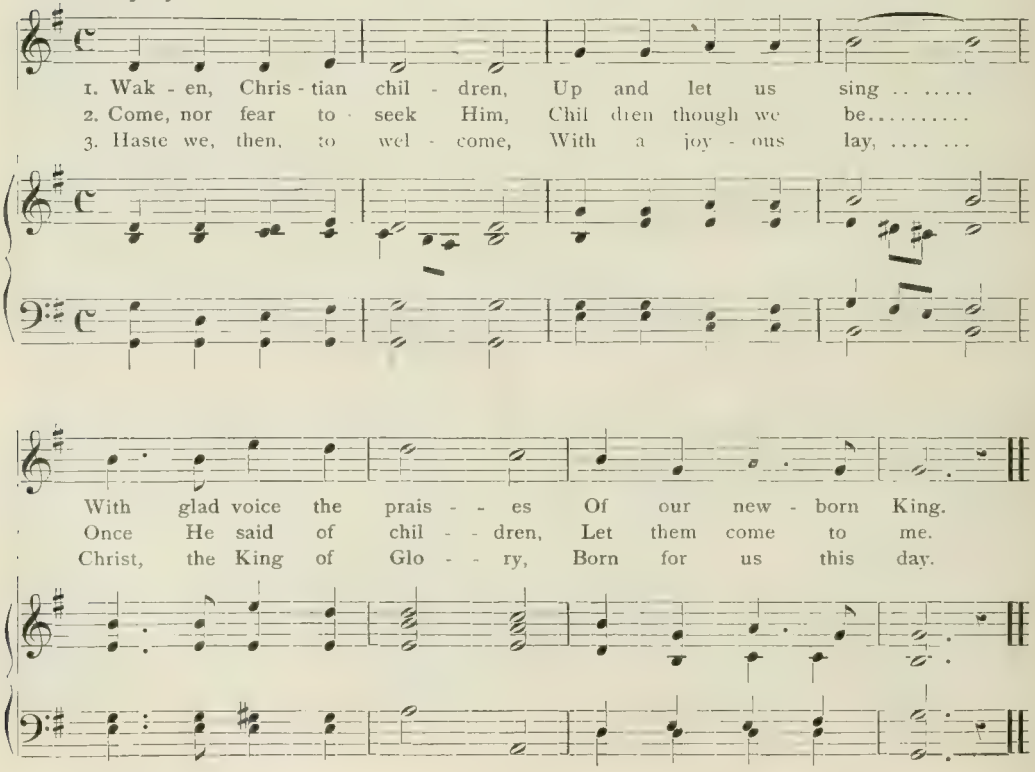
Occasionally this habit of the whale produces a very curious and beautiful effect. Many of the soft, jelly-like creatures in which the ocean abounds shine at night with a bright, phosphorescent light; and the water, too, dashed into spray by the vigorous sweep of the monster's tail, becomes charged with the same phosphorescent glow, and lights up the sea like drops of molten silver.

Under such circumstances, when the dark giant surges through the waves with distended maw, he seems a monstrous submarine fire-eater swallowing lumps of flame and defying the wet element with showers of flaming drops, which he leaves behind him in a weird, shining wake.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Cheerfully. WM. E. ASHMALL.



PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

IN the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak, of Itoby, determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

"Whenever my uncle visited us," said the Prince, "or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and, in order to do this, it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunneled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be leveled; a road shall be cut through forests; and, when I have finished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line. Thus will I show to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

As soon as possible after the Prince had determined upon this march, he made his preparations, and set out. He took with him a few courtiers, and a large body of miners, rock-splitters, bridge-builders, and workmen of that class, whose services would, very probably, be needed. Besides these, he had an officer, whose duty it was to point out the direct course to be taken, and another who was to draw a map of the march, showing the towns, mountains, and the various places it passed through. There were no compasses in those days, but the course-marker had an instrument which he would set in a proper direction by means of the stars, and then he could march by it all day. Besides these persons, Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

"When they grow up they will teach these things to their children," said he; "and thus I will instill good principles into my people."

The first day Prince Hassak marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After encamping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

"Your Highness," said the course-marker, "in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed."

"Let the men go to work," said the Prince. "I will dismount from my horse, and watch the proceedings."

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince. When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I never heard," he said, "of such a capital idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house."

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

"It will take your men some time," he said, "to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meanwhile. It is a fine day: suppose we go into the forest and hunt."

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party, with the exception of the laborers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

"What shall we find to hunt?" asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

"I really do not know," exclaimed the latter, "but we'll hunt whatever we happen to see — deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins, rhinoceroses, anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a splendid hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest; but they found no game; and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at

yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet. But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a Potentate, who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a jail, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this jail. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Potentate had journeyed this way and had stopped at his jail. After inquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few days, and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the jail."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came out to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshment, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses, and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your faces and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the Prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful; seventeen inmates was something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water through the holes in their cell-doors, and then he sat down to make out his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen, according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

"Here is one who ought to be executed," he said, referring to Number Seventeen. "And how did he poison his grandmother by proxy? Did he get another woman to be poisoned in her stead? Or did he employ some one to act in his place as the poisoner?"

"I have not yet been fully informed, my lord," said the jailer, fearful that he should lose a prisoner; "but this is his first offense, and his grandmother, who did not die, has testified to his general good character."

"Very well," said the Potentate; "but if he ever does it again, let him be executed; and, by the way, I should like to see the prisoners."

Thereupon the jailer conducted the Potentate along the corridors, and let him look through the holes in the doors at the prisoners within.

"What is this little girl in for?" he asked.

The jailer looked at the number over the door, and then at his report.

"Piracy," he answered.

"A strange offense for such a child," said the Potentate.

"They often begin that sort of thing very early in life," said the jailer.

"And this fine gentleman," said the Potentate, looking in at the Prince, "what did he do?"

The jailer glanced at the number, and the report.

"Robbed hen-roosts," he said.

"He must have done a good deal of it to afford to dress so well," said the Potentate, passing on, and looking into other cells. "It seems to me that a great many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offense.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"

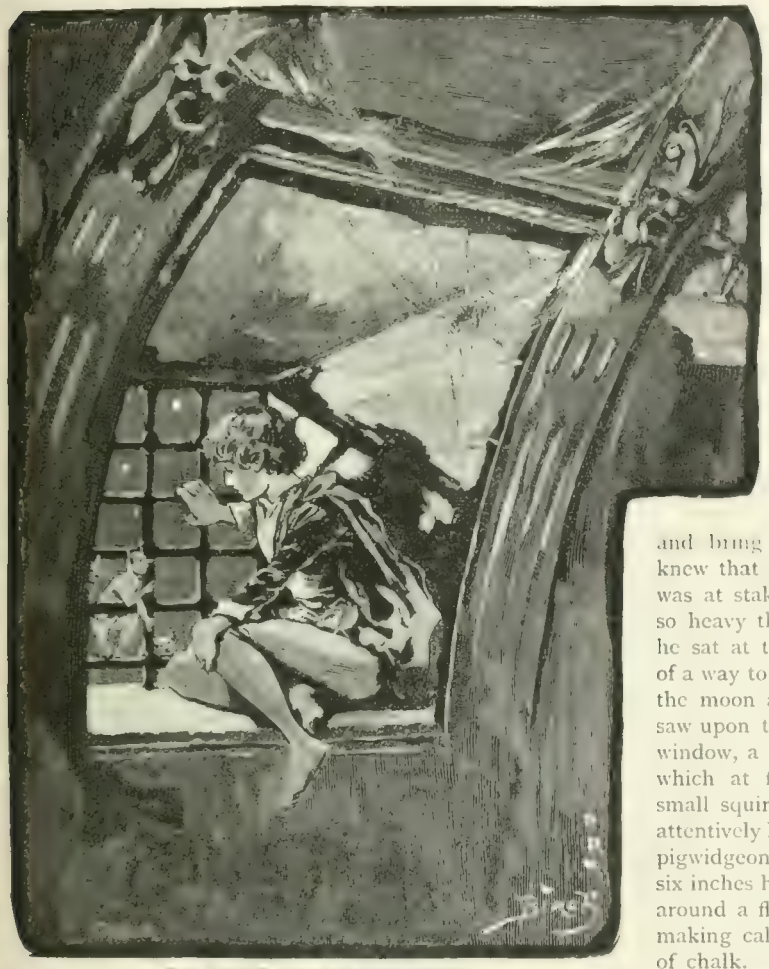
"There was only one," said the jailer.

Number Seventeen was the oldest of the courtiers.

"He appears to be an elderly man to have a

grandmother," said the Potentate. "She must be very aged, and that makes it all the worse for him. I think he should be executed."

"Oh, no, my lord," cried the jailer. "I am assured that his crime was quite unintentional."



THE TRUANT AND THE PIGWIDGEONS.

"Then he should be set free," said the Potentate.

"I mean to say," said the jailer, "that it was just enough intentional to cause him to be imprisoned here for a long time, but not enough to deserve execution."

"Very well," said the Potentate, turning to leave; "take good care of your prisoners, and send me a report every month."

"That will I do, my lord," said the jailer, bowing very low.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired, but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years; and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison-cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide awake. He was a Truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his school-fellows depended upon him to run away and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a Truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of little creatures, which at first he took for birds or small squirrels; but on looking more attentively he perceived that they were pigwidgeons, a kind of fairy, about six inches high. They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight, the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Fairies can do anything," he said to himself, "and these certainly can get us out." He now tried in various ways to attract the attention of the pigwidgeons; but as he was afraid to call or whistle very loud, for fear of arousing the jailer, he did not succeed. Happily, he thought of a pea-shooter which he had in his pocket, and taking this out he blew a pea into the midst of the little group with such force that it knocked the chalk from the hand of the pigwidgeon who was using it. The little fellows looked up in astonishment, and perceived the Truant beckoning to them from his window. At first they stood angrily regarding him; but on his urg-

ing them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window-sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively; and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five-sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough. Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them; and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before. "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five-sevenths by six. We have been working at it for four or five days, and there wont be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine; but one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, and two of the party, who were obliged to go away to a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we can not divide among six the five-sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the four next cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five-sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know; and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic; and, after a minute's thought, she said, "It would be five forty-seconds."

"Good!" cried the pigwidgeons. "We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars."

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor, and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out. That is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat, and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one window-bar. The sixteen other prisoners had all departed; the pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.

"It is the most ridiculous thing in the world," he said. "I suppose I must stay here and cry until I get thin." And the idea so tickled him, that he laughed himself to sleep.

The Prince and his party kept together, and hurried from the prison as fast as they could. When the day broke they had gone several miles, and then they stopped to rest. "Where is that Jolly-cum-pop?" said the Prince. "I suppose he has run home as fast as he could. He is a pretty fellow to lead us into this trouble and then desert us! How are we to find the way back to his house? Course-marker, can you tell us the direction in which we should go?"

"Not until to-night, your Highness," answered the course-marker, "when I can set my instrument by the stars."

The Prince's party was now in a doleful plight. Every one was very hungry; they were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. They wandered about for some time, looking for a brook or a spring where they might quench their thirst; and then a rabbit sprang out from some bushes. The whole party immediately started off in pursuit of the rabbit. They chased it here, there, backward and forward, through hollows and over hills, until it ran quite away and disappeared. Then they were more tired, thirsty, and hungry than before; and, to add to their miseries, when night came on the sky was cloudy, and the course-marker could not set his instrument by the stars. It would be difficult to find sixteen more miserable people than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved to death, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated each one of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching, a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be

heavily loaded, sat a man, with a red beard, reading a book. The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

The man with the red beard had upon his brow the marks of earnest thought. Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, he addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner: "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"



"'AND HERE IS ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE EXCITED,' SAID THE POTENTATE, REFERRING TO THE TWENTY-FIFTH CAMEL."

"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

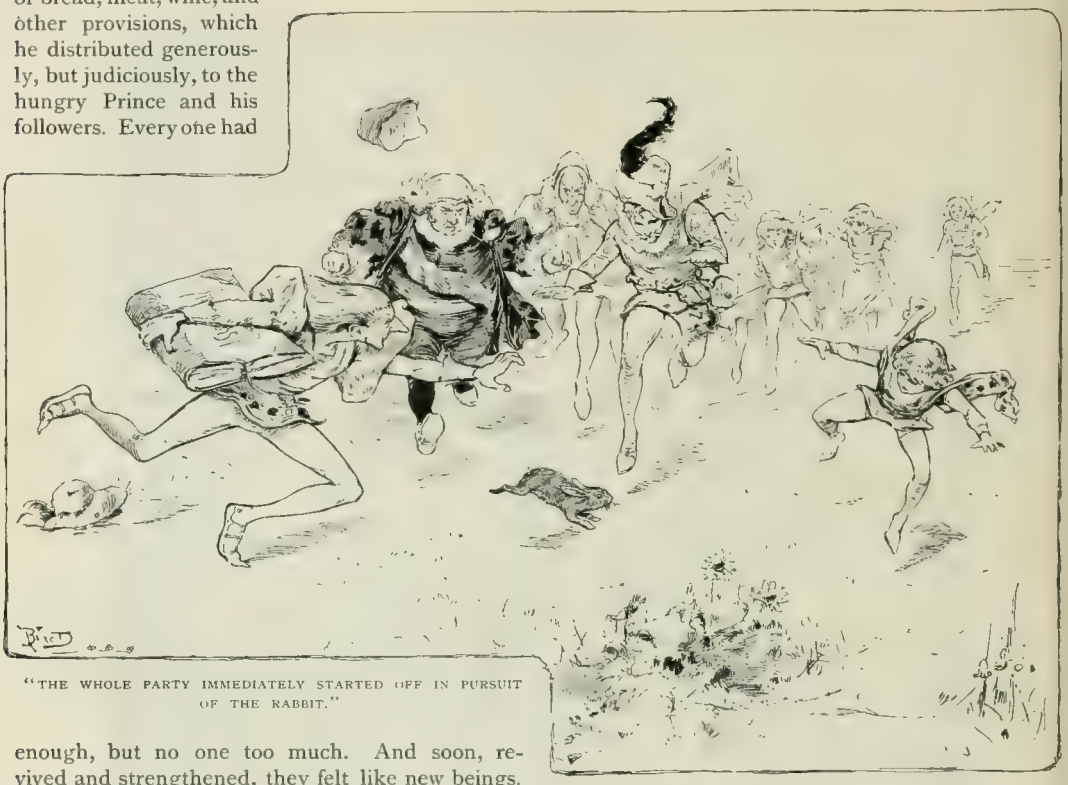
"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

"We 'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen, without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat?"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and his followers. Every one had enough, but no one too much. And soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.



"THE WHOLE PARTY IMMEDIATELY STARTED OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE RABBIT."

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

"I will explain the matter to you in a few words," said the man with the red beard and the thoughtful brow. "For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. A few persons settle down in some particular spot, and live there. Then they are a nucleus. Then other people come there, and gather around this nucleus, and then more people come and more, until in course of time there is a great city. I have loaded this cart with provisions, tools, and other things that are necessary for my purpose, and have set out to find some people who would be willing to form a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you and that you are willing to enter into my plan; and this seems a good spot for us to settle upon."

"What is the first thing to be done?" said the Prince.

"We must all go to work," said the man with the red beard, "to build dwellings, and also a school-house for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the suburbs, and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings."

"All this will take a good while, will it not?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the man, "it will take a good while; and the sooner we set about it, the better."

Thereupon tools were distributed among the party, and Prince, courtiers, boys, girls, and all went to work to build houses and form the nucleus of a city.

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said, "everything shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbers One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using

false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put one on and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red, as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door, and see you; then, as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell, you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I will endeavor to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But, after a time, he began to tire of this, and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars; but with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no hope of that. But I must get out of this jail, and, as there seems no other way, I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen in a body, and have determined to resist your authority, and break jail!"

When the jailer heard this, he was greatly troubled. "Do not proceed to violence," he said; "let us parley."

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We can not parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor, and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said. "You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us; but when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a blood-thirsty pirate, a wily poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you well may tremble."

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us to honorably surrender, and peacefully disperse to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the jail, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better, perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him. His walk was a very merry one. "By this time," he said to himself, "the Prince and his followers have returned to my house, and are tired of watching the rock-splitters and miners. How amused they will be when they see me return in this gay suit of green and yellow, with red spots, and with sixteen similar suits upon my arm! How my own dogs will bark at me! And how my own servants wont know me! It is the funniest thing I ever knew of!" And his gay laugh echoed far and wide. But when he had gone several miles without seeing any signs of his habitation, his gayety abated. "It would have been much better," he said, as he sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, "if I had brought with me sixteen rations instead of these sixteen suits of clothes." As he said this, he heard six small laughs, which seemed to be near him, and, looking around, he perceived in a little pathway, which passed under the trees, six pigwidgeons, each carrying five little earthen

pots, one on the head, one under each arm, and one in each hand. As he looked at them, the pots on the heads of the pigwidgeons were so shaken by the laughter of the little creatures, that every one of them fell to the ground, and was broken to pieces.

"Now, then," cried one of the pigwidgeons, "see what you have made us do! The idea of a man wearing such clothes as those you have on, and having besides sixteen other suits of the same kind, is so ridiculous that we could not help laughing. And now each of us has broken a pot."

"What do you want with so many little pots?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

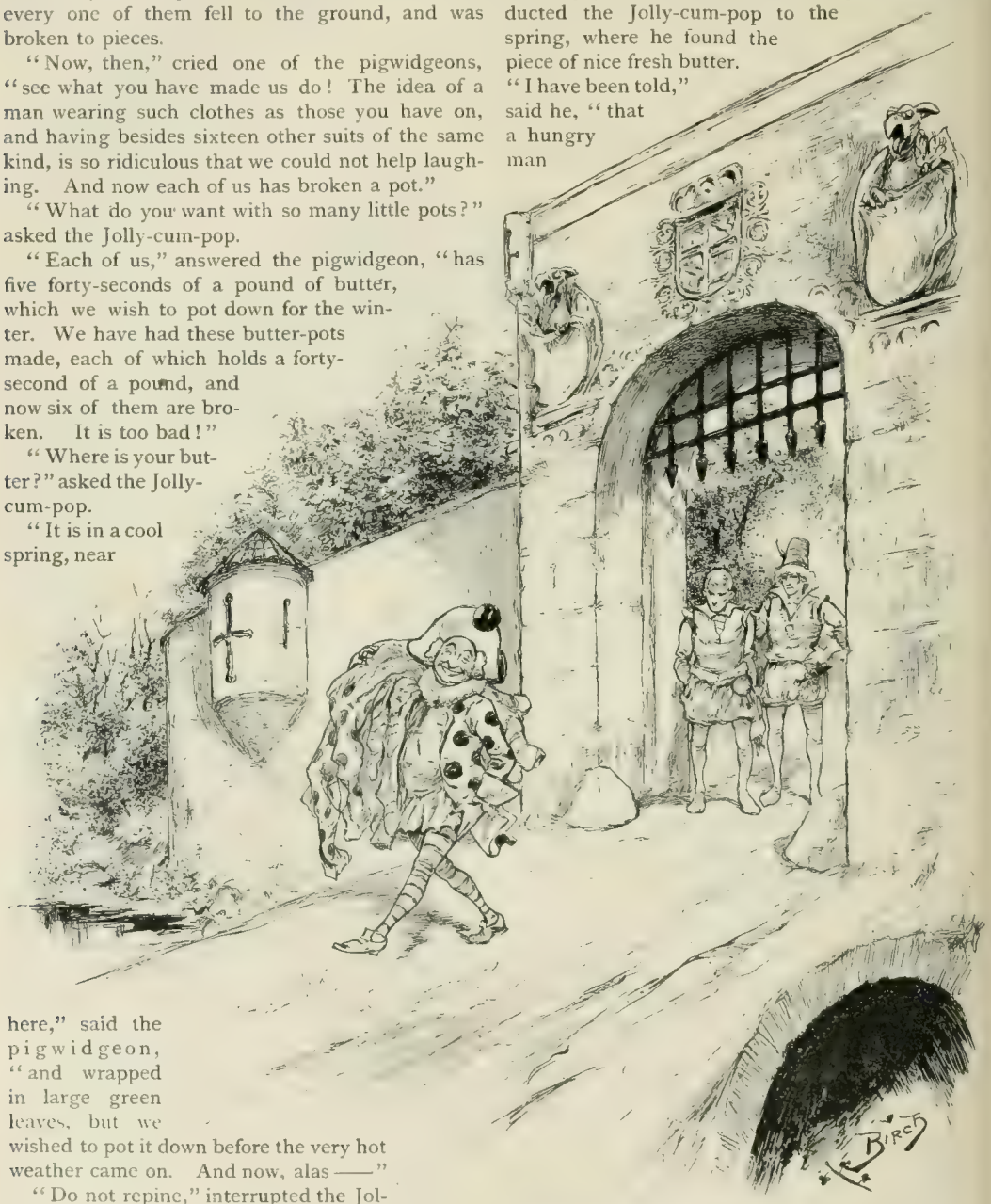
"Each of us," answered the pigwidgeon, "has five forty-seconds of a pound of butter, which we wish to pot down for the winter. We have had these butter-pots made, each of which holds a forty-second of a pound, and now six of them are broken. It is too bad!"

"Where is your butter?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"It is in a cool spring, near here," said the pigwidgeon, "and wrapped in large green leaves, but we wished to pot it down before the very hot weather came on. And now, alas——"

"Do not repine," interrupted the Jolly-cum-pop. "I will make you a proposition. I am very hungry, and must have something to eat. Give me your butter, and if you will come to my house in the autumn, I will repay you with two pounds of the best butter. This will save you the trouble of keeping it through the summer, and you will profit by the bargain."

The pigwidgeons agreed to this plan, and conducted the Jolly-cum-pop to the spring, where he found the piece of nice fresh butter. "I have been told," said he, "that a hungry man would eat bread without butter, and I suppose the rule will work both ways." And, thereupon, he ate



"THE JOLLY-CUM-POP MARCHED OUT IN GOOD ORDER."

the butter. "It is not a rule," he said, when he had finished, "that I would care about following very often, but there is a great deal of nutriment in butter, and I will not complain."

"Where is your house?" asked a pigwidgeon.

"That is what I am trying to find out," he answered. "But of one thing I am certain; it is not a day's journey from the prison where you sawed out the window-bars. Inquire for the Jolly-cum-pop and all will be right."

"Very well," said the pigwidgeons, "we shall find you." And they departed, each carrying four little butter-pots.

The Jolly-cum-pop now set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and, looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travelers. In a few moments, he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I 've taken all this trouble, and tired myself out, and eaten butter without bread, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, and takes me back. I might as well have staid where I was. Ha! ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

"We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago, and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners, and would, probably, punish us grievously. So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts' escaped by the aid of outside confederates, and that seventeen of them mutinied in a body and broke jail."

"That report," laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, "your Potentate will not readily understand."

"If I were there," said the jailer, "I could explain it to him; but, as it is, he must work it out for himself."

"Have you anything to eat with you?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Oh, yes," said the jailer, "we brought provisions."

"Well, then, I gladly take you under my protection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since morning but thirty forty-seconds of a pound of butter."

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundation of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labor, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the man, shading his thoughtful brow with a green umbrella, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Toward the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

When the Prince and the courtiers saw the Jolly-cum-pop in his bright and variegated dress, they did not know him; but the boys and girls soon recognized his jovial face, and, tired as they were, they set up a hearty laugh, in which they were loudly joined by their merry friend. While the Jolly-cum-pop was listening to the adventures of the Prince and his companions, and telling what had happened to himself, the man with the thoughtful brow was talking to the jailer and his party, and urging them to gather around the nucleus which had been here formed, and help to build a city.

"Nothing will suit us better," exclaimed the jailer, "and the sooner we build a town wall so as to keep off the Potentate, if he should come this way, the better shall we be satisfied."

The next morning, the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress,

if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon, the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow, with large red spots. There were some garments left over, for each boy wore only a pair of trousers with the waistband tied around his neck, and holes cut for his arms; while the large jackets, with the sleeves tucked, made very good dresses for the girls. The Prince and his party, accompanied by the Jolly-cum-pop, now left the red-bearded man and his new settlers to continue the building of the city, and set off anew on their journey. The course-marker had not been informed the night before that they were to go away that morning, and consequently did not set his instrument by the stars.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it; it will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince; "and as we are so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow, with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by what seemed to be sixteen other lunatics, can not now be known; but, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg that, for your sake and my own, you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a Prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

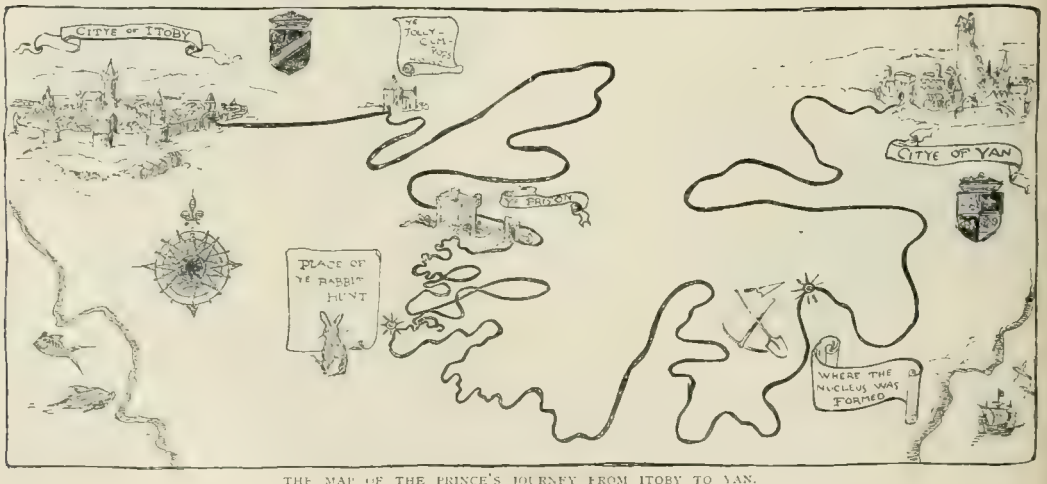
"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half-way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make a splendid cellar in which to keep my wine and provisions."

When the pigwidgeons came to see him in the autumn, he took from this cellar two pounds of butter and a large comb of honey, and gave it to them, at which they were greatly delighted, although they had to make several journeys to carry it home.

The day after the Prince's return his map-maker said to him: "Your Highness, according to your commands I made, each day, a map of your progress to the city of Yan. Here it is."

The Prince glanced at it and then he cast his eyes upon the floor. "Leave me," he said. "I would be alone."

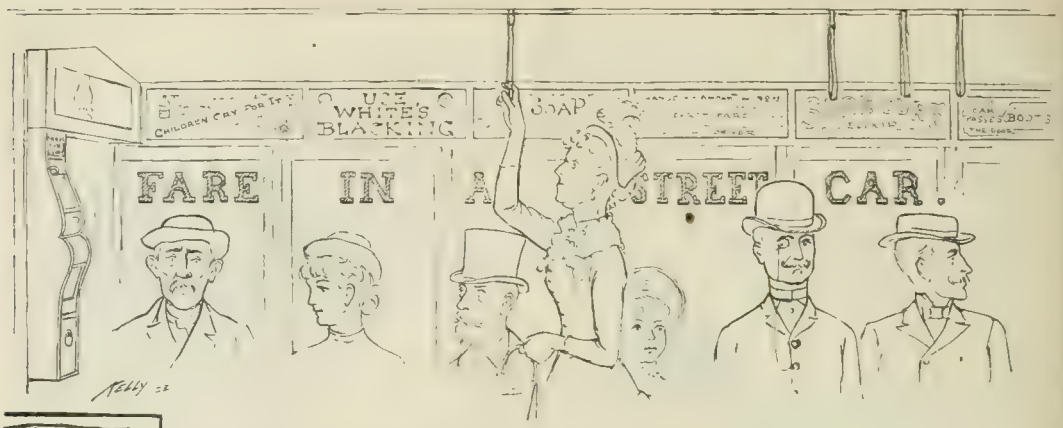


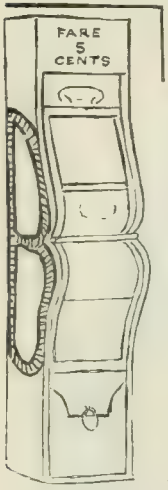
THE MAP OF THE PRINCE'S JOURNEY FROM ITOBY TO YAN.

THE TWO PUSSIES.

By Phil. Robinson.







BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IDDING good-bye to my family, I started one fine morning on a journey in a horse-railway car. People begin journeys nowadays with little preparation and on slight resources, and think no more of travel across a great city and into the suburbs than they formerly did of a tour around the garden.

To a person not much accustomed to travel, there is a mild excitement in getting on board of a street-car; it is in the nature of an adventure. The roar of the wheels in the iron track, the cheerful jingling of the bells, the effort to attract the attention of the driver, who, with one hand on the brake and the other controlling his fiery steeds, is always looking for a belated and hurrying passenger up the wrong street; the scant courtesy of the conductor, who watches, with his hand on the bell-pull, the placing of your foot on the step in order to give you the little shock necessary to settle your ideas — this mere getting on board has its pleasing anxieties and surprises. And then there is always the curiosity as to your fellow-passengers, and the advantage in studying character in a vehicle where people usually think it unnecessary to conceal their real natures. I have noticed that the first-comers in a car seem to think they have a sort of property in it, and they resent with a stare of surprise the entrance of the last-comer as if his right to a seat depended upon their courtesy. In no other conveyance, I think, does one so perfectly realize how queer people are. Nowhere else, perhaps, is ugliness and oddity and eccentricity in dress such an offense. And then the passengers, ugly as they may be, are so indifferent to your opinion. It is something amazing, the conceit of ugly people.

The car which I entered was nearly full — no car is ever full. It was one of the short cars called by the light-minded "bob-tailed," having one horse and no conductor — one of the contrivances that presumes upon the honesty of everybody except the driver. The car was dirty; but as this is the only dirty line in the United States it would be ill-natured to mention its name and city; besides, it is unnecessary to do so, as no doubt most of my readers have been on it. I was interested in studying the legends in English and German posted above the windows. They related, mostly, to diseases and the benefit of soap applied. There were also directions about negotiating with the driver for change, and one, many times repeated, and written over the fare-box by the door, requested the passenger to "put the exact fare in the box." This legend always annoys me by its narrowness and petty dictation. Often I do not feel like being bound by this iron rule; sometimes I would like to put in more, sometimes less, than the exact five cents. But no allowance is made for different moods and varying financial conditions. I often wonder if this rule is founded on real justice in the bosom of the company, and whether it would be as anxious to seek out the traveler who should by chance overpay and restore the excess, as it is to follow him when he puts in too little. If this is not the meaning of "exact," then the company is more anxious to make money than to do justice. I do not suppose this is so, but there is one suspicious thing about a horse-car. The floor is sometimes a grating, and straw is spread on this, so that if the passenger, who is often nervous and obliged to pass his fare from hand to hand to the box, lets it drop in the straw, he never can find it.

This plan of a double floor is adopted in the United States Mint, and the sweepings of the gold amount to a considerable sum. I wonder if the sweepings of the horse-cars go to the driver, or if the company collect them in order to put them in the nearest "poor-box."



The car in which I had taken passage did not differ from others in any of the above respects. The passengers seemed to have self-selected themselves with the usual regard to variety and the difficulty of fitting themselves and their baskets and packages into the seats — so many people start to travel in the horse-car as if they expected to have all the room to themselves, and a good many do have it, in point of fact. But I had not been seated long, letting the directions about the fare run around in my brain with their dreadful and idiotic iteration (I wonder how long a person could keep sane if he were shut up in a horse-car, compelled to read these legends; for he always is compelled to read them, however well he knows them),—I had not been seated long when I noticed a new legend posted over the fare-box. It read:

NO FARE TAKEN THAT HAS NOT BEEN EARNED.

And then I saw, standing by the box, an official whom I had never seen in a car before. I knew he was an official, not from any badge he wore, but from his unmistakable official air. He was a slender, polite young fellow, with cool gray eyes, a resolute nose, and a mouth that denoted firmness, tempered by an engaging smile. I should think that a locomotive engineer who was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association might look as he did.

I wondered what the young man was stationed there for; but his office became apparent when the first passenger stepped forward to deposit his exact fare in the box; he was to enforce the new regulation—"No fare taken that has not been earned." It struck me as an odd stand for a company to take; but I have for some time been convinced that these great corporations, which are called monopolies, are moral and benevolent associations in disguise, seeking to elevate the condition of their fellow-men, and studying devices for the public good that will keep down dividends. I got this idea from the recent examinations of the railway and telegraph magnates by the Senate Committee.

The first person who went forward to deposit her fare was a bright-faced school-girl. She evidently had not read the new legend,—since, in our day, school-children are taught not to observe anything outside of their text-books,—and she was surprised when the attendant at the box arrested her hand and asked:

"Did you earn that five cents?"

The girl started, but quickly recovered her presence of mind, and replied:

"Yes, sir; I earned it by going without butter, to get money to send to the poor heathen."

The official looked surprised, but asked kindly:

"Why don't you give it to the heathen, then, instead of spending it to ride about the city?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with that logical readiness which distinguishes the American woman at the tenderest age,—"oh, I did n't eat so much more butter than Mother expected, that I earned more than enough for the heathen, and I have some for myself."



This really ingenious reply puzzled the young man for a moment; but he shook his head, and said that this way of making profit out of self-sacrifice under the guise of benevolence would

have a bad effect on the character in the long run. She was no doubt a nice girl, but she would have to walk the rest of the way, for the company could not think of taking money that might, at the final day, be claimed by the heathen. She got out, with a little ruffled manner, and I watched her make her way straight to a candy-shop.

The next person who stepped up to the box was one of the most pleasing men we meet in modern society, neatly dressed, with a frank, open, unabashed face, a hearty manner, and an insinuating smile. With a confident air, born of long impunity in a patient community, without condescending to look at the box-keeper, he put out his hand toward the box.

"Excuse me," said the keeper, "how did you earn it?"

"Earn it?" repeated the man, in imperturbable good humor. "As everybody earns money nowadays—by talking. By persuading people to look out for their own interests; by showing the uncertainty of life, the probability of accidents, and the necessity of providing for the family. Are you insured?"

"Yes; I believe in insurance. It is the practical benevolent institution of the century. It counteracts the natural improvidence of human nature. Yours is a noble profession. Insurance is a little dear, however. Now, there 's your diamond pin. It is ornamental, but to me it represents too high a percentage on the insured. I 've got a big insurance, but I suppose you make more in one year than my family will get at my death on the savings of a life-time. I don't doubt you talk enough to earn your money, but I 'm obliged to consider the time of other people you consume, in talking, as an offset, and your account with the world is already overdrawn. I shall save somebody's time to-day if I compel you to walk the remainder of your journey."

This was most surprising talk from a horse-car official, and I saw that the passengers began to look uneasy at it.

The next one who got up was, I saw by his dress and manner, an easy-going farmer. The official, who appeared to know all about everybody at a glance, and to have the power of compelling the exact truth from everybody, at once said:

"Oh! you have a farm in the suburbs. Do you work at it yourself?"

"Well, I sorter look after things, and pay the hands."

"How much time do you spend at the store and the post-office, talking?"

"Oh! I have to be around to keep watch of the markets and see what 's going on. *She* aint no hand to do business."

"Who makes the butter and cheese?"

"She does that."

"Who cooks for the hired men?"

"Of course, she cooks."

"And does the washing, I suppose, and the house-work generally, and sews in the evening, and looks after the children. Don't you think she earns most of the money?"

"I never looked at it in that light. It 's my farm. She never complains."

"I dare say not. But you go home, and let her come and ride in the horse-car for a change."

As the farmer got out, looking a little sheepish, a smartly dressed young fellow stepped forward



and offered his fare.. He was stopped by the sharp question:

"Where did you get that five cents?"

"Got it of the gov'ner."

"And the governor is ——"

"He 's a carpenter."

"And a good one, I hear."

"You bet. It 's a cold day when he gets left on a job."

"And you are in school, I see. Are you in the high school?"

"No; I did n't pass."

"I thought so. You have n't time for study.

I 've seen you around the streets at night with other young hoodlums. Do you work with your father, out of school?"



"Not much. See here, old fellow, you know how it is; a fellow 's got to play lawn tennis, and see all the base-ball matches, and go to the races and the minstrels, with the other fellows, else he aint nowhere."

"You are right, my boy. You are a product of your age. But in future you 'll have to walk to these shows, so far as this company is concerned." The fellow got down. As he stepped on the sidewalk he gave a long, shrill whistle, and was at once joined by another fellow of like nature, and the two loafed along up the street, staring in at the shop-windows, and ogling all the girls they met.



The passengers by this time seemed a little reluctant to come forward, but the driver's bell jingled sharply, and a rather pretty young woman, with a care-worn face, timidly offered her money. There was a look of compassion on the official's face that I had not seen before as he asked her occupation.

"I make shirts, sir," she said, in a low voice, "for six cents apiece."

"Poor thing!" said the official. "You 've overcarned your money; but somehow the rule of the company does n't seem to apply to you. If I had my way, you should ride all day for nothing. It 's a great shame. I 've half a mind—it 's monstrous that half your daily earnings should go for car-fare. Ah! those ear-rings must have cost you at least twenty-five cents each. And yet, it 's a natural vanity. A woman must have something to sweeten life. No, I can not take your fare; but you sit still. I 'll refer your case to the company."

A gentleman whom I had been noticing for some time, and who regarded these proceedings with an amused air, now took his turn. He was past middle life, had a prosperous, self-contented, well-fed appearance, and seemed, as he stepped forward, in no doubt of his position or of the receipt of his fare. But he was stopped, all the same.

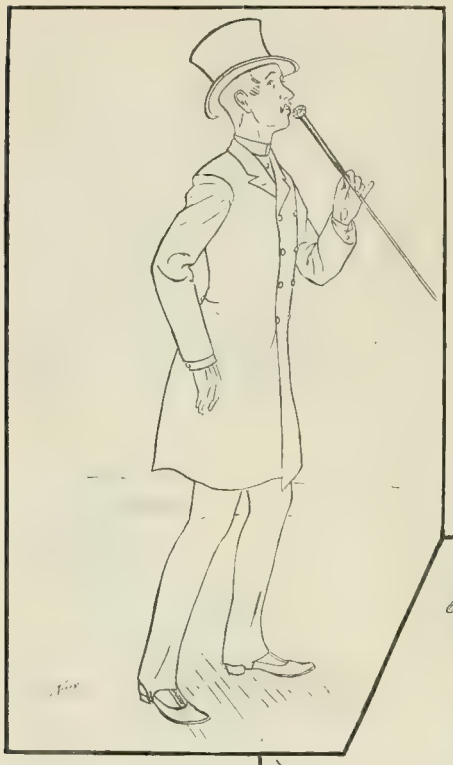


"How did you get your money?"

"I inherited it."

"And you have never, in all your life, performed a single hour's real labor by which you added to the productiveness of the world, or earned a cent? You need not answer. I know you have n't. You are a fortunate man. You will be fortunate until you are compelled to account for your time and opportunity. Most men would like to change places with you, and I confess that I should. I respect you. Still, you must see for yourself that this particular car is no place for you."

While this conversation was going on, a young man who had been standing, holding on to a strap, with a nonchalant air, looked around to see if the exit was clear. I did not wonder at his





standing, for his pantaloons were so tight that he could not sit down. His waist was drawn in, his fashionable coat was padded, to give him square shoulders, his high collar kept his nose in the air, his hair was banged, and he wore a high, shiny hat and carried a short cane. He belonged to a species that has been very conspicuous lately. He slipped through the door and disappeared as the bell rang to let out the inheritor. It was the only sensible thing that ever I knew one of his class do; and his action proved to me that any one of his tribe, as one of his friends said of the late English male Lily, is not such a fool as he pretends to be. With him also slipped out three or four others — a well-known broker, an operator in flour and pork, an agent for the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews, and a seedy-looking man whose breath gave a spiritual tone to the car, and whom I had never seen active at any other time than in an election campaign.

The car was pretty well thinned out by this time. The bell rang sharply for the delinquents. A thick-set man, who might have been taken for a philosopher, if the manner in which he sat, with his knees drawn together and his feet spread apart, had not betrayed his occupation as a shoemaker, arose and approached the official. The latter merely looked at him with a quizzical expression, and then lifted up one foot and turned up the sole of his boot. The leather was spongy and worn into holes, and the tops were cracked in three places.

"This is your work," said the official. "I have to wear these, because the new ones you promised week before last have not come home."

The shoemaker went out without a word, and another mechanic stepped up. Everybody knows him, in his working garb, with his well-to-do air and his agreeable manner. The whole of our modern civilization rests on him. His name is oftener in our mouths than "malaria." Some experts think that he is the cause of malaria, while others hold that malaria originated him.

"Where are you going?" asked the official, blandly.

"Back to the shop. I 've got a job on the hill."

"And I dare say you are going back to get a tool you forgot in the morning."

"Yes."

"And you 'll charge for the time going for the forgotten tool, and your fare back and forth. Your innocent forgetfulness is costing the



community too much. This company can not be longer a party to it."

There was now left in the car only the seamstress, who was riding on sufferance, a woman with a big basket, apparently containing somebody's "washing," and myself. I was curious to see how the official would treat the washerwoman. It is not always convenient to ride with a lot of clothes-baskets and market-baskets (I forgot to mention that a gaudily dressed woman with a poodle-dog had descended at the time the "dude" escaped), but if any one earns her money, I said to myself, it must be this poor washerwoman. The official seemed to be of my opinion. He was about to receive the fare when a thought struck him. He lifted the cloth that covered the clothes and exposed them to view. The sight was too painfully familiar. The dirt had been soaked and ironed into the linen. The shirt-bosoms were streaked with iron-rust. The tender-hearted official sighed, and the poor woman took up her basket and went her painful way. Alas! where are we to look for virtue in this world?



It was now my turn. I was disposed to depart without any parley, but the official, who knew how long I had been riding, cried out, "Fare, please." I offered the five cents to the box.

"You are something in the pen line, I think?"

"Nothing very remunerative," I replied, with assumed indifference. "I do not write deluding advertisements for the newspapers."

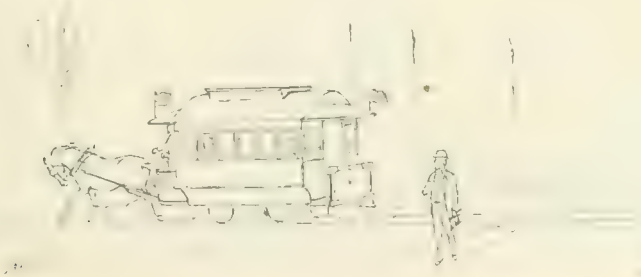


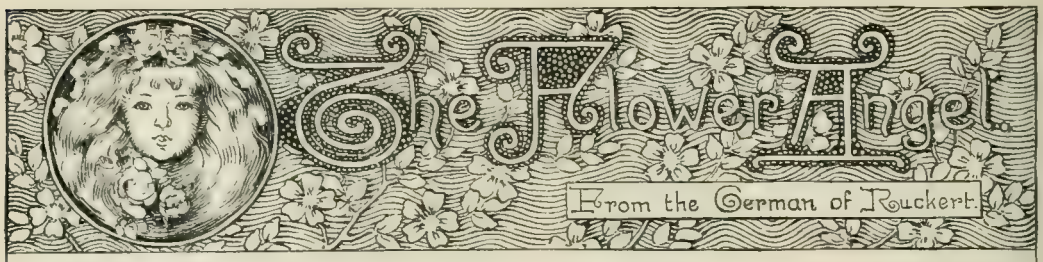
"True; but there is a popular notion that your copyright is a hinderance to the diffusion of knowledge. I don't share this notion as to anything you write, so we will let that point pass. Is there any other way in which you can account for this five-cent piece as fairly earned?"

"Well," I said, "I think I have earned it by refraining from riding in the horse-cars. I usually walk."

"Your reason is ingenious: it is even plausible," he replied. "I even think you are right in principle. But in the interest of the company I can not admit it. What would become of the horse-cars, if people should find the use of their legs again and walk as they did before horse-cars were invented? No, sir; you stand in the way of civilization. Saving is not earning in these days."

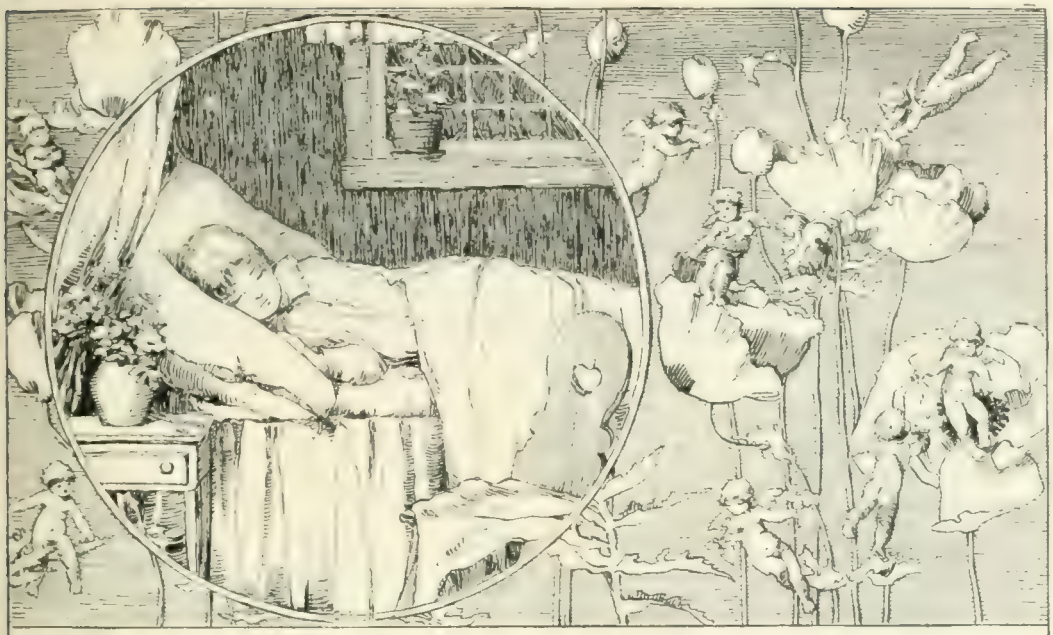
As the car jolted on its way,—it is torture to ride over our roughly laid track,—I stopped for a moment and reflected upon the whimsical conduct of this car company. If its test were generally applied, what would become of our civilization?





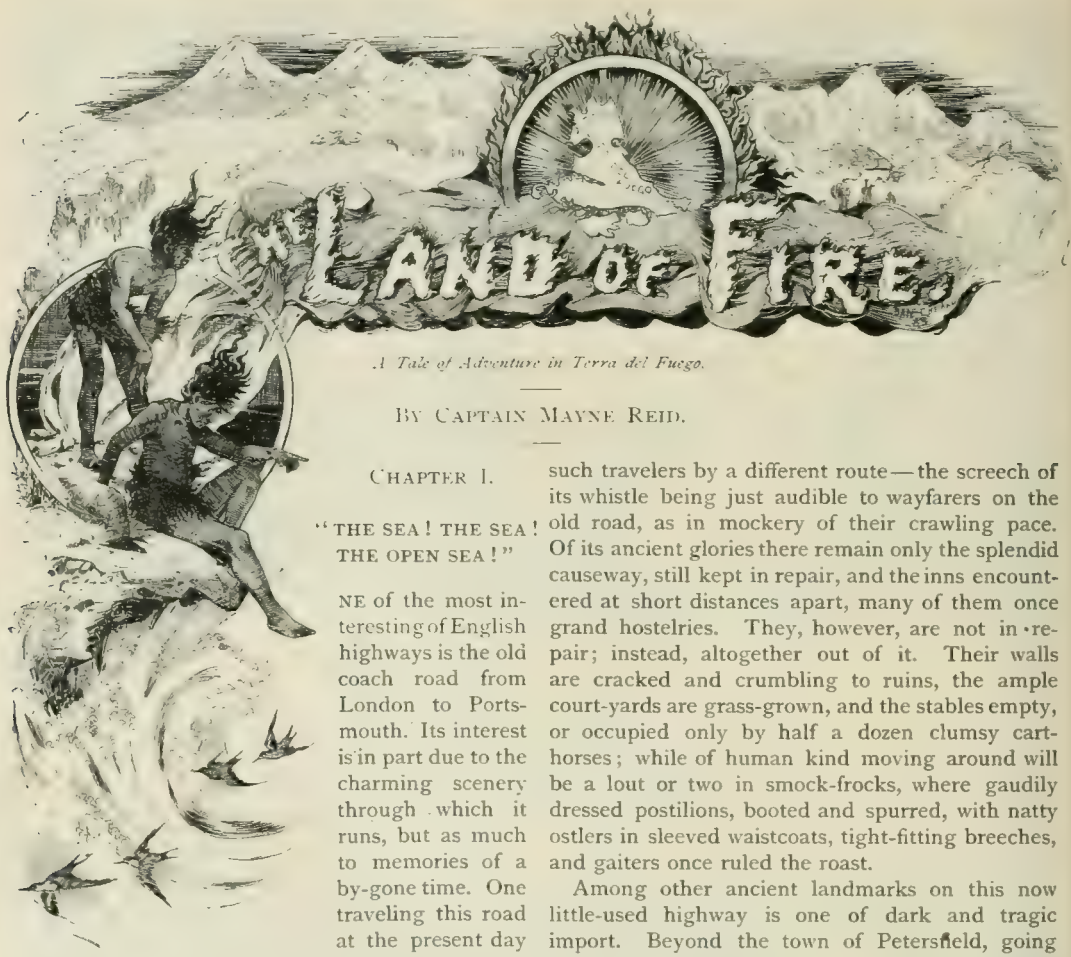
THE little angels, maiden dear, I trow
Are just as dainty and as fair as thou;
Only, to us it is not ever given
To see them when they fly to earth from heaven.
But if thou dost not yet, dear maiden, know
Where little angels love to dwell below,
When they come down to earth from heaven's bowers,
I'll tell thee where they live—'t is in the flowers.
A tiny tent each opening blossom is,
Some little angel chose it out for his,
That he might rest there from his wanderings
Ere heavenward again he spreads his wings.
He takes much thought about his dwelling, too—
Ay, just as much as lowly mortals do.
He decks it out on every side with care,
That so he may with pleasure linger there.
He fetches sunbeams brightly glittering,
And makes his roof a golden covering.
He fetches radiant colors, one and all,
And paints his tiny dwelling's inner wall.
With blossom-meal he bakes celestial bread,
Lest he on earth should be an hungerèd.
He brews his drink from fresh and sparkling dew,
And keeps his house as well as I or you.





The flower is happy when this master makes
So great a stir within and brews and bakes.
And when the angel flies to heaven again,
The little house falls ruined, all for pain.
And so, if thou art fain, O maiden dear,
To have the little angels ever near,
Then keep amid the flowers, and there will be
Some little angel always guarding thee.
Before thy window let a floweret bloom —
No evil thought may pass into thy room;
A knot of flowers upon thy bosom bear —
An angel shall go with thee everywhere;
Water a lily-spray at morning-light —
All day thou shalt remain as lily-white;
At night, let roses guard thy sleeping head —
Angels shall rock thee on a rose-strewn bed.
No dream of evil may brood over thee,
For little angels close will cover thee.
And when they suffer dreams to enter there,
Such dreams will surely all be good and fair.
And if, while guarded safely thus thou art,
Thou dreamest of the love of some true heart,
Then think that it must good and faithful be,
Or angels had not let it in to thee.





A Tale of Adventure in Terra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

"THE SEA! THE SEA! THE OPEN SEA!"

ONE of the most interesting of English highways is the old coach road from London to Portsmouth. Its interest is in part due to the charming scenery through which it runs, but as much to memories of a by-gone time. One traveling this road at the present day might well deem it lonely, as there will be met on it only the liveried equipage of some local magnate, the more unpretentious turn-out of country doctor or parson, with here and there a lumbering farm wagon, or the farmer himself in his smart two-wheeled "trap," on the way to a neighboring market.

How different it was half a century ago, when along this same highway fifty four-horse stages were "tooled" to and fro from England's metropolis to her chief sea-port town, top-heavy with fares — often a noisy crowd of jovial Jack-tars, just off a cruise and making Londonward, or with faces set for Portsmouth, once more to breast the billows and brave the dangers of the deep! Many a naval officer of name and fame historic, such as the Rodneys, Cochranes, Collingwoods, and Codringtons, — even Nile's hero himself, — has been whirled along this old highway.

All that is over now, and long has been. To-day the iron horse, with its rattling train, carries such travelers by a different route — the screech of its whistle being just audible to wayfarers on the old road, as in mockery of their crawling pace. Of its ancient glories there remain only the splendid causeway, still kept in repair, and the inns encountered at short distances apart, many of them once grand hostelries. They, however, are not in repair; instead, altogether out of it. Their walls are cracked and crumbling to ruins, the ample court-yards are grass-grown, and the stables empty, or occupied only by half a dozen clumsy cart-horses; while of human kind moving around will be a lout or two in smock-frocks, where gaudily dressed postilions, booted and spurred, with natty ostlers in sleeved waistcoats, tight-fitting breeches, and gaiters once ruled the roast.

Among other ancient landmarks on this now little-used highway is one of dark and tragic import. Beyond the town of Petersfield, going southward, the road winds up a long steep ridge of chalk formation — the "Southdowns," which have given their name to the celebrated breed of sheep. Near the summit is a crater-like depression, several hundred feet in depth, around whose rim the causeway is carried — a dark and dismal hole, so weird of aspect as to have earned for it the appellation of the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Human agency has further contributed to the appropriateness of the title. By the side of the road, just where it turns around the upper edge of the hollow, is a monolithic monument, recording the tragic fate of a sailor who was there murdered and his dead body flung into the "Bowl." The inscription further states that justice overtook his murderers, who were hanged on the self-same spot, the scene of their crime.

It is a morning in the month of June, the hour a little after day-break. A white fog is over the land

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of South Hampshire — so white that it might be taken for snow. The resemblance is increased by the fact of its being but a layer, so low that the crests of the hills and tree-tops of copses appear as islets in the ocean, with shores well defined, though constantly shifting. For, in truth, it is the effect of a *mirage*, a phenomenon aught but rare in the region of the Southdowns.

The youth who is wending his way up the slope leading to the Devil's Punch Bowl takes no note of this illusion of nature. But he is not unobservant of the fog itself; indeed, he seems pleased at having it around him, as though it afforded concealment from pursuers. Some evidence of this might be gathered from his now and then casting suspicious glances rearward and at intervals stopping to listen. Neither seeing nor hearing anything, however, he continues up the hill in a brisk walk, though apparently weary. That he is tired can be told by his sitting down on a bank by the roadside, as soon as he reaches the summit, evidently to rest himself. What he carries could not be the cause of his fatigue — only a small bundle done up in a silk handkerchief. More likely it comes from his tramp along the hard road, the thick dust over his clothes showing that he has been on it for hours.

Now, high up the ridge, where the fog is but a thin film, the solitary wayfarer can be better observed, and a glance at his face forbids all thought of his being a runaway from justice. Its expression is open, frank, and manly; whatever of fear there is in it certainly can not be due to any consciousness of crime. It is a handsome face, moreover, framed in a profusion of blonde hair, which falls curling past cheeks of ruddy hue. An air of rusticity in the cut of his clothes would bespeak him country bred, probably the son of a farmer. And just that is he, his father being a yeoman-farmer near Godalming, some thirty miles back along the road. Why the youth is so far from home at this early hour, and afoot,— why those uneasy glances over the shoulder, as if he were an escaping convict,— may be gathered from some words of soliloquy half spoken aloud by him, while resting on the banks:

"I hope they wont miss me before breakfast-time. By then I ought to be in Portsmouth, and if I 've the luck to get apprenticed on board a ship, I 'll take precious good care not to show myself on shore till she 's off. But, surely, Father wont think of following this way — not a bit of it. The old wagoner will tell him what I said about going to London, and that 'll throw him off the scent completely."

The smile that accompanied the last words is replaced by a graver look, with a touch of sadness in the tone of his voice as he continues:

"Poor, dear Mother, and Sis Em'ly! It'll go hard with them for a bit, grieving. But they 'll soon get over it. 'T is n't like I was leaving them never to come back. Besides, wont I write Mother a letter soon as I 'm sure of getting safe off?"

A short interval of silent reflection, and then follow words of a self-justifying nature:

"How could I help it? Father would insist on my being a farmer, though he knows how I hate it. One clod-hopper in the family 's quite enough; and brother Dick 's the man for that. As the song says, 'Let me go ploughing the sea.' Yes, though I should never rise above being a common sailor. Who 's happier than the jolly Jack-tar? He sees the world, any way, which is better than to live all one's life, with head down, delving ditches. But a common sailor — no! Maybe I 'll come home, in three or four years, with gold buttons on my jacket and a glittering band around the rim of my cap. Ay, and with pockets full of gold coin! Who knows? Then wont Mother be proud of me, and little Em, too?"

By this time, the uprisen sun has dispelled the last lingering threads of mist, and Henry Chester (such is the youth's name) perceives, for the first time, that he has been sitting beside a tall column of stone. As the memorial tablet is right before his eyes, and he reads the inscription on it, again comes a shadow over his countenance. May not the fate of that unfortunate sailor be a forecast of his own? Why should it be revealed to him just then? Is it a warning of what is before him, with reproach for his treachery to those left behind? Probably, at that very moment, an angry father, a mother and sister in tears, all on his account!

For a time he stands hesitating, in his mind a conflict of emotions — a struggle between filial affection and selfish desire. Thus wavering, a word would decide him to turn back for Godalming and home. But there is no one to speak that word, while the next wave of thought surging upward brings vividly before him the sea with all its wonders — a vision too bright, too fascinating, to be resisted by a boy, especially one brought up on a farm. So he no longer hesitates, but, picking up his bundle, strides on toward Portsmouth.

A few hundred paces farther up, and he is on the summit of the ridge, there to behold the belt of low-lying Hampshire coastland, and beyond it the sea itself, like a sheet of blue glass, spreading out till met by the lighter blue of the sky. It is his first look upon the ocean, but not the last; it can surely now claim him for its own.

Soon after, an incident occurs to strengthen him in the resolve he has taken. At the southern base of the "Downs," lying alongside the road, is the park and mansion of Horndean. Passing its lodge

gate, he has the curiosity to ask who is the owner of such a grand place, and gets for answer, "Admiral Sir Charles Napier." *

"Might not *I* some day be an admiral?" self-interrogates Henry Chester, the thought sending lightness to his heart and quickening his steps in the direction of Portsmouth.

CHAPTER II.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE clocks of Portsmouth are striking nine as the yeoman farmer's son enters the suburbs of the famous sea-port. He lingers not there, but presses on to where he may find the ships—"by the Hard, Portsea," as he learns on inquiry. Presently, a long street opens before him, at whose farther end he descries a forest of masts, with their net-work of spars and rigging, like the web of a gigantic spider. Ship he has never seen before, save in pictures or miniature models; but either were enough for their identification, and the youth knows he is now looking with waking eyes at what has so often appeared to him in dreams.

Hastening on, he sees scores of vessels lying at anchor off the Hard, their boats coming and going. But they are men-of-war, he is told, and not the sort for him. Notwithstanding his ambitious hope of one day becoming a naval hero, he does not quite relish the idea of being a common sailor—at least, on a man-of-war. It were too like enlisting in the army to serve as a private soldier—a thing not to be thought of by the son of a yeoman-farmer. Besides, he has heard of harsh discipline on war vessels, and that the navy tar, when in a foreign port, is permitted to see little more of the country than may be viewed over the rail or from the rigging of his ship. A merchantman is the craft he inclines to, at least to make a beginning with, especially one that trades from port to port, visiting many lands; for, in truth, his leaning toward a sea-life has much to do with a desire to see the world and its wonders. Above all, would a whaler be to his fancy, as among the most interesting books of his reading have been some that described the chase of "Leviathan," and he longs to take a part in it. But Portsmouth is not the place for whaling vessels, not one such being there.

For the merchantmen he is directed to their special harbor; and proceeding thither, he finds several lying alongside the wharves, some taking in cargo, some discharging it, with two or three fully freighted and ready to set sail. These last claim his attention first, and, screwing up courage, he boards one, and asks if he may speak with her captain.

The captain being pointed out to him, he modestly and somewhat timidly makes known his wishes. But he meets only with an off-hand denial, couched in words of scant courtesy.

Disconcerted, though not at all discouraged, he tries another ship; but with no better success. Then another, and another, with like result, until he has boarded nearly every vessel in the harbor having a gang-plank out. Some of the skippers receive him even rudely, and one almost brutally, saying: "We don't want land-lubbers on this craft. So cut ashore—quick!"

Henry Chester's hopes, high-tide at noon, ere night are down to lowest ebb; and greatly humiliated, he almost wishes himself back on the old farmstead by Godalming. He is even again considering whether it would not be better to give it up and go back, when his eyes chance to stray to a flag on whose corner is a cluster of stars on a blue ground, with a field of red and white bands alternating. It droops over the taffrail of a bark of some six hundred tons burden, and below it on her stern is lettered "The Calypso." During his perambulations to and fro, he has more than once passed this vessel; but, the ensign not being English, he did not think of boarding her. Refused by so many skippers of his own country, what chance would there be for him with one of a foreign vessel? None whatever, reasoned he. But now, more intelligently reflecting, he bethinks him that the bark, after all, is not so much a foreigner, a passer-by having told him she is American,—or "Yankee," as it was put,—and the flag she displays is the famed "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Well," mutters the runaway to himself, "I'll make one more try. If this one, too, refuses me, things will be no worse; and then—then—home, I suppose."

Saying which, he walks resolutely up the sloping plank and steps on board the bark, to repeat there the question he has already asked that day for the twentieth time—"Can I speak with the captain?"

"I guess not," answers he to whom it is addressed, a slim youth who stands leaning against the capstan. "Leastways, not now, 'cause he 's not on board. What might you be wantin', mister? Maybe I can fix it for you."

Though the words are encouraging and the tone

* The Sir Charles Napier known to history as the "hero of St. Jean d'Acre," but better known to sailors in the British navy as "Old Sharpen Your Cutlasses!" This quaint soubriquet he obtained from an order issued by him when he commanded a fleet in the Baltic, anticipating an engagement with the Russians.

kindly, Henry Chester has little hopes that he can, the speaker being but a boy himself. Still, he speaks in a tone of authority, and though in sailor garb, it is not that of a common deck-hand. He is in his shirt-sleeves, the day being warm, but the shirt is of fine linen, ruffled at the breast, and gold-studded, while a costly Panama hat shades his somewhat sallow face from the sun. Besides, he is on the quarter-deck, seeming at home there.

Noting these details, the applicant takes heart to tell again his oft-told tale, and await the rejoinder.

"Well," responds the young American, "I 'm sorry I can't give you an answer about that, the Cap'n, as I told you, not being aboard. He 's gone ashore on some Custom-house business. But, if you like, you can come again and see him."

"I would like it much; when might I come?"

"Well, he might be back any minute. Still, it 's uncertain, and you 'd better make it to-morrow morning; you 'll be sure to find him on board up till noon, anyhow."

Though country born and bred, Henry Chester was too well-mannered to prolong the interview, especially after receiving such courteous treatment, the first shown him that day. So, bowing thanks, as well as speaking them, he returns to the wharf. But, still under the influence of gratitude, he glances back over the bark's counter, to see on her quarter-deck what intensifies his desire to become one of her crew. A fair vision it is — a slip of a girl, sweet-faced and of graceful form, who has just come out of the cabin, and joined the youth by the capstan, to all appearance asking some question about Chester himself, as her eyes are turned shoreward after him. At the same time, a middle-aged, lady-like woman shows herself at the head of the companion-stair and seems interested in him also.

"The woman must be the captain's wife and the girl his daughter," surmises the English youth, and correctly. "But I never knew that ladies lived on board ships, as they seem to be doing. An American fashion, I suppose. How different from all the other vessels I 've visited. Come back to-morrow morning? No, not a bit of it! I 'll hang about here, and wait the captain's return. That will I, if it be till midnight."

So resolving, he looks around for a place where he may rest himself. After his thirty miles' trudge along the king's highway, with quite ten more back and forth on the wharves, to say naught of the many ships boarded, he needs rest badly. A pile of timber here, with some loose planks alongside it, offers the thing he is in search of; and on the latter he seats himself, leaning his back against the boards in such a position as to be screened from the sight of those on the bark, while himself having a view of the approaches to her gang-plank.

For a time he keeps intently on the watch, wondering what sort of man the "Calypso's" captain may be, and whether he will recognize him amidst the moving throng. Not likely, since most of those passing by are men of the sea, as their garb betokens. There are sailors in blue jackets and trousers that are tight at the hip and loose around the ankles, with straw-plaited or glazed hats, bright-ribboned, and set far back on the head; other seamen in heavy pilot-cloth coats and sou'-westers; still others wearing Guernsey frocks and worsted caps, with long points drooping down over their ears. Now, a staid naval officer passes along in gold-laced uniform, and sword slung in black leathern belt; now, a party of rollicking midshipmen, full of romp and mischief.

Not all who pass him are English; there are men loosely robed, and wearing turbans, whom he takes to be Turks, or Egyptians, which they are; others, also of Oriental aspect, in red caps, with blue silk tassels — the fez. In short, he sees sailors of all nations and colors, from the blonde-complexioned Swede and Norwegian to the almost jet-black negro from Africa.

But while endeavoring to guess the different nationalities, a group at length presents itself which puzzles him. It is composed of three individuals — a man, boy, and girl; their respective ages being about twenty-five, fifteen, and ten. The oldest (the man) is not much above five feet in height, the other two short in proportion. All three, however, are stout-bodied, broad-shouldered, and with heads of goodly size; the short, slender legs alone giving them a squat, diminutive look. Their complexion is that of old mahogany; hair straight as needles, coarse as bristles, and crow-black; eyes of jet, obliqued to the line of the nose, this thin at the bridge, and depressed, while widely dilated at the nostrils; low foreheads and retreating chins — such are the features of this singular trio. The man's face is somewhat forbidding, the boy's less so, while the countenance of the girl has a pleasing expression, or at least a picturesqueness such as is commonly associated with gypsies. What chiefly attracts Henry Chester to them, however, while still further perplexing him as to their nationality, is that all three are attired in the ordinary way as other well-dressed people in the streets of Portsmouth. The man and boy wear broadcloth coats, tall "chimney-pot" hats, and polished boots; white linen shirts, too, with standing collars, and silk neck-ties; the boy somewhat foppishly twirling a light cane he carries in his kid-gloved hand. The girl is dressed neatly and becomingly in a gown of

cotton print, with a bright-colored scarf over her shoulders, and a bonnet on her head, her only adornment being a necklace of imitation pearls and a ring or two on her fingers.

Henry Chester might not have taken such particular notice of them but that, when opposite him, they came to a stand, though not on his account. What halts them is the sight of the starred and striped flag on the "Calypso," which is evidently nothing new to them, however rare a visitor in the harbor of Portsmouth. A circumstance that further surprises Henry is to hear them converse about it in his own tongue.

"Look, Ocushlu!" exclaims the man, addressing the girl. "That the same flag we often see in our own country on real fisher ship."

"Indeed so — just same. You see, Orundelico?"

"Oh, yes," responds the boy, with a careless toss of head and wave of the cane, as much as to say, "What matters it?"

"'Merican ship," further observes the man. "They speak Inglis, same as people here."

"Yes, Eleparu," rejoins the boy. "That true; but they different from Inglismen — not always friends; sometimes they enemies and fight. Sailors tell me that when we were in the big war-ship."

"Well, it no business of ours," returns Eleparu. "Come 'long!" Saying which, he leads off, the others following; all three at intervals uttering ejaculations of delighted wonder, as objects novel and unknown come before their eyes.

Equally wonders the English youth as to who and what they may be. Such queer specimens of humanity! But not long does he ponder upon it. Up all the night preceding and through all that day, with his mind constantly on the rack, his tired frame at length succumbs, and he falls asleep.

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH MUD-LARKS.

THE Hampshire youth sleeps soundly, dreaming of a ship manned by women, with a pretty, child-like girl among the crew. But he seems scarcely to have closed his eyes before he is awakened by a clamor of voices, scolding and laughing in jarring contrast. Rubbing his eyes and looking about him, he sees the cause of the strange disturbance, which proceeds from some ragged boys, of the class commonly termed "wharf-rats" or "mud-larks." Nearly a dozen are gathered together, and it is they who laugh; the angry voices come from others, around whom they have formed a ring and whom they are "badgering."

Springing upon his feet, he hurries toward the scene of contention, or whatever it may be; not from curiosity, but impelled by a more generous motive — a suspicion that there is foul play going on. For among the mud-larks he recognizes one who, early in the day, offered insult to himself, calling him a "country yokel." Having other fish to fry, he did not at the time resent it, but now — now he will see.

Arriving at the spot, he sees, what he has already dimly suspected, that the mud-larks' victims are the three odd individuals who lately stopped in front of him. But it is not they who are most angry; instead, they are giving the "rats" change in kind, returning their "chaff," and even getting the better of them, so much so that some of their would-be tormentors have quite lost their tempers. One is already furious — a big, hulking fellow, their leader and instigator, and the same who had cried "country yokel." As it chances, he is afflicted with an impediment of speech, in fact, stutters badly, making all sorts of twitching grimaces in the endeavor to speak correctly. Taking advantage of this, the boy Orundelico — "blackamoor," as he is being called — has so turned the tables on him by successful mimicry of his speech as to elicit loud laughter from a party of sailors loitering near. This brings on a climax, the incensed bully, finally losing all restraint of himself, making a dash at his diminutive mocker, and felling him to the pavement with a vindictive blow.

"Tit-it-it-take that, ye ugly mim-m-monkey!" is its accompaniment in speech as spiteful as defective.

The girl sends up a shriek, crying out:

"Oh, Eleparu! Orundelico killed! He dead!"

"No, not dead!" answers the boy, instantly on his feet again like a rebounding ball, and apparently but little injured. "He take me foul. Let him try once more. Come on, big brute!"

And the pigmy places himself in a defiant attitude, fronting an adversary nearly twice his own size.

"Stan' side!" shouts Eleparu, interposing. "Let me go at him!"

"Neither of you!" puts in a new and resolute voice, that of Henry Chester, who, pushing both aside, stands face to face with the aggressor, fists hard shut, and eyes flashing anger. "Now, you ruffian," he adds, "I 'm your man."

"Wh-wh-who are yi-yi-you? an' wh-wh-what 's it your bi-bib-business?"

"No matter who I am; but it 's my business to make you repent that cowardly blow. Come on and get your punishment!" And he advances toward the stammerer, who has shrunk back.

This unlooked-for interference puts an end to the fun-making of the mud-larks, all of whom are now highly incensed. For in their new adversary

they recognize a lad of country raising,—not a town boy,—which of itself challenges their antagonistic instincts. On these they are about to act, one crying out: "Let 's pitch into the yokel and gie him a good trouncin'!"—a second adding: "Hang his imperence!"—while a third counsels teaching him "Portsmouth manners."

Such a lesson he seems likely to receive, and it would probably have fared hardly with our young hero but for the sudden appearance on the scene of another figure—a young fellow in shirt-sleeves and wearing a Panama hat—he of the "Calypso."

"Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed, coming on with a rush. "What 's the rumpus about? Ha! A fisticuff fight, with odds—five to one! Well, Ned Gancy aint going to stand by an' look on at that; he pitches in with the minority."

And so saying, the young American placed himself in a pugilistic attitude by the side of Henry Chester.

This accession of strength to the assailed party put a different face on the matter, the assailants evidently being cowed, despite their superiority of numbers. They know their newest adversary to be an American, and at sight of the two intrepid-looking youths standing side by side, with the angry faces of Eleparu and Orundelico in the background, they become sullenly silent, most of them evidently inclined to steal away from the ground.

The affair seemed likely thus to end, when, to the surprise of all, Eleparu, hitherto held back by the girl, suddenly released himself and bounded forward, with hands and arms wide open. In another instant he had grasped the big bully in a tiger-like embrace, lifted him off his feet, and dashed him down upon the flags with a violence that threatened the breaking of every bone in his body. Nor did his implacable little adversary, who seemed possessed of a giant's strength, appear satisfied with this, for he afterward sprang on top of him, with a paving-stone in his uplifted hands.

The affair might have terminated tragically had not the uplifted hand been caught by Henry Chester. While he was still holding it, a man came up, who brought the conflict to an abrupt close by seizing Eleparu's collar, and dragging him off his prostrate foe.

"Ho! what 's this?" demands the new-comer, in a loud, authoritative voice. "Why, York! Jemmy! Fuegia! what are you all doing here? You should have staid on board the steam-ship, as I told you to do. Go back to her at once."

By this time the mud-larks have scuttled off, the big one, who had recovered his feet, making after them, and all speedily disappearing. The three gypsy-looking creatures go, too, leaving their protectors, Henry Chester and Ned Gancy, to explain things to him who has caused the stampede. He is an officer in uniform, wearing insignia which proclaim him a captain in the royal navy. And as he already more than half comprehends the situation, a few words suffice to make it all clear to him; when, thanking the two youths for their generous and courageous interference in behalf of his *protégés*,—as he styles the odd trio whose part they had taken,—he bows a courteous farewell, and continues his interrupted walk along the wharves.

"Guess you did n't get much sleep," observes the young American, with a knowing smile, to Henry Chester.

"Who told you I was asleep?" replies the latter in some surprise.

"Who? Nobody."

"How came you to know it, then?"

"How? Was n't I up in the main-top, and did n't I see everything you did? And you behaved particularly well, I must say. But come! Let 's aboard. The captain has come back. He 's my father, and maybe we can find a berth for you on the 'Calypso.' Come along!"

That night, Henry Chester eats supper at the "Calypso's" cabin table, by invitation of the captain's son, sleeps on board, and, better still, has his name entered on her books as an apprentice. And he finds her just the sort of craft he was desirous to go to sea in—a general trader, bound for the Oriental Archipelago and the isles of the Pacific Ocean. To crown all, she has completed her cargo, and is ready to put to sea.

Sail she does, early the next day, barely leaving him time to keep that promise, made by the Devil's Punch Bowl, of writing to his mother.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF THE "FURIES."

A SHIP tempest-tossed, laboring amid the surges of an angry sea; her crew on the alert, doing their utmost to keep her off a lee-shore. And such a shore! None more dangerous on all ocean's edge; for it is the west coast of Terra del Fuego, abreast the Fury Isles and that long belt of seething breakers known to mariners as the "Milky Way," the same of which the great naturalist, Darwin, has said: "One sight of such a coast is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwreck, peril, and death."

There is no landsman in the ship now exposed to its dangers. All on board are familiar with the sea—have spent years upon it. Yet is there fear in their hearts, and pallor on their cheeks, as their eyes turn to that belt of white, frothy

water between them and the land, trending north and south beyond the range of vision.

Technically speaking, the endangered vessel is not a ship, but a bark, as betokened by the fore-and-aft rig of her mizzen-mast. Nor is she of large dimensions; only some six or seven hundred tons. But the reader knows this already, or will, after learning her name. As her stern swings up on the billow, there can be read upon it "The Calypso"; and she is that "Calypso" in which Henry Chester sailed out of Portsmouth harbor to make his first acquaintance with a sea life.

Though nearly four years have elapsed since then, he is still on board of her. There stands he by the binnacle—no more a boy, but a young man, and in a garb that bespeaks him of the quarter-deck,—not the fore-peak,—for he is now the "Calypso's" third officer. And her second is not far off; he is the generous youth who was the means of getting him the berth. Also grown to manhood, he, too, is aft, lending a hand at the helm—the strength of one man being insufficient to keep it steady in that heavily rolling sea. On the poop-deck is Captain Gancy himself, consulting a small chart, and filled with anxiety as, at intervals looking toward the companion-way, he there sees his wife and daughter holding on by the man-ropes. For he knows his vessel to be in danger, and his dear ones as well.

A glance at the bark reveals that she has been on a long voyage. Her paint is faded, her sails patched, and there is rust along the chains and around the hawse-holes. She might be mistaken for a whaler coming off a four years' cruise. And nearly that length of time has she been cruising, but not after whales. Her cargo, a full one, consists of sandal-wood, spices, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and real pearls also—in short, a miscellaneous assortment of the commodities obtained by traffic in the islands and around the coasts of the great South Sea.

Her last call has been at Honolulu harbor in the Sandwich Isles, and she is now homeward-bound for New York, around the Horn. A succession of westerly winds, or rather continuation of them, has forced her too far on to the Fuegian coast, too near the Furies; and now tossed about on a billowy sea, with the breakers of the Milky Way in sight to leeward, no wonder that her crew are apprehensive for their safety.

Still, perilous as is their situation, they might not so much regard it were the "Calypso" sound and in sailing trim. Unfortunately, she is far from this, having a damaged rudder, and with both courses torn to shreds. She is lying-to under storm forestay-sail and close-reefed try-sails, wearing at intervals, whenever it can be done with advantage, to keep her away from those "white horses" a-lee. But even under the diminished spread of canvas the bark is distressed beyond what she can bear, and Captain Gancy is about to order a further reduction of canvas, when, looking westward,—in which direction he has been all along anxiously on the watch,—he sees what sends a shiver through his frame: three huge rollers, whose height and steepness tell him the "Calypso" is about to be tried to the very utmost of her strength. Good sea-boat though he knows her to be, he knows also that a crisis is near. There is but time for him to utter a warning shout, ere the first roller comes surging upon them. By a lucky chance the bark, having good steerage-way, meets and rises over it unharmed. But her way being now checked, the second roller deadens it completely, and she is thrown off the wind. The third, then taking her right abeam, she careens over so far that the whole of her lee bulwark, from cat-head to stern-davit, is ducked under water.

It is a moment of doubt, with fear appalling—almost despair. Struck by another sea, she would surely go under. But, luckily, the third is the last of the series, and she rights herself, rolling back again like an empty cask. Then, as a steed shaking his mane after a shower, she throws the briny water off, through hawse-holes and scuppers, till her decks are clear again.

A cry of relief ascends from the crew, instinctive and simultaneous. Nor does the loss of her lee-quarter boat, dipped under and torn from the davits, hinder them from adding a triumphant hurrah, the skipper himself waving his wet tarpaulin and crying aloud:

"Well done, old 'Calypso!' Boys! we may thank our stars for being on board such a seaworthy craft!"

Alas! both the feeling of triumph and security are short-lived, ending almost on the instant. Scarce has the joyous hurrah ceased reverberating along her decks, when a voice is heard calling out, in a tone very different:

"The ship 's sprung a leak! And a big one, too! The water 's coming into her like a sluice!"

There is a rush for the fore hatch-way, whence the words of alarm proceed, the main one being battened down and covered with tarpaulin. Then a hurried descent to the "'tween decks" and an anxious peering into the hold below. True—too true! It is already half-full of water, which seems mounting higher, and by inches to the minute! So fancy the more frightened ones.

"Though bad enuf, taint altogether so bad 's that," pronounced Leugriff, the carpenter, after a brief inspection. "There 's a hole in the bottom for sartin'; but mebbe we kin beat it by pumpin'."

Thus encouraged, the captain bounds back on deck, calling out: "All hands to the pumps!"

There is no need to say that; all take hold and work them with a will: it is as if every one were working for his own life.

A struggle succeeds, triangular and unequal, being as two to one. For the storm still rages, needing helm and sails to be looked after; while the inflow must be kept under in the hold. A terrible conflict it is, between man's strength and the elements; but short, and alas! to end in the defeat of the former. The "Calypso" is water-logged, will no longer obey her helm, and must surely sink.

At length convinced of this, Captain Gancy calls out: "Boys, it 's no use trying to keep her afloat. Drop the pumps, and let us take to the boats."

But taking to the boats is neither an easy nor hopeful alternative, seeming little better than that of a drowning man catching at straws. Still, though desperate, it is their only chance; and with not a moment to be wasted in irresolution. But the "Calypso's" crew is a well-disciplined one; every hand on board having served in her for years. The only two boats left them — the gig and pinnace — are therefore let down to the water, without damage to either, and, by like dexterous management, everybody got safely into them. It is a quick embarkation, however, so hurried, indeed, that few effects can be taken along — only those that chance to be readiest to hand. Another moment's delay might have cost them their lives; for scarce have they taken their seats and pushed the boats clear of the ship's channels, when, another sea striking her, she goes down head foremost like a lump of lead, carrying masts, spars, torn sails, and rigging — everything — along with her.

Captain Gancy groans at the sight. "My fine bark gone to the bottom of the sea; cargo and all — the gatherings of years! Hard, cruel luck!"

Mingling with his words of sorrow are cries that seem cruel, too — the screams of sea-birds, gannets, gulls, and the wide-winged albatross, that have been long hovering above the "Calypso," as if knowing her to be doomed, and hoping to find a feast among the floating remnants of the wreck.

Long before our readers can see this first installment of Captain Mayne Reid's story, they will have heard, through the newspapers, the announcement that comes to us just as this Christmas number is going to press. "Captain Mayne Reid," the cable dispatch of October 22d states, "died at his residence in London, last evening, after a short illness."

Little did we think, when, early in October, ST. NICHOLAS received a message from Captain Reid to the boys and girls of America, that it would be conveyed to them with so unwelcome an introduction. But the affectionate words of greeting, thus unexpectedly turned into a last good-bye, will be not the less appreciated now that the chivalrous heart that prompted them beats no more.

"I have heard,"—wrote Captain Reid in his letter of September 22d, received too late to be inserted in Mr. Trowbridge's paper in the November ST. NICHOLAS,—"I have heard that you intend honoring me by a biographical sketch — and, furthermore, that I am to receive this honor at the hands of one of America's most celebrated, and justly celebrated, writers, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you kindly notify this gentleman that the only thing about myself I specially care to have recorded is my great love and reverence for the American people and, above all, for the American youth, whom I regard with an affection warm and strong, almost as a man would feel for his own children? I am told it is reciprocated; and this knowledge is much — I should say *full* — compensation for a life of toil which has been otherwise ill-rewarded.

"Therefore, I trust Mr. Trowbridge will tell my youthful *clientèle* of America how much they are in my heart; and, moreover, how much I long to instruct them in a higher way than I have hitherto done by my carelessly written romances. I am now seeking such opportunity; and, if life be spared me long enough to find it, I promise it shall be taken advantage of."

"At Crystmasse wel mery may ye davnce"





Come bring with a noise, my merry merry boys
The Christmas log to the firing
While the good dame, she, bids ye all be free
And dance to yovr heart's desiring



"WELCOME, YULE!" (SEE PAGE 172.)



[This Christmas *fantasia* of the joyous holiday, past and present, [illegible] popular airs, seeks to enter a protest against the denial of Santa Claus, and to show the eternal freshness of the story "ever old, yet ever new." The music to accompany the airs, as indicated, is popular and familiar, and the singing of the "Carols," if given without instrumental accompaniment, may be made very effective. The piece is intended to precede the stripping of the Christmas-tree.]

CHARACTERS.

NED, }
FRED, } The Three Somber Young Gentlemen.
TED, }
MOLLY, }
DOLLY, } The Three Pretty Girls.
POLLY, }

SANTA CLAUS, "The same old two-and-sixpence."
THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.
THE WAITS.
THE SENESCHAL, THE JESTER, THE BOY WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE, THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE; THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG.
THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.
THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

COSTUMES.

THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN should be boys of from fourteen to sixteen, in prim black suits, "swallow tails," if possible, and high hats. THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS — girls of twelve to fourteen, in pretty æsthetic or French Directory costumes. THE WAITS — eight good singers, girls and boys, in ancient costumes, time of 1700; bell-crowned hats, poke bonnets, long coats and cloaks and ruffles. THE SENESCHAL — boy of fourteen. Long violet robe, short clothes, velvet bonnet, gray wig and beard, long staff, keys and chain. THE JESTER — boy of ten to twelve; court-jester's suit. THE BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE — [illegible] THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE — "Dolly Varden" suit. THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG — yeoman's dress of sixteenth century. THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT — brilliant Oriental costumes. THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL — conventional fairy's dress — wings, wand, and spangles. SANTA CLAUS — the "Same Old" outfit, with hat, coat, and boots. He has a cane, but has lost his foot." THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN — in modern street or Christmas-party dress.

THE POT POURRI.

[A white cloth. Stage strewn with white, to represent snow. At rear, a painted curtain, or shifting scene, readily prepared, representing the front of an old-fashioned house, with wide-latticed windows above. This scene must be [illegible] the Christmas-tree, which is to be disclosed in the *finale*. Cut-paper falling, to represent snow, will add a pretty effect. As the curtain rises, THE WAITS, standing beneath the window, sing Miss Muloch's version of the Christmas carol, beginning —

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay," etc.

At close of carol, the window slowly opens and discloses THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who say, sadly: —

Who calls us merry gentlemen,
And says let naught dismay?
For what care we for Christmas-tree,
And what for Christmas Day?
Though hearts are cold, yet hopes are cold,
And gloom has come to stay;
No joy we see in Christmas-tree,
And none in Christmas Day!

THE WAITS [*sing, at first, the Christmas carol, and then, gently, continue*] — "Carol, brothers, carol, carol, carol joyfully," etc. *They cease, and* THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, *and lift their hands in pity.*

FIRST WAIT.

Why, what is the matter, young gentlemen three?
Now tell us — oh, tell us, we pray.

SECOND WAIT. And why are you sad?
THIRD WAIT. When you ought to be glad—
FOURTH WAIT. On this blessed and bright Christmas Day?
FIFTH WAIT. When the world 's all aglow,
Why be moping here so?
SIXTH WAIT. Oh, why are n't you jolly as we?
SEVENTH WAIT. On this glad Christmas Day—
EIGHTH WAIT. When you ought to be gay.
ALL WAITS. Why be grouty, young gentlemen three?

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN lean gloomily out of the window to emphasize their remarks, and say] —

NED. We 're just out of college, and bubbling with knowledge;
There 's nothing on earth we don't know.
Hebrew—
FRED. Sanskrit—
TED. And Greek—
NED. We can each of us speak,
And the reason for everything show!
FRED. But we' ve grown, oh, so gray
Since that dolefulest day
When science our fondest dream twisted
By that grim Q.
TED. E.
NED. D.*
FRED. Which has proved to us three
That Santa Claus never existed!
TED. So we mope and we moan,
And we grumble and groan;
And we wonder so how you can play.
And we sigh—O
NED. Heigh—
FRED. O—!
TED. And we 're puzzled to know,
What *is* there to see in the Day?

THE WAITS [*sing, as before, the nursery carol*].
"I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning," etc.

[Words in "Baby's Opera," and as they sing, THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS come dancing in and curtsy prettily to THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the latticed window.]

THE WAITS.
Oh, just please to tell us, young gentlemen three,
As your eyes o'er this picture must stray,
Are n't three pretty girls, with their curtsies and curls,
Quite enough, sirs, to see in the Day?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN seem surprised.]

NED. There 's some mystery here;
FRED. Or an error, 't is clear.
TED. 'T is not *my* wedding-day, I 'll agree!
NED. Nor yet mine, sir!
FRED. Nor mine!
ALL THREE [*gallantly*].
But we 'll cease to repine,
If you 'll stay here, O pretty girls three!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS curtsy again, and say] —

MOLLY. Why, of course, sirs, we 'll stay;
DOLLY. For we 've come here to say—
POLLY. O you somber Young Gentlemen three!
MOLLY. Though you 're stuffed full of knowledge—
DOLLY. From cramming in college—
POLLY. Yet, you 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN [*greatly surprised*].
What—stupid?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS [*emphatically*].
Yes—stupid!
THE WAITS [*decidedly*]. As stupid as stupid can be!
MOLLY. For, if you can't tell,
DOLLY. Though with science you swell,
POLLY. Why Christmas Day comes with its glee—
MOLLY. Then the children will say,
As they all troop this way,
DOLLY and POLLY.
Why—you 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. Yes—stupid!
THE WAITS. As stupid as stupid can be!
NED [*to* FRED *and* TED, *looking decidedly dazed*].
Can this really be so?
FRED. Oh, it can't be, you know!
TED. College graduates stupid? Heyday!

[Music and hurrahs heard outside.]

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
Hallo! What 's that noise?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
'T is the girls and the boys keeping step to their bright *reveille!*

[The "Children's Reveille" sounds without, and the CHORUS OF CHILDREN march in and around, keeping time to their chorus. These words, with numerous repetitions and a plentiful sprinkling of "Hail" and "Hurrah," can be sung to the well-known, "Turkish Reveille," or "Turkish Patrol," by Michaelis.]

Hail to the Day we welcome here—to Christmas Day, hurrah!
Hail to the jolly saint so dear—to Santa Claus, hurrah!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, with WAITS at left, face the CHORUS OF CHILDREN massed at right.]

MOLLY. You are greatly mistaken—no saint greets you here,
Just three somber young gentlemen—dismal and drear.
DOLLY.
Three somber young gentlemen, just out of college,
And from eyelid to instep stuffed "cram-full" of knowledge.
POLLY.
Christmas Day is a fable—these wise ones declare—
And Old Santa Claus! He 's a—delusion and snare!
ALL THREE.
They say you 're all wrong with your gladness and glee——
CHILDREN [*interrupting excitedly*].
They do? Then—they 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?
CHILDREN [*vociferously*].
Yes—stupid as stupid can be!

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN shake their heads in woful warning and sing together their warning verses. Air, "The Magnet and the Churn," from *Patience*.]

This Santa Claus is a fable old,
By unwise parents unwisely told;
His reindeer and stockings and Christmas-tree
Deceive the children most wofully.
For all the text-books we 've used at school
Say a fact is a fact and a fool 's a fool!

* Q. E. D.—A term in Geometry, which, as every high-school scholar knows, stands for a Latin phrase signifying: There, now I've proved it!

Then down with this Santa Claus they laud:
He's an utter farce and a perfect fraud!

CHILDREN. A perfect fraud?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
A perfect fraud!
This hypothetic, peripatetic
Person who walks abroad
On Christmas Day, we grieve to say,
Is really a monstrous fraud!

ALL THE GIRLS. Do you 'spose this is so?

ALL THE BOYS. Why, it can't be, you know!

ALL THE GIRLS. 'T is too awfully awful — boo-hoo!
[*Drying their eyes.*]
But suppose it should be?

ALL THE BOYS. Then we 're all "up a tree."

ALL THE CHILDREN. With no Santa Claus, what can we do?

[The THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, greatly moved by the children's grief, wipe away their tender tears and say] —

ALL THREE. Why —

NED. In science —

FRED. Place reliance —

TED. And give fiction hot defiance.

ALL. Though your fathers and your mothers all agree
That there is a Santa Claus —

NED. Don't believe them —

FRED. Don't —

TED. Because —

ALL. You must never trust a thing you can not see!

[The THREE PRETTY GIRLS, leaving the window indignantly, shake their fingers at the THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.]

MOLLY. Do you only believe what you only can see,
Oh, you somber but stupid young gentlemen three?

DOLLY. Why, you might as well say there 's no man in the moon!

POLLY. Or deny that the dish ran away with the spoon!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Well, we do!

THE CHILDREN. What? You do?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
But, whatever 's the use?
Do you think you know better than old Mother Goose?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. She 's a myth!

CHILDREN. She 's a —

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Why, there is no such woman!

CHILDREN [*plaintively*]. Now, there 's no Mother Goose!

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. This is simply inhuman.

[The CHILDREN, grouping dolefully and dejectedly on the floor, and looking, and feeling, so as to make an appropriate tableau, sing their chorus to the air of "Twenty Lovely Maidens," from *Patience*. Let THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS stand unnoticed.]

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we
(This is such a bitter pill),
Every Christmas we shall be
Twenty homesick children still!

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
Who 'll fill the stockings in the chimney now?
CHORUS — *Ah, miserie!*
If there 's no Santa Claus, in grief we bow.
CHORUS — *Ah, miserie!*
Alas, poor heart! go hide thyself away,
And mourn and mourn the death of Christmas Day.
CHORUS — *Ah, miserie!*

CHORUS. All our love for Santa Claus
Falls quite flat if he is not!
This is of our woe the cause —
Sad and sorry is our lot!
Ah, miserie.

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
Go, breaking hearts, go, dream of Christmas jolly!
Go, foolish hearts, go, dream of Christmas holly!
Go, hopeless hearts, go, dream of vanished glory;
And, in your dreams, forget this horrid story!
CHORUS — *Ah, miserie!*
Forget this horrid story!

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we,
And we ne'er can merry be.
Twenty homesick children we
(This is such a bitter pill),
Every Christmas we shall be
Twenty homesick children still!

[But not quite merry now. Enter FAIRY, BOXENFELT.]

FAIRY.
I come as a light that is breaking,
I come as a gleam in the night,
I come as a dawn that is waking,
I come as the sun's happy light.
For children who mourn upon Christmas
Must, sure, need a fairy like me,
To dispel all the doubt and the darkness
Of these Somber Young Gentlemen three!

[The WAITS and CHILDREN join in the Christmas carol.]

"And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the children for joy shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

FAIRY [*to* THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN *in window*].
Come down here, come down here, ye skeptical band!
O Somber Young Gentlemen three!
Come, watch while I summon, with magical wand,
The old Christmas-time wassail and glee;
For Christmas *did* come, with its mirth and its noise,
Many years, sirs, before you were born,
And has lived in the hearts of the girls and the boys
From the days of the first Christmas morn!

[The THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN take their places with the other children at right. FAIRY waves her wand.]

Come forth from the mists of the vanishing years,
O days that the past doth infold,
And let each girl and boy, as the vision appears,
Hear the joys of the Christmas of old!

[Enter, from left, the "Christmas past" led by the Baron's SENESCHAL.]

SENESCHAL [*standing, center.*]

[Extract from Withers's "Juvenilia." Date, 1622.]

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Eache roome with yoie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without ye door let sorrow lie,
And yif, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye —
And evermore be merry."

[Following SENESCHAL comes a boy with Christmas Candle "very large and long," two boys with the Boar's Head on silver salver — this may be made of paper and trimmed with greens — and the girl with the great Christmas Pie. COURT-JESTER follows behind. Some appropriate music here. Then JESTER comes forward and speaks.]

JESTER [*with great wassail cup or bowl — time of 1550*].

I 'm the Lord of Misrule, and though known as the Fool,
By my pranks I gain many a tester.
On the glad Christmas Day o'er all I hold my sway.
Then huzzoy for the king — and his jester!

[Lifting wassail-cup.]

Here 's a health to ye all, both in cottage and hall;
On Christmas no sorrows must pester;
Through our wassail and rout, Noel! Noel!* we shout;
And huzzoy for the king — and his jester!

[BOYS WITH BOAR'S HEAD come forward and repeat the old-time Oxford carol, date unknown.]

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head in hand bring we,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.

FIRST BOY. "*Qui este in convivio.*

SECOND BOY. "Our steward he hath provided this,
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which on this Christmas served is,
In Reginensi atrio.

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head," etc.

JESTER [*extract from Herrick's "Christmas" — Time, 1650*].

"Come, bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While the good dame she bids ye all be free,
And dance to your heart's desiring."

GIRL, WITH CHRISTMAS PIE [*also adapted from Herrick*].

"Christmas Day is here — bring the white loaf near;
And while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by
To fill the paste that 's a-kneading" —

[The JESTER repeats his verse as above, "Come, bring with a noise," and enter boys dragging in the "Yule Log." As the JESTER concludes, the WAITS, coming forward, sing the old carol, "Welcome, Yule." Time of Henry VI., 1450.]

"Welcome be thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome, for whome we shall sing,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye, Candlemas,
Welcome be ye, Queen of Bliss,
Welcome both to more and less,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year.
Welcome, Yule!"

THE SENESCHAL [*standing central repeats an extract from Wither's "Juvenilia"*].

"Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.

"Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat!
And, therefore, let 's be jolly.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And yf, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry!"



["Christmases past" draw to one side, right FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, central, waves her wand and says] —

FAIRY.

This for the Past. Now let the Christmas joys,
That fill the Present, greet the girls and boys.

[Sleigh-bells heard without.]

*An old-time shout of joy at the Christmas-tide.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

[Air, "Lightly Row."]

Hark how clear, sweet and clear,
Christmas sleigh-bells jingle out;
Now in joy, girl and boy,
Ring the welcome shout!
Hail to Santa Claus, whose voice
Bids each youthful heart rejoice;
Children cheer, shout it clear,
Santa Claus is here!

[SANTA CLAUS, with a bound, comes to the front, with a merry laugh, which is echoed, and sings with spirit:]

[Air, "Lightly Row."]

I 'm called Mr. Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa Claus,—
Though I could never say why!
But still I 'm called Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa Claus,
Jolly old Santa Claus, I'

I 've toys and I 've trinkets, I 've crankums and crinkets,
I 've presents for good children all;
I 've straps for the bad ones and mops for the sad ones,
I 've something for large and for small.

I 've got a big pack full, with every gimcrack full,
A Christmas-tree here in the hall;
And to all your bright faces, so glowing with graces,
I sing: Merry Christmas to all!

CHORUS [SANTA CLAUS and CHILDREN].

I 'm / He 's called Mr. Santa Claus,
Dear Mr. Santa Claus—
Though I / why we could never tell why; / quite see;
But still I 'm / he 's called Santa Claus,
Dear Mr. Santa Claus, I.
Jolly old Santa Claus, he.

[He joins hands with the children, and they all dance around once, having FAIRY BOUNTIFUL and THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the middle.]

FAIRY. Well, what do you say now, about Christmas Day now —
O Somber Young Gentlemen three?
Will you strike from the year, sirs, all the fun you see here, sirs,
And the Christmas Day frolics so free?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN bow low to FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.]

NED. O sweet Mistress Fairy,
So winsome and airy—
FRED. No longer all somber are we!
TED. Christmas Day is a pearl, ma'am.

[They spring to the sides of THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, and with a courtly salute each Young Gentleman leads forward a Pretty Girl.]

ALL THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

And with each Pretty Girl, ma'am,
We 're as jolly as jolly can be!

FAIRY. What—jolly?
CHILDREN [*pointing at them*]. Yes—jolly!

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN and THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, in joyful chorus] —

As jolly as jolly can be!

[Here let a large gilt star, previously arranged, appear above the [illegible] KING [illegible] Let them sing the old carol, "We three kings of Orient are," the children all joining in the chorus, turning toward the star. Then let the FAIRY, stepping central, say—from Adelaide A. Proctor's "Christmas Carol"] —

"The Eastern Kings before him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
The wonders God had wrought.

"But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS [*coming forward*].

You who would mar the children's joy,
Their childish trust dispelling,
By casting doubts on Santa Claus
And "facts" forever telling—
Remember this: The Christmas-tree
Is ever green with glory,
And childish love will ever cling
Around the "old, old story."
He who would break must first prepare
Some more inviting face, sirs;
Tell me, I pray, on Christmas Day,
Who 'll take old Santa's place, sirs?
Good bye — good day —

[Murmurs among the children. SANTA CLAUS turns quickly, as if he heard a complaint,]

What 's that you say?
CHILDREN. You said, "a Christmas-tree," sir!
SANTA CLAUS [*with mock astonishment*].
Oh, so I did! It must be hid.
We 'll find it, I 'll agree, sir.

[Seizing the FAIRY'S wand and waving it gracefully.]

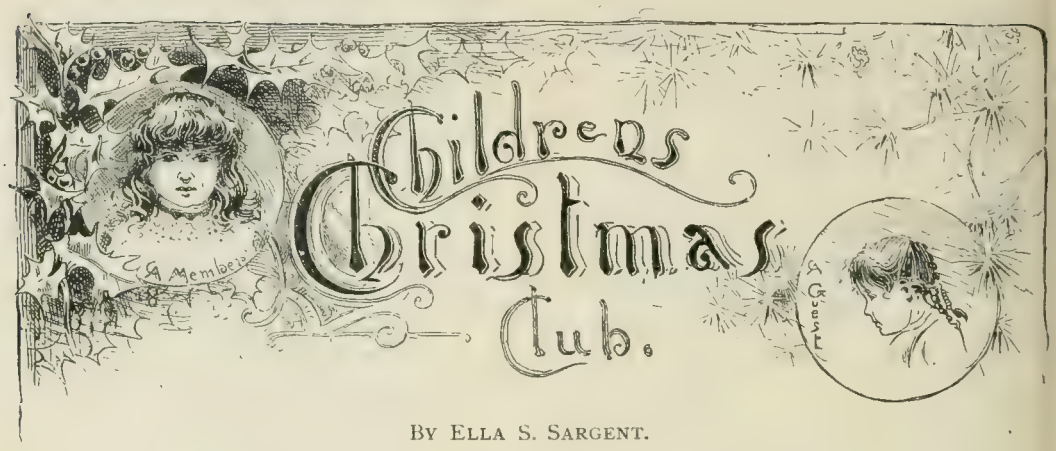
Burst now, O gate—the children wait,
To bear off all they 're able.
Ho, tree, appear! Prove, now and here,
Old Santa Claus no fable!

[The house scene separates or draws off, and discloses the Christmas-tree. Mount the platform of the tree on rollers; and, with light cords attached, the tree can now be moved to its proper place in center of the stage by seemingly invisible and magical means. This has already been done at many Christmas festivals, to the great delight of the children.]

CHILDREN [*delightedly*]. Oh, my! Oh, see!
SANTA CLAUS [*pointing with wand, which he afterward returns with a bow to FAIRY*].
There—there 's your tree!
THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN [*confusedly to SANTA CLAUS*].
We 're loyal to your cause, sir.
SANTA CLAUS [*slyly*]. Am I a fraud?
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. (Let's go abroad!)
CHILDREN ALL [*vociferously*]. You 're dear old Santa Claus, sir!

[All join hands and dance around SANTA CLAUS and the Christmas-tree, singing the college glee, "For he 's a jolly good fellow."]

DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS FROM THE TREE.



BY ELLA S. SARGENT.

PORTLAND, MAINE, November, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a letter to every boy and every girl in the world. But if I should write steadily to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next, and the next, I should be an old lady with dim eyes and trembling fingers before all the children in the United States were written to—and what could I do then about the others?

There are so many children!

I wonder, ST. NICHOLAS dear, if you know how many there are in this beautiful country of ours, and have you ever thought how much work these hundreds of thousands of children could do?

I have, and that is why I want to write them.

Oh! a bright thought has come to me. It tells me what to do about my letters.

"ST. NICHOLAS is your man!" it cries. "He has a printing-press. He can print more letters in one day than you can write in a hundred years. Write one letter to him and ask him to print a hundred thousand like it."

Will you do it, you kind, bright, loving child's friend? Will you say in every one, "Read this letter to your neighbors; call them together,—big girls and little girls, big boys and little boys,—and tell them there is work for them to do"?

If you will, please write in this way:

TO EVERY GIRL AND EVERY BOY IN NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS: Do you know what a "club" is?

I hear your answer echoing back from all the cliffs and hills of our land, and the sea-breeze brings it to me faintly from the countries far away:

"You get a lot of people to belong, and you have a president and rules, and pay so much to join, and vote, and——"

Yes, that is it; you all know what a "club" is.

Now I want to write you about a club—a true club—a very proper and thoroughly organized club, eleven months old; and you may believe every word, for it all happened right here, in Portland, Maine, less than a year ago.

On Sunday, December 10, 1882, a lady sitting in a warm, cozy room, while the wind whistled about the house, rattling the windows, and piling the snow-flakes in deep drifts across the steps and against the fences, was thinking of the houses up on The Hill, and down at Gorham's Corner, and in Salem Lane, which had no steam radiators, no glowing grates, no double windows to keep out these searching winter winds.

She thought, too, of the little children in those houses and, as it was December, of the joyous day coming so soon,—the day for giving gifts all the world over,—and wondered if in those houses little bare feet would spring out of bed, and dance across to the chimneys in the dim dawn of Christmas morning; if numb, blue fingers would eagerly snatch down shabby, faded stockings, and find that St. Nicholas had really been there; if, later on, fathers and mothers, with brothers and sisters, and babies in their high-chairs, "for just this one day," would come gayly around dinner-tables, where plump Christmas turkeys lay at one end, and plum puddings were ready for the other, and huge stacks of oranges, nuts, and apples rose in the middle; and if, in the evening, there would be great mysteries in the parlors, a fragrance of spruce, an exciting rustling of paper parcels, mothers slipping slyly in and out of the doors with

hands hidden behind them, a general scurrying about — and then all eyes dazzled by a hundred twinkling candles caught in the branches of a graceful tree laden with toys.

She wondered if in those houses would go up that wild shout of glee, those ringing hurrahs and the joyous clapping of hands she had so often heard. And as she wondered, she shook her head sadly, saying:

"They have never known these pleasures, they never will, unless —oh! unless somebody remembers them. Why can't something be done? I would work, but one person can do so little alone. I want a hundred helpers— where shall I find them?"

She thought intently for a few moments, and then cried: "I know! The children will do it, the Portland children — those who have happy homes and Christmas-trees, and play-rooms full of toys. They will load a Christmas-tree as one was never loaded before; they will spread a Christmas dinner which can not be eaten in one day; they will do it — the warm-hearted, generous Portland children."

The bells from all the churches were ringing for Sunday-school. That was the time — that was the place to find the children. A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at that house at five o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon.

Did they come?

Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets — a whole squad from the Butler School; big boys with big hearts, wee tots only four years old from the kindergarten — one hundred children, ready for anything.

Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club!

A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of *their* Christmas festivities every year, of *their* presents and *their* friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

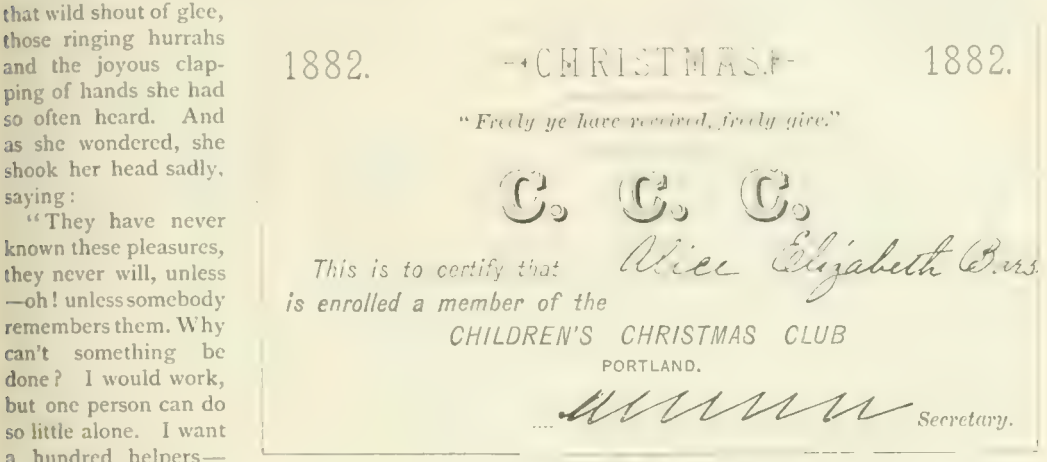
When she asked: "Does any one here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that *they* could do anything was new to almost all — to many even the *wish* was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer:

"Yes! I! I! I! I want to do something!"

"Children, what can you do?"

A pause, and then one little voice cried:

"Dive 'em a cent!"





That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—each beginning with that grand word, "Give."

The result of that meeting was this:

To form a club which should last "forever"; to call it "The Children's Christmas Club"; to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely give"; to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich"; to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all outgrown clothing; to *beg* nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "GIVE"; to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

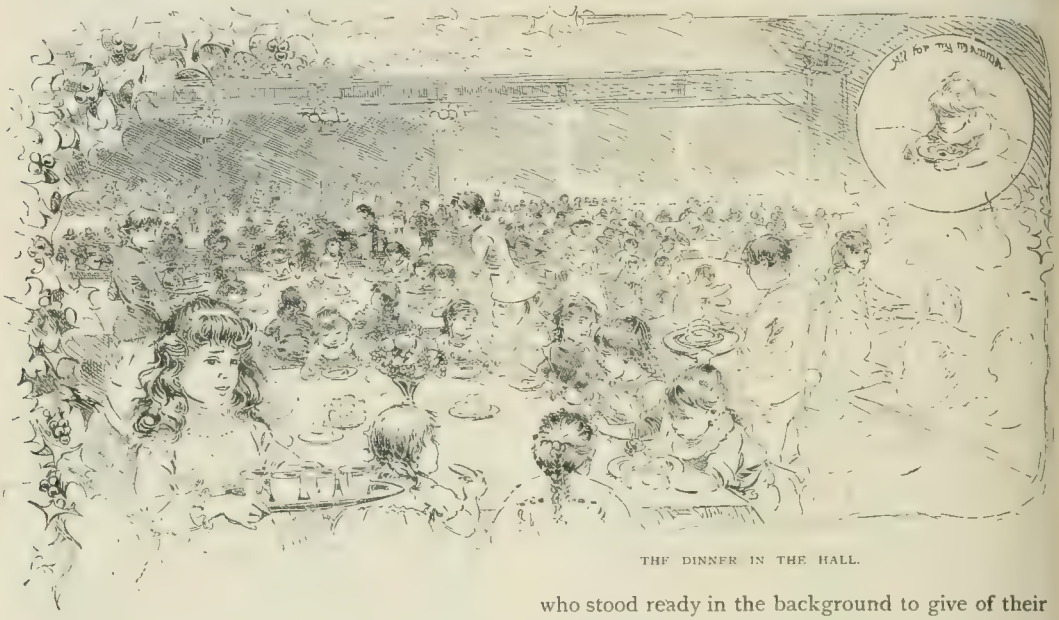
Then came the choosing of officers, with the idea that the chief officers should be grown persons. His Honor the Mayor of Portland was elected President of the Children's Christmas Club.

Others, ladies and gentlemen, were chosen for Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Executive Committee, etc., etc.

The children then dispersed, to meet again on Saturday, at Reception Hall.

Saturday morning brought to the hall, first, a meeting of grown persons, who offered their stronger hands, wiser heads, and deeper purses, in the work the children had undertaken; but agreed that all that children could do should be left to them.

And a grand support did these "elders" form,



THE DINNER IN THE HALL.

who stood ready in the background to give of their strength, who quietly inclosed their willing contributions to the Executive Committee, "with best wishes for the Children's Christmas Club."

Instead of one hundred children, three hundred came to Reception Hall, eager to join the club. After addresses by the President and others, children's committees were appointed, and their work explained to them.

As the children passed out in single file, each was registered, and received from the Secretary a card of membership, like that shown on page 175.

Let us skip the busy days of preparation, when the Secretary of the Children's Christmas Club recorded *twelve hundred names;* when the Park-street school sent in the names of one hundred members who brought to their teacher books, toys, and clothing, to be sent to the City Hall; when comfortably clad children came through the city bringing in their sleighs, on their sleds, in their arms, bundles of clothing and toys, baskets of provision, books, sleds, skates—much that was dear to them, given in the spirit of *true* charity.

One child could bring "only a plate of biscuits"; another "a dozen apples for the dinner"; one had no toys at home, but brought a five-cent piece she

had treasured "to buy somethin' for some little feller that has n't nothin'"; one took *all* her money and brought to her Sunday-school teacher a painted candy bird-cage, and said, "I want it to go on the tree for some child poorer 'n me."

And how were the children invited — those children who were to be the guests of the club?

Six hundred invitations were printed. An Invitation Committee was formed to distribute these invitations with the greatest care to persons who would be responsible for every ticket; that is, they gave no invitation to any child without knowing the parents or something of the recipient's history, and writing the child's name on the front of the card, with the giver's name on the back.

For three days before the festival, these little "guests" could come to the clothing room, and from the donations made by the "members" receive boots, shoes, dresses, hoods, trousers, and jackets — whatever they needed to enable them to present a neat and orderly appearance at the festival.

Let us look into the City Hall at half-past one, on the afternoon of Holy Innocents' Day, December 28th, the most fitting day for this children's feast.

The gallery is reserved for those members of the club who have no work to do during that afternoon. But, beside these, no other spectators are admitted to the hall; no grown persons, except the committees who are to assist during the festival in various ways. The stage supports a lofty tree, decorated that morning by the members, while, on tables behind, are heaped presents for six hundred children. Around the edge of the hall, settees have been placed for the guests, while the entire center is converted into a banquet-hall.

Thirty long tables are loaded with all that makes Christmas dinners the best in the year. Ten plates are laid at each side of those tables. A lady is standing at the foot of every table; a member of the club stands at either side as "waiter," to see that no guest lacks anything.

In the anteroom, the Reception Committee, consisting of fifteen boys and fifteen girls, under the direction of a gentleman who has consented to take charge of the guests, await the arrivals.

Looking down the broad staircase, we see the lower hall filled with children, whose eager, upturned faces are reward enough for all the labor.

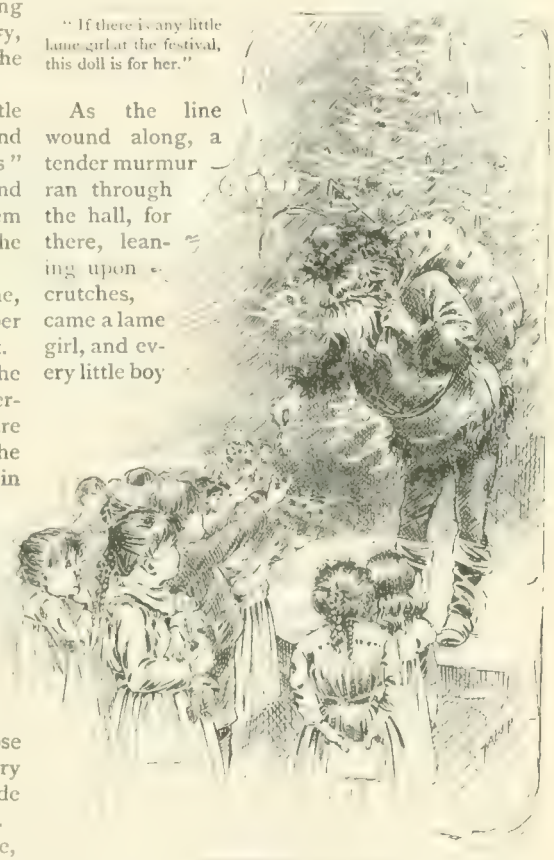
Soon the six hundred have had hats and caps and cloaks safely checked, and are marshaled in thirty lines of twenty, each line headed by one of the Reception Committee. The doors are thrown open, the band plays a march, and the long procession files in — twenty girls, then twenty boys; up and down, in and out, through the six long aisles, between the tables, and twice around the hall before the last one has entered.

Such a line of faces, beaming with joy or timid with bewildered awe; rough hair smooth to-day; grimy hands cleanly scrubbed; no harsh words, no jostling, no disorder, as rank after rank enters, and the quick eyes take in the beauty of the Christmas garlands, the towering tree, and, best of all, the good-will and love radiating from every face.

Among the presents sent in was a large doll, handsomely dressed, to which was pinned this note:

"If there is any little lame girl at the festival, this doll is for her."

As the line wound along, a tender murmur ran through the hall, for there, leaning upon crutches, came a lame girl, and every little boy and girl whispered on the instant, "That doll is for her."



DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS.

The children stood around the tables, the leaders taking their places at the head.

The musicians lay aside their instruments, and a deep quiet rests upon those ranks of children, as the President of the club rises and extends the Christmas greeting of the Children's Christmas Club to its guests.

After that, a clergyman took them back to that day, eighteen hundred and eighty-two years before, when the great and cruel King Herod sent out

his decree that every child under two years old should be put to death, and his executioners went forth and slaughtered every one; but the little Christ-child was saved. Saved for what? To live to teach people that little children are precious to their Heavenly Father, and that in every little child is something that will live forever — the price of which is far above rubies.

The band then played gayly, and the guests who had waited so patiently and respectfully were invited to partake of the feast.

Every plate had been previously filled with a generous supply of turkey or chicken, and every table had an unfailing source of ham, tongue, pickles, cake, and pie, and for nearly an hour the little hosts and hostesses served their guests before conducting them to the settees awaiting them.

You can judge best whether the dinner was appreciated, by my telling you of one little girl who, when asked if she preferred chicken or turkey, replied, "I aint never tasted chicken"; and of the boy who put aside, in a little pile beside his plate, the nicest part of everything given him. When asked if he did not want to eat that, he looked up shyly, saying, "Please, may I carry that home to Mother? She 's sick."

While the children are marching around to their seats, those thirty tables disappear as if by magic, caught up by ready hands, leaving the floor clear for games and amusements.

Where were the most eager faces — among the "members" in the gallery or the "guests" about the hall? Which were the happier?

I think there was no difference; for when our hearts are full to the brim with joy, they can hold no more, and if screams and peals of laughter, and quick clapping of hands, mean joyousness, they were both as happy as they could be.

There was so much to enjoy!

A little girl recited beautifully, "'T was the night before Christmas"; a queer hobby-horse as large as life curveted and pranced about the hall, taking fright at everything, and convulsing the house with laughter as he waltzed in time with the music; some gentlemen sang funny songs and told the most amusing stories; and suddenly who should appear but Santa Claus himself! He was "clothed all in fur from his head to his feet," and carried on his back a pack containing six hundred bags of candy.

As the sunlight faded, a tiny ray suddenly flashed from the highest branch of the Christmas-tree, and a little voice cried, "Oh, Bessy, see the star!" Then another and another twinkling light crept out, till the graceful Christmas-tree stood transfigured, all agleam with light.

A pretty device had been to tie among the branches "sun-bows," as a wee one called a prism, and the tiny candles were reflected in a hundred swaying mirrors.

A quiet awe had rested upon the children as they breathlessly watched the stars creep out; but as a flood of light burst upon them from the ceiling, a grand hurrah went up. Then a strain of music came, soft at first, but soon swelling into a mighty chorus:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Where are the presents all this time? Safely waiting on long tables behind the tree, where now each rank of twenty is led by the hosts, who have so cordially done their duty through the afternoon.

Up the flight, at the left of the stage, goes the long procession, on to the stage, and near that glittering tree whose broad arms stretch out as if to welcome them. Then a present is laid in every hand, and on goes the line down the steps at the right, out into the dressing-rooms, and then home.

The lame child, whom we saw when she came in, receives the doll sent for her; and among the fathers and mothers there not one can keep back the tears.

"They slung me a pair o' skates!" cried one boy who literally could not restrain his joy.

It seemed to be always the right thing for the right child. Was it because they have so few, that any gift is precious?

But even this is not all: for, after they are wrapped in their out-door garments (which are all too thin), apples and oranges are slipped into their pockets, and packages of food for sick mothers are put into their hands.

Thus closes the happy day.

Looking up the deserted staircase, a little later, a gentleman saw, all unconscious of time or place, a child sitting there, with a doll — her first doll, probably — tightly clasped in her arms, gently swaying to and fro, crooning a soft lullaby.

Will you print all this, ST. NICHOLAS?

Will you ask your readers if there shall not be other Christmas clubs this year? If all the children in every city, every town, and every village, shall not have one good dinner, one happy day, every year?

If you will do this, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am sure I may give you the thanks of all the members of the Portland Christmas Club, who have learned by experience that there is no way so sure of making their own hearts glad as to make glad those of their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

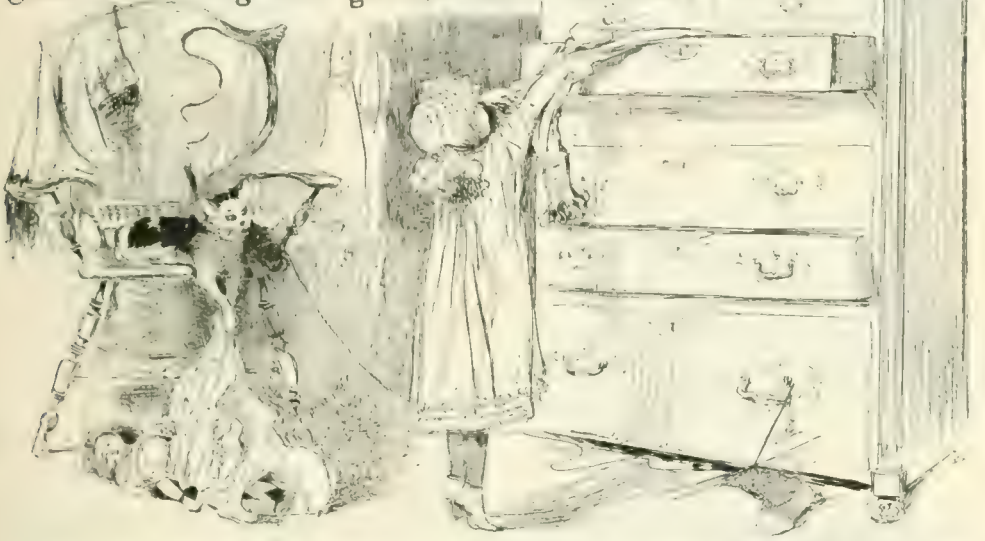
GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

M D C C C L X X X I I I

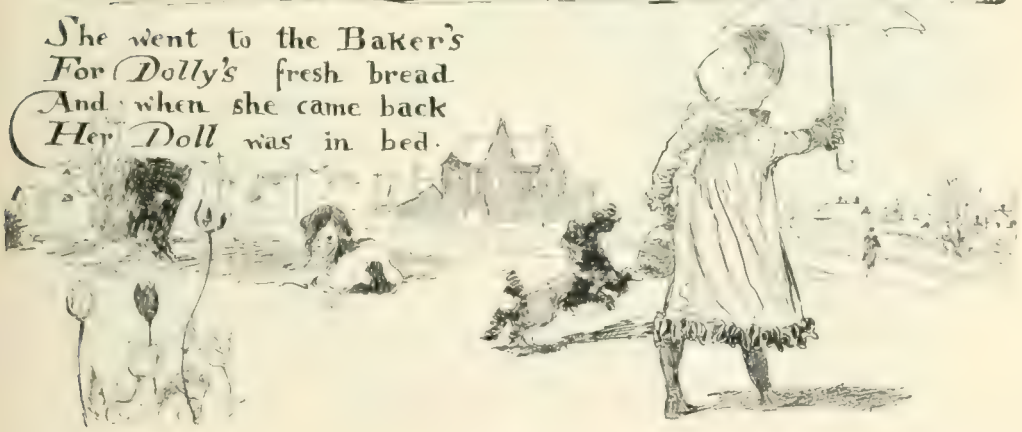
Wee Mother Hubbard,

The Great-Great Grand-Daughter of Old Mother Hubbard, the same being a half day historie here done in lines and many pictures by one A. BRENNAN.

Wee Mother Hubbard
Ran to the Cupboard
But finding the Cupboard bare
Pulled out of the Press
A gay satin dress
Just matching her golden hair.



She went to the Baker's
For Dolly's fresh bread
And when she came back
Her Doll was in bed.





She went to the Barber's
Tried on a white wig
And when she came back
Dolly danced a fine jig.



She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy her some fruit
And when she came back
Her Doll played the lute.



She went to the Tailor's
To buy a red coat
And when she came back
Dolly rode on a goat.



She went to the Cobbler's
To buy her some shoes
And when she came back
Doll was reading the News.



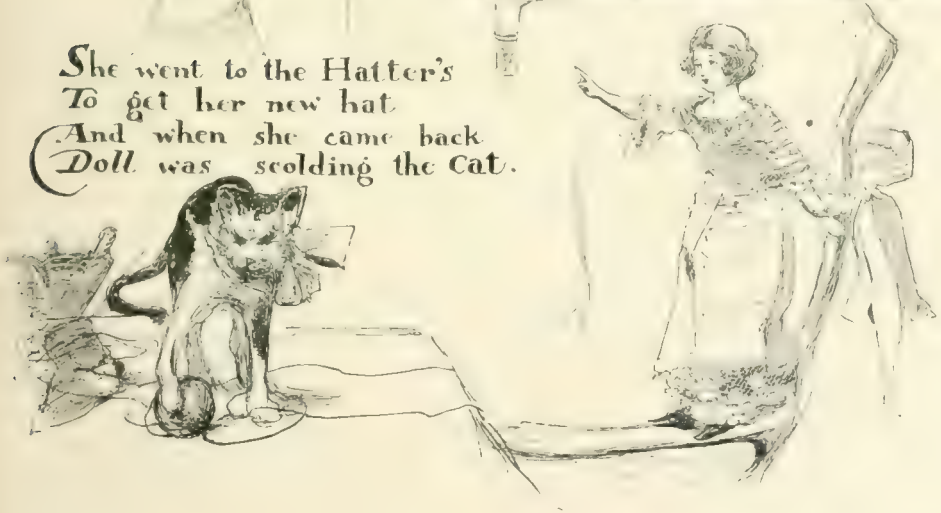
She went to the Doctor's
To get her some mustard
And when she came back
Doll was eating a custard.



She went to the Garden
For peonies rare
And when she came back
Doll was dressing her hair.



She went to the Hatter's
To get her new hat
And when she came back
Doll was scolding the Cat.



She went to ye Sempstress
To get bits of linen
And when she came back
Her Dolly was spinnin.

She went to ye Hosier's
To buy her some hose
And when she came back
Doll was dressed in new clothes.

The Darling did curt'sy,
The Doll made a bow,
The Darling said: "Nurtsy
I wants Dolly now."



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. XI.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: With a view to providing some pleasant work for you, and offering a worthy incentive for your efforts, I make the following proposition to all young folk, from eleven to seventeen years of age, who may happen to read this page of ST. NICHOLAS:

Make the best illustration, or set of illustrations, that you possibly can, for any one of the three poems on the opposite page. The sender of the best illustration, or set of illustrations, under the conditions stated below, will be presented by the undersigned with a prize, in money, of $20.00; for the second best drawing, or set of drawings, a prize of $10.00 will be given; and for the third best, a prize of $5.00. The conditions are as follows:

(1) The drawings must be entirely original, both in design and execution, and made without any assistance.

(2) They must be drawn on smooth white drawing-paper or Bristol-board.

(3) Drawings made with a pen and jet-black drawing-ink will be preferred, though pencils will be allowed.

(4) No picture must be either wider or higher than ten inches, and all must be mailed flat; that is, not rolled or folded.

(5) Address all drawings for competition to SILAS GREEN, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 33 East 17th street, New York City.

(6) The drawings must be accompanied with the full name, age, and postal address of the artist, written on a separate piece of paper, pasted lightly upon the back of the drawing. Do not send any letter requiring a reply.

(7) Unsuccessful drawings will be returned, provided full postage for the purpose has been sent.

(8) The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of four persons chosen from the editorial and art rooms of THE CENTURY CO., and the successful pictures, upon payment of the prizes named, will become the property of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

(9) No drawing will be admitted for competition if received after January 15, 1884.

If it prove advisable, the best drawing, or set of drawings (or, possibly, *all* the drawings for which prizes shall have been awarded), will be printed with the poems in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1884.

The same artist may illustrate all the poems, if he or she so desires; but in that case each separate drawing must be distinctly labeled at the bottom with the title of the poem it is intended to illustrate.

Of course, those boys and girls who have studied drawing will use their utmost skill in preparing these illustrations; but even those who have not learned how to draw are invited to send rough sketches of

what they think the pictures should be — for who knows but that this plan may bring to light a great original genius?

Now, my friends, you have all the rules set down categorically, and you are respectfully requested to observe them closely, for the sake of the committee of four, as well as for your own.

Many of you will remember that the young author of "Christina Churning" published her first poem in ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl of ten years.

Let me say here that the dear Little School-ma'am and your friend Jack — who, you see, is crowded out this month — send their hearty greetings.

Your sincere friend,

SILAS GREEN.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
"Ha," chirped Sir Squirrel, "that fellow for me!"
Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

"Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,"
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. "Now, somehow a-nuther,"
Said he, "that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town."

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred:
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky's tail,
And Nut-hatch's bill felt blunt as a nail.

'T is n't best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

LITTLE black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

You know how rich the humming-bird is —
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

CREAK, creak! beneath two hardened hands
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The raftered ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings — a voice untrained and young,
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

TO OUR READERS.

"THE Land of Fire" was completed by Captain Mayne Reid only a few weeks before his death. Though the manuscript arrived too late for us to present more than one drawing with the first installment, the succeeding chapters will be freely illustrated—the entire manuscript being already in the artist's hands. In one of his letters to the editor, Captain Reid wrote as follows concerning the story: "I have endeavored to make the tale instructive, and the information of Terra del Fuego conveyed by it embraces nearly all that is known of that weird land. The Natural History may be relied upon."

It has been found impracticable to begin printing Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel" stories in the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS, but the second and concluding part of the Christmas tale by the same author ("Sophie's Secret," page 114) will console our girl-readers for the omission of "Madam Shirley's Story." This, the first of the "Spinning-wheel" stories, will be given without fail in the January number. It should be said concerning the "Spinning-wheel" stories that, though they were announced as "a serial," they prove to be a *series* of short tales, each complete in itself, though all are to be printed under the one general title. At the time our prospectus was sent to the printer, Miss Alcott had in mind a serial story; but she has since changed her plan and decided in favor of a series of short tales. Every number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884, therefore, will contain one of these short stories, and the series will be quite as interesting and welcome, we trust, as a long serial would be.

The variety and extent of Christmas attractions which our pages present this month compel us to omit, for once, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the Letter-box, the Riddle-box, and the Report of the Agassiz Association. These all will appear, however, in the January ST. NICHOLAS, which also will be a Holiday number. The contents of this second Holiday number will include, besides many other delightful contributions, a twelve-page Christmas story by H. H., entitled "Christmas at the Pink Boarding-house," with pictures by Mr. Sandham; the concluding part of the story by Julian Hawthorne begun in this number; and a short Christmas story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (the son and daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne being thus represented in one number of ST. NICHOLAS); the concluding chapter of Mr. Boyesen's story of "Magnie's Dangerous Ride"; and the second installment of Mr. Stoddard's "Winter Fun," necessarily postponed from this issue.

To the large number of readers who will deplore the absence this month of the Report of the "Agassiz Association," we gladly promise a report of double the usual length in our next number. And we take the present opportunity to heartily commend this active and admirable Club to all who are interested in the study of Nature, whether readers of ST. NICHOLAS or not. Under Mr. Ballard's enthusiastic and able leadership, the Association has grown to a membership of 6000, embracing chapters which represent almost every portion of the United States, while many prominent scientists have shown their interest by according the Club their earnest aid and encouragement. We take pleasure in calling special attention to the monthly reports of the Association, and assuring all readers that a great many very interesting accounts and items of personal observation from boys and girls all over the country are given in the modest, fine type of the "A. A." pages.

The January Riddle-box will contain the names of solvers of the puzzles in the November number,— and also the answers to the November puzzles.



AWAY FROM HOME ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1884. No. 3

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CHRISTMAS IN THE PINK BOARDING-HOUSE.

A Story of the Mines, Camps

By H. H.

WHEN Elsie McFarland's father said, one morning at breakfast, that he believed he would go up to Tin Cup and see if he could get work, Elsie burst out laughing, and thought he was making fun.

"What is there so funny in that, Elsie?" said her father. "I thought you would be very sorry to have me go away."

Elsie had been laughing so hard, she could not stop for a moment or two, although her father's tone sobered her, and his face looked so grave that she knew he was very far from jesting.

"Why, Papa," she said, as soon as she could speak, "I was laughing at the name 'Tin Cup.' I thought you were joking. Is there really a place called Tin Cup? The name of this town is funny enough, but Tin Cup is funnier."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. McFarland. "Did you never hear anybody speak of it before? It is only four miles from here. The man who brought those beautiful elk horns that are over the store door lives in Tin Cup. It used to be a lively camp, but there is n't much doing there now. Still it is n't so dead as this place," and Mr. McFarland sighed heavily, and leaning forward, rested his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands.

Elsie was fairly sobered by this time. Springing out of her chair, she ran to her father's side and, putting both her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"Dear Papa! don't cover up your face that way. What is the matter?" and the tears came into Elsie's eyes so fast and so big, she had hard work to keep from crying outright. She knew only too well what was the matter. It was many months now since she had known that her father was getting poorer and poorer; that the whole town was getting poorer and poorer, and all the people who had money enough to take them away were leaving. Every day she noticed one or two more houses shut up, boards nailed across the doors and windows, and the people gone. It was very dismal; but Elsie would not have minded the dismalness of it, nor the loneliness, if that had been all. But it was not. Her father was a storekeeper, and they had nothing to live on except the profits he could make on selling goods; so, as the people in the town grew fewer and fewer, and those who were left behind grew poorer and poorer, the business at the store fell off, until sometimes many days would pass without a person coming in to buy anything, and Mr. McFarland did not know what to do.

In a few moments he lifted up his head, and said: "Never mind, Elsie. You are a brave little girl, and a great comfort to Papa. We shall pull through, somehow; but it looks as if I 'd have to go and leave you alone here for awhile, and I hate to do that."

"Oh, I sha'n't mind it, Papa," answered Elsie. "So long as Mrs. Christy stays, I would n't be a bit afraid. I can call right through into her room

from mine, the house is so near. And if you 're only going to be four miles away, that is n't far. Shall you keep a store in Tin Cup?" and Elsie laughed again, in spite of her sorrowful heart, at the idea of keeping store in a "Tin Cup."

Mr. McFarland shook his head.

"No, Elsie," he said, "there is n't anything more to be made out of store-keeping in Tin Cup than here. I was thinking about working in the Silver Queen mine. They want more hands there."

Elsie turned pale, and made no reply. Her face was full of woe. At last, she gasped, rather than said:

"Oh, Papa! In a mine?"

"Yes, dear," her father replied. "I am afraid I must, unless I can find somebody to buy this cabin and store, and that is n't any way likely. But I sha'n't go for a month yet, and perhaps something else may turn up. So don't you worry about it, child. Mining is n't any worse than lots of other things," and he pushed back his chair and, kissing Elsie, went out of the room.

Elsie did not stir. She folded her arms and stood leaning on the back of her father's chair, with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"In a mine!" she kept saying to herself. "My papa work in a mine!" And she recalled the miners she had seen in the store, rough, dirty, ill-clad men, who drank whisky, smoked pipes, and talked in loud, coarse voices. "My papa be a miner! I 'd almost rather he 'd die!" and Elsie broke into a paroxysm of loud crying, and sank into the chair.

"Whisht now, honey, what 's afther makin' yees cry? It 's killin' yersilf ye 'll be if yer cries loike that. Whisht now a bit, an' tell me what 's 'appened," cried Mrs. Christy, the good-natured Irish woman, whose cabin stood only a few feet from the McFarland's house, and who had been Elsie's stanch friend ever since they had moved into the town. But Elsie turned away from her now with an instinctive feeling that this was a grief she could not confide to any one, least of all to Mrs. Christy. Mrs. Christy would not understand why the being a miner should seem to any one a terrible thing. Her husband had been a miner, and her two eldest boys were working in a mine now. In fact, they were the very men whose faces, clothes, and general behavior had given poor Elsie a great part of her unspeakable dread of a miner's life.

"It 's nothing I can tell, Mrs. Christy. I could n't tell anybody. And I 'm silly to cry; but it came on me all of a sudden," said Elsie, jumping up, wiping away her tears, and beginning to clear off the breakfast-table. "You wont praise me for a housekeeper any more, if you come in and find me sitting down to cry, and leaving my work undone at this time in the morning."

"An' it 's mesilf that 's always a-praisin' ye for a housekeeper," retorted Mrs. Christy, "an' always will be; ye 've got the stiddiest head I ever see on young shoulders, ez I 've said a hunderd times ef I 've said it onc't; an' if ye 'd ease yer thrubble by tellin', it 's more 'n loikely I cud help ye."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Christy, not this time," said Elsie, now quite herself again. "But if I did need help, you may be sure that there is nobody in the town I 'd ask it of so soon as of you. I was telling my father only this morning that I 'd never feel afraid, even if I were alone in the house, so long as you lived next door."

"An' wull ye may!" Mrs. Christy replied, much flattered. "I 'm yer woman, whin ye want me, that 's sure; but I 'd hate to see ye a-atin' yer heart out with a sorrer ye 'd not shpake about. Shpache is a grate easemint to the feelin's, my dear, ez ye 'll learn whin yer older. An' don't ye ever misremember that I 'm here whin ye want me," and the good soul whisked back to her tubs.

Elsie McFarland was indeed, as her father had said, a brave little girl, and, as Mrs. Christy had said, a housekeeper with a "stiddy" head on her shoulders. She was only fourteen years old, and so small that she did not look more than twelve, but for a year she had taken all the care of her father's house, and had done all the work except the washing and ironing.

When Elsie's mother died, Mr. McFarland expected to go into a boarding-house to live; but, to his great surprise, Elsie implored him to continue to live in their own little house, just as they had been living.

"I know I can do all the work, just as Mamma did," she said. "I always helped her do it. I know just how she did everything. Oh, try me, Papa, just try me. Try me one week. Don't let us give up our house. It will be dreadful not to have a house of our own."

Finally, Mr. McFarland consented to make the experiment. He felt as Elsie did, that it would be a dreadful thing not to have any house of their own; and he knew, even better than Elsie, how uncomfortable would be the very best boarding-place that could be found. But he did not believe the child realized what she was undertaking, or would be strong enough to do the work. He did not know how much she had helped her mother for the last two years. In fact, Mr. McFarland never knew as much as he ought to have known about what was going on in his own house. Mr. McFarland was a dreamer. He had come to Colorado thirteen years before, when Elsie was a baby.

He had brought with him from the East thirty thousand dollars, and had been sure that in a very few years he would make a large fortune and go home to live. Mrs. McFarland had from the outset opposed the plan of coming to Colorado. She had much more common sense than her husband, and believed most firmly in the good old proverb of "letting well enough alone."

"You have a good business where you are, husband," she said; "and a good home. Everybody knows and trusts you. It is wiser to stay."

"But it takes a life-time to make a fortune here," Mr. McFarland would reply. "And out in Colorado it is sometimes made in a day! Once there, I can put my money into mines, and let it be turning over and over, while I make our living by a store."

And now the thirty thousand dollars was all gone. In one unlucky speculation after another, in mine after mine, smelter after smelter, a few hundreds here and a few thousands there, it had melted away, and nothing was left "to show for it," except a "claim" or two in the Elk mountain range.

In all this time, Mrs. McFarland had never been heard to complain; but she had grown weaker year by year. As they went slowly down in the scale of living, she accepted each change without any murmur; but when it came at last to living in a log cabin in a mining camp, and doing with her own hands all the necessary work, her strength proved unequal to it; and when the first severe winter weather set in, she took cold and, after only three days' illness, died. The doctors said it was of pneumonia; and that was, in one sense, true, for she certainly had pneumonia. But the pneumonia would not have killed her if she had not been feeble and worn-out by her twelve years of hard work and unhappiness. Her death was so sudden, that Elsie never fully realized that she would not see her mother again. She was away from home at the time, having gone to spend a few days at the Chieftain mine, twelve miles distant. The manager of this mine was an old friend of her father and mother. He had recently married, and brought his pretty young wife out from the East to live in a log cabin at the mouth of the mine. She was exceedingly lonely, and often used to implore Mrs. McFarland to "lend" Elsie to her for a week. And hard as it was for Mrs. McFarland to be without Elsie, even for a day, she never refused to let her go; for she pitied the poor young bride, who had come straight from New York City, with all its gayeties and comforts, to this bare log cabin on a mountain-top.

"If I had had to take it so sudden as that," Mrs. McFarland once said to her, "I should not have borne it half so well as you do. I've come to it by slow degrees, and that's been hard enough, I'll confess. If I had two daughters, I'd almost let you have one all the time."

Elsie had been away only two days when her mother was taken ill. As it seemed to be nothing more than a severe cold, Mrs. McFarland would not send for the child, though her husband was anxious to go immediately. Very bitterly he afterward regretted that he had not done so; for poor little Elsie could never understand why it was, and her cries of "Oh, Papa, oh, Papa! why did n't you let me see my Mamma before she died?" almost broke his heart.

The people in the town were exceedingly kind to both Elsie and him. Several begged him to come and make his home with them. Everybody had liked patient, gentle Mrs. McFarland, and everybody loved Elsie, for her gay and cheery ways. They did not like Mr. McFarland quite so well. They thought he held himself a little aloof from them. That is never a popular course anywhere, but of all places in the world most unpopular in a mining camp. It was not really true of Mr. McFarland, at all. He had no idea of holding himself aloof; but he wore better clothes than the other men in the camp, his habitual speech was more refined, and he did not drink whisky; and these things made a barrier between him and the rest, in spite of all his kindliness and good fellowship.

And so it came about that after the first outburst of sympathy for him, at the time of his wife's death, had spent itself, and it had come to be an old story in the camp about "poor McFarland, livin' there all alone with his little gal," he was left more and more alone; and this really had something to do with the falling off in his business, though Mr. McFarland did not know it. There was a sort of store over at Tin Cup, a combination of whisky saloon and store, where most of the common groceries, and a few of the cheaper dry goods, could be bought; and the Red Jacket men had gradually fallen into the habit of making their purchases there whenever they could "make it come in their way," as they said.

"I'll be goin' over to Tin Cup before long; if you can get along till then, we might as well trade at Ben Holladay's," many a man said to his wife when she asked for money to buy something; and the wife was very sorry to get the reply, for she knew it meant that her husband would lounge around in Ben Holladay's store, incur habits and associations that were not good for him, and very possibly come away, after all, without buying the thing she had asked for.

No one who has not seen a mining "camp" can have the least idea of what a strange sort of town

it is, and what a strange life the miners' families lead.

It does not take many days to build the kind of town miners are willing to live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out on the steep, bare side of a mountain, all stones and rocks. They cut down a few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way: sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often with only one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine, they make the end fronting the street, what is called a "battlement front"; that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties, and battlement fronts are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street: no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the side,—but, around the whole settlement, a stony wilderness. It is n't worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build up the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and California. They always seem to me to look like a kind of graveyard.

The town of Red Jacket, in which the McFarlands lived, was named for the Red Jacket mountain near which it stood; in fact, it was close to the base of the mountain. At the time Mr. McFarland moved there, a tremendous excitement had arisen about Red Jacket mountain. Silver ore had been found there, so rich that men said the whole mountain must be made of solid silver. From far and near, people rushed to Red Jacket. Whole mining camps in the neighborhood were deserted in a week; everybody "moved to Red Jacket."

A brisk, busy little town was built, and, in less than a month, two thousand people were living there. Every foot of the mountain was staked out in "claims," and hundreds of piles of rock and earth thrown out in all directions showed how many were at work. This was one year before the time at which our story begins. Very soon, people began to find out either that their claims were not good for anything or that it needed so much machinery to get the ore out that they could not afford to work their mines. Red Jacket mountain was not made of solid silver, by any manner of means. Then the camp began to dwindle. Man after man sold out his claim for a song, if he could find somebody to take it off his hands; family after family moved away, until there were not more than two hundred souls, all told, in the town, and more than three-quarters of the houses were empty.

No wonder Mr. McFarland was discouraged. Of his own two "claims," one had proved to be worthless, the other was in a rock so difficult to work that nothing could be done with it without spending thousands of dollars on machinery; the store, which, in the time of the camp's biggest "boom," Mr. McFarland had spent nearly his last dollar in stocking, had ceased to bring in any reliable income, and was now bringing in less and less each day. It looked as if the owner would be left alone with a large quantity of unsalable goods. The winter was near at hand, and after it had once set in, there would be no going out of or coming into Red Jacket. By the first of November, the snow would be from ten to twelve feet deep, all roads closed, and no getting about except on snow-shoes. The poor man sat in his silent and deserted store, day after day, brooding over this state of things, and unable to devise any scheme for bettering himself, till he was nearly out of his wits. Then he would go home to the little log cabin, and find it clean and in order, and the simple meal well cooked and neatly set out on the table by the affectionate Elsie, always so glad to see him, and so guilelessly proud of her housekeeping, and he would feel more self-reproach than ever that by his folly and lack of judgment he had brought so sweet a child into such straits.

It was in one of these discouraged and remorseful moments that he exclaimed to Elsie, at breakfast, that he believed he would go up to Tin Cup and look for work. The more he thought of it, the more sensible the plan looked. In truth, it was the only way he could see of being sure of money enough to support Elsie and himself through the winter. In the spring, people might come back to the camp again, and he might sell his goods.

Elsie's grieved and astonished cry, "Oh, Papa! In a mine!" had cut him to the heart; but he tried to forget it, and he resolved that she should never see him in his miner's suit. The thought of leaving her alone in the cabin through the long and dreary winter was terrible to him; but he reflected that she would be safe there; he could see her every Sunday; and good Mrs. Christy, within call by day and night, would keep as close watch over her as if she were her own child. The tears came into his eyes as he thought to himself: "It has really come to this, that a poor ignorant Irish-

worry, is the very best friend I have to trust my little daughter to."

Poor Mr. McFarland! It was a sore secret that lay between him and his little girl for some days after his suggestion of the Tin Cup project. Each was thinking of it, and knew the other must be, but neither would speak of it. Perhaps it was as well. Both father and daughter were being, by these sad and secret thoughts, prepared for the inevitable. And when it came they were able to meet it more calmly.

When, a week later, Mr. McFarland said to Elsie: "I have been up to Tin Cup, Elsie, and got the place I was speaking of, and I shall go the first of next month. Will you be afraid to stay here alone? I shall come down to see you every Sunday,"— Elsie replied, with only a little quiver of her lip: "No, indeed, Papa; I shall not be afraid. I only wish there was something I could do to earn money, too. I've been trying to think of something; but I can't think of anything."

"My dear child," said Mr. McFarland, "don't worry yourself about that. You are all the comfort Papa has left to him in this world. You just keep up courage, and I think better times will come before long. I don't want you to earn money; whatever happens, Papa will always have enough to take care of you."

This he said to cheer Elsie, but in the bottom of his heart he did not feel sure of it.

Only three weeks were left before the time fixed for him to go to Tin Cup, and there were so many things to be done to make Elsie comfortable for the winter, that it kept him busy enough till the last minute. In the first place, he cut and split and piled up a quantity of wood for her to burn. He piled it so high that Elsie said the wood-pile looked bigger than the cabin, as indeed it did. Besides this big pile out-of-doors, he filled one small room in the house full of wood, to be used when the weather was too bad or the snow too deep for her to get to the big pile outside.

The next thing he did was to get Mrs. Christy's permission to build a covered passage-way from her kitchen window to Elsie's bedroom window. Elsie's window he made into a door, opening into this passage-way, and then he built steps at the end which joined Mrs. Christy's house, so that, by going up these steps, Elsie could get into Mrs. Christy's kitchen through the window. When Elsie found that this was to be done, she jumped for joy. "Now I wont be one bit afraid," she said; and by that, her father knew that she had really felt a little afraid before, but would not distress him by letting him know it. Elsie was a very brave and loving little girl, as you will see before we get to the end of the story of this winter.

There was no difficulty about her food; for in the store were barrels of flour and crackers and sugar and salt pork, and shelves full of canned fruits, vegetables, and meats. When Mr. McFarland had carried in as much of all these as he thought Elsie could use, and had arranged them on shelves and in the corners of the room, the place looked more like a shop than like the living-room of one little girl.

Elsie thought so herself. "Why, Papa," she exclaimed, "it looks just like a little store! What made you bring in so many things? Why could n't I go to the store when I wanted things? Or you could get them out for me Sundays, when you come down."

"I know," replied her father. "But it wont do any harm to have them all here. There may be such deep snows that I can't get down some weeks, and you can't get out. I 'd feel easier to know that you have everything under this roof that you could need for the whole winter."

"Well, I 'm sure I have," answered Elsie, looking around. "I should think I 'd enough for a whole year. I 've enough to take boarders! You 'll see there 'll be lots left when you come home in the spring."

"Papa," she continued, "can I get anything else out of the store, if I want to? I don't mean things to eat, but other things."

"What is there in the store that you want, Elsie?" said her father, a little surprised. "Do you want a new gown?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" cried Elsie. "I have plenty of gowns. But there is something there that I 'd like to crib from; but I don't want to tell you what it is," and she turned very red in the face.

Mr. McFarland hesitated. He did not like to refuse Elsie anything, but he could not imagine what it could be she wanted; and, as he had some valuable silks and laces in the store, he feared she might have set her heart on something he could not afford to let her have. But he need not have been afraid to trust his little Elsie's good sense. Seeing that he was hesitating, Elsie laughed out:

"Oh, you need n't be afraid, Papa; it is n't any of the nice things I want. It is only some of that yarn that old Mrs. Johns brought to pay for the flour. Don't you remember? It 's under the counter, in a box, a whole lot of it; I heard you tell Mamma when you took it, you did n't believe you 'd ever sell it, it was such a horrid slaty color. Mrs. Johns dyed it herself. Mrs. Christy says she 'll teach me to knit this winter, if I can get the yarn. So I thought of that."

"Yes, indeed, child," replied Mr. McFarland, and he felt quite ashamed of himself. "You can have that and welcome,—the whole of it."

So when he went to the store the last time, he

brought over the box of Mrs. Johns's yarn, and away down in the bottom of the box, under the "horrid slaty" skeins, he put in some nicer yarns, a big bunch of bright red and some blue, and green, and yellow, and a great lot of white.

"Poor little girlie!" he said to himself, "if she is going to find any pleasure in her knitting, she must have some bright colors to mix in."

And so Elsie was left all alone to keep house by herself in the cabin, where only one year before she had been living, a happy, gay little girl, with her father and mother. It was pretty hard, but Elsie never stopped to think about its being hard. She just went to work. That is the only way in this world ever to bear up under things that are hard. Go to work, and keep busy. It is worth all and everything else in the way of what people call "consolation." That word "consolation" I never liked, myself. It does not seem to me to mean much. There is n't any such thing, to my mind, as being "consoled" for a real trouble. If it is a real trouble, it will be a real trouble always, as long as you live; but you can always go to work and keep busy, and so long as you do that the trouble can not get the better of you. But that is neither here nor there in this story about Elsie McFarland, except that it was the way Elsie did. How the wisdom came to her, I don't know. Nobody had ever told her, and she never put it into words to herself. It simply seemed to her the natural way to do.

Her head was full of plans of what she would accomplish in the winter. She was going to learn to knit, for one thing. She already knew a great many ways of crocheting, but she was going to learn to knit stockings and mittens, and perhaps a bed-spread like one Mrs. Christy had once shown her. She was going also to learn to cook a great many things; she now knew how to cook only a few simple dishes.

"I mean to have some one new thing for Papa every Sunday when he comes down," she said. "I 'll go right straight through Mamma's cook-book; only, the worst of it is, most of the things take eggs, and there wont be any eggs very often. I remember Mamma used to say she wished somebody would make a cook-book of good things for poor people," and Elsie sighed and felt sad as she recalled the days when she used to help her mother in all the household work.

There was another air-castle in Elsie's mind,—a beautiful secret which gave her joy whenever she thought of it. In one of the trunks where her mother's clothes had been put away was nearly a whole piece of cotton cloth, a half dozen linen bosoms and collars and cuffs, and, nearly finished, one shirt, on which Elsie had been at work just before her mother died. Three more shirts were cut out, and Elsie's air-castle was to cut out two more, and have a half dozen nice new shirts all ready for her father in the spring. She had been meaning to go to work on them all through the summer, but summer days were great temptations to Elsie; there was nothing she loved better than to ramble in the cañons and grassy hill slopes, and gather flowers. Red Jacket was a wonderful place for flowers; such fields full of purple asters were never seen anywhere else in the world, I do believe. They were as thick as clover in a clover field, and looked like a solid surface of beautiful purple. Then there were dozens of other flowers, red and blue, and white and yellow, some of which are not to be found anywhere outside of Colorado. Elsie was never tired of arranging great bouquets of them. She put them in the window-seats, on the shelves, on the table, in the fire-place, till sometimes the little cabin looked like a garden.

So, while the summer lasted, Elsie had not found time to sew. After her housework was done, she had usually rambled off after flowers. When her own room was as full as it would hold, she would bring bunches to Mrs. Christy, who did not care much for them at first, but after a time began to notice their splendid colors, and to like them for their own as well as for Elsie's sake. Mrs. Christy loved Elsie with all the strength of her warm Irish heart.

"Indade, an' she 's more to me, thin, than I 'm loikely to be to her, an' that 's the thruth," she replied to Mr. McFarland, when, on the morning he set off for Tin Cup, he had told her how grateful he felt for her kindness to Elsie, and that he felt easy to leave the child in her protection.

"An' it 's no great purtectin' she nades," she added, looking after Mr. McFarland as he walked slowly and sadly away. "To my way o' thinkin', it 's pertectin' yees she 'll be, an' not so long time first, nayther. There 's more o' the makin' uv a man in her than ye 've got yersilf!"

But we have run away from Elsie's air-castles. There were the knitting, the cooking, the shirt-making, these three; then there was one other, which I dare say many of you will think was the queerest of all: Elsie was going to learn to wash. This also was a secret from her father. He had arranged with Mrs. Christy to continue to do the washing, as she had hitherto done, and Elsie had said nothing; but in her own mind it was all arranged that, as soon as her father had gone, she would coax Mrs. Christy to teach her how to do it herself.

"And then I can do up the shirts as fast as they are finished," thought Elsie, "and that will be the greatest surprise of all to Papa."

And so Elsie entered on her winter. It was the first of October when her father went away. In less than a month, the snow came; day after day it snowed soft, steady, and still, until nothing could be seen of the Red Jacket cabins except their roofs, chimneys, and, in some of the higher ones, the upper halves of the windows. To the door of every inhabited cabin a long passage-way, like a tunnel, was dug through the snow, and the windows in some of them were shoveled clear, so as to let the light in. The covered passage-way between Elsie's room and Mrs. Christy's kitchen was buried up entirely, so that it looked like nothing but a snow-drift.



THE SNOW-HILL. [SEE PAGE 197.]

There is something beautiful as well as terrible in such a winter as this. The surface of the snow shines and sparkles as if it were made of millions of diamonds. It is sometimes almost as hard as ice, and men can glide about it on snow-shoes,

over miles of country and from one town to another, as fast as they can skate.

One of the last things Mr. McFarland had done for Elsie was to make her a new pair of snow-shoes. She had learned the art of walking on them the winter before, and was as fond of it as of sliding down hill on a sled. She often caught a tumble, but she only thought it all the more fun. Everybody in the camp liked to see her go skimming by, with her cheeks red and her eyes shining; and there was not a boy in the camp who could go faster than she.

Mrs. Christy used to stand at the window and watch her with mingled terror and pride.

"Luk at her, thin!" she would exclaim. "Is n't it a birrd she is! But the heart av me 's in me mouth, so long ez she 's got her two feet in thim boats."

Mrs. Christy herself had never mustered courage to learn to use snow-shoes. She put them on once, took two steps from her door, lost her balance, and fell headlong in the snow.

"I 'll not timpt Providence any more," she said. "I 'll stay in till it plazes God to lift the snows from aff us." And stay in she did through that entire winter — twelve long weeks — until the snows melted.

Nobody would believe how fast Elsie's days flew by in this strange and lonely life. She was as busy as a bee all day long, and in the evenings she sat with Mrs. Christy, knitting and listening to Irish fairy stories, of which Mrs. Christy knew many, so weird and fascinating that Elsie was never tired of hearing them over and over. The "slaty-colored" yarn proved a great success, when the gayly-colored was mixed with it; and Elsie before many days had passed, had completed a pair of mittens with long gauntlet tops, and a splendid scarf a yard and a half long, for her Christmas presents to her father.

These Mrs. Christy exhibited with great pride to her acquaintances, and the first thing Elsie knew she was besieged with entreaties to knit more such mittens for sale. This gave her real delight. Here, at last, was a way by which she could earn money, — only a little, to be sure, but it was something. Every one who saw the mittens wanted a pair, men and women alike. They would have bought twice as many as Elsie could have knit before spring.

All through November, Mr. McFarland came down every Sunday and spent the whole day with Elsie. What happy days they were! Elsie grew reconciled to her father's being a miner, as she listened to all he had to tell her of the wonderful ores in the mine, and how they were made into money. He brought her some pieces of what is called "peacock ore." It has all the colors of a peacock's neck in it. Elsie was never tired of holding it in the sun and turning it over and over.

The first Sunday in December came a great disappointment, — instead of her father, a strange man, whom Elsie had never seen, bringing a note from her father, to say that he had hurt his foot and could not come down. But he hoped he should be well enough to come the next Sunday. The next Sunday came. No father. The same kind man, however, came all the way down to tell Elsie that her father's foot was much better, but still not strong enough for snow-shoe walking.

By this time, all the miners in Tin Cup knew about the little girl left alone in the cabin at Red Jacket, and there was not a man of them all who would n't have gladly walked the eight miles to save her from being anxious about her father. In fact, after the report which the first messenger carried back, describing the neat room, cheery little girl, and good dinner she gave him, there was almost a rivalry among the men as to who should go next time.

They had all become attached to Mr. McFarland also. They had found that he did not really mean to hold himself aloof from them at all; that he took hold of the hardest work with good courage, unused as he had been to it, and that he was as friendly and kind-hearted as it was possible for a man to be. Without knowing it, or trying to do so, he had made dozens of friends, who were all ready, if he should re-open his store, to give him all the help they could.

At last there were only three days left before the arrival of the Christmas Sunday, to which Elsie had looked forward so long. Her father had written that he would certainly be able to come down if it did not storm.

"An' it 'ud niver have the heart to storm on the blissed Christmas, an' it comin' on a Sunday," said Mrs. Christy.

"No, indeed!" said Elsie. "I 'm sure it wont. I wish Christmas always came on a Sunday." And she danced around the room and hugged Mrs. Christy for very joy.

Mrs. Christy's two boys also were coming from the Chieftain mine, where they worked. Elsie had long since got over her dislike of the Christy boys. She had learned how kind and good they were under all their roughness of manner. The last time they had been home, they had, of their own accord, brought her two splendid young fir-trees for Christmas greens. They cut the trees down, fastened them by stout ropes to their belts, and came shooting into camp on their snow-shoes, each with a fir-tree dragging twenty feet behind him on the snow. Such a sight had never been seen in Red Jacket before. Then they

chopped the boughs off in front of the cabin, brought them in, and threw them on the floor in a heap huge enough to trim two much bigger rooms than Elsie's and Mrs. Christy's. Elsie and Mrs. Christy worked the whole day before Christmas, making wreaths and long festoons; and when all was done, the rooms were so changed one would hardly know them. Very late Elsie sat up that night, for she had some things to do she did not want Mrs. Christy to see: a nice scarf she had knit for each of the Christy boys, and a warm jacket for Mrs. Christy herself; and these were to be wrapped up in clean paper, and a little note written to go with each gift, and Elsie was a slow writer. It was past twelve o'clock when she crawled into her bed, very tired and sleepy. "It is Christmas now," she thought. "By nine o'clock Papa will be here. How he will like the greens! We never had it so pretty before," and Elsie was asleep in two minutes.

The next thing she knew, she heard voices talking outside, and saw lights flashing on the ceiling of her room. It did not seem to her she had been asleep a minute. The voices grew louder, and more and more, and the lights kept flashing. Terribly frightened, Elsie sprang up, and ran through the covered way to Mrs. Christy's room. As she reached the window, she heard Mrs. Christy sobbing, and crying:

"Och, an' who 'll till her? Who 'll have a harrt to till her? I 'll niver be the one to till her!"

Like a flash of lightning, Elsie knew it was of her that Mrs. Christy was speaking, and in a second more she had sprung through the window, into the center of a group of excited men, all talking together, but all silent, as soon as she appeared; all except Mrs. Christy, who burst out crying louder than ever, and running to Elsie, threw her arms around her, and gasped out: "Och, honey, there 's bad news for ye. It 's a slide they 've had! Och, an' who 'll till her?" and Mrs. Christy broke down.

Elsie looked from one to another. She did not cry, but she turned very white, and that frightened the men. They were used to seeing women cry, as Mrs. Christy was doing; but this little white-faced, resolute-looking child,—as one of the men said afterward, "it took the strength right out of a man to see her."

"Is my Papa dead? Is he buried up in the snow-slide?" said Elsie, speaking very loud in a shrill voice. "Wont somebody please tell me what has happened?" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Then they told her all there was to tell. It did not take many words. A man had just come down from Tin Cup, running for dear life, to call all the Red Jacket men to come up and help dig out three cabins that had been buried in a snow-slide at midnight. The slide was a terrible one, he said. It had started with a sudden noise like a gun-shot, waking everybody in the camp. Then, with a great roaring sound like wind or a waterfall, the avalanche of snow had swept down the mountain-side, carrying away all the buildings of the Silver Queen Mine, and burying up three of the miners' cabins, nobody could tell how many feet deep. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye.

Luckily, the moon was shining at the time; and the people had turned out, and were digging as near as they could judge where the first cabin stood. But the snow was piled like a mountain, and there was hardly a hope of finding any one alive in the cabins. The messenger had gone on to the next town to get more help. While the men were telling all this, Elsie stood very still, her eyes turning first to one, then to another; she did not interrupt till they stopped speaking. Then she said:

"Are you sure my papa was in one of those cabins?"

The man who had been speaking last nodded his head and looked away from her. He could not speak.

"The man that came down, he said so," said another man. "He guv us the names. There 's ten men in the three cabins, and there 's a woman and baby in one. But we must be goin'. It 's a poor kind of a Christmas we 've got," and he glanced at the evergreen wreaths and boughs around the room. "It 's miners' luck, anyhow. But keep up your heart, Miss; we 'll send a man down to tell ye the very fust news there is."

Elsie did not speak nor move. She stood as if she were turned to stone, watching the men as they examined and lighted their lanterns, muffled themselves up, and prepared to set off. It was not yet four o'clock.

"Three more hours before daylight!" thought Elsie. "How can they see in this awful darkness?"

"Could n't I go with you?" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I can run fast on snow-shoes. Oh, do take me, so I can be there when they get my Papa out! Oh, let me come! I wont be any trouble."

"Bless your sweet eyes," cried one of the men, "it 's all we 'll be able to do ourselves to get up Coal Creek Gulch! Ye could n't stand up a minute, little gal, in the wind thet blows down thet gulch a night like this 'ere. It 'ud take ye like a dead leaf off a tree."

It was only a few minutes since the first sound of voices and the flash of light in Elsie's room had awakened her,—only a few minutes; but it seemed a thousand years. The men were all gone; silence reigned inside and outside; one flickering candle

gave a fitful half light in the room. Mrs. Christy sat rocking backward and forward, occasionally sobbing, and looking at Elsie without speaking. She did not dare to say a word to her. She could not understand the sort of grief which neither cried, nor moaned, nor spoke. She was almost afraid of Elsie. Elsie stood still at the window, her face pressed against the pane. Occasionally, a light would flash out in the distance, twinkle for a few seconds, then fade away in the direction of the Coal Gulch road — one more helper on the way to Tin Cup. In times of such disaster, mining people are all like brothers, in their eagerness to help and to rescue.

Finally, Elsie turned away from the window and said to Mrs. Christy:

"I think I will go back to bed again. There is n't anything to do."

Mrs. Christy stared at her. She was on the point of exclaiming in remonstrance, but suddenly changed her mind, and replied:

"An' indade, if ye can slape, it 'ud be the best thing for ye."

"I don't think I shall go to sleep," said Elsie, "but I suppose if I could, it would be better than to lie thinking."

"An' there 's no knowin' thin; ye might jist fall off unawaires like, an' a dale o' good it 'ud do ye, darlin'. I 'll not make a sound. Ye call me when ye want me. I think I 'll maybe take a bit av a nap mesilf," said Mrs. Christy, as she helped Elsie over the window-sill.

Elsie felt guiltily relieved at these words, and there was almost a remorseful tenderness in the kiss she gave to the tender old Irishwoman as she stepped down into the passage-way.

For nothing was further from Elsie's mind than going to sleep. She had already decided on a plan of action, which she knew Mrs. Christy would oppose, perhaps even by force. Elsie had determined to go to Tin Cup. She knew the way. Her father had told her where the road lay; it was a road on which she herself had often walked a long distance, gathering flowers. There were no such purple asters anywhere as on the hills on the north side of that road. The south side of it, as far as Elsie knew it, was a steep slope down to the bottom of the gulch, where ran a swift little stream, called Coal Creek because there were coal mines on the banks of it. Beyond this stream, the hill rose abruptly again like a precipice, and was covered thickly with a fir forest. Elsie never liked to look at that side of the gulch. The fir forest looked so black and gloomy, and reminded her of fairy stories of forests where evil gnomes and elves lived.

Poor child! If the fir forest had been grim and terrible to her in summer, how much more so would it seem now! She little dreamed how black and fierce it would look with the whole country round about white with snow, and the sparkling stream hid from sight!

It seemed to Elsie that it would never be light. When the first streak of red came in the sky, she jumped out of bed and began to dress. By the time it was light enough to see distinctly, she was all ready.

"How lucky that our front door is on the side Mrs. Christy can not see," thought Elsie, as she crept out, strapped on her snow-shoes, and set off. Nobody in the camp saw her. All the men had gone to Tin Cup, and most of the women were still asleep as Elsie sped down the silent street. When she came to the corner where the road turned off up Coal Creek Gulch, she halted a moment, dismayed at the sight. She would not have known the place. It seemed to her at first that it could not be the way. The gulch was so filled in with snow that the sides did not look half so high as they used to look; and there was not a trace of a road. No sleigh had been up Coal Creek Gulch for a month.

Still, she could see the tracks where the men had gone that morning, on their snow shoes.

"I can follow those tracks," thought Elsie, "and I can go by the trees, too. I think the fir forest reaches all the way up!" and she hurried on. Oh, how black the fir-trees looked, and how terribly still it was! Not a sound except the sound of Elsie's own sliding steps; and, to make it worse, the rising sun, which at first had shone out for a few minutes, soon went under a great gray cloud, which gradually spread and covered the whole sky. Elsie shuddered as she saw this. She knew what it meant. It was going to snow. "If it snows hard, I shall lose my way, surely," thought Elsie, and she hurried on faster and faster; too fast, alas! for before long, she lost her balance on the treacherous snow-shoes, reeled, pitched headlong, and fell. Luckily, the leather bands of her snow-shoes gave way; if they had not, she would have broken her ankles. As it was, one of them was so sprained that when she tried to get upon her feet, she fell back again, almost faint from the pain. She tried again and again, but each time the pain made her more weak and dizzy.

"I guess I 've broken my leg," thought Elsie, "so now I shall have to lie here till I die. I don't care; if my papa is dead, I might as well die, too."

Scattering snow-flakes began to fall. They came faster and faster; soon, it was a blinding snow-storm. Elsie was so cold, she could hardly move. Again she tried to get upon her feet. It was of no use; the ankle was powerless, and the torture

of moving it was more dreadful each time she tried. Elsie shut her eyes, and thought to herself, "Now, I will just say my prayers, and then I 'll be dead pretty soon."

A few tears rolled down her cheeks, but she did not cry hard; in fact, she did not in any way suffer so much as you would have supposed. She was already benumbed by cold. To be frozen to death is not so terrible a death as the words suggest. A gentle drowsiness comes on, and the last thing people who are frozen know is that they feel like going to sleep. This was what Elsie thought.

"Why, how queer it is," she thought. "I don't feel half so cold as I did. Perhaps it is getting warmer. I 'm so sleepy, I can't keep my eyes open," and that was the last Elsie knew till she felt a man shaking her shoulder hard, and pouring into her mouth some bad-tasting stuff that made her throat burn like fire.

"Git up, little gal — git up!" he said, trying to lift her on her feet.

Elsie shrieked with the pain: "Oh, sir! my leg! Don't. My leg 's broken. I can't stand up."

As soon as she opened her eyes and spoke, the man bent over and took another look at her face.

"Great Almighty!" he cried. "If it aint McFarland's little gal! Excuse me, Miss," he added; for even in her great pain Elsie lifted her eyes reproachfully at his first words. "But how in thunder come you here?"



"'IF IT SNOWS HARD, I SHALL LOSE MY WAY, SURE ENOUGH,' THOUGHT ELSIE, AND SHE HURRIED ON FASTER AND FASTER."

It was the man who came down to Elsie's house, the first time, to bring the note from her father, when he was hurt. As soon as Elsie recognized his face, she felt she had found a friend, and then, in spite of herself, she began to cry and sob.

"My papa 's buried up in the snow," she said, "and I was going up to Tin Cup, so as to be there when they got him out. The men are all digging. Don't you know about the slide? All the Red Jacket men have gone up to help; and I knew the way, and I could n't stay at home, and I was going too fast, and I fell over, and

my leg 's broken. I 've tried and tried to get up, and I can't."

Before she had done speaking, the man had cut her boot off from the sprained foot. As it fell, the relief was so great that Elsie exclaimed:

"Oh, thank you; it was the foot that was hurt —was n't it? I guess I can get up now," and she made a movement to try; but the man put his hand on her shoulder and said:

"I guess you can't, my gal. You 've got to let me carry you. We 'll fix that all right. I 'll have you into Tin Cup in next to no time."

"Oh," said Elsie, "you never can carry me. I 'm very heavy. If you can mend the straps to my snow-shoes, I 'm sure I can walk."

"Snow-shoes be hanged!" said the man gruffly. "That looks like snow-shoes, don't it?" pointing to Elsie's foot. It frightened Elsie to see it. It was already much swollen, and the pain was coming back again worse than ever.

"Now, jist don't you cry, little woman," said the man, patting her head. "You jist do as I tell ye, an' I 'll tow yer in 's easy 's nothin'! You heavy?" he went on. "Why, ye 'r' no more 'n a skeeter!"

At this, Elsie gave a little smile, which seemed to please the man greatly.

"Fact!" he said. "Ef I kin onct git ye hoisted on my shoulders, I kin run with ye 's well 's I could without ye. There 's nothin' to ye, anyhow."

Then he picked up Elsie's snow-shoes, tied them together, and hung them upon a tree.

"We 'll git them another day," he said. "They 'll be safe there. Aint many tramps 'round this kind o' weather."

Then he took off his comforter, bound the poor swelled foot in it, and then, grasping his walking pole in his right hand, he managed with some difficulty to kneel down, close to Elsie, with his back to her.

"There, dear," he said; "now you jist hug your arms tight 'roun' my neck, and hang on, an' I 'll git up slow, an' then we 'll be off in a jiffy."

Elsie did as she was told, and the man, with his strange load on his shoulders, rose slowly and carefully to his feet; but as soon as Elsie's sprained ankle hung at its full weight, the pain was so terrible that she could not endure it, and she gave a shriek, exclaiming: "Oh, my foot, my foot! Oh, sir, please put me down! I can't!"

"Blast it all!" said the man. "Ye poor little young 'un, I might ha' known ye could n't. I forgot about yer feet a hangin'," and setting Elsie down gently, he scratched his head and fell to thinking.

Elsie had around her neck a small plaid shawl, tied on like a comforter. "Could ye git along without that shawl; ye 'll be putty warm up there close to my back hair?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, yes," said Elsie, taking it off at once, and handing it to him.

Out of this shawl he made a kind of sling, and knotted it across one of his shoulders. Then, while still on his knees, he took the swollen foot and very carefully set it in the sling.



ELSIE'S RESCUER.

"There," he said, "that 's the best we can do. It 'll help considerable to hold you up. I 'm afeard it 'll hurt ye putty bad, even this way; but ye 'll have to bear it 's well 's ye kin, my gal," and he set off at a quick pace. At first Elsie did not suffer much, but in a few minutes the pain grew so

severe that she could not keep from groaning, though she tried very hard to desist.

"Don't mind my groaning," she said at last. "It hurts so I can't help it; but I can bear the hurt. Please go quick. How far is it?"

"Only two miles," he said. "We 'll soon be there."

"I did not think I had come two miles," said Elsie, feebly, and that was the last word she said. The man spoke to her several times, but could get no answer.

"Blest if the kid aint fainted," he thought. "Well, it 's jist as well; I 'll git her there quicker," and he shot along in great strides.

Just in the outskirts of Tin Cup was a two-story frame house, the only frame house, the only two-story house, in the region. It was a miner's boarding-house. It was painted an indescribable shade of light red, and known as the "Pink Boarding-house." Its size and its color combined made it a conspicuous landmark, well known to everybody.

"Ef I can jist git to the Pink Boardin'-'us, thet 's all I 'll ask," thought Elsie's rescuer. "Mis' Barrett, she 'll bring her round first-rate. But I dunno 's the poor little thing 's got much to come round to. Her father 's dead 'n' gone, an' she haint got any other folks as ever I heern on. Blamed if it wa' n't a mighty foolish thing, a feller like McFarland goin' into minin', anyhow."

It was not half an hour from the time Elsie had been lifted on this kind miner's broad shoulders before she was laid in Mrs. Barrett's own bed, with blankets and bottles of hot water all around her, and Mrs. Barrett rubbing her hands, holding hartshorn to her nose, and doing all she could think of to bring her to consciousness; — crying over her, too, for Mrs. Barrett was a motherly soul, and her lonely life of three long years at the head of the Pink Boarding-house, and all the sufferings and troubles she had seen in the mining country, had made her compassionate and tender.

"I reckon she 's gone, Phil, "she said, when he first staggered in with Elsie on his back.

"No, she aint," he cried. "Ye kin feel her little heart a-beatin', if ye try; she 's the pluckiest kid ever I saw. It 's McFarland's little gal; she 'd set out to come up here all alone, do ye know, 's soon 's she heard the news o' the slide. Got any on 'em out yit?"

"No," said Mrs. Barrett. "They have n't come to any o' the cabins yet."

"They 'll all be dead, then, I 'm afeard," said the man; adding "More 's the pity!" as he looked toward Elsie. Mrs. Barrett nodded silently. "Which cabin was McFarland in?" she asked.

"The one nearest the mine," replied Phil. "That one 'll have the best chance. It can't be so deep up there 's 't is down in the holler."

"Poor young un," he added, "she 'd got the two cabins, her'n and Christy's — (they was jined into one; Mac did it before he came up here, so Mis' Christy could look after the gal) — she 'd got the two cabins all trimmed up with greens, like a meetin'-'us, a-lookin' for her father to come down to-day. I never 'll get over that fust time I took her down the note to say he wa' n't comin'. The tears cum in her eyes at fust, but in a minnit she had 'em brushed away, and sez she, 'But you will stay and eat your dinner with me, sir. That is what my papa would like, and I, too. Then I wont be all alone; an' the dinner 's ready,' jist like a woman; an' a mighty good dinner the little kid 'd cooked, too, all by herself."

"She 's comin' to," said Mrs. Barrett, who had not for a moment stopped chafing Elsie's hands. "She 's comin' to, poor little thing; how 'll I ever muster up courage to tell her about her father?"

"Oh, she knows," said Phil, as he hurried away. "She knows it. That 's what brought her up here. She overheered the men tellin' it at Christy's."

When Elsie opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Barrett's kind face bending over her, she thought she had died and gone to heaven.

"Is this heaven?" she said. "Are you an angel?"

Good Mrs. Barrett, in telling the story afterward, used to say: "Well, of all the things that ever happened to me, I was never so took aback as I was at that. And I never knew rightly what I did say to the child in the first of it. But in a minute or two she got her eyes really open, and then she saw I was n't an angel. And she said, 'Oh, thank you very much! I feel better. Where is the kind man that brought me here? Have they got my papa out of the snow yet?' An' she was as calm 's a grown woman, and a sight calmer than most of 'em; and there she lay all that dreadful morning, just as peaceful 's any lamb. She 'd answer when I spoke to her, and she 'd eat and drink whatever I told her to. But I don't believe she spoke six words o' her own accord — not till the door opened, and her father walked in. And then the scream that child gave! It would ha' raised the dead! I thought I 'd never get it out o' my ears. She just raised up in bed, and gave that one scream, and then she fell back in another dead faint, worse than the one I 'd brought her out of in the morning. I thought she never would come out on 't. I wont ever forget it 's long 's I live. And her father, he stood lookin' at her with the tears rolling down. And, says he, 'Mrs. Barrett, this little girl 's all I 've got in the world to live for.'"

Yes, it was indeed Elsie's father that opened the door and walked in — safe and sound, and as well as ever. A very strange thing had happened. On the evening before, one of the miners, Mr. McFarland's best friend and room-mate, had asked him to take his place on what is called the "night shift" — that is, the gang of men who work in mines at night. It is a very common thing, when mines are prosperous, to keep the work going on in them night and day, — one set of men working in the day-time and another at night. So Mr. McFarland, to relieve his friend, had gone into the mine to work that night, and was in the tunnel when the snow-slide took place. His friend had staid in the cabin, and was killed instantly — crushed to death in his bed, under the timbers of the cabin. All who were in the other cabins were killed except one man, whose escape seemed like a miracle. The broken timbers fell in such a way that they did not press on him, and held the snow up like a roof above him; and there he lay in his bed, unable to stir hand or foot, in total darkness under the mountain of snow, till the morning of the second day, when he was taken out, nearly dead from fright, but with not a hurt of any kind.

Elsie did not want to speak when she came out of her fainting fit and found her father holding her hand. She clasped both her hands tightly around his, but she did not speak nor move. As he told her how it had happened that he was saved, tears trickled down her cheeks: but still she did not speak. It seemed to her that she should never want to do anything as long as she lived but to hold her father's hand in hers and look into his face. And he felt almost in the same way; as if he never wanted to have his little daughter out of his sight again.

In the course of the afternoon, he said to her:

"I have n't got any Christmas present for you, Elsie, dear."

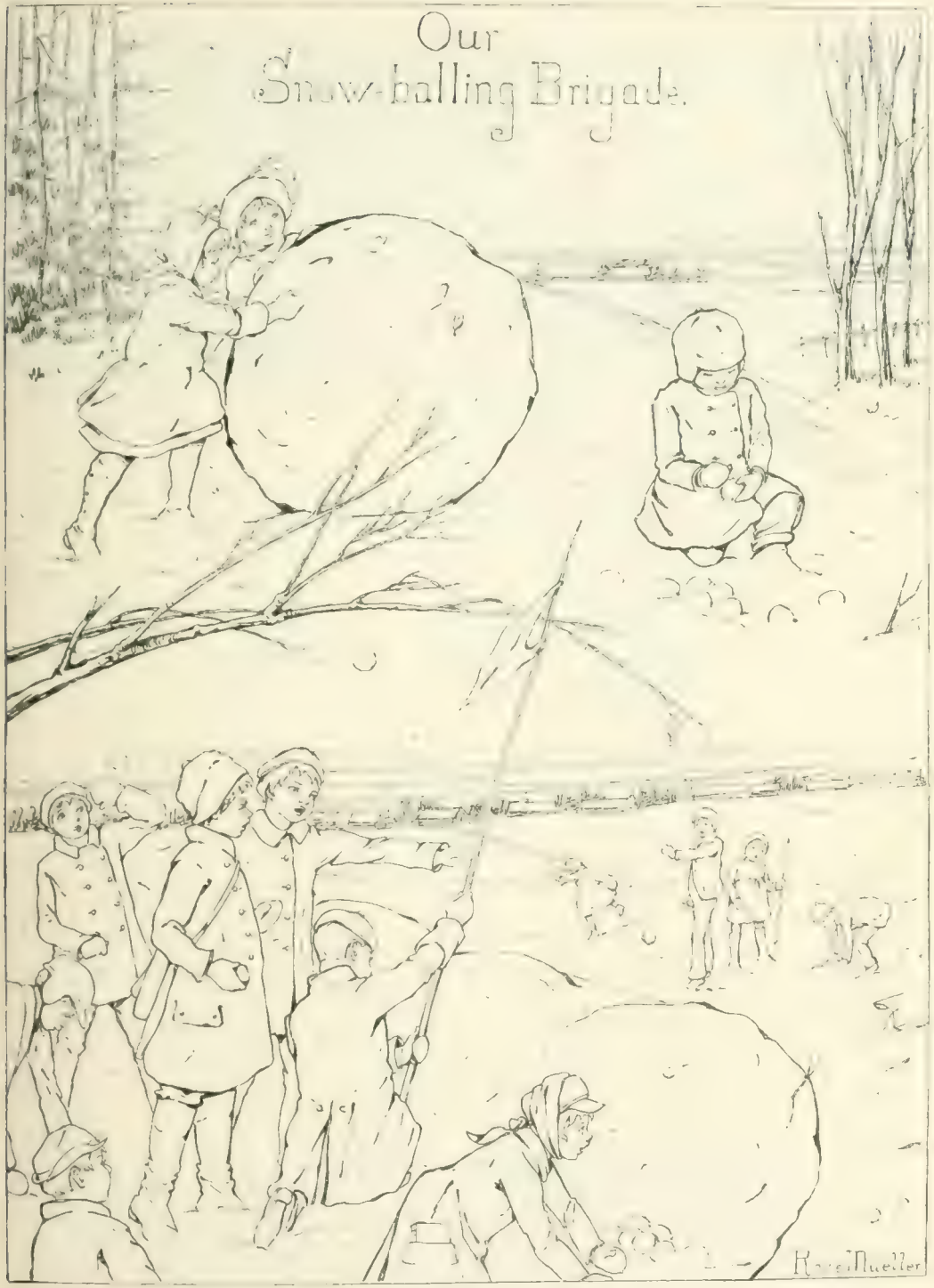
"Oh, Papa!" she said, in a faint little voice, — for she was very weak still, — "I 've got the best Christmas present in the world! I don't believe any other girl in the world ever had a Christmas present of a papa!"

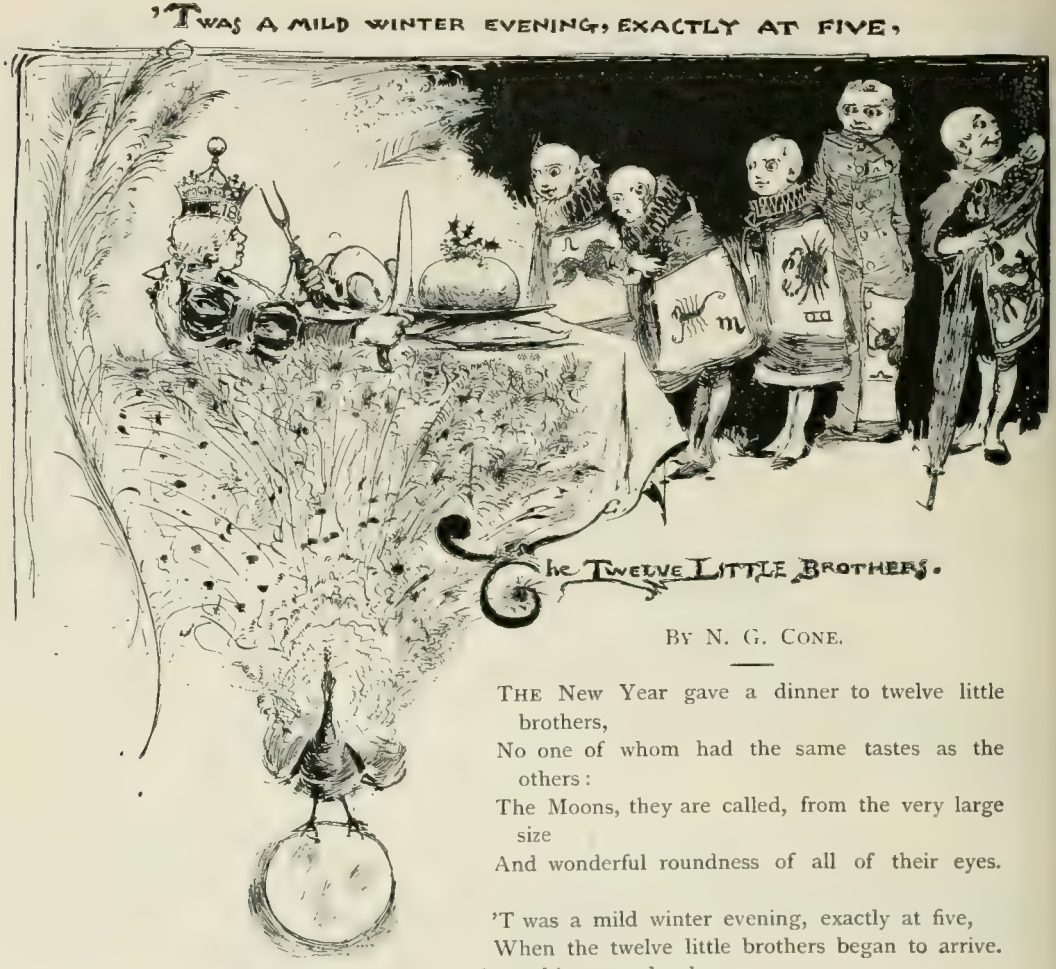
THE OAK AND THE MUSHROOM.——A FABLE.

By Joel Benton.

The mushroom and the oak
In the meadow stood together,
When the former, in his cloak
Pearly-white, briskly said:
"I have just got out of bed,
And I find the world is radiant with good weather.
I see a thousand pretty things —
Flowers with color, birds with wings
That fly so far and so fleetly; —
But there 's one thing puzzles me most completely:
How a tree of power and size
Should take so long to rise.
I at once sprang from the ground,
And have hardly looked around,
And have not been here an hour; —
But, to win your state and power,
As your wrinkledness appears,
Took a dozen score of years.
Look at me,
And you 'll agree
I am whole and clear and sound.
Is n't that a perfect dower?
And I 've not been here an hour!"

Then the oak
To his callow comrade spoke:
"All depends on what you set yourself to be —
Whether mushroom, or a tree.
Very little needs but little for supply;
And to one who can say
He has had no yesterday —
Who, springing from a shower,
Was born in an hour,
And with weeping and quick sorrow,
Must vanish ere to-morrow, —
Things are easy, I admit.
But if you had had a bit of real, sturdy wit,
You would know
Quick to come is quick to go.
"—— But hither strolls the epicure;
He will settle this debate, I 'm sure.
See, he ends our fact or fable,
By picking you to sit as a morsel on his table.
But to you 't is little difference, any way —
Small intruder of a day —
Had he missed your meadowy spot,
Found you here, or found you not,
Death has uses: — and your take-off is as just,
For to-morrow you would crumble into dust."


Our
Snow-balling Brigade.
Karl Mueller



By N. G. Cone.

THE New Year gave a dinner to twelve little brothers,
No one of whom had the same tastes as the others:
The Moons, they are called, from the very large size
And wonderful roundness of all of their eyes.

'T was a mild winter evening, exactly at five,
When the twelve little brothers began to arrive.
March came in a comforter big as a shawl;
And August without any stockings at all;
And Feb. in an ulster, although he was small;
And April in boots, which he left in the hall;
December in arctics—he feared he would fall,
And therefore was constantly giving a haul
To the straps; and November, if right I recall,
Had brought an umbrella in case of a squall;
And May had a beautiful blue parasol;
And then came July, with the rosy-cheeked Jan.,
Though Jan. was in furs, and July had a fan;
And Septy and Octy in round caps and frills;
And June in a pinafore old as the hills.

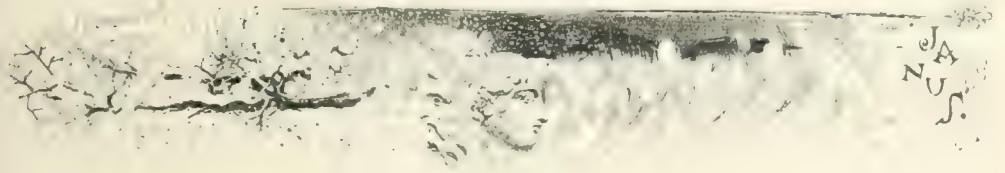
There was plum pie, and peacock, and turtles, and thyme,
And more than I ever can tell in my rhyme.
May remarked, "If you please, I 'll take lamb and green peas,"
While September exclaimed, "Apple dumplings and cheese;"

WHEN THE TWELVE LITTLE BROTHERS BEGAN TO ARRIVE.



And July was inquiring for lemons to squeeze;
And August for ices his palate to freeze;
And June a great spoon did impatiently seize
And drummed on the table for "Fresh strawberr*ees!*"
November said, "Turkey—I can't wait a minute!"
December said, "Pudding, with cinnamon in it!"
Jan. clamored for oysters—March hinted "Half-shell;"
Feb. thought chicken salad would do very well;
Said Octy, "Dessert without nuts can't excel;"
And April was anxious his wishes to tell—
(They were chiefly boiled eggs)—till, the tumult to quell,
The New Year made use of his silver hand-bell,
And was forced to confess, not at all at his ease,
That there *never* were twelve little brothers like these.
And he rose and declared he would stand it no more,
And the twelve little brothers he savagely bore,
By their twelve little collars, outside of his door;
And the last thing I heard of was June's pinafore,
Which caught on the door-knob and dolefully tore.

So, if these little brothers, in good Eighty-four,
Get treated to weather they 'll sadly deplore;
And it rains every day in the sweet month of May,
And freezes in August, my readers can say
That the twelve little brothers, so fractious and queer,
Have excited the wrath of the lordly New Year.





"TAKING TURNS.

TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

FIRST STORY.—MAGNIE'S DANGEROUS RIDE.—(PART II.)

MAGNIE never knew how long he was unconscious. The first thing he remembered was a delicious sense of warmth and comfort stealing through him, and strange, unintelligible sounds buzzing in the air about him. Somebody was talking kindly to him, and a large, warm hand was gliding over his forehead and cheeks. The peace and warmth were grateful to him after the intense strain of his dangerous ride. He was even loth to open his eyes when his reviving memory began to make the situation clear to him.

"It was a reckless shot, Harry," he heard some one saying in a foreign tongue, which he soon recognized as English, "even if it did turn out well. Suppose you had sent your bullet crashing through the young fellow instead of the buck. How would you have felt then?"

"I should have felt very badly, I am sure," answered a younger voice, which obviously belonged to Magnie's rescuer; "but I followed my usual way of doing things. If I did n't act that way, I should n't act at all. And you will admit, Uncle, it is a queer sort of thing to see a fellow come riding on a reindeer buck, in the midst of a wild herd, and in a trackless wilderness like this, where nobody but wolves or geologists would be apt to discover any attractions. Now, I saw by the young man's respectable appearance that he could n't be a geologist; and if he was a wolf, I did n't mind much if I did shoot him."

At this point, Magnie opened his eyes and stared wonderingly about him. He found himself in a small, cramped room, the walls of which were draped with canvas, and scarcely high enough under the ceiling to allow a man to stand erect. Against the walls a number of shining brass instruments were leaning, and in a corner there was a hearth, the smoke of which escaped through a hole in the roof. Two bunks filled with moss, with a sheet and a blanket thrown over each, completed the outfit of the primitive dwelling. But Magnie was more interested in the people, than in the looks of the room. A large, blonde, middle-aged man, inclined to stoutness, was holding Magnie's hand as if counting his pulse-beat, and a very good-looking young fellow, of about his own age, was standing at the hearth, turning a spit upon which was a venison steak.

"Hallo! Our young friend is returning from the land of Nod," said the youth who had been addressed as Harry. "I am glad you did n't start on a longer journey, young chap, when I fired at you; for if you had, you would have interfered seriously with my comfort."

Magnie, who was a fair English scholar, understood perfectly what was said to him, but several minutes elapsed before he could collect himself sufficiently to answer. In order to gain time, he made an effort to raise himself and take a closer look at his surroundings, but was forced by the older man to abandon the attempt. "Not so fast, my dear, not so fast," he said, stooping over him, and gently pushing him back into a reclining position. "You must remember that you have a big lump on your head from your fall, and it wont do to be frisky just yet. But before conversing further, it might be well to ascertain whether we understand each other."

"Yes, I think — I think — I do," stammered Magnie. "I know some English."

"Ah, then we shall get along charmingly," the man remarked, with an encouraging smile. "And I think Harry's venison steak is done by this time; and dinner, as you know, affords the most delightful opportunity for getting acquainted. Gunnar, our guide, who is outside skinning your reindeer buck, will soon present himself and serve the dinner. Here he is, and he is our cook, butler, chambermaid, laundress, beast of burden, and interpreter, all in one."

The man to whom the professor alluded was at this moment seen crawling on his hands and feet through the low door-way, which his bulky figure completely filled. He was a Norwegian peasant of the ordinary sort, with a square, rudely cut face, dull blue eyes, and a tuft of towy hair hanging down over his forehead. With one hand he was dragging the skin of the buck, and between his teeth he held an ugly-looking knife.

"We have got to bury him," he said.

"Bury him!" cried Harry! "Why, you bloodthirsty wretch! Don't you see he is sitting there, looking as bright as a sixpence?"

"I mean the buck," replied Gunnar, imperturbably.

"And why do you wish to bury the buck? I would much rather eat him. This steak here has a most tempting flavor, and I am quite tired of canned abominations by this time."

"The wolves will be sure to scent the meat, now that it is flayed, and before an hour we might have a whole congregation of them here."

"Well, then, we will shoot them down," insisted the cheerful Harry. "Come, now, Uncle, and let us have a civilized dinner. I don't pretend to be an expert in the noble art of cookery; but if this tastes as good as it smells, I would n't exchange it for a Delmonico banquet. And if the wolves, as Gunnar says, can smell a dead reindeer miles away, why they would be likely to smell a venison steak from the ends of creation. Perhaps, if we don't hurry, all the wolves of the earth may invite themselves to our dinner."

Gunnar, upon whom this fanciful raillery was lost, was still standing on all-fours in the door, with his front half in the warm room and his rear-ward portion in the arctic regions without. He was gazing helplessly from one to another, as if asking for an explanation of all this superfluous talk. "Vill you cawme and help me, Mester Harry?" he asked at last, stolidly.

"Yes, when I have had my dinner, I will, Mester Gunnar," answered Harry, gayly.

"Vell, I have nothing more to say, den," grumbled the guide; "but it vould vonder me much if, before you are troo, you vont have some unbidden guests."

"All right, Gunnar — the more the merrier;" retorted Harry as, with exaggerated imitation of a waiter's manner, he distributed plates, knives, and napkins to Magnie and his uncle.

They now fell to chatting, and Magnie learned, after having given a brief account of himself, that his entertainers were Professor Winchester, an American geologist, and his nephew, Harry Winchester, who was accompanying his uncle, chiefly for the fun of the thing, and also for the purpose of seeing the world and picking up some crumbs of scientific knowledge. The Professor was especially interested in glaciers and their action in ages past upon the surface of the earth, and, as the Norwegian glaciers had never been thoroughly studied, he had determined to devote a couple of months to observations and measurements, with a

view to settling some mooted geological questions upon which he had almost staked his reputation.

They had just finished the steak, which would perhaps have been tenderer if it had not been so fresh, and were helping themselves to the contents of a jar of raspberry preserves, when Harry suddenly dropped his spoon and turned with a serious face to his uncle.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

"No; what was it?"

Harry waited for a minute; then, as a wild, doleful howl was heard, he laid his hand on the Professor's arm, and remarked:

"The old fellow was right. We shall have unbidden guests."

"But they are hardly dangerous in these regions, so far as I can learn," said the Professor, re-assuringly.

"That depends upon their number. We could tackle a dozen; but two dozen we might find troublesome. At any rate, they have spoiled my appetite for raspberry jam, and that is something I sha'n't soon forgive them."

Three or four howls, sounding nearer, and echoing with terrible distinctness from the glaciers, seemed to depress Harry's spirits still further, and he put the jar away and began to examine the lock of his rifle.

"They are evidently summoning a mass meeting," remarked the Professor, as another chorus of howls reëchoed from the glacier. "I wish we had more guns."

"And I wish mine were a Remington or a Springfield breech-loader, with a dozen cartridges in it," Harry exclaimed. "These double-barreled Norwegian machines, with two shots in them, are really good for nothing in an emergency. They are antediluvian both in shape and construction."

He had scarcely finished this lament, when Gunnar's huge form re-appeared in the door, quadruped fashion, and made an attempt to enter. But his great bulk nearly filled the narrow room, and made it impossible for the others to move. He examined silently first Harry's rifle, then his own, cut off a slice of steak with his pocket-knife, and was about to crawl out again, when the Professor, who could not quite conceal his anxiety, asked him what he had done with the reindeer.

"Oh!" he answered, triumphantly, "I haf buried him among de stones, vhere it vill be safe from all de volves in de vorld."

"But, my dear fellow," ejaculated the Professor, hotly, "why did n't you rather let the wolves have it? Then, at least, they would spare us."

"You surely vould n't give a goot fresh reindeer, legs and all, to a pack of skountrelly volves, vould you?"

"I would much rather give them that than give them myself."

"But it is vorth tventy dollars, ef you can get it down fresh and sell it to de English yachts," protested Gunnar, stolidly.

"Yes, yes; but you great stupid," cried the Professor in despair, "what do you think my life is worth? and Master Harry's? and this young fellow's?" (pointing to Magnie). "Now, go as quick as you can and dig the deer out again."

Gunnar, scarcely able to comprehend such criminal wastefulness, was backing out cautiously with his feet foremost, when suddenly he gave a scream and a jump which nearly raised the roof from the hut. It was evident that he had been bitten. In the same moment a fresh chorus of howls resounded without, mingled with sharp, whining barks, expressive of hunger and ferocity. There was something shudderingly wild and mournful in these long-drawn discords, as they rose toward the sky in this lonely desert; and brave as he was, Magnie could not quite restrain the terror which he felt stealing upon him. Weakened by his icy bath, moreover, and by the nervous strain of his first adventure, he had no great desire to encounter a pack of ravenous wolves. Still, he manned himself for the occasion and, in as steady a voice as he could command, begged the Professor to hand him some weapon. Harry, who had instinctively taken the lead, had just time to reach him a long hunting-knife, and arm his uncle with an ax, when, through the door which Gunnar had left open, two wolves came leaping in and paused in bewilderment at the sight of the fire on the hearth. They seemed dazed by the light, and stood panting and blinking, with their trembling red tongues lolling out of their mouths. Harry, whose gun was useless at such close range, snatched the ax away from the Professor, and at one blow split the skull of one of the intruders, while Magnie ran his knife up to the very hilt in the neck of the other. The beast was, however, by no means dead after that, but leaped up on his assailant's chest, and would have given him an ugly wound in the neck, had not the Professor torn it away and flung it down upon the fire, where with a howling whine it expired. The Professor had also found time to bolt the door, before more visitors could enter; and two successive shots without seemed to indicate that Gunnar was holding his own against the pack. But the question was, how long would he succeed in keeping them at bay? He had fired both his shots, and he would scarcely have a chance to load again, with twenty hungry beasts leaping about him. This they read in one another's faces, but no one was anxious to anticipate the other in uttering his dread.

"Help, help!" cried Gunnar, in dire need.

"Take your hand away, Uncle!" demanded Harry. "I am going out to help him."

"For your life's sake, Harry," implored the Professor, "don't go! Let me go! What would your Mother say to me, if I should return without you?"

"I 'll come back again, Uncle, don't you fear," said the youth, with feigned cheerfulness; "but I wont let this poor fellow perish before my very eyes, even though he is a fool."

"It was his foolishness which brought this danger upon us," remonstrated the Professor.

"He knew no better," cried Harry, tearing the door open, and with ax uplifted rushing out into the twilight. What he saw seemed merely a dark mass, huddled together and swaying sideways, from which now and then a black figure detached itself with a howl, jumped wildly about, and again joined the dark, struggling mass. He could distinguish Gunnar's head, and his arms fighting desperately, and, from the yelps and howls of the wolves, he concluded that he had thrown away the rifle and was using his knife with good effect.

"Help!" he yelled, "help!"

"You shall have it, old fellow," cried Harry, plunging forward and swinging his ax about him; and the Professor, who had followed close at his heels, shouting at the top of his voice, pressed in Harry's wake right into the center of the furious pack. But, at that very instant, there came a long "Hallo-o!" from the lake below, and a rifle bullet flew whistling above their heads and struck a rock scarcely a yard above the Professor's hat. Several wolves lay gasping and yelping on the ground, and the rest slunk aside. Another shot followed, and a large beast made a leap and fell dead among the stones. Gunnar, who was lying bleeding upon the ground, was helped to his feet, and supported by Harry and the Professor to the door of the cottage.

"Hallo, there!" shouted Harry, in response to the call from below.

"Hallo!" some one shouted back.

The figures of three men were now seen looming up in the dusk, and Magnie, who instinctively knew who they were, sprang to meet them, and in another moment lay sobbing in his brother's arms. The poor lad was so completely unnerved by the prolonged suspense and excitement, that he had to be carried back into the hut, and his brother, after having hurriedly introduced himself to the Professor, came very near giving way to his feelings, too. Gunnar's wounds, which were numerous, though not serious, were washed and bandaged by Grim Hering-Luck; and having been wrapped in a horse-blanket, to keep out the cold, he was stowed away in a bunk and was soon asleep. As the hut was too small to admit all the company at once, Grim and Bjarne remained outside, and busied themselves in skinning the seven wolves which had fallen on the field of battle. Harry, who had got a bad bite in his arm, which he refused to regard as serious, consented with reluctance to his uncle's surgery, and insisted upon sitting up and conversing with Olaf Birk, to whom he had taken a great liking. But after a while the conversation began to lag, and tired heads began to droop; and when, about midnight, Grim crept in to see how his invalid was doing, he found the Professor reclining on some loose moss upon the floor, while Harry was snoring peacefully in a bunk, using Olaf's back for a pillow. And Olaf, in spite of his uncomfortable attitude, seemed also to have found his way to the land of Nod. Grim, knowing the danger of exposure in this cold glacier air, covered them all up with skins and horse-blankets, threw a few dry sticks upon the fire, and resumed his post as sentinel at the door.

The next morning, Professor Winchester and his nephew accepted Olaf's invitation to spend a few days at Hasselrud, and without further adventures the whole caravan descended into the valley, calling on their way at the *saeter* where Edwin had been left. It appeared, when they came to discuss the strange incidents of the preceding day, that it was Magnie's silk handkerchief which had enabled them to track him to the edge of the lake, and, by means of a raft, which Bjarne kept hidden among the stones in a little bay, they had been enabled to cross, leaving their horses in charge of a shepherd boy whom they had found tending goats close by.

The reindeer cow which Olaf had killed was safely carried down to the valley, and two wolf-skins were presented to Magnie by Harry Winchester. The other wolf-skins, as well as the skin of the reindeer buck, Bjarne prepared in a special manner, and Harry looked forward with much pleasure to seeing them as rugs upon the floor of his room at college; and he positively swelled with pride when he imagined himself relating to his admiring fellow-students the adventures which had brought him these precious possessions.

LUCY LEE from HIGH DUNDEE

Quaint Lucy Lee
From High Dundee
Came sauntering into town;
She came to see
St. Nick, and me,
St. Nicholas dear to all of us,
Saint Nicholas of renown.

Now faire to see
Was Lucy Lee
All dressed in her brave silk gown;
She courtsied. We,
(St. Nick and me)
Said: "How d'ye do?" Then outspake she—:
"Saint Nicholas of renown
"I come, you see,
"From High Dundee.
"I come for a good look down
"Right into ye
"Black bottles wee
"Of artists who draw with ye pen for thee
"Saint Nicholas of renown":



SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES. NO. I.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"It is too bad to have our jolly vacation spoilt by this provoking storm. Did n't mind it yesterday, because we could eat all the time; but here we are cooped up for a week, perhaps, and I 'd like to know what we are to do," growled Geoff, as he stood at the window looking gloomily at the bleak scene without. It certainly was discouraging; for the north wind howled, the air was dark with falling snow, and drifts were rising over fences, roads, and fields, as if to barricade the Christmas party in the great country house.

"We can bear it pleasantly, since it can't be helped," said gentle sister Mary, with a kind hand on his shoulder, and a face full of sympathy for his disappointment. "I 'm sorry for the coasting, skating, and sleighing frolics we have lost; but if we must be shut up, I 'm sure we could n't have a pleasanter prison or a kinder jailer. Don't let Grandma hear us complain, for she has made great exertions to have our visit a merry one, and it will trouble her if we are not gay and contented."

"That 's easy for a parcel of girls, who only want to mull over the fire, and chatter, and drink tea; but it 's rough on us fellows, who come for the outside fun. House is well enough, but when you 've seen it once there 's an end. Eating is jolly, but you can't stuff forever. We might dig or snowball if it did n't blow a gale. Never saw such a beast of a storm!" and Geoff flattened his nose against the window-pane and scowled at the elements.

A laugh made him turn around and forget his woes, to stare at the quaint little figure that stood curtseying in the door-way of the keeping-room, where a dozen young people were penned while the maids cleared up the remains of yesterday's feast in the kitchen, the mothers were busy with the babies upstairs, and the fathers read papers in the best parlor; for this was a family gathering under the roof of the old homestead.

A rosy, dark-eyed face looked out from the faded green calash, a gayly flowered gown was looped up over a blue quilted petticoat, and a red camlet cloak hung down behind. A big reticule and a funny umbrella were held in either hand, and red hose and very high-heeled, pointed shoes covered a trim pair of feet.

"God bless you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay,
Here 's your ancient granny come
To call, this Christmas day."

sang Minnie, the lively member of the flock, as she bobbed little curtseys and smiled so infectiously that even cross Geoff cheered up.

"Where did you get that rigging?" "Is n't it becoming!" "What queer stuff!" "Did Grandma ever look so, I wonder?"

These and many other questions rained upon the wearer of the old costume, and she answered them as fast as she could.

"I went rummaging up garret for something to read, and found two chests of old duds. Thought I 'd dress up and see how you liked me. Grandma said I might, and told me I looked like her when she was young. She was a beauty, you know, so I feel as proud as a peacock." And Min danced away to stand before the portrait of a blooming girl in a short-waisted, white satin gown and a pearl necklace, which hung opposite the companion portrait of an officer in an old-fashioned uniform.

"So you do. Wonder if I should look like Grandpa if I got into his old toggery?" said Geoff, looking up at the handsome man with the queue and the high coat-collar.

"Go and try; the uniform is in the chest, and not much moth-eaten. Let 's have a jolly rummage, and see what we can find. *We* did n't eat ourselves sick, so we will amuse these lazy invalids," and Min glanced pityingly at several cousins who lay about on sofas or in easy chairs, pretending to read, but evidently suffering from too great devotion to the bountiful dinner and evening feast of yesterday.

Away went Min and Lotty, Geoff and Walt, glad of anything to beguile the stormy afternoon. Grandma smiled as she heard the tramp of feet overhead, the peals of laughter, and the bang of chest-lids, well knowing that a scene of dire confusion awaited her when the noisy frolic was done, but thankful for the stores of ancient finery which would keep the restless children happy for a day.

It was truly a noble garret, for it extended the whole length of the great square house, with windows at either end, and divided in the middle by a solid chimney. All around stood rows of chests, dilapidated furniture, and wardrobes full of old relics, while the walls were hung with many things for which modern tongues can find no names. In one corner was a book-case full of musty books and papers; in another, kitchen utensils and rusty weapons; the third was devoted to quilts hung on

lines, and in the fourth stood a loom with a spinning-wheel beside it, both seemingly well cared for, as the dust lay lightly on them, and flax was still upon the distaff.

A glorious rummage followed the irruption of the Goths and Vandals into this quiet spot, and soon Geoff quite forgot the storm as he pranced about in the buff and blue coat, with a cocked hat on his head, and Grandfather's sword at his side. Lottie arrayed herself in a pumpkin hood and quilted cloak for warmth, while Walt, the bookworm, went straight to the ancient library, and became absorbed in faded souvenirs, yellow newspapers, and almanacs of a century ago.

Having displayed themselves below and romped all over the house, the masqueraders grew tired at last, and early twilight warned them to leave before ghostly shadows began to haunt the garret.

"I mean to take this down and ask Grandma to show me how it 's done. I 've heard her tell about spinning and weaving when she was a girl, and I know I can learn," said Minnie, who had fallen in love with the little wheel, and vainly tried to twist the flax into as smooth a thread as the one hanging from the distaff, as if shadowy fingers had lately spun it.

"Queen Victoria set the fashion in England, and we might do it here. Would n't it be fun to have a wheel in the parlor at home, and really use it, not keep it tied up with blue ribbons, as the other girls do!" cried Lotty, charmed with the new idea.

"Come, Geoff, take it down for us. You ought to do it out of gratitude for my cheering you up so nicely," said Min, leading the way.

"So I will. Here, Walt, give it a hoist, and come behind to pick up the pieces, for the old machine must be about a hundred, I guess."

Shouldering the wheel, Geoff carried it down; but no bits fell by the way, for the stout little wheel was all in order, kept so by loving hands that for more than eighty years had been spinning the mingled thread of a long and useful life.

Glorious fires were roaring up the wide chimneys in parlor and keeping-room, and old and young were gathering around them, while the storm beat on the window-panes, and the wintry wind howled as if angry at being shut out.

"See what we 've stolen, Grandma," cried Min, as the procession came in, rosy, dusty, gay and eager.

"Bless the child! What possessed you to lug that old thing down?" asked Madam Shirley, much amused, as the prize was placed before her where she sat in her high-backed chair, a right splendid old lady in her stately cap, black silk gown and muslin apron, with a bunch of keys at her side, like a model housekeeper as she was.

"You don't mind our playing with it, do you? And will you teach me to spin? I think it 's such a pretty little thing, and I want to be like you in all ways, Grandma dear," answered Min, sitting on the arm of the great chair, with her fresh cheek close to the wrinkled one where winter roses still bloomed.

"You wheedling gypsy! I 'll teach you with all my heart, for it is pretty work, and I often wonder ladies don't keep it up. I did till I was too busy, and now I often take a turn at it when I 'm tired of knitting. The hum is very soothing, and the thread much stronger than any we get nowadays."

As she spoke, the old lady dusted the wheel, and gave it a skillful turn or two, till the soft whir made pleasant music in the room.

"Is it really a hundred years old?" asked Geoff, drawing nearer with the others to watch the new work.

"Just about. It was one of my mother's wedding presents, and she gave it to me when I was fifteen. Deary me, how well I remember that day," and Grandma seemed to fall a-dreaming as her eyes rested on the letters E. R. M. rudely cut in the wood, and below these were three others with something meant for a true lover's knot between.

"Whose initials are these?" asked Min, scenting a romance with girlish quickness, for Grandma was smiling as if her eyes read the title to some little story in those worn letters.

"Elizabeth Rachel Morgan and Joel Manlius Shirley. Your blessed Grandfather cut our names there the day I was sixteen, and put the flourish between to show what he wanted," added the old lady, laughing as she made the wheel hum again.

"Tell about it, please do," begged Min, remembering that Grandma had been a beauty and a belle.

"It 's a long tale, my darling, and I could n't tell it now. Sometime when I 'm teaching you to spin I 'll do it, maybe."

But the girl was determined to have her story; and after tea, when the little ones were in bed, the elders playing whist in the parlor, and the young folks deciding what game to begin, Minnie sat down and tried to spin, sure that the familiar sound would lure Grandma to give the lesson and tell the tale.

She was right, for the wheel had not gone around many times, when the tap of the cane was heard, and the old lady came rustling in, quite ready for a chat, now that three cups of her own good tea and a nap in the chimney corner had refreshed her.

"No, dear, that 's not the way; you need a dish of water to wet your fingers in, and you must draw the flax out slow and steady, else it

runs to waste, and makes a poor thread. Fetch me that chair, and I 'll show you how, since you are bent on learning."

Establishing herself in the straight-backed seat, a skillful tap of the foot set the wheel in swift and easy motion, and the gray thread twisted fine and evenly from the distaff.

"Is n't it a pretty picture?" said Min to Lotty, as they watched the old lady work.

"Not so pretty as the one I used to see when my dear mother sat here, and I, a little child, at her knee. Ah, my dears, she could have told you stories all night long, and well worth hearing. I was never tired of them."

"Please tell one now, Grandma. We don't know what to play, and it would be so nice to sit around the fire and hear it this stormy night," suggested Min, artfully seizing the hint.

"Do! do! We all love stories, and we 'll be as still as mice," added Geoff, beckoning to the others as he took the big arm-chair, being the oldest grandson and leader of the flock.

Camping on the rug, or nestling in the sofa corner, the boys and girls all turned expectant faces toward Grandma, who settled her cap-strings and smoothed her spotless apron, with an indulgent smile at her little audience.

"I don't know which one to tell first."

"The ghost story; that 's a splendid one, and most of the children never heard it," said Walt.

"Have Indians and fighting in it. I like that kind," added Geoff.

"No; tell a love story. They are *so* interesting," said Lotty.

"I want the story about the initials first. I know it is very sentimental. So do begin with that, Grandma," begged Min.

"Well, dears, perhaps I 'd better choose that one, for it has the battle of New Orleans, and wolves, and spinning, and sweethearts in it; so it will suit you all, I hope."

"Oh, lovely! Do begin right away," cried Minnie, as the clapping of hands showed how satisfactory the prospect was.

Grandma gave a loud "hem!" and began at once, while the little wheel hummed a soft accompaniment to her words.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

"WHEN I was fifteen, my mother gave me this wheel, and said: 'Now, daughter Betsey, it is time for you to begin your wedding outfit, for I mistrust you 'll marry young.' In those days girls spun and wove webs of fine linen and laid 'em up in chests, with lavender and rosemary, for sheets and table-linen after they married. So I spun away, making all manner of fine plans in my silly head, for I was a pretty piece, they all said, and young as I was, two or three fine lads used to come evenings and sit staring at me while I worked.

"Among these, was my neighbor Joel Manlius Shirley, and I was fond of him, but he had n't much money, so I put on airs, and tried his patience very much. One day he came in and said: 'Betsey, I 'm going a-soldiering; they need men, and I 'm off. Will you think of poor Joe when I 'm gone?'

"I don't know how I looked, but I felt as if I could n't bear it. Only I was too proud to show my trouble; so I laughed and gave my wheel a twist, and said I was glad of it, since anything was better than hanging round at home.

"That hurt him, but he was always gentle to saucy Betsey, and taking out his knife, he cut those letters under mine, saying, with a look I never could forget:

"'That will remind you of me if you are likely to forget. Good-bye; I 'm going right away, and may never come back.'

"He kissed me and was off before I could say a word, and then I cried till my flax was wet and my thread tangled, and my heart 'most broken. Deary me, how well I remember that heavy day!"

Grandma smiled, but something shone in her old eyes very like a tear, and sentimental Lotty felt deeply interested at this point.

"Where does the fighting come in?" asked Geoff, who was of a military turn, as became the descendant of a soldier.

"I did n't know or care much about the War of 1812, except as far as the safety of one man was concerned. Joe got on without any harm till the battle of New Orleans, when he was nearly killed behind the cotton-bale breastworks General Jackson built."

"Yes, I know all about it! Jackson fought against twelve thousand and lost only seven men. That was the last battle of the war, January 8, 1815. Three cheers for Grandpa!" shouted Geoff, waving a tidy, as no hat was at hand.

The others echoed the hurrah, and Grandma beamed with pride as she went on: "We could n't get news from the army very often in those troublous times, and Joe was gone two years before the war ended. After the great battle we had no news for a long spell, and we feared he was one of the seven men killed. Those were dreadful days for all of us. My honored mother was a pious soul, and so was Mrs. Shirley, and they kept up their hearts with hope and prayer; but I, poor thing, was young and weak, and I cried myself half blind, remembering how naughty I had been. I would spin no more, but set the wheel away, saying I

should have no need of wedding gear, as I should never marry; and I wore black ribbon on my caps, and one of Joe's buttons strung about my neck, mourning dismally for my lost dear.

"So the winter ended, and the summer went, and no news came of Joe. All said he was dead, and we had prayers at church, and talked of setting a stone up in the grave-yard, and I thought my life was done; for I pined sadly, and felt as if I could never laugh again. But I did, for the Lord was very good to us, and out of danger and captivity delivered that dear boy."

Grandma spoke solemnly, and folded her hands in thanksgiving as she looked up to the picture of the handsome officer hanging on the wall before her. The elder children could just remember Grandpa as a very old and feeble man, and it struck them as funny to speak of him as a "dear boy"; but they never smiled, and dutifully lifted their eyes to the queue and the high-collared coat, wondering if Joe was as rosy in real life as in the portrait.

"Well, that 's the sentimental part; now comes the merry part, and that will suit the boys," said the old lady, briskly, as she spun away, and went on in a lively tone:

"One December day, as I sat by that very window, dreaming sorrowfully at my sewing work, while old Sally nodded over her knitting by the fire, I saw a man come creeping along by the fence and dodge behind the wood-pile. There were many bad folks 'round in those times; for war always leaves a sight of lazy rascals afloat, as well as poor fellows maimed and homeless.

"Mother had gone over to the sewing society at Mrs. Shirley's, and I was all alone, for Sally was so stiff with rheumatics she could scarce stir, and that was why I staid to take care of her. The old musket always hung over the kitchen chimney-piece loaded, and I knew how to fire it, for Joe taught me. So away I went and got it down, for I saw the man popping up his head now and then to spy the land, and I felt sure he meant mischief. I knew Sally would only scream like a scared hen, so I let her sleep; and getting behind the shutter I pointed my gun, and waited to blaze away as soon as the enemy showed signs of attacking.



"'WHEN MY DEAR MOTHER SAT HERE, AND I, A LITTLE CHILD, AT HER KNEE.'" [SEE PAGE 211.]

"Presently he came creeping up to the back door, and I heard him try the latch. All was fast, so I just slipped into the kitchen and stood behind the settle, for I was surer than ever he was a rascal since I 'd seen him nearer. He was a tall man,

dreadful shabby in an old coat and boots, a ragged hat over his eyes, and a great beard hiding the lower part of his face. He had a little bundle and a big stick in his hands, and limped as if foot-sore or lame.

"I was much afeard; but those were times that made heroes of men and taught women to be brave for love of home and country. So I kept steady, with my eye on the window, and my finger on the trigger of the old gun that had n't been fired for years. Presently the man looked in, and I saw what a strange roll his great eyes had, for he was thin-faced, and looked half-starved. If Mother had been there, she 'd have called him in and fed him well, but I dared not, and when he tried the window I aimed, but did not fire; for finding the button down he went away, and I dropped on the settle shaking like a leaf. All was still, and in a minute I plucked up courage to go to look out a bit; but just as I reached the middle of the kitchen, the buttery door opened, and there stood the robber, with a carving knife in one hand and my best loaf of spice bread in the other. He said something, and made a rush at me; but I pulled the trigger, saw a flash, felt a blow, and fell somewhere, thinking, 'Now I 'm dead!'"

Here Grandma paused for breath, having spoken rapidly and acted out the scene dramatically, to the intense delight of the children, who sat like images of interest, staring at her with round eyes.

"But you were n't dead? What next?" cried Walt, eagerly.

"Bless you, no! I only fell into Joe's arms, and when I came to, there the dear fellow was, crying over me like a baby, while old Sally danced round us like a bedlamite, in spite of her rheumatics, shouting: 'Hosanna! Thanks and praise! He 's come, he 's come!'"

"Was he shot?" asked Geoff, anxious for a little bloodshed.

"No, dear; the old gun burst and hurt my hands, but not a mite of harm was done to Joe. I don't think I could tell all that happened for a spell, being quite dazed with joy and surprise; but by the time Mother came home I was as peart as a wren, and Joe was at the table eating and drinking every mortal thing I could find in the house.

"He 'd been kept a prisoner till exchanged, and had had a hard time getting home, with little money and a bad wound in the leg, besides being feeble with jail fever. But we did n't fret over past troubles, being so glad to get him back. How my blessed mother did laugh, when we told her the reception I gave the poor lad. But I said it served him right, since he came sneaking home like a thief, instead of marching in like a hero. Then he owned that he came there to get something to eat, being ashamed to go in upon his mother with all her company about her. So we fed and comforted him; and when we 'd got our wits about us, I whipped away to Mrs. Shirley's and told my news, and every one of those twenty-five women went straight over to our house and burst in upon poor Joe as he lay resting on the settle. That was my revenge for the scare he gave me, and a fine one it was; for the women chattered over him like a flock of magpies, and I sat in the corner and laughed at him. Ah, I was a sad puss in those days!"

The old lady's black eyes twinkled with fun, and the children laughed with her, till Walt caused a lull by asking:

"Where do the wolves come in, Grandma?"

"Right along, dear; I'm not likely to forget 'em, for they most cost me my life, to say nothing of my new slippers. There was great rejoicing over Joe, and every one wanted to do something to honor our hero; for he had done well, we found out, when the General heard his story. We had a great dinner, and Judge Mullikin gave a supper; but Major Belknap was bound to outshine the rest, so he invited all the young folks over to his house, nigh ten miles away, to a ball, and we all went. I made myself fine, you may believe, and wore a pair of blue kid slippers, with Mother's best buckles to set 'em off. Joe had a new uniform, and was an elegant figure of a man, I do assure you. He could n't dance, poor dear, being still very lame; but I was a proud girl when I marched into that ball-room on the arm of my limping beau. The men cheered, and the ladies stood up in chairs to see him, and he was as red as my ribbons, and I could hardly keep from crying, as I held him up; the floor being slippery as glass with the extra waxing it had got.

"I declared I would n't dance, because Joe could n't; but he made me, saying he could see me better, so I footed it till two o'clock, soon forgetting all my sorrow and my good resolutions as well. I wanted to show Joe that I was as much a favorite as ever, though I 'd lived like a widow for a year. Young folks will be giddy, and I hope these girls will take warning by me and behave better when their time comes. There may n't be any wolves to sober 'em, but trouble of some sort always follows foolish actions; so be careful, my dears, and behave with propriety when you 'come out,' as you call it nowadays."

Grandma held up a warning forefinger at the girls, and shook her head impressively, feeling that the moral of her tale must be made clear before she went on. But the lassies blushed a little, and the lads looked all impatience, so the dear old lady introduced the wolves as quickly as she could.

"About half-past two, Joe and I drove off home with four fine hams in the bottom of the sleigh, sent by the Major to our mothers. It was a bitter-cold February night, with just light enough to see the road, and splendid sleighing, so we went along at a good pace till we came to the great woods. They are all gone now, and the woolen mills stand there, but then they were a thick forest of pines, and for more than three miles the road led through them. In former days Indians had lurked there; bears and foxes were still shot, and occasionally wolves were seen when cold weather drove them to seek food near the sheep-folds and barn-yards.

"Well, we were skimming along pleasantly enough, I rather sleepy, and Joe very careful of me, when, just as I was beginning to doze a bit with my head on his arm, I felt him start. Old Buck, the horse, gave a jump that woke me up, and in a minute I knew what the trouble was, for from behind us came the howl of a wolf.

"'Just the night to bring 'em out,' muttered Joe, using the whip till Buck went at his quickest trot, with his ears down and every sign of hurry and worry about him.

"'Are you afraid of them?' I asked, for I'd never had a scare of this sort, though I'd heard other people tell of the fierceness of the brutes when hunger made them bold.

"'Not a bit, only I wish I had my gun along,' said Joe, looking over his shoulder anxiously.

"'Pity I had n't brought mine — I do so well with it,' I said, and I laughed as I remembered how I aimed at Joe and hurt myself.

"'Are they chasing us?' I asked, standing up to look back along the white road, for we were just on the edge of the woods now.

"'Should n't wonder. If I had a better horse it would be a lively race, but Buck can't keep this pace long, and if he founders we are in a fix, for I can't run, and you can't fight. Betsey, there 's more than one — hold tight and try to count 'em.'

"Something in Joe's voice told me plainer than words that we were in danger, and I wished we 'd waited till the rest of our party came; but I was tired, and so we started alone.

"Straining my eyes, I could see *three* black spots on the snow, and hear three howls as the wolves came galloping after us. I was a brave girl, but I 'd never tried this kind of thing before, and in a minute all the wolf stories I 'd ever heard came flying through my mind. I *was* mortally afeared, but I would n't show it, and turned to Joe, trying to laugh as I said: 'Only three as yet. Tell me just what to do, and I 'll do it.'

"'Brave lass! I must see to Buck or he 'll be down, for he 's badly scared. You wait till the rascals are pretty close, then heave over one of these confounded hams to amuse 'em, while we make the most of their halt. They smell this meat, and that 's what they are after,' said Joe, driving his best, for the poor old horse began to pant, and limp on his stiff legs.

"'Lucky for us we 've got 'em,' says I, bound to be cool and gay, 'if we had n't, they 'd get fresh meat instead of smoked.'

"Joe laughed, but a long howl close by made me dive for a ham, for in the darkness of the woods the beasts had got closer, and now all I could see were several balls of fire not many yards away. Out went the ham, and a snarling sound showed that the wolves were busy eating it.

"'All right!' said Joe. 'Rest a bit, and have another ready. They 'll soon finish that and want more. We must go easy, for Buck is nearly blown.'

"I prepared my ammunition, and, in what seemed five minutes, I heard the patter of feet behind us, and the fiery eyes were close by. Over went the second mouthful, and then the third, and the fourth; but they seemed more ravenous than ever, and each time were back sooner in greater numbers.

"We were nearly out of the woods when the last was gone, and if Buck had only had strength we should have been safe. But it was plain to see that he could n't keep up much longer, for he was very old, though he 'd been a fine horse in his prime.

"'This looks bad, little Betsey. Cover up in the robes, and hold fast to me. The beasts will begin to snatch presently, and I 'll have to fight 'em off. Thank the powers, I 've my arms left.'

"As he spoke, Joe pulled me close, and wrapped me up, then took the whip, ready to rap the first wolf that dared come near enough to be hit. We did n't wait long; up they raced, and began to leap and snarl in a way that made my heart stand still at first. Then my temper rose, and catching up the hot brick I had for my feet, I fired it with such good aim, that one sharp, black nose disappeared with a yelp of pain.

"'Hit 'em again, Betsey! Take the demijohn and bang 'em well. We are nearing Beaman's, and the brutes will soon drop off.'

"It was a lively scrimmage for a few minutes, as we both warmed to our work, Joe thrashing away with his whip on one side, and I on the other flourishing the demijohn in which we had carried some cider for the supper.

"But it was soon over, for in the fury of the fight Joe forgot the horse; poor Buck made a sudden bolt, upset the sleigh down a bank, and, breaking loose, tore back along the road with the wolves after him.

"'Run, Betsey! run for your life, and send Beaman's folks back! I 'm done for — my leg 's broken. Never mind, I 'll crawl under the sleigh,

and be all right till you come. The wolves will take a good while to pick poor Buck's bones.'

"Just waiting to see Joe safe, I ran as I never ran before, and I was always light of foot. How I did it I don't know, for I 'd forgot to put on my moccasins (we did n't have snow-boots, you know, in my young days), and there I was tearing along that snowy road in my blue kid slippers like a crazy thing. It was nigh a mile, and my heart was 'most broke before I got there; but I kept my eye on the light in Hetty's winder and tugged along, blessing her for the guide and comfort that candle was. The last bit was down hill, or I could n't have done it; for when I fell on the door-step my voice was clean gone, and I could only lie and rap, rap, rap! till they came flying. I just got breath enough to gasp out and point:

"'Joe — wolves — the big woods — go!' when my senses failed me, and I was carried in."

Here Madam Shirley leaned back in her chair quite used up, for she had been acting the scene to a breathless audience, and laying about her with her handkerchief so vigorously, that her eyes snapped, her cheeks were red, and her dear old cap all awry.

"But Joe — did they eat him?" cried the boys in great excitement, while the girls held to one another, and the poor little wheel lay flat, upset by the blows of the imaginary demijohn dealt to an equally imaginary wolf.

"Hardly, — since he lived to be your grandfather," laughed the old lady, in high feather at the success of her story.

"No, no, — we mean the horse;" shouted Geoff, while the others roared at the mistake.

"Yes, they did. Poor old Buck saved us at the cost of his own life. His troubles were over, but mine were not; for when I came to I saw Mr. Beaman, and my first thought and word was 'Joe?'

"'Too late — they 'd got him, so we turned back to tell you,' said that stupid man.

"I gave one cry and was going off again, when his wife shook me, and says, laughing:

"'You little goose! He means the folks from the Major's. A lot came along and found Joe, and took him home, and soon 's ever you 're fit we 'll send you along, too.'

"'I 'm ready now,' says I, jumping up in a hurry. But I had to sit down again, for my feet were all cut and bleeding, and my slippers just rags. They fixed me up and off I went, to find Mother in a sad taking. But Joe was all right; he had n't broken his leg, but only sprained it badly, and being the wounded one he was laid up longer than I. We both got well, however, and the first time Joe went out he hobbled over to our house. I was spinning again then, and thought I might need my wedding outfit after all ——. On the whole, I guess we 'll end the story here; young folks would n't care for that part."

As Grandma paused, the girls cried out with one voice: "Yes, we do! we like it best. You said you would. Tell about the wedding and all."

"Well, well, it is n't much. Joe came and sat by me, and, as we talked over our adventure, he cut that true lover's knot between the letters. I did n't seem to mind, and spun away till he pointed to it, saying with the look that always made me meek as a lamb: "'May it stand so, my little Betsey?'

"I said 'Yes, Joe,' and then — well, never mind that bit; — we were married in June, and I spun and wove my wedding things afterward. Dreadful slack, my mother thought, but I did n't care. My wedding gown was white lutestring, full trimmed with old lace. Hair over a cushion with white roses, and the pearl necklace, just as you see up there. Joe wore his uniform, and I tied up his hair with a white satin ribbon. He looked beautiful, and so did I."

At this artless bit of vanity, the girls smiled, but all agreed that Grandma was right, as they looked at the portraits with fresh interest.

"I call that a pretty good story," said Walt, with the air of an accomplished critic.

"'Specially the wolf part. I wanted that longer," added Geoff.

"It was quite long enough for me, my dear, and I did n't hear the last of it for years. Why, one of my wedding presents was four hams done up elegantly in white paper, with posies on 'em, from the Major. He loved a joke, and never forgot how well we fought with the pigs' legs that night. Joe gave me a new sleigh, the next Christmas, with two wolf-skin robes for it. Shot the beasts himself, and I kept those rugs till the moths ate the last bit. He kept the leavings of my slippers, and I have them still. Fetch 'em, Minnie — you know where they are."

Grandma pointed to the tall secretary that stood in a corner, and Minnie quickly took a box from one of the many drawers. All the heads clustered around Grandma, and the faded, ragged shoes went from hand to hand, while questions rained upon the story-teller till she bade them go to bed.

Nothing but the promise of more tales would appease them; then, with thanks and kisses, the young folks trooped away, leaving the old lady to put the little wheel to rights and sit thinking over her girlhood, in the fire-light.

OUR SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY

BY GEO. B. BARTLETT

DURING last winter's holiday season, the young people of our quiet village were surprised and pleased at receiving pretty cards, each bearing a picture of a huge bubble, with two pipes crossed beneath it, and an invitation to attend a soap-bubble party at Wistaria Cottage.

All were curious to attend the party; for, although they had seen this novel entertainment mentioned in the newspapers, no one had the least idea of what it consisted.

In fact, the young ladies who were to give the party were almost as ignorant as their guests as to the manner of conducting it; but they called together a few of their brightest friends and quietly made such preparations as seemed most needful. They ordered from the grocer a box of common clay pipes with long slender stems, and eight different-colored narrow ribbons, five yards of each. They also purchased two dozen bright Japanese fans and a large bowl, which they filled with strong soap-suds, to every quart of which were added two teaspoonfuls of gelatine. Then they held a meeting and selected by vote eight prizes, consisting of one box of assorted candied fruits, one box of chocolate-cream drops, a Tam o' Shanter cap, one pair of silver bangles, a box of cologne, a silk mouchoir-case, a story-book, and the amount needed for a year's subscription to the ST. NICHOLAS. Each prize was done up in several wrappers to make the parcels nearly alike in size, and each was tied with a ribbon of a special color, viz.: red, green, white, brown, yellow, violet, pink or blue.



As about forty guests were expected, forty pipes were decorated, each with a ribbon bow and streamers of one of the above-named colors—five pipes with one color, five with another, and so on till the eight colors were apportioned. Besides these decorations, there were forty rosettes, five of a color, so that each guest could have a rosette and pipe to match. A grand single prize was next prepared. This consisted of a pair of bellows very finely painted in bright colors, with two slender pipes crossed on the upper side. Chinese lanterns and flowers were procured for the halls and parlors, and an experienced pianist was engaged to supply the music.

At last the long-expected evening arrived, and as the guests drew near, the windows of Wistaria Cottage glowed through the wintry darkness with the light that shone from its broad fireplaces, piled high with blazing brands.

When ready, the guests were formed in pairs for the march; and as the leading couple reached the entrance to the drawing-room, they were stopped

by a little boy and girl holding a basket, from which each was requested to draw a rosette and to



WHOSE IS THE BIGGEST?

fasten it upon the left shoulder with a pin, from a cushion held by the girl. As pair after pair were



REPELLING AN ATTACK OF BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

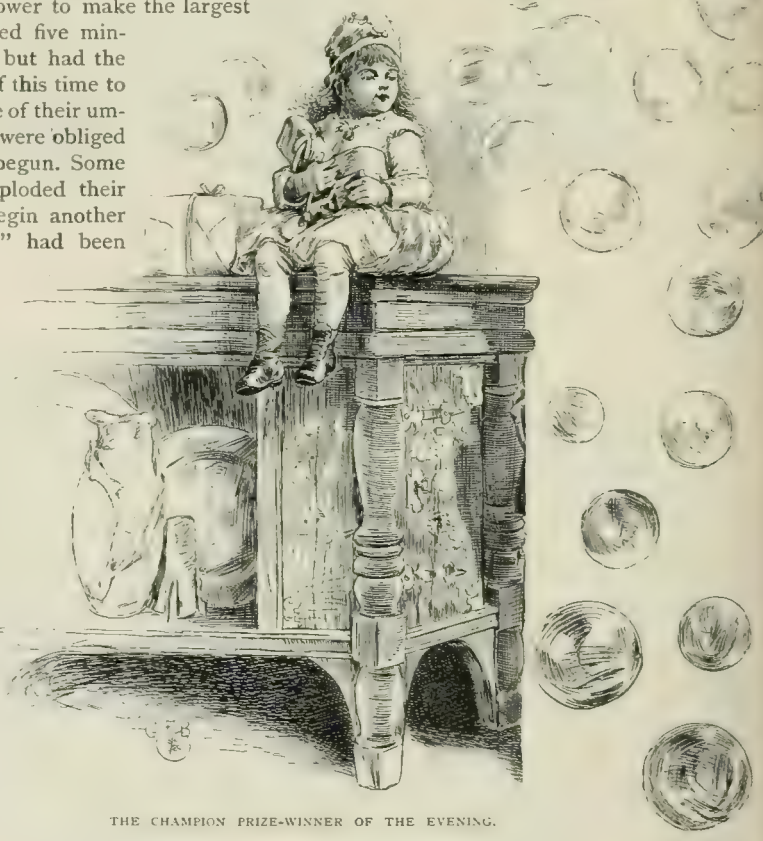
thus decorated, the procession moved on, into the room, the walls of which were adorned with

wreaths of bright flowers, and gay fans and white pipes in graceful groups. From the ceiling, lanterns of many colors were suspended, but some were made of plain white oiled paper to represent huge bubbles. Large vases of flowers and graceful ferns filled each corner, and in the center of the room a

round table was placed, bearing, on a pedestal of moss and flowers, the bowl of soap-suds, around which were the prizes in packages and the forty decorated pipes. After marching twice around this table, the company were grouped about it and the colors were called out by the little girl who had distributed the rosettes. As one color was called, all who wore it advanced and selected pipes to match, and when each had taken one, all formed themselves into groups of a color, each group choosing two umpires from one of the seven other shades.

The girl then again called out a color, and the five blowers who wore it took their places around the bowl. She next named a color for umpires, and they also took their places at the right and left of the circle, where each could see plainly. It was the aim of each blower to make the largest bubble. Each was allowed five minutes at first for practice, but had the privilege of devoting all of this time to one bubble. But when one of their umpires called "Time!" all were obliged to go on with the one then begun. Some by blowing too hard exploded their bubbles, but could not begin another after the word "Time" had been spoken. Others were so careful, that their bubbles were small. The umpires, of course, awarded the prize to the one making the largest bubble that was the last to explode; but, if two or more bubbles were alike in size and duration, the blowers of them were at once allowed to contest again until one gained the prize.

And so the fun and merriment went on that memorable night at Wistaria Cottage, and it was a late hour before the last of the happy guests departed.



THE CHAMPION PRIZE-WINNER OF THE EVENING.

In order to give our boy and girl readers an intelligent idea of all that may be done on such an occasion, we will follow out in detail the plan which we have seen adopted with the greatest success. We will suppose the party assembled as described above, and one merry group of blowers to have been disposed of by their umpires. The latter and those of their color then take their places, while another group, marked with a ribbon of different color, sit in judgment upon them; and thus the contest goes on until one player of each color has won a prize. The children then bring in a quantity of smaller bowls or cups, which they fill from the large bowl and pass to any of the players who are ready for them.



The grand march, shown in the picture on page 220, is then formed, and the winners of the prizes are escorted by the others once around the room, and then take their places in a semicircle in front of the table, where the prizes are distributed to them by some gentleman, designated by the hostess to act as orator, who should make a pompous speech of a humorous nature to each one of the fortunate winners. During this march and lively presentation ceremony, the air is filled with bubbles

blown by the other players in honor of the winners and of the orator, who, perhaps, is surrounded by a cloud of them in acknowledgment of some very brilliant remark. Then the grand trial for the



BURSTING THE BUBBLES.

chief prize is announced; and the fortunate winners of the minor prizes,—one from each group,—each having deposited in a place of safety the package which was tied with ribbon of his color, surround the bowl and prepare for the contest. The orator acts as chief umpire, summoning to his aid two of the other players, and when he calls "Time!" great is the interest felt in the trial. Among so many of the best blowers, the rivalry is very close; but after a merry struggle, the champion is at last decided upon, and is made the happy recipient of the grand prize (whatever may have been selected for the purpose), which is delivered to him by the orator, with a flowery speech; a general salute of bubbles from the other players follows, after which the march is continued around the room, and the players, bowl in hand, form in two lines, ten feet apart. The winners of the prizes then each take a fan from the wall and station themselves outside of the rows of players, four on each side; they choose umpires for each of the lines, who stand midway between them, at the end of each row. Two players from each side provide themselves also with fans, and stand between the lines at the center. The umpire calls "Time!" and the blowers in each line make bubbles as fast as they can, which the fan-players in the center try to fan (without exploding them) over the heads of the opposite line. The players outside try to fan them back, and the umpires declare that side to be the winner which has been able to drive the most bubbles over the heads of the opposite line, in spite of the efforts of the outside players to fan them back. A little practice in using the fan will often enable the players to drive the bubbles very quickly without exploding them.

The prize for this contest is, appropriately, a fan for each player on the winning side, the fans being selected from the decorations on the walls. Afterward, the pleasures of the evening may be length-

ened by a social dance, during the changes of which the flight of bubbles may be kept up. Any dancer can devote a hand to that purpose — as, while dancing, the pipe may be worn around the neck, attached by the long streamers, and it may be dipped in the large bowl or in one of the cups, which should be left about the room in convenient places

Between the dances, some quiet contests may be tried by a few players, to see which can make a bubble that will outlast the others, using their own judgment as to size. Each player may, if he chooses, follow his own bubble around the room, endeavoring all the time to protect it from injury; as in this game no fans are allowed, the players can only attack one another's bubbles, or move their own, by blowing upon them through the empty pipes. But this style of attack and defense is a very interesting and effective one.

Another party may find much amusement by competing to see which player can touch the ceiling first with a bubble, under the same regulations as before. But the bubble must remain unbroken; none will count which simply touches there and breaks by the contact.



THE GRAND MARCH.

A simpler contest, depending wholly on strength of lungs, may be tried, by seeing which can make the largest collection of bubbles on the top of the large bowl, by blowing with his pipe beneath the surface of the soap-suds. During all the contests, a little boy and girl should flit about the room with sprayers, from which they blow a fine mist of cologne

and lavender water, thus making an agreeable contrast to the odor of the soap and giving refreshment to the merry players.

A very pretty dance for the soap-bubble party may be found in the pyramid figure, where one couple waltzes to the center, two couples follow and stand three feet behind them, three couples form the next line, and all stand



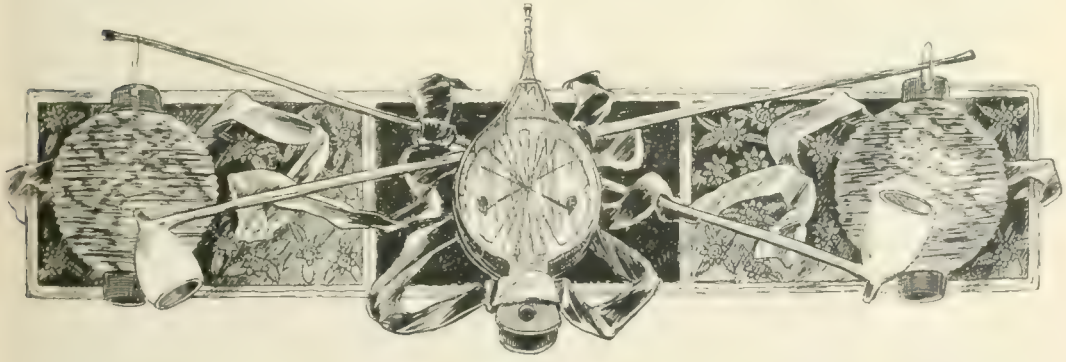
A SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY OF TWO.

blowing bubbles while the rest of the company march in single file in and out between the lines.

Later in the evening, bon-bon costume crackers may be used to advantage, and their fanciful paper caps may be useful also to protect the hair of the ladies from the showers of bubbles which are constantly falling in the soap-bubble carnival.

For these showers, by the way, it may be well to prepare by wearing any odd costume or fancy dress which the wearers may possess. And, indeed, fancy-dress costumes are in themselves most appropriate for a soap-bubble party, as they form a bright pageant well-suited to the glowing lanterns, the gay fans and parasols, and the iridescent hues of the bubbles.

The final music should begin with a slow march and quicken into a rapid measure, all the guests blowing bubbles as fast as possible, so that the air shall be bright with them. In that way almost the finest scene of the entertainment is produced. The shining bubbles mount up to the lighted ceiling and are driven up and down in clouds by the flying fans, and around about into the faces and over the heads of the whirling dancers, until the bubbles burst, and the soap-suds are exhausted as well as the merry and delighted guests of the soap-bubble party.



IN THE PARK.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

"WE must n't go near the pond, sissy,
'Cos there 's something — I don't know what — there.
But I heard Mamma talking about it:
It is n't exactly a bear,—
But a *stagnant*, I think Mamma called it;
And she says she 's afraid every day
To live by the Park any longer,
And she wishes they 'd take it away.

"I never have seen a *real* stagnant,
But I guess it has teeth and would bite;
But don't be afraid, little sissy,
Because, if it comes, I will fight.
I 'd be glad to see just what it looks like,
But I don't want to get *very* near,
'Cos it might make a spring of a sudden!
— I guess we had better stop here,
And sit down on one of the benches.
Now, don't make a noise; — just keep mum!
And don't take your eyes off the water,
And we 'll watch for the stagnant to come."

JERICHO ROSES.

BY JOHN R. TAIT.



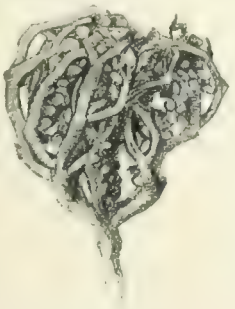
AT the Centennial Exposition, not far from the Turkish café, where Oriental waiters served customers with very tolerable coffee and very long pipes, there was a stand owned and kept by a Turk from Constantinople, whose stock-in-trade consisted principally of rosaries cut in olive wood, and little heaps of what looked like dried herbs. These latter were objects of much speculation to American visitors; but I recognized them at once, having often seen them before, not in the Holy Land, whence they come, but in the streets and squares of Munich and other German cities, where they are always to be bought at the *kirmesse*, or fair, which is held a short time before Christmas. As in Philadelphia, the merchant who had them for sale was always an Oriental. In Munich, he was a Jew from Smyrna, with a venerable white beard, and I well remember his piping cry: "*Jericho Rosen!*" and the curiosity with which I first looked upon the seemingly withered and worthless twigs he called by that name, and which had not the slightest resemblance to roses or, in fact, to any flower whatever.

Nevertheless, the Jew used to find many customers, of whom I was one; but it was not until a German friend had explained what the queer thing was, that I knew what to do with it, or whether it was not, perhaps, intended to be eaten. The gray, shriveled, apparently dead-plant, the size of a child's hand, possesses a singular and interesting

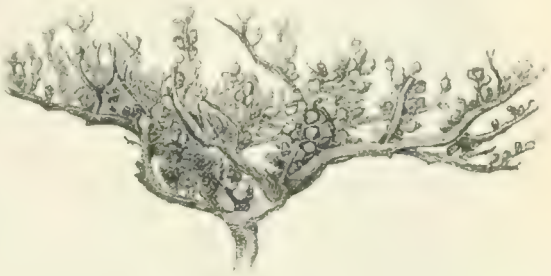
characteristic, which has given rise to the belief (some would call it superstition), very general among the people of Southern Europe, that, when placed in a vessel of water on the night before Easter or on the holy eve of Christmas, the withered stems will — if good fortune awaits the household during the year — revive, expand their tendrils, and change to a fresher hue before morning.

After hearing this account of the plant, I carried one home on a certain evening, when on my table a little Christmas-tree stood, winking its waxen tapers through a net-work of silver tissue, its green boughs weighed down with incongruous fruit,— rosy-cheeked apples, oranges, gilded walnuts, and glass balls. Underneath it, in a glass of water, I put the "rose," and went to bed.

My first thought the next morning was to see what had happened. The story told of it was substantiated, and the rose had really bloomed, if by "blooming" one understands only an entire change of form and increase of size. The same thing happened again at Easter; but I am bound to state also, that it has happened frequently on other evenings as well, which takes away a little of the poetry of the story, and has made me doubt whether, after all, its blooming is a sign of any especial good fortune. Yet I hope it may be; for when I brought it home, the specimen I still possess looked like the picture here shown, while, placed in a glass of water, it grew, within twenty-four hours, to the form indicated by the illustration near the top of this page.



Naturalists call the plant by a very hard name: *Anastatica hierochuntina*. The leaves fall off from the plant after the flowering, and the branches and branchlets become dry, hard, and woody, rising upward and bending inward at their points; hence, they become contracted into a globular form, in which state the plant is carried off the sand by the wind, and blown from the desert places where it had its birth into the sea. Here, floating on the water, the branches gradually expand and the pods open and let out the seeds, which are in turn thrown



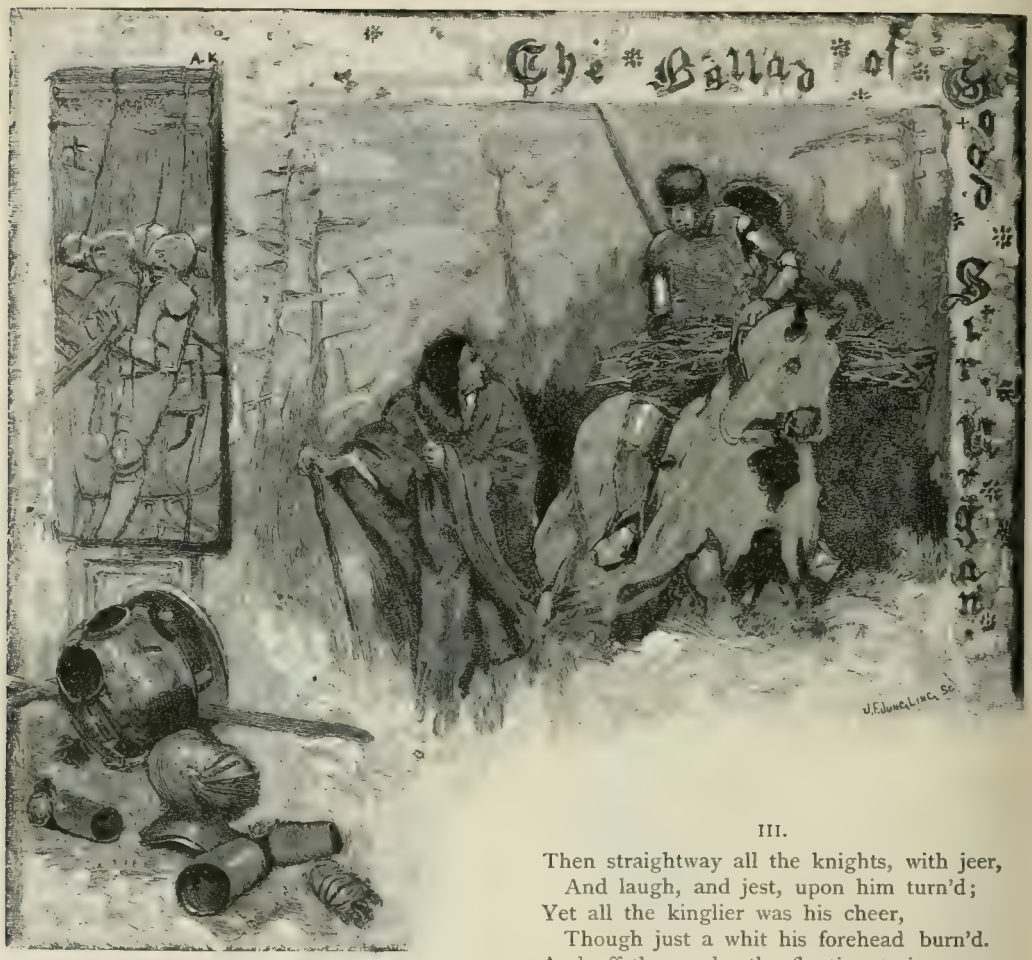
back again upon the shore by the tides, to germinate and grow.

The home of the queer "rose" is amid the arid wastes of Egypt, near Cairo, and those of Palestine and Barbary. It flourishes on the roofs of houses and on rubbish in Syria, and on the sandy coasts of the Red Sea.

The plant long retains the power of expansion when immersed in water,— the circumstance in which originated the many wonderful stories told of its miraculous influence. It is called *Kaf Maryam*, or "Mary's flower," in Palestine, where it is believed that it bloomed at the time the Savior was born. According to another legend, it sprung up in the places where the Virgin Mary rested on her flight into Egypt. It was probably first brought by the crusaders to Europe, where it is still named the "Holy Rose" by those who believe the fable of its blossoming only on the great festivals.

Whether one believes the fable or not, the plant is of itself a wonderful one, and all of its names are pretty. When it can be procured, it makes a fitting accessory to a Christmas-tree, for the reason that it grew in the far country where our Lord was born, and its strange reviving is a type of his immortality and resurrection, from which, indeed, it derives its generic name —*'Anástasis* being the Greek word for Resurrection.





I.

OH, blue are the hills of Faeryland,
And green the summer meadows be,
And reedy many a river's strand,
And stately every forest tree.
And all the bridle bells do ring,
As knights come riding, two and two,
Aneath the wood; and, like a king,
Sir Urgan rides in armor blue.

II.

And lo! as down the wood they rode,—
The lake beyond just gleams in sight,—
A wrinkled crone beneath a load
Bewails her bones in sorry plight.
"Good mother, be of better cheer;
Give me your load," quoth Urgan; "so—
Your fagots on my crupper here
Will ease you in the path you go."

III.

Then straightway all the knights, with jeer,
And laugh, and jest, upon him turn'd;
Yet all the kinglier was his cheer,
Though just a whit his forehead burn'd.
And off they rode, the flouting train;
Behind the hill the laughter died;
With kindly face and slackened rein,
He rode the aged dame beside.

IV.

"Now whither rid'st thou, fair Sir Knight,
By wild and waste and woody lane?"
"I ride," quoth he, "in joust to fight,
Before the King in fair Mentaine."
"Now good betide thee, fair Sir Knight;
When thou a league hast parted hence,
The path that swerveth to the right
Will lead to Mentaine's battlements.

V.

"And midway down the thicket's maze,
A horse and armor thou wilt find;
Mount; leave thine own; and ride thy ways;
Yon flouting train thou 'lt leave behind.

Who rides him, conquers; thou shalt win
  Fame at this joust, good knight and fair."
And lo! the beldame old and thin
  Did vanish into empty air!

VI.

Right well amaz'd, Sir Urgan rode
  By many a bosky thicket's edge;
A summer brook beside him flowed
  With hidden laughter in the sedge.
Till, gleaming through the dancing leaves,
  A brazen charger reared on high;
With rusted lance, and helm, and greaves,
  The faery armor hung thereby.

VIII.

Flashed wide the charger's brazen eyes;
  All fleshly warm the metal grew;
His mane began to stir and rise;
  A single struggling breath he drew;
Through swelling veins his blood did run;
  Sir Urgan felt his pulses beat,
He reared — he plunged from off the stone
  And lighted down upon his feet!

IX.

Hold fast, Sir Urgan! with such haste
  Thy courser never sped before!
By hill and dale and windy waste,
  With headlong speed, the charger bore.



VII.

All mute upon the statue stared
  Sir Urgan: "By my faith!" he cried,
"An thou hadst life, I had not cared
  To find a nobler steed to ride.
Who rides thee, conquers!'" Then in haste
  He cast his mail upon the gorse;
Soon, in the rusty armor laced,
  He vaulted on the brazen horse.

As past the flouting knights he burst,
"Who rides," they wondered, "in such haste?—
A churlish knight, adorned with rust,
  And in his grandsire's armor laced!"

X.

But later, in the tourney's fight,
  These scoffers somewhat changed their cheer;

"A braver than this stranger knight,
In joust hath never battled here."
For helms were cloven, spears were broke,
And knights and steeds of gallant course
Went down, before the charge and stroke
Of Urgan and his faery horse.

XI.

Him to the King the herald brought;
Throned high he sat above the lists.—
"Right well, Sir Stranger, have ye fought,
Though of your name we nothing wist."
His rusty helm the victor doff'd;
A murmur broke amid the crowd,
And acclamations swelled aloft
As good Sir Urgan, kneeling, bowed.

XII.

They crowned him victor.
Ye who read
With kindly eyes my story through,
Say, lives there not some victor's meed
For all good deeds that you shall do?
And when did Urgan kinglier show?
When glowed his breast with holier flame?
Was 't when he rushed upon the foe,
Or bent to help the aged dame?

FUN-BEAMS.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.



No matter how dark the day, there can be fun-beams; and where there are children, the mothers know how often they shine. There was such a snow-storm outdoors that Roger said the nursery must have sailed away from the rest of the house, up into a cloud; and almost everybody went to the window to see if what he said was strictly founded on fact.

"The Angel" stood in the middle of the big, unencumbered nursery-floor (covered with a carpet of roses on green grass), and seemed to be thinking about the large snow-flakes which he saw falling, falling, down across the upper panes of the wide, wide window, while the others looked out of the lower panes, with their faces close to the glass. "The Angel's" other name was Dan.

The fire on the hearth crackled like a cricket and whirred like a bird, and intimated that it could melt the snow-flakes quicker than anybody else, if it got hold of them. The children shivered and ran back to the fire, eager to warm themselves, heart and soul, by the genial blaze.

"If there 's to be a cold storm all the afternoon," said Vernon, "we 'd better play 'tropics,' and I speak for being the boa-constrictor."

"Oh," said Marie, "you make such a big one, it is terrible! If you were only delicate, like Cara, it would be more like 'playing.'"

"If you want Cara to play something huge, you can make her the elephant," replied Vernon, who was the oldest of the children. "And Roger shall be a monkey, and Marie a lovely, red-headed cockatoo, as you really are. Then "the Angel" must have a part assigned him. What shall it be, my dear?"

"I 'll be a *man*," answered Dan, with good-natured dignity, thrusting his fingers into his side-pockets over his kilt, and walking forward and backward with a slow step, like a sentinel.

"All right," cried Roger; "you shall be the explorer who comes through the forest and finds us all. As for me, I am a monkey from now on; and I find it dreadfully hot all at once!"

Among some odds and ends, Roger hunted out the enamel-cloth cover to an umbrella, and this he pinned to his jacket as the "monkey's" tail. As often as necessary, however, Roger also fanned himself with this article. The umbrella itself was a

fine big, green, one, and Vernon spread it and set it between two chairs, and then coiled himself in and out of his jungle with dangerous grace; while Cara, dear little sylph, upset everything small and climbed over it; and, in short, swept all before her as elephant, not forgetting to tie Dan's trumpet over her mouth for a rather stiff trunk. Marie put on a little gray cape, and pinned her auburn braids up like a tuft on her head, and sat upon a table whistling in various fashions, to represent a lively bird.

"Now, Dan, be prepared to make your way through the forest," cried Vernon. "We shall all be obliged to attack you, as wild things do men; but you must not be afraid. See, here I come, wriggling out from my trees and bushes!" And Vernon hissed himself purple as he slid around the floor and then glided up to Dan's vicinity. "Now, you must run away from me, Dan, and then make up your mind to fight me," Vernon was saying; but all of a sudden gave a splutter and grunt, for Dan's warm little shoe had come down on the back of his neck and pinned him fast.

"No fair," called the monkey from under the table, to the center-leg of which he was clinging. "You must n't *really* kill him, Dan, my boy!"

Dan had n't yet taken his fingers out of those pockets of which he was so proud, and now nonchalantly lifted his conquering toe from the boa-constrictor and sauntered off. Vernon was too much ashamed to follow his little brother at once, but made for the monkey, and got dreadfully mixed up with his tail and the pin which held it; while Dan tried to catch the cockatoo, who flew down from the table to the floor and hopped away, hotly pursued by the explorer. They both met the elephant in her war-path, who tried hard to trample them down, amid shouts of laughter and a good deal of damage from the trumpet. The elephant, in her peregrinations, had collected two palm-leaf fans, which she had hung in her hair by the handles for a couple of ears; but in the heat of combat, the fans forsook her, instead of serving to cool her fury; and when Dan seized her by her tin nose and trotted her all over the floor at his will, you may be sure the elephant's dignity was greatly impaired, and her own laughter crowned her defeat.



WATCHING THE SNOW FLAKES

The boa had made off at the same time with the monkey's tail, and hung his head down from the top of a bureau, with glittering eyes; while Roger, who, the boa said, looked his part sufficiently without any tail at all, stood pleading for his chief point of distinction.

"I assure you, Vernon, there is nothing else in the room that makes such a good tail as that!" cried the monkey, tearfully. "It 's too bad to be able to understand that like a boy, and then keep my tail like a real boa!"

"He ought to eat it, if he 's a real boa," said four-year-old Dan, pompously, as if he were accustomed to being the Doge of Venice, and settling nice difficulties of the law. "If you keep it, Vern, you must swallow it!" he commanded.

"I 'give it up,' then!" exclaimed Vernon, with a wriggle on the bureau, "for I can't think of the right answer to Dan's puzzle. Oh, you dear pet!" And down the boa clambered, and coiled over his small brother, giving him such an affectionate hug that he *did* nearly choke him.

"Oh," said Marie, "I am actually hot! Playing 'tropics' is no joke, if it is going to bring it on in this way."

"You speak as if South America was measles," responded Vernon; "and I suppose we all should feel as we do when we have fever, if we roamed about under a broiling sun. Cara, go pick up your ears and pass them to us, for I feel hot, too."

As Vernon was speaking, the monkey wound his tail about his enemy's neck, and pulled him down

to the ground, from which he had risen, as the boa occasionally rises from its coil; and when Vernon fell there was a sound of parting splinters.

"Oh, dear!" cried Marie, "what is broken now?"

"I don't know," replied Vernon, with a wry face; "but whatever it is, I don't believe it feels as badly as I do!" He got up, and Dan rushed to the ruins. It was his darling little red cart, which he loved better than all his other pet playthings, and the four wheels were peeping into the cart in a manner wholly at odds with the toy-maker's intentions.

Big tears stood in "the Angel's" eyes, and his lips looked pinker and softer than ever, with heart-felt distress; and pretty soon one of his hands slid out of his pocket to his face in the perfect silence of the nursery, while the other children breathed gently out of sympathy with him.

"It 's too bad, my dear boy," said his eldest brother, with a trembling voice, "and I 'll mend it, if I have to learn the carpenter's trade, my little man."

Dan stooped down and put the lolling wheels into the body of the cart, and then took up the disjointed mass in his arms, without a sob.

"Good Vernon," he said, in sweet accents, and walked away to mourn in a nook alone, and try to arrange his cart into a semblance of its old self.

"The Angel's" self-control was too much for Marie, who took down her cockatoo's red top-knot in honor of her feelings, and went to the fire to throw on another cheering back-log.

Just then, when shadows hung throughout the play-room, the door opened, and there was Mamma; and, after one of her loving looks around the circle, she came in with her delightful step.

"Where 's Nurse?" said she. "It is time for you older children to come with me for your lesson; but Dan is not old enough to learn this lesson, and so he has to stay behind."

She saw by this time that there was rain in the wind, and as everybody looked at Dan's back where he sat on the floor, she knew that something had happened to him. So, after ringing the bell for Nurse, she went over to her small son and found out the latest nursery news.



"'WHO MAY THIS YOUNGSTER BE WHO NEVER SAW A CHRISTMAS-TREE?'" [PAGE 230]

"Mamma loves that cart, too," said she, cordially, "and wants to have it in her own room until it is mended, so that no more harm can come to it. And here is Nurse, and she will help take

it into Mamma's room, where Dan shall choose the place he wishes it to wait in; and then Vernon shall do his best to put it together — dear old cart!" And with a big kiss, that bright Mamma was gone, and "the Angel" was looking almost as happy as she had.

The older children followed her, and brought up in the sewing-room, where great preparations were going on for the Christmas-tree, and for the costumes of Dan's brothers and sisters, who were to be quite transformed for Christmas Eve. There had been no tree for several years, because everybody wanted to have it a complete surprise to Dan when he should be old enough to thoroughly enjoy it. And Vernon was to be St. Nicholas; and Marie, Titania; and Roger, Robin Goodfellow; and Cara, the "Frog who would a-wooing go, with a hi and a ho and a gammon and spinach, heigh-ho for Anthony Rowley!" which latter was a personage in a nursery-rhyme of no easily explained meaning, but deeply dear to Dan's noddle at bedtime, when he always heard it. Of course, the children had to rehearse their parts for the performance, in order to conceal their real selves as long as possible from Dan; and then they had to help make their dresses, besides collecting the ornaments for the tree. An hour every afternoon had long been devoted to this busy pastime, and Mamma always called it their lesson-hour, so that Dan should only know that they were learning something, and not that they were having quantities of fun, or he would never have lingered so patiently in the nursery until the great day.

Things were far advanced, as may be supposed, on that stormy afternoon, for the next evening would be Christmas Eve; and Cara's green sarcenet frog-dress, with yellow spots, had to be tried on, and her outer head (which looked dreadfully like a frog's) stuffed with a little more wool. Then down she sat on the floor, and between long pauses gave a jump, with so much effort (on account of her awkward position) that she looked for all the world like a frog, which never seems quite contented with its own style of getting about.

Titania was very beautiful in a gown of feathery aspect, covered with pearls and spangles which had each been put on by her own fingers, and bordered by a fringe of shells of her own gathering that hung down in drops and tinkled together. And she had a long white veil of several thicknesses of tulle, so that her face was rather indistinct. And oh, how her wand sparkled with a large paste diamond on its tip, and a thread of steel beads wound down its whole length!

Roger had had all his ten fingers in the pie of making his own costume, and had used more paste in sticking paper on his mask than any boy ever handled before — which was one of his objects. Mamma said, for many a day afterward, that he had even succeeded in getting paste on the sewing-room ceiling, by dropping one end of Marie's wand into the paste-bowl (an accident, no doubt) and then tumbling over the other end, which sent everything flying. Then, too, Roger had a way of drying his sticky fingers on his hair, so that after awhile, if you touched him in the neighborhood of his head, you were apt to get scratched, as if with cork-screws. Toward all remarks and exclamations of disgust, Roger remained calm and silent; for he was having a lovely time, and could n't stop to argue.

Vernon's mamma seemed to take immense delight in turning him into an old man as soon as possible, and knit him a flowing beard and curly wig of light-gray split zephyr, and then sprinkled it well with little bits of wool and a glittering dust for snow-flakes. His cap and muffler were made of crocheted silver thread, which Vernon had been taught to work himself; and his coat was cut out of Papa's faded purple velvet dressing-gown. His leggings were fashioned out of old white satin, with wool snow-flakes and more sparkling dust; and his switch was a bundle of twigs covered with tiny tin bells.

The old storm, which usually comes around at Christmas Eve, staid to see the celebrations all over town, and the fine snow-flakes scattered themselves about next day, and got on people's noses, and stuck in their eyes, and tried to peep into the bundles of presents which were being carried to every house. But oh, how the great parlor, emptied of its tables, and its floor covered with white linen, and with its white and gold wood-work, looked at six o'clock! The wonder-tree was alight near the middle of the room, and the fairy children, St. Nicholas, and Titania, were gliding near it, while Robin Goodfellow capered in and out of every corner. At the tree's foot sat the frog.

"Bravo!" cried Papa, laughing gayly. "This is a grand success, and dear old Dan must be called forthwith!"

So Mamma went to bring the small fellow for whom all this magic and frolic had been planned; and presently he was heard chatting on the stairs, as he came down. The little brothers and sisters waited with bated breath to see his face, eager to find that he was enchanted by their work. The door at the end of the room was thrown open, and Dan ran in.

In a moment, he stood transfixed. His bright, expressive eyes shone back at the gleaming tree, and his fair, waving hair fell like a gauzy veil from under its golden cap over his forehead.

"Oh, tree of stars!" he said.

"Darling child," called Titania, in an even voice, coming toward him all sparkling like a mist, "how do you do, this pleasant Christmas Eve?"

"Are you real, or a talking doll?" Dan asked, stoutly, but feeling as if it was time to find out just where he might be.

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," answered she, "who always does what is kind in your fairy tales. And here is St. Nicholas, hobbling up to us, who is always old, just as I am always young."

"Ho, ho!" cried St. Nicholas, in a deep bass, dropping some big apples and oranges out of the bag over his arm as he approached. "Who may this little youngster be, who, I hear, never saw a Christmas-tree till to-night?"

"My name is Daniel Fairmont Roseley," replied Dan, with pomp, "and I think you are a very nice man. I have heard of you. Pray, sit down," and then Dan turned to Titania, slipping a couple of fingers into his sash, as was his wont, and speaking in a tone of great deference; "please sit down, or fly, whichever you like best."

Titania and St. Nicholas laughed and twirled around on their toes, and Robin Goodfellow, who really was a naughty rogue, came scampering up; and St. Nicholas shook his switch of silvery bells at him. Then the Frog hopped slowly out from under the tree and all at once rolled over on the floor with a burst of laughter; and pop! off came Cara's green head with its big mouth and eyes, and her pretty flaxen curls peeped about her shoulders.

At this, Dan gave a tremendous shout, and Papa and Mamma chimed in, together with Nurse and everybody in the hall; and Titania went sailing and whirling hither and thither, like a dancing dove, for sheer merriment.

"How did you get in there, Cara?" asked Dan, going up to the little green heap of sarcenet on the white carpet, and placing his hands on his knees while he took a good look. "Do you want your other head again, dear?"

Just then, Robin Goodfellow blew a tiny horn at Dan's ear, and made him turn about with a jerk; but Robin was ever so far away before his rosy victim stopped winking, and who could only run after him. Then Titania called out in her clear, high tones:

"There are presents for 'the Angel' on this tree! Come and see what they are!"

Dan knew his pet name well, and dashed up to the tree from pursuit of Robin, his cheeks as red with all this fun as if he had been out on a sleigh-ride.

Titania waved her sparkling wand, and then St. Nicholas reached up to a branch and cried:

"Here 's a little purse with Daniel's name on it; does that little boy know what to do with it? It says on the outside, '*Give this to the poor.*' Are you willing to give all this money to the poor?"

"The sick-looking people on the street?" asked Dan.

"Yes," said Titania.

Dan thought awhile, feeling the soft purse with all his small fresh fingers.

"Yes, I do want to," he replied at last, looking up at the tree. "Because they were not invited to our great Christmas Eve!"

Here Robin gave Dan another merry jump by blowing his wee horn at his elbow, and shooting off again.

"You funny-looking thing!" called Dan. "What makes you dance so? Does the floor scorch your toes?"

Papa laughed loudly at this, and Mamma's sweet notes rang in; and everybody in the hall chuckled again.

"Hallo, here's another present for Dan Fairmont," calls St. Nicholas. "A French doll for him to give as a present to his sister Cara. Will you give it to her, Dan? Or shall you keep it yourself?"

Dan took the doll, and looked into its face earnestly.

"I like it," said he.

"Yes, but so would Cara," Titania remarked in a gentle voice.

Cara stood by, gazing with wide open eyes at her possible treasure.

"Oh, Dan, I hope I know what you are going to say!" she gasped.

"Take it!" he gulped; but instantly drew dolly back. Then he kissed it and hugged it, and thrust out his arm again. "You are Cara's dolly," he said firmly, scowling a little. And Cara pounced upon it immediately.

Here Goodfellow performed a wild, original reel, all by himself, and to a song of his own, criss-crossing down the center of the saloon, and ended up with a somersault. This seemed to inspire Cara, who put on her green head and began frog-jumping, singing aloud the rhyme which Dan had heard every night for a year.

The boy was delighted beyond measure, and he followed Froggie's doublings to catch every word, and to hasten the jumping process with a sturdy little push upon Froggie's shoulder.

Suddenly, he stood still and turned all around.

"Where are Marie, and Vernon, and Roger?" he exclaimed, in a frightened voice. "Oh, Mamma, why did not you tell them there was *everything* in the parlor to-night?" And he ran up to her, looking very solemn.

"Oh, you must find them, Dan, my pet," said Papa, giving him a toss up on his shoulder and down again.

"You must ask Titania if she can help you," added his mother.

"Naughty Titania!" said Dan. "Do you think you are good, when you let my sister stay in the dark while you sparkle so? My sister would be more polite, if she were you."

At this, Marie threw back her veil and knelt down before Dan, who looked a trifle scared; and then flung his arms around her neck and tried, apparently, to dance off with it; which ended in a heap of tarlatan and screams, and Dan's black velvet body and rosy, white-socked legs showing here and there in the veil.

And now, what had naughty Robin done but gone hovering about the tree with a stage-strut, looking at all the presents through his mask, and calling out:

"Where 's Roger Roseley; where 's that sweet child, I say? He wants his presents badly, I know!"

A very queer fragrance pervaded the parlor at that moment, and Roger's heavily pasted and scarcely dry nose was seen to smoke like a new sort of chimney.

"Oh, dear!" he shrieked, "I believe my paste is cooking over again, Mamma! Do untie my face, somebody!"

Papa had rushed to him and dragged him away from the small candle which had too cordially accosted his big paper nose, and St. Nicholas showered a volley of thumps at him with his musical birch, and Mamma took the delinquent aside and talked to him about the danger he had been in from going too near the dazzling bough. It must be confessed that the expression of Roger's funny mask in contrast to his dejected figure, during this whispered lecture, nearly cost Mamma a laugh, in spite of her alarm.

"So that was Roger," said Dan, musingly; and walked up to St. Nicholas. "Did you ever hear of Vernon Roseley?" asked he, with a merry twitch of the lip.

St. Nicholas doubled himself over, and roared like the winter wind in the country.

"Oh, you little duck!" he cried. "Don't you think I am too old to know the names of such young folks as Vernon?"

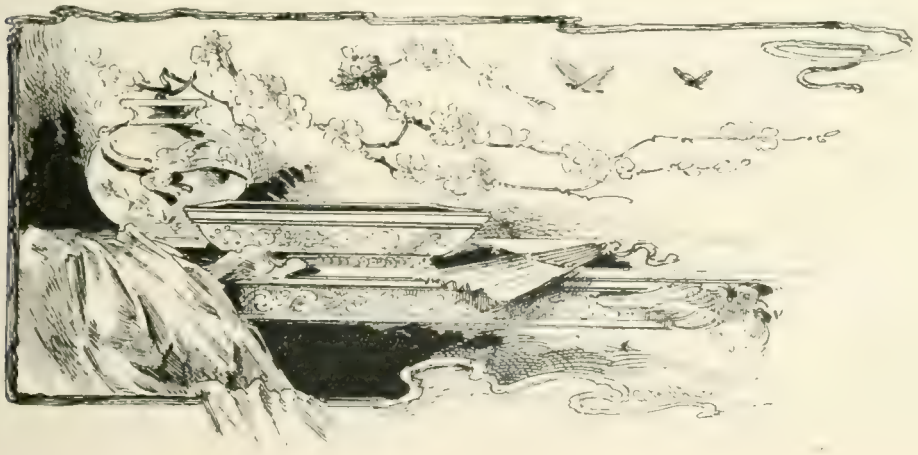
"I think, if you let me pull your beard," Dan said, "that it will come off!" And he whirled around on his heel with his splendid deep laugh, ending in a silvery chuckle, which nobody could hear without wishing to be able to laugh in the same way.

"Come, St. Nicholas, come," called Papa from the tree. "If you can prove that you are really Vernon, you shall have a present—a box of very fine minerals from Marie."

This was too overwhelming for old St. Nicholas, who dropped his infirm step at once, and strode quickly to his father.

So everybody was discovered, and all the presents distributed. Dan had a number of new treasures to add to his old stores, and he piled them in a sort of triumphal heap upon the floor; and by and by, when Nurse reminded him that there was still bread and milk in the world, and the "heigh-ho for Anthony Rowley" waiting in the book—at *this* point, without more words, Dan became sleepy, and walked away from the scene.

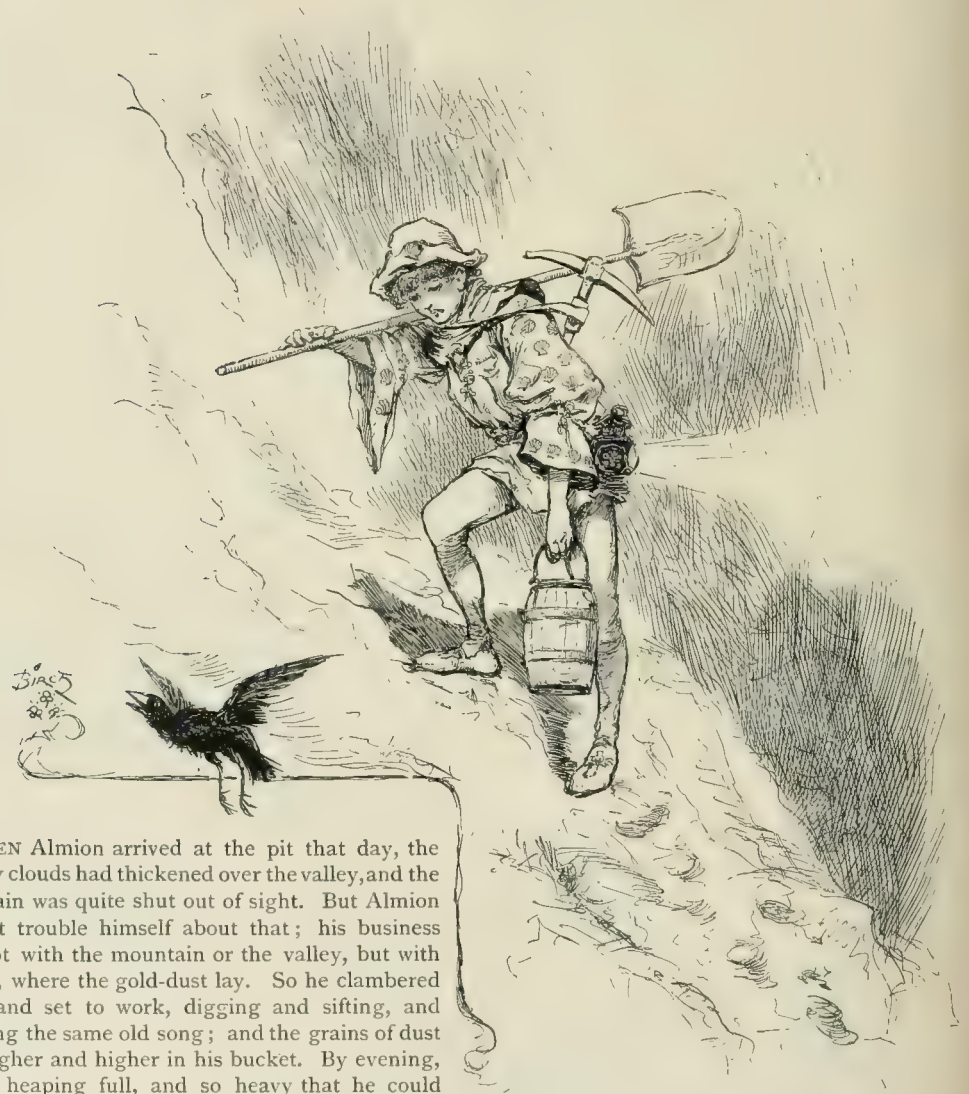
Small guests arrived for an hour's frolic; and a dainty collation was served at one end of the parlor, in full sight of the wonderful lighted fir. The old snow-storm was still flickering down from the dark heavens, so said the little guests; but it did not creep indoors at the Roseleys'. And it is doubtful whether it ever will.



ALMION, AURIA, AND MONA.

Concluded.

By Julian Hawthorne.



When Almion arrived at the pit that day, the gloomy clouds had thickened over the valley, and the mountain was quite shut out of sight. But Almion did not trouble himself about that; his business was not with the mountain or the valley, but with the pit, where the gold-dust lay. So he clambered down and set to work, digging and sifting, and chanting the same old song; and the grains of dust rose higher and higher in his bucket. By evening, it was heaping full, and so heavy that he could hardly carry it. His heart was also heavy, as if the golden grains were beginning to sift into it and transform it into lifeless metal.

However, he toiled slowly up the steep sides of the pit, and when he came to the brink there was a fine sight, indeed! He beheld a beautiful young girl, clad in a costly robe, with a golden diadem on her yellow hair, and an air of great stateliness and dignity. What it was about her that made him know she had ever been the ugly, hooded old woman of the market-place, he could not have told; and yet, so it was. But now, at all events, she was a charming creature, about his own age, with the manners and appearance of a princess. Yes, a princess; and what other princess could she be than the one he had seen in his dream? She

was not exactly like her, it is true; there was a difference,—it would be hard to say what; but probably it was only such a difference as there must always be between a dream and a reality. She greeted him with a most enchanting smile.

"My dear, beautiful, wealthy Almion," she said, "at last our troubles are over! You have done your work, and now all that remains for us is to enjoy our riches and our happiness. Your garment is all finished, and to-morrow you shall put it on and become my prince. We will sit side by side at our ease, and look down upon all the rest of the world, and fare sumptuously every day. Until now, I have been compelled to wear a disguise; but hereafter you must know me as the Princess Auria, and we belong to each other forever."

"And Mona—what is to become of her?" inquired Almion.

"Oh! she will not trouble us much longer," replied Auria, tossing her head; "nor must you think of her any more. She is a lazy, malicious little wretch, and when she sees you in your jeweled garment, and knows how happy we are, I should n't wonder if she were to die of spite."

Almion said nothing, but went homeward gloomily, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his heart heavier than ever. He had won beauty and riches and a princess; and yet, for some reason or other, he was not happy. That must be a mistake, however; he must be happy, only he had not yet become so accustomed to happiness as to know what it was. When he had had his supper and a good night's sleep, and had sat at his ease beside Auria, and looked down at all the rest of the world, —then, no doubt, he would be as happy as the day is long.

When they reached home, a sumptuous banquet was already set out on the table; and Mona was nowhere to be seen, though Almion fancied that he caught a glimpse of a little bundle of black rags, huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, which might have been she. But Auria was so handsome, her eyes were so blue, and her cheeks were so rosy, and her hair was so yellow, and she talked to Almion and admired him in such a soft and charming way, that the idea of troubling himself about such a miserable little wretch as Mona seemed absurd. Auria brought out the garment that he was to wear in the morning, and really it was magnificent, though so heavy that Almion could hardly lift it. But since he was going to sit at his ease for the rest of his days, that did not so much matter.

So he sat down to supper, and Auria sat opposite to him; but, although all the viands were so delicate and so exquisitely cooked, and though Auria kept pressing him to eat and tempting him with one dish after another, Almion felt no appetite, and was able to swallow scarcely anything. He almost wished that he had never awakened from that pleasant dream that had come to him on the borders of the new country; for then he had thought that there was something better to do in the world than to dig all day in a dust-hole, or even to sit in a jeweled robe and look down on other people. He was tired of looking down; he would have liked to look up, for a change. But what was there to look up to? There was the dream-princess,—he might have looked up to her, for she had seemed to him like some holy spirit descended from heaven. And yet, since she was but a dream-princess, she could have lasted no longer than the dream; or, if there were anything real in her, then Auria must be that reality. Almion looked at Auria; she was smooth and smiling and handsome, but he could not look up to her, for she sat directly in front of him. When supper was over, she got up and went into the kitchen, and he heard her voice—the harsh, cracked, angry voice of the old woman. What was she doing to poor Mona? In order not to be troubled by this thought, Almion stretched out his weary limbs and tried to go to sleep.

He could not sleep at first, though he was not quite awake, either; but lay in a half dream, so that the sounds and movements that went on around him seemed strange and fantastic. He fancied that Auria had laid aside all her comeliness and youth, as one lays aside a mask, and was once more the hideous old woman of the market-place. And now she was creeping on tip-toe toward the corner of the kitchen where Mona was lying. She pounced upon her with a shriek of triumph, as a great cat pounces on a mouse; and in a moment she had bound her, hand and foot, and laid her out upon the hearth. Almion looked to see whether Mona made any resistance, but she lay quite still, and only a faint fluttering of the heart showed that any life was left in her. "If I were awake," said Almion to himself, "I would not let that old hag use the poor creature so." But he could not move any more than Mona. Now the old woman was scraping together all the gold-dust that Almion had dug and sifted during his three days in the pit. She came up to Mona, with the dust in her hands, and began to spread it all over her motionless form, until it was quite covered up, and nothing was to be seen of Mona but a mound of dust. "But, after all, this is nothing but a nightmare," said Almion to himself. Then all became dark and still, and Almion sank into a still deeper sleep; and by and by he had a vision.

It seemed to him that Mona had come out of the kitchen and was standing at his bedside. She was as slender and fragile as a spirit, and she was robed in a garment of gray mist, and a veil was over her face. Yet he felt that she was gazing at him, and that her gaze was mournful and tender. And he gazed back, in his dream, trying to see through the misty veil. Then slowly, slowly, beneath his gaze, the veil melted away, and he beheld a face that made his heart burn and tremble. Ah, why had he not known her before? He did not know that his eyes had been darkened by a pair of horn spectacles, which the old woman had slipped over them while he slept so heavily, the first night he spent in her house. But now it was too late; for, as he continued to gaze at Mona, she seemed to move slowly away from him, as a memory vanishes away from us, though we try to call it back. And now she was gone!

All at once, Almion awoke. It was still dark night, and the air was full of mystêrious meaning and muttering; for the spirits of the storm were rousing themselves, and would soon be rushing and howling abroad. Almion, too, arose, and stood erect, listening and peering into the darkness. Through the door-way of the kitchen came a little glimmer of light, from the dying embers on the hearth. With a light step, and holding his breath, Almion stole toward it. Yes, there lay Mona, motionless, with the yellow dust all sifted over her. Almion bent down and gently blew it off. How pale her face was! and her star-like eyes were closed. But there was a spark of life left in her still, even as there was a spark of fire in the embers. Almion stooped and lifted her in his arms; but either he had grown very weak or Mona, in spite of her slender fragility, was strangely heavy; it was all his strength could do to hold her. He staggered with her to the door of the house, trying to make no noise lest he should awaken Auria. But behold! there lay, directly across the threshold,—not Auria, indeed, but the hideous hag who had worn the Auria mask. She was asleep, with a malicious grin upon her lips; for the old witch was dreaming how, by the cunning of her wicked enchantments, she had got Almion into her power, and had almost destroyed the only guardian power that could redeem him. But her victory was not yet complete. Gathering Mona more closely in his arms, Almion summoned all his strength to leap across the threshold; but, as he did so, his foot touched the old woman's shoulder, and with a cry the witch awoke!

"Fly, fly!" whispered a voice in Almion's ear; "fly, or we are lost!"

He fled on, stumbling through the darkness and panting with the strain of the heavy weight he bore,—so heavy that he thought it must drag him to the earth. Yet he kept on, for the faint voice in his ear was like the call of a trumpet to his heart; it was the voice of the dream-princess from whom he had so nearly been separated forever. He fled toward the dark valley; but now the storm burst forth and shrieked in his face, and the wind and the fierce rain drove against him, and the lightning divided the darkness, and the thunder shuddered and rumbled in the black heavens. And as he fled, he saw that the village, with all its inhabitants, had vanished: they had been but a part of the witch's enchantments, helping to beguile Almion into mistaking the dirt of the pit for gold and smothering his soul to death in it. But the witch herself had not vanished: she was following close behind them, carrying with her the garment of gold and jewels which she had woven for Almion. And well might she carry it, for it was upon that garment that her power over Almion depended. It was woven, warp and woof, out of the selfishness and greediness that nature spins around men's hearts as a spider spins its web; and if she could once succeed in throwing it over Almion's shoulders, he was lost forever. But the wind became entangled in the garment, and struggled with it so furiously that the old witch could scarcely keep her hold upon it, and it prevented her from running so fast as she would otherwise have done. Almion, therefore, burdened though he was by Mona's weight, was able to keep a little in advance; but just before he reached the verge of the plain, where it overhung the valley, he stumbled and fell, and a great terror passed over his soul; but he still held Mona safely.

Then the witch laughed, for she thought her victory was secure. And in a moment she had re-assumed the smiling and rosy mask of Auria; and when Almion lifted up his eyes from his fall, he saw her standing there, between him and the valley, holding out the jeweled garment in her hands.

"Dear Almion," she said, in her softest voice, "what madness has come over you? Why do you fly from your Auria, who loves you and serves you? And why do you carry that dead creature in your arms? Throw her down, and let me wrap you in this garment, and you shall be the greatest prince in the world. Throw her down into the valley, and return with me."

The witch said this because she had not the power to cast the garment over Almion so long as he clung to Mona. But if she could separate them, then Almion was hers.

"I will not throw her down," replied he, struggling to his feet. "I have found her, and I will never leave her."

"She has left you already," said the other, "for she is dead; that body that you carry, and which weighs so heavily, has no life in it. Throw it away, and come back with me to ease and happiness."

He looked at Mona, and she seemed lifeless indeed; her face was like marble. But tears gushed to his eyes as he answered: "Dead or alive, I will never leave her; and I will have no ease or happiness except with her."

"Whither will you carry her?" asked Auria.

"Through the valley and up the mountain," he replied.

"You would perish by the way," she said. "Yet, if you will go, I will guide you thither, for only by my help can you find the road. Give Mona to me, and wrap yourself in your garment, and I will fly with you to the mountain-top in the twinkling of an eye."

"I will not go with you," said Almion.

The witch trembled with rage, but she made one last effort.

"Almion," she cried, "I have done all this to try you,—to prove whether you were really worthy of my love. You have withstood the test, and now I will declare myself to you: I am the true Mona,—the princess of your dream,—your guardian angel! That burden you carry is but a figure that I have made in my own image. Cast her down, and claim your own Mona!"

Then Almion became indignant, and his indignation renewed his strength. He struggled to his feet, still holding the form of Mona, and exclaimed:

"You are false and wicked! And I have been your slave; but your power over me is ended. This is my princess, and you shall not part us. Stand aside and let me pass; for, with Mona as my guardian, I am mightier and more terrible than you!"

So saying, he strode boldly forward; and the witch, with a long howl of hate and fury, resumed her proper form, and was swallowed up in the earth. But Almion stood for a moment on the verge of the dark valley, and then sprang forward into the abyss.

And even as he sprang he felt a change come over him, and Mona stirred and breathed, and awakened from her death-like trance; and her form was no longer heavy, but lighter than the air, so that her lightness bore him up; and, instead of being dashed to pieces against the rocks at the bottom of the valley, they ended their fearful flight through the air as softly as a feather from a bird's wing touches the earth. The storm had passed away, and in the deep sky above them the stars shone out. Mona took Almion by the hand, and said: "Come, we shall yet find the right gold and the true beauty. But we have far to go, and the way is dark and perilous. Lose no time, therefore, but follow me."

So Almion followed his guide with a trusting and quiet heart, though she led him straight down into the depths of that wild and awful valley. They went onward, but slowly; for great bowlders of rock rose up and opposed their progress, and tangled vines coiled themselves like snakes across their path, and rude brambles stretched out their thorns like claws and strove to hold them back. And they passed by yawning caverns, in the depths of which glowed the savage eyes of wild beasts; and through obscure ravines, which echoed with the bark and whine of wolves and the snarling of hungry tigers. At other times, their feet were chilled by the slimy waters of a pathless morass, in which Almion had surely been lost but for Mona's unerring guidance. Now the air about them was stirred by the silent wings of birds of the night, and bats, which are to the air what reptiles are to the earth; and here and there phantom lights moved over the surface of the swamp, now seeming to retreat before them and now to follow them in pursuit. But, through all, Mona moved onward toward the distant mountain, though even its topmost summit was now hidden from Almion's eyes by the surrounding rocks and pines. Still the path plunged downward, until it seemed as if it would lead them to the center of the earth, and that never again could they hope to breathe the upper air. At this depth, all presence of living creatures, save themselves, ceased; no vegetation softened the naked rocks; the very atmosphere was dead and still, and a profound silence, more appalling than any sounds, brooded over all. The heavens above were shut out by the beetling cliffs, and Almion's spirit began to faint within him.

"Mona, Mona," he whispered, "I dare go no further. There is no bottom to this abyss, and no hope that I can ever ascend from it to the mountain,—if, indeed, there be any mountain, which I almost doubt."

"Would you go back, Almion?" said Mona.

"No, that I never will," he replied. "But my spirit faints in this darkness and solitude, and I have no hope. Leave me here to die, if it must be so."

"You shall not die, Almion," she answered, "nor shall the darkness and the solitude drive away your hope. Hold fast my hand, and close your eyes, and you shall see something that will comfort you."

Almion did as she bade him; and soon, as it were, through his closed eyelids, he became aware of a distant brightness, small at first, but seeming

to grow nearer and larger. At last, it appeared as a great door-way, through which came trooping many glorious and lovely figures, whose faces shone with cheerfulness and peace. Down they came into the dark valley, and gathered about Almion with looks and smiles of encouragement; so that, instead of being alone, as he had thought he was, this heavenly retinue encompassed him on every side. And Mona said: "All these have been through the valley before us, and some of them had to pass through even profounder abysses than we; yet all, at last, reached the mountain, and their hope did not fail them."

"Your hand in mine helps me more than all," said Almion.

With that he opened his eyes; and behold, the valley lay behind them, and they were upon the side of the mountain. The air was fresh and pure, and the dawn was beginning to break; even now the highest peaks were tinted with rosy light. A delicious vigor, such as he had never known before, began to grow warm in Almion's limbs and to brighten in his eyes. He stepped forward joyfully, but Mona still led the way. As they mounted higher and higher, leaving the dark valley far beneath, the great splendor of the coming sun kindled all the east, and the stars in the vault of heaven withdrew themselves one by one. All things were undergoing a wondrous transformation, and out of gloom and emptiness came forth beauty and life. And Almion saw how the robe of misty gray that Mona wore was illuminated by the increasing light, until it took on once more the celestial tints that he remembered the first night of his dream, only now it had the more vivid luster of a waking vision. Then, with a sense of shame and humility, he remembered how mean and shabby was his own appearance. His garments were torn by the brambles of the valley, and he was stained by the slimy waters of the swamp, and he was not even cleansed from the defilement of the dust-pit in which he had toiled for the witch's gold. He paused and hung his head.

"Come, dear Almion," said Mona; "we are nearly at our journey's end."

"I can not come, Mona," he murmured sadly. "I am not fit to tread this holy mountain, nor to be seen with those who came out of the door to meet us. I have brought no beauty, nor any riches, but only poverty and ugliness. Let me go down again to the valley, for it is better I should be there than here."

Mona made no answer in words; but she smiled upon him with her star-like eyes, and pointed toward the east.

Almion looked; and the sun rose up above the margin of the waiting world, and flooded all the earth, and turned the mountain-top on which they stood into a spire of gold. Its rays fell upon Almion, and clothed him with a radiance more beautiful than all the gorgeous accouterment of kings. It placed an airy diadem on Mona's head, and revealed all the love and loveliness of the countenance which she turned upon Almion.

"This is the right gold, dear Almion," she said, "and it is all yours, for the lord of our country gives it to you. And all the beauty that you see in me is yours, for it was your bravery and devotion that saved me from the witch and lent me the power to guide you through the dark valley. And all the love of the inhabitants of this kingdom is yours, because you were merciful and pitiful, and chose to plunge into the abyss with me rather than to live in ease and luxury without me. So come with me, and be at peace!"

Nevertheless, Almion still hung his head, for he felt that, of himself, he could do nothing, and that he was unworthy of this happiness. But Mona held fast his hand, and drew him on along a bright ascent of clouds, until, with a distant triumph of music, they vanished into a region whither our eyes can not follow them.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

ONE Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
"I thought you would n't mind

"If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for awhile."
"You 're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink.
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There was n't left a chink.

"Now, they wont hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It 's not polite to contradict,—
Your pardon I implore,—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I 've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."



A New Jack & Jill:

By Margaret Johnson.



Jack & Jill went up the Hill.
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill held the handle steadily.
As her Mamma had taught her.
They did not trip, they did not fall.
Nor by the wayside stop.
Yet when they reached their home.
the pail.
Held not a single drop.





Then back again they quickly went
And filled it up once more.
But when they got the bucket [down]
'Twas empty as before.
"You let it spill" said Jack to Jill.
"'Twas you" said Jill to Jack.
"'Twas all your fault" cried one.
"'Twas yours"
The other answered back.







They wrangled up, they wrangled down,
Seven times they climbed the Hill.
But at each weary journey's end
The pail was empty still.
Then hotter grew the hot dispute
And words gave place to blows,
Till suddenly their stern Mamma
Appeared to interpose.

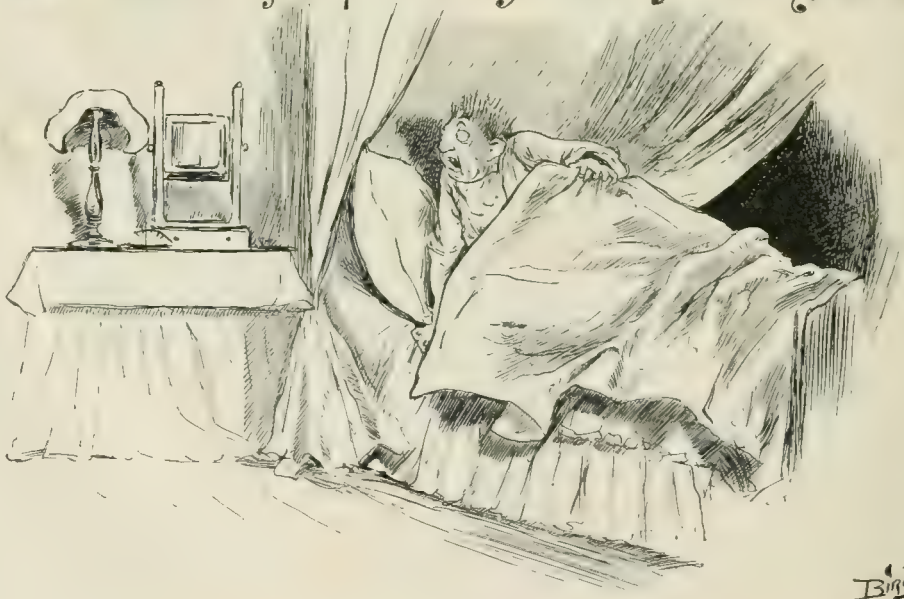


"Now hush," she cried, "this wicked strife.
Give me the pail a minute.
O most unhappy children, don't
You see the hole that's in it!"
She sent them forth with frown severe,
A weeping son and daughter.
And up the Hill
Went Jack and Jill
To fetch a pail of water.

"She sent them forth
With frown severe."



There was a small person of Pah,
Who cried at all ghost stories, "Bah!"
But every night
In a terrible fright,
He would jump out of bed shouting, "Ha!!"



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

(Continued from page 222 of the November number.)

Chapter II.

Vosh Stebbins hurried away from Deacon Farnham's a little after supper, but he had understood his duty precisely, all along; for the first words of his mother, on his return, were:

"Made you stay to tea, did they? Well, I would n't have had you not stay for anything. Susie 's brought her brother with her this time, has she? Sit right down, and I wont say one word till you get through. And I want to know ——"

"Miss Farnham wants a dozen of eggs —"

"You don't say! Well, take 'em right over, but don't wait a minute. Tell her our poultry 's doing well, and I don't see why she does n't ever have any kind of luck with her chickens. She does n't manage right, I'm afraid."

Vosh had his eggs in a basket and was out of the door before his mother had said half she wanted to about the best way of caring for poultry in cold weather. He obeyed orders, however, and came back at once, to sit still and put in a few words, here and there, while Mrs. Stebbins told him all he had done and said, and all anybody else had done and said, at Deacon Farnham's tea-table. It seemed as if she could almost have gone right on and told him all that was being done and said around the big sitting-room fire, where he so much desired to be, just then.

There was a good deal of pleasant talk there; but Mrs. Farnham insisted upon it that her niece and nephew must be tired with their long journey, and that they must go to bed in good season.

The last words Porter Hudson heard anybody say, that night, just before he shut the door of his bedroom, came from Penelope: "You need n't wait for me to ring the second bell in the morning, and you 'd better come right down into the sitting-room, where it 's warm."

It had taken three generations of hard-working and well-to-do Farnhams to build that great, queer, comfortable old farm-house. Each had made some addition, on one side or another, and there was room in it now for a very large family. So Porter Hudson had a good-sized chamber all to himself; but he remarked, after he got into it:

"No furnace heaters in this house. Of course not. They don't have such things in the country."

He had never before slept on a feather bed; but he was not at all sorry to burrow into one, that night, out of the frosty air of his room.

It was as dark as a pocket when he heard the clang of Pen's "first bell," next morning, but he sprang out of bed at once.

One glance through the frosty window-panes told him how little of the country around could be seen in winter before sunrise. In another instant all his thoughts were centered on the great fire-place down-stairs, and he dressed himself very quickly. He thought he had never seen a finer looking fire, the moment he was able to rub his hands in front of it.

Mrs. Farnham was there, too, setting the breakfast table and smiling on him, and Porter's next thought was, that his aunt was the rosiest, pleasantest, most comfortable of women.

"It would take a good deal of cold weather to freeze her," he said to himself, and he was right.

He could hear Aunt Judith, out in the kitchen, complaining to Susie and Pen that everything in the milk-room had frozen; and when Corry and his father came in from feeding the stock, they both declared that it was a "splendid, frosty, nipping kind of a morning." They looked as if it might be, and Porter hitched his chair a little nearer the fire, but Corry added: "Now for some fun, Port."

"All right. What is it?"

"We 're going to the woods after breakfast. You and I 'll take our guns with us and see if we can't knock over some rabbits. I 'll take father's gun and you can take mine."

Just then Pen's voice sounded from the kitchen, excitedly: "Do you hear that, Susie? They 're going to the woods! Let's go!"

"Oh, if they 'll let us!"

"Of course they will ——"

"Penelope Farnham! Look out for those cakes!"

"I 'm turning 'em, Aunt Judith. I 'm minding 'em every minute,—Susie, those sausages are almost done; let me take them out for you."

"No, Pen. I want to cook them all myself. You take care of your cakes."

Buckwheat cakes and home-made sausages — what a breakfast that was for a frosty morning!

Susie Hudson would have been puzzled to say which she enjoyed most, the cooking or the eating, and she certainly did her share of both very well, for a young lady from the city.

"Port, can you shoot?" asked Corry, somewhat suddenly, at table.

"Shoot? I should say so. Do you ever get anything bigger than rabbits out here?"

"Did n't you know? Why, right back from where we 're going this morning are the mountains. And then, there is n't a farm, till you get away out into the St. Lawrence River country."

"Yes, I know all that."

"Well, sometimes the deer come right down among us, especially in winter. Last winter a bear came down and stole one of our pigs. But we followed the bear, and we got him; Vosh Stebbins and father and I."

Porter tried hard to look as if he were quite accustomed to following and killing all the bears that meddled with his pigs, but Pen exclaimed: "Now, Susie, you need n't be scared a bit. There wont be a single bear, not where we 're going."

"Wont there?" said Susie, almost regretfully. "How I'd like to see one!"

There was a good deal more to be said about bears and other wild creatures and, just as breakfast was over, there came a great noise of rattling and creaking and shouting in front of the sitting-room windows; and "there he is!" said Corry.

Susie and her brother hurried to look, and there was Vosh Stebbins, with Deacon Farnham's great "wood-sleigh," drawn by two pairs of strong, long-horned, placid-looking oxen. "Couldn't one pair draw it?" asked Porter of Corry.

"Guess they could, but two pairs can do it more easily, and beside, they 've nothing else to do. We'll heap it up, too. You 'll see."

There was not long to wait, for the excitement rose fast in the sitting-room, and Susie and Pen were in that sleigh a little in advance of anybody else. Its driver stood by the heads of his first yoke of oxen, and Susie at once exclaimed:

"Good-morning, Vosh. What a whip!"

"Why, Susie," said Pen; "that is n't a whip, it 's an ox-gad."

"That 's it," said Vosh, but he seemed disposed to talk to his oxen rather than to anybody else. The yoke next the sleigh stood on either side of a long, heavy "tongue," to the end of which the forward pair were fastened by a chain, which passed between them to a hook in their yoke. These forward oxen animals, as Vosh explained to Susie, "were only about half-educated, and they took more than their share of drivin'."

He began to pay attention to them, now, and it was half a wonder to see how accurately the huge beasts kept the right track, down through the gate, and out into the road. It seemed easier then, for all they had to do was to go straight ahead.

"Let me take the whip. Do, please," said Susie, and Vosh only remarked, as he handed it to her: "Guess you 'll find it heavy."

She lifted it with both hands, and a smile illuminated his broad, ruddy face, as she made a desperate effort to swing the lash over the oxen.

"Go 'long, now! Get up! Cluck—cluck!"

She chirruped to the oxen with all her might, while Vosh put his handkerchief over his mouth and had a violent fit of coughing.

"Boys," shouted her uncle, from behind the sleigh, "you 'd better put down your guns. Lay them flat, and don't step on 'em."

Porter Hudson had clung to his gun manfully, from the moment it was handed him. He had carried it over his shoulder, slanting it a little across toward the other shoulder. He had seen whole regiments of city soldiers do that, and so he knew it was the correct way to carry a gun. He was now quite willing, however, to imitate Corry and put his weapon down flat on the bottom of the sleigh. The gun would be safe there, and, besides, he had been watching Vosh Stebbins and listening, and he had an idea it was time he should show what he knew about oxen. They were plodding along very well at the moment.

"Susie," he said, "give me that gad."

Vosh looked somewhat doubtful as she surrendered the whip. They were going up a little ascent and, just beyond, the fences on either side of the road seemed to stop. Still further on, all was forest, and the road had a crooked look as it went in among the trees.

Porter had stronger arms than his sister, and he could do more with an ox-gad. He gave the long, hickory "stalk" a swing, and the heavy, far-reaching lash at the end of it came around with a "swish" and knocked the coon-skin cap from the head of Vosh. Then the whip came down, stalk, lash and all, along the broad backs of the oxen.

"Gee! Haw! G'lang! Get up! G'lang, now!"

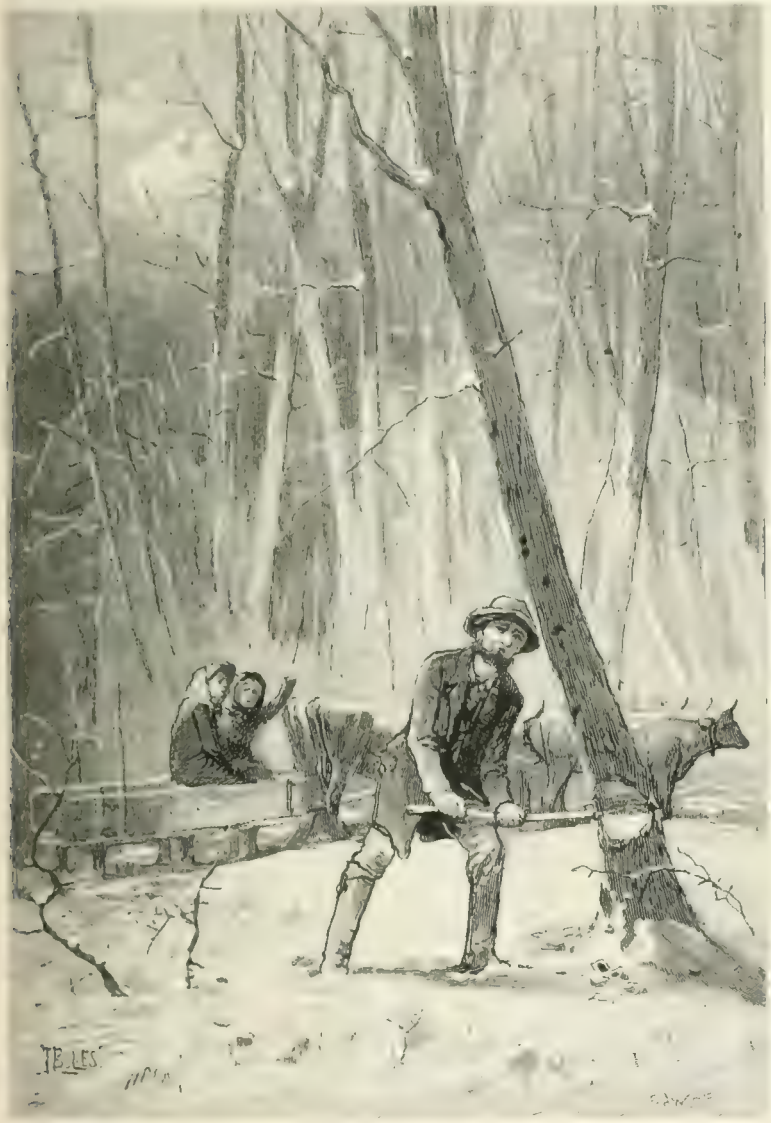
Porter felt that his reputation was at stake. He raised the gad again and he shouted vigorously. The hinder pair of oxen did not seem to mind it much and plodded along as if they had not heard any one say a word to them, but their younger and more skittish helpers in front shook their heads a little uneasily. "Gee! Haw! G'lang!"

Porter was quite proud of the way the lash came down, this time, and the cracker of it caught the near ox of the forward team smartly on the left ear. It was a complete success, undoubtedly; but, to Porter's astonishment, the bewildered yoke of oxen in front whirled suddenly to the right. The next moment, they were floundering in a snow-drift.

On the instant, Vosh snatched the gad from

Porter and sprang out of the sleigh, saying something, as he went, about "not wanting to have the girls upset." Corry was dancing a sort of double-shuffle and shouting: "Well done, Port! That 's the first time I ever saw an ox-team 'gee' and 'haw' at the same time. Hurrah for you, Port!" "Pen," said Susie, "what does he mean?"

"Mean? Don't you know? Why, you say 'gee' to turn 'em this way, and 'haw' to turn 'em that way. They can't turn both ways at once."



"IT WAS ENTERTAINMENT ENOUGH TO WATCH THE CHOPPERS AND SEE THE CHIPS FLY."

The double team had set out to do it, quite obediently; but Vosh got matters straightened very quickly. Then he kept the whip and did his own driving, until the sleigh was pulled out of the road, half a mile further, into a sort of open space in the forest. There was not much depth of snow on the ground, and there were stumps of trees sticking up through it all about. Vosh drove right on until he halted his team by a great pile of logs that were already cut for hauling. "Are they not too big for the fire-place?" asked Susie of Pen.

"Of course they are," said Pen; but Corry added: "We can cut up all we want for the stoves after we get the logs home. And the big ones will be cut up for back-logs for the fire-place."

He had been telling Porter, on the way, about the fun there was in felling big trees, and that young gentleman had proposed to cut down a few before they set out after any rabbits or bears. "Just see father swing that ax!" said Pen, proudly, as the stalwart old farmer walked up to a tall hickory and began to make the chips fly.

"Is n't it a fine sight?" said Susie.

Vosh Stebbins had his ax out of the sleigh, now, determined to show what he could do.

It looked like the easiest thing in the world. He and the deacon merely swung their axes up and let them go down exactly in the right place, and the glittering edges went in, in, with a hollow thud, and at every other stroke a great chip would spring away across the snow.

"It does n't take either of them long to bring a tree down," said Corry. "Take that other ax there and we 'll try one. They 've all got to come

down, so it does n't make any difference what tree we choose." The girls were contented to stay in the sleigh and look on, and the oxen stood as still as if they intended never to move again.

"Susie," exclaimed Pen, "here comes Ponto! Nobody knew where he was when we started."

There he was now, however,—the great, shaggy, house-dog,—coming up the road and giving a succession of short, sharp barks, as if protesting against being left out of such a picnic party as that.

"Pen, he 's coming right into the sleigh."

"No, he is n't. You 'll see. He 'll go after Corry. He 's only sniffing to see if the guns are here. He knows what they mean."

"Does he hunt?"

"Indeed, he does."

He seemed, just now, to be stirred to a sort of frenzy of delighted barking, but at the end of it he sat down on the snow near the sleigh. No dog of good common sense would follow a boy with an ax, away from the place where the guns were.

Meantime, Corry had picked out a maple tree, of middle size, and had cut a few chips from it. It was easy to see that he knew how to handle an ax, if he could not bury one as deeply in the wood of a tree as could his father or Vosh. He also knew enough, it seemed, to get well out of the way, when he handed the ax to Porter Hudson, remarking: "Now, Port, cut it right down. Maybe it 's a bee tree."

"Bee tree? Do you ever find any in winter?

"Well, not as a regular thing; but there are bee trees, and the bees must be in them just the same, in any kind of weather."

That was so, no doubt; but if there had been a dozen hives of bees hidden away in the solid wood of that vigorous maple tree, they would have been safe there until spring, so far as Porter Hudson's chopping was concerned. He managed to make the edge of the ax hit squarely the first time it struck; but it did no more than go through the bark. No scratch like that would get a chip ready. Porter colored with vexation, and he gave his next stroke rather hastily, but he gave it with all his might. The edge of the ax hit several inches from the first scratch, and it seemed to take a quick twist on its own account, just as it struck. It glanced from the tree, and away the ax went into the snow, jerking its handle rudely out of Porter's hands.

"I say, Port, let 's not cut down any more trees. Let 's get our guns, and go down into the swamp for some rabbits. There 's Ponto. He 'll stir 'em up for us," said Corry.

Porter was fishing for his ax, with a pretty red face, and he replied: "I suppose we 'd better. I 'm not used to chopping."

"Of course not."

"We burn coal, in the city."

"No chopping to do,—I know. Come on."

All that was very polite, but Corry had less trouble, now, in keeping up a feeling of equality with his city cousin.

They had tucked their trousers into their boots when they left the house, and now they took their guns out of the sleigh, slung their powder-flasks and shot-pouches over their shoulders, and marched away through the woods.

The two girls looked after them as if they, also, were eager for a rabbit-hunt. As for Ponto, that very shaggy and snowy dog was plainly intending to run between every two trees, and through each and every clump of bushes, as if in a desperate state of dread lest he should miss the tracks of some game or other.

"Boys can have more fun in the woods than girls," began Susie, when she and Pen were left alone.

"No, they can't, Susie. Just watch that tree yonder. It 'll come down very soon, and it will make a great crash when it falls."

It was entertainment enough to watch the chopping and see the chips fly. Susie found herself becoming more and more deeply interested, as the wide "notches" sank farther and farther into the massive trunks of the two trees that her uncle and Vosh Stebbins were felling.

Vosh chopped for dear life, but in spite of all he could do, the deacon had his tree down first.

It was a tall, noble-looking tree. There were no branches near the ground, but there was a fine, broad crown of them, away up where the sun could get at them in summer. It seemed almost a pity to destroy a forest king like that, but at last it began to totter and lean.

"Oh, Pen, it 's coming!" exclaimed Susie.

"Don't shut your eyes, Susie. Keep them open and see it come."

Susie did try; but when the tall, majestic trunk seemed to throw out its great arms and give up the struggle, she could not look any longer, and she put her head down. Then she heard a tremendous, dull, crashing sound, and her eyes came open to see a cloud of light snow rising from the spot on which the forest king had fallen.

"Is n't it splendid?"

"Yes, Pen, it 's wonderful."

"Vosh's tree is almost ready. Look! Look!"

Vosh had not been as careful as Deacon Farnham in directing the fall of his tree, for it went down into the arms of a smaller one, crashing and breaking through them, and the sharp, snapping sound of the crushed branches went far and wide through the silence of the snowy forest.

Pen was quiet for a moment, and Susie was conscious of a sort of awed feeling, and said nothing.

(To be continued.)



THE STAR IN THE EAST. DRAWN BY JOHN LEARED.



THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter V.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Not long does Captain Gancy lament the loss of his fine vessel and valuable cargo. In the face and fear of a far greater loss—his own life and the lives of his companions,—there is no time for vain regrets. The storm is still in full fury; the winds and the waves are as high as ever; and their boat is threatened with the fate of the bark.

The bulk of the "Calypso's" crew, with Lyons, the chief mate, have taken to the pinnace; and the skipper is in his own gig, with his wife, daughter, son, young Chester, and two others—Seagriff, the carpenter, and the cook, a negro. In all, only seven persons, but enough to bring the gunwale of the little craft dangerously near the water's edge. The captain himself is in the stern-sheets, tiller-lines in hand. Mrs. Gancy and her daughter crouch beside him, while the others are at the oars—in which occupation Ned and Chester occasionally pause to bale out, as showers of spray keep breaking over the boat, threatening to swamp it.

What point shall they steer for? This is a question that no one asks, nor thinks of asking as yet. Course and direction are as nothing now; all their energies are bent on keeping the boat above water. However, they naturally endeavor to remain in the company of the pinnace. But those in the larger craft, like themselves, are engaged in

a life-and-death conflict with the sea, and both must fight it out in their own way, neither being able to give aid to the other. So, despite their efforts to keep near each other, the winds and waves soon separate them. Anon, they can catch glimpses of each other only when buoyed up on the crest of a billow. And presently, the night coming on,—a night of dungeon darkness,—they see each other no more.

But, dark as it is, there is still visible that which they have been long regarding with dread—the breakers known as the "Milky Way." Snow-white during the day, these terrible rock-tortured billows now gleam like a belt of liquid fire, the breakers at every crest seeming to break into veritable flames. Well for the castaways that this is the case; else how, in such obscurity, could the dangerous lee shore be shunned? To keep off that is, for the time, the chief care of those in the gig; and all their energies are exerted in holding their craft well to windward.

By good fortune, the approach of night has brought about a shifting of the wind, which has veered around to the west-northwest, making it possible for them to "scud," without nearer approach to the dreaded fire-like line. In their cockle-shell of a boat, they know that to run before the wind is their safest plan, and so they speed on south-eastward. An ocean current setting from the northwest also helps them in this course.

Thus doubly driven, they make rapid progress, and before midnight the Milky Way is behind them, out of sight. But, though they breathe more freely, they are by no means out of danger—alone in a frail skiff on the still turbulent ocean, and groping in thick darkness, with neither moon nor star to guide them. They have no compass; that having been forgotten in their scramble out of the sinking ship. But even if they had one, it would be of little assistance to them at present, as, for the time being, they have enough to do in keeping the boat baled out and above water.

At break of day, matters look a little better. The storm has somewhat abated, and there is land in sight to leeward, with no visible breakers between. Still, they have a heavy swell to contend with, and an ugly cross sea.

But land to a castaway! His first thought, and most anxious desire, is to set foot on it. So in the case of our shipwrecked party; risking all reefs and surfs, they at once set the gig's head shoreward.

Closing in upon the land, they perceive a high promontory on the port bow and another on the starboard, separated by a wide reach of open water; and, about half-way between these promontories and somewhat farther out, lies what appears to be an island. Taking it for one, Seagriff counsels putting in there instead of running on for the more distant main-land.

"But why should we put in upon the island?" asks the skipper. "Would n't it be better to keep on to the main?"

"No, Captain. There 's a reason agin it; the which I 'll make known to you as soon as we get safe ashore."

Captain Gancy is aware that the late "Calypso's" carpenter was for a long time a sealer, and in this capacity had spent more than one season in the sounds and channels of Tierra del Fuego. He knows also that the old sailor can be trusted, and so, without pressing for further explanation, he steers straight for the island.

When about half a mile from its shore, they come upon a bed of kelp,* growing so close and thick as to bar their farther advance. Were they still on board the bark, the weed would be given a wide berth, as giving evidence of rocks underneath. But, in the light-draught gig, they have no fear of these; and with the swell still tossing them about, are even glad to get in among the kelp, and so steady themselves awhile. Their anxiety to force a way through the tangled mass is heightened by the fact that, on the farther side of it, they can descry waveless water, seemingly as tranquil as a pond. Luckily the weed-bed is not continuous, but traversed by an irregular sort of break, through which it seems practicable to make way. So into this the gig is directed, and pulled through with vigorous strokes. Five minutes afterward, her keel grates upon a beach, against which, despite the tumbling swell outside, there is scarce so much as a ripple! There is no better breakwater than a bed of kelp.

The island proves to be a small one; less than a mile in diameter, rising in the center to a rounded summit, three hundred feet above sea-level. It is treeless, though in part overgrown with a rank vegetation, chiefly tussac grass,† with its grand bunches of leaves, six feet in height, surrounded by plume-like flower-spikes, almost as much higher.

Little regard, however, do the castaways pay to the isle or its productions. After being so long

* The [illegible] gigantea. The stem of this remarkable [illegible] sometimes over 130 yards in length, perhaps the longest of any known plant. It grows on every rock in Fuegian waters, from low-water mark to a depth of fifty or sixty fathoms, and among the most violent breakers. Often loose stones are raised up by it, and carried about when the weed gets adrift; some of these are so large and heavy that they can with difficulty be lifted into a boat. The reader will learn more [illegible]

† *Dactylis cæspitosa*. The leaves of this singular grass are often eight feet in length, and an inch broad at the base; the flower-stalks being as long as the leaves. It bears much resemblance to the "pampas grass," now well known as an ornamental shrubbery.

tossed about on rough seas, in momentary peril of their lives, and with scarcely a mouthful of food the while, they are now suffering from the pangs of hunger. So, as soon as the boat is beached, and they have set foot on shore, the services of Cæsar, the cook, are called into requisition.

As yet, they scarcely know what provisions they have with them, so confusedly were things flung into the gig. An examination of their stock proved that it is scant indeed; a barrel of biscuits, a ham, some corned beef, a small bag of coffee in the berry, a canister of tea, and a loaf of lump sugar were all they had brought with them. The condition of these articles, too, is most disheartening. Much of the biscuit seems a mass of briny pulp; the beef is pickled for the second time (on this occasion with sea-water); the sugar is more than half melted, and the tea spoiled outright, from the canister not having been water-tight. The ham and coffee have received least damage; yet both will require a cleansing operation to make them fit for food.

Fortunately, some culinary utensils are found in the boat; the most useful of them being a frying-pan, kettle, and coffee-pot.

And now for a fire! Ah, the fire!

Up to this moment no one has thought of a fire; but now it suddenly presents itself to them as a difficulty they see no means of overcoming. The mere work of kindling it were an easy enough task, the late occupant of the "Calypso's" caboose being provided with flint, steel, and tinder. So, too, is Seagriff, who, an inveterate smoker, is never without igniting apparatus, carried in a pocket of his pilot-coat. But where are they to find firewood? There is none on the islet—not a stick,—as no trees grow there; while the tussac and other plants are soaking wet; the very ground being a sodden, spongy peat.

Upon making this discovery, Captain Gancy turns to Seagriff and remarks, with some vexation:

"Chips,* I think, 't would have been better if we 'd kept on to the main. There 's timber enough there, on either side," he adds, after a look through his binocular "The hills appear to be thickly wooded half-way up."

His words are manifestly intended as a reflection upon the judgment of the quondam seal-hunter, who rejoins shortly:

"It would have been a deal worse, sir. Aye, worse nor if we should have to eat our vittels raw."

"I don't comprehend you," says the skipper; "you spoke of a reason for our not making the main-land. What is it?"

"Wal, Captain, there is a reason, as I said, an' a good one. I did n't like to tell you, wi' the others listenin'." He nods toward the rest of the party, who are at some distance, and then continues: "'Specially the women folks; as 't aint a thing they ought to be told about."

"Do you fear some danger?" queries the Skipper, in a tone of apprehension.

"Jest that; an' bad kind o' danger. As fur 's I kin see, we 've drifted onter a part of the Feweegin Coast, where the Ailikoleeps live; the which air the worst and cruelest o' savages — some of 'em rank cannyballs! It is n't but five or six years since they murdered sev'ral men of a sealin' vessel that was wrecked somewhere about here. For killin' 'em, mebbe they might have had reason, seein' as there was blame on both sides, an' some whites have behaved no better than the savages. But jest fur that, we, as are innocent, may hev to pay fur the misdeeds o' the guilty! Now, Captain, you perceive the wharfor o' my not wantin' you to land over yonder. Ef we went now, like as not we 'd have a crowd o' the ugly critters yellin' around us."

"But, if that 's so," queried the Captain, "will we be any safer here?"

"Yes! we 're safe enough here — 's long as the wind 's blowin' as 't is now, an' I guess it allers does blow that way, round this speck of an island. It must be all o' five mile to that land either side; an' in their rickety canoes the Feweegins never venture fur out in anythin' o' a rough sea. I calculate, Captain, we need n't trouble ourselves much about 'em — leastways, not jest yet."

"Aye,— but afterward!" murmurs Captain Gancy, in a desponding tone, as his eyes turn upon those by the boat.

"Wal, sir," says the old sealer, encouragingly, "arterward 'll have to take care o' itself. An' now I guess I 'd better determine ef thar aint some way of helpin' Cæsar to a spark o' fire. Don't look like it, but looks are sometimes deceivin'."

And, so saying, he strolls off among the bunches of tussac grass and is soon out of sight.

But it is not long before he is again making himself heard, by an exclamation, telling of some discovery — a joyful one, as evinced by the tone of his voice. The two youths hasten to his side and find him bending over a small heath-like bush, from which he has torn a handful of branches.

"What is it, Chips?" ask both in a breath.

"The gum-plant, sure," he replies.

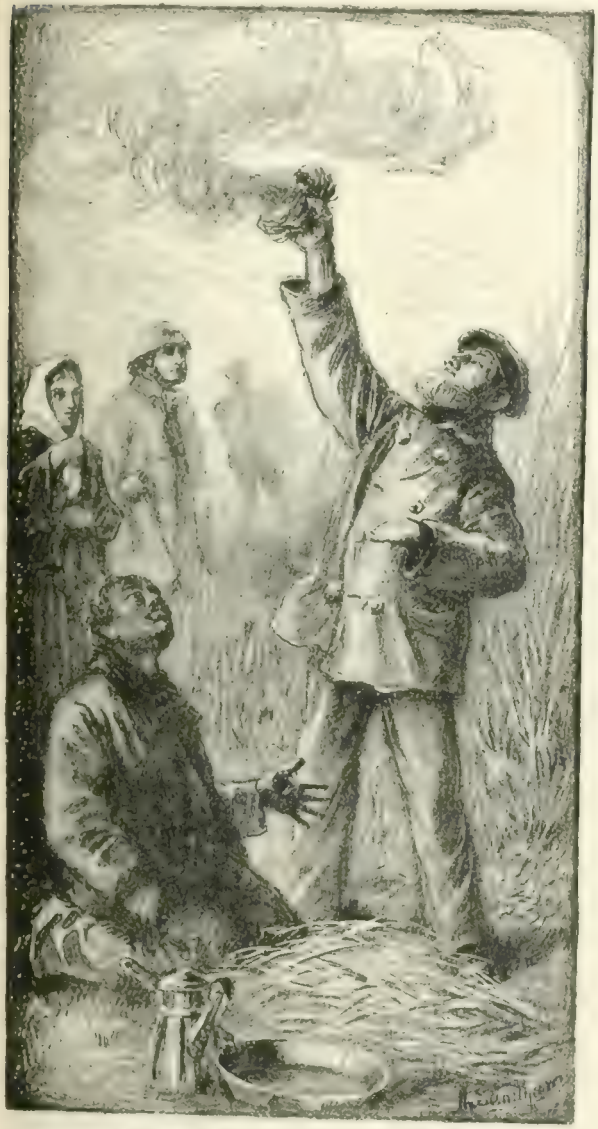
"Well, what then? What 's the good of it?" they further interrogate. "You don't suppose that green thing will burn — wet as a fish, too?"

"That 's jest what I do suppose," replied the old sailor, deliberately. "You young ones wait, an' you 'll see. Mebbe you 'll lend a hand, an' help me to gather some of it. We 'll want armfuls; an'

* All ship-carpenters are called "Chips."

there 's plenty o' the welcome plants growin' all about, you see."

They do see, and at once begin tearing at them, breaking off the branches of some and plucking up others by the roots, till Seagriff cries, "Enough!" Then, with arms full, they return to the beach in high spirits and with joyful faces.



MAKING A FIRE IN THE LAND OF FIRE.

Arrived there, Seagriff selects some of the finest twigs, which he rubs between his hands till they are reduced to a fine fiber and nearly dry. Rolling these into a rounded shape, resembling a bird's nest, click! goes his flint and steel,—a piece of "punk" is ignited and slipped into the heart of the ball. This, held on high, and kept whirling around his head, is soon ablaze, when it is thrust in among the gathered heap of green plants. Green and wet as these are, they at once catch fire and flame up like kindling-wood.

All are astonished, and pleased as well; and not the least delighted is Cæsar, who dances over the ground in high glee as he prepares to resume his vocation.

CHAPTER VI.

A BATTLE WITH BIRDS.

THROUGH Cæsar's skillful manipulations the sea-water is extracted from the ham; and the coffee, which is in the berry and unroasted, after a course of judicious washing and scorching, is also rendered fit for use. The biscuits also turn out better than was anticipated. So their breakfast is not so bad, after all,—indeed, to such appetites as theirs, it seems a veritable feast.

While they are enjoying it, Seagriff tells them something more about the plant which has proved of such service to them. They learn from him that it grows in the Falkland Islands, as well as in Tierra del Fuego, and is known as the "gum-plant,"* because of a viscous substance it exudes in large quantities; this sap is called "balsam," and is used by the natives of the countries where it is found as a poultice for wounds. But its most important property, in their eyes, is the ease with which it can be set on fire, even when green and growing, as above described,—a matter of no slight consequence in regions where rain falls five days out of every six. In the Falkland Islands, where there are no trees, the natives often roast their beef over a fire of bones,—the very bones of the animal from which, but the moment before, the meat itself was stripped,—and they use the gum-plant to kindle this fire.

Just as Seagriff finishes his interesting dissertation, his listeners have their attention called to a spectacle quite new to them and somewhat comical. Near the spot where they have landed, a naked sand-bar projects into the water, and along this a number of odd-looking creatures are seen, side by side. There are quite two hundred of them, all facing the same way, mute images of propriety and good deportment, reminding one of a row of

* *Hydrocotyle gummifera.*

little charity children, all in white bibs and tuckers, ranged in a rank for inspection.

But very different is the behavior of the birds —for birds they are. One or another, every now and then, raises its head aloft and so holds it, while giving utterance to a series of cries, as hoarse and long-drawn as the braying of an ass, to which sound it bears a ludicrous resemblance.

"Jack-ass penguins,"* Seagriff pronounces them, without waiting to be questioned; "yonder 're more of 'em," he explains, "out among the kelp, divin' after shell-fish, the which are their proper food."

The others, looking off toward the kelp, then see more of the birds. They had noticed them before, but supposed them to be fish leaping out of the water; for the penguin, on coming up after a dive, goes down again with so quick a plunge that an observer, even at short distance, may easily mistake it for a fish. Turning to those on the shore, it is now seen that numbers of them are constantly passing in among the tussac grass and out again, their mode of progression being also very odd. Instead of a walk or hop, as with other birds, it is a sort of rapid rush, in which the rudimentary wings of the birds are used as fore-legs, so that, from even a slight distance, they might easily be mistaken for quadrupeds.

"It is likely they have their nests yonder," observes Mrs. Gancy, pointing to where the penguins keep going in and out of the tussac.

The remark makes a vivid impression on her son and the young Englishman, neither of whom is so old as to have quite outgrown a boyish propensity for nest-robbing.

"Sure to have, ma'am," affirms Seagriff, respectfully raising his hand to his forelock; "an' a pity we did n't think of it sooner. We might 'a' hed fresh eggs for breakfast."

"Why can't we have them for dinner, then?" demands the second mate, the third adding:

"Yes; why not?"

"Sartin we kin, young masters. I knows of no reason agin it," answers the old sealer.

"Then let 's go egg-gathering!" exclaimed Ned, eagerly.

The proposal is accepted by Seagriff, who is about to set out with the two youths, when, looking inquiringly around, he says:

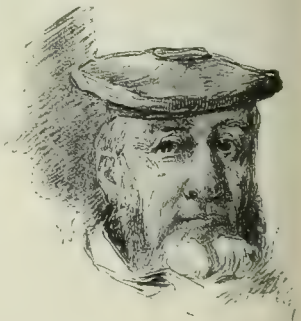
"As thar aint anything in the shape of a stick about, we had best take the boat-hook an' a couple of oars."

"What for?" ask the others, in some surprise.

"You 'll larn, by an' by," answers the old salt, who, like most of his kind, is somewhat given to mystification.

In accordance with this suggestion, each of the boys arms himself with an oar, leaving Seagriff the boat-hook.

They enter the tussac; and, after tramping through it a hundred yards or so, they come upon a "penguinnery," sure enough. It is a grand one, extending over acres, with hundreds of nests—if a slight depression in the naked surface of the ground deserves the name of nest. But no eggs are in any of them, fresh, or otherwise; instead, in each sits one young, half-fledged bird, and one only, as this kind of penguin lays and hatches but a single egg. Many of the nests have old birds standing beside them, each occupied in feeding its solitary chick, duckling, gosling, or whatever the penguin offspring may be properly called. This being of itself a curious spectacle, the disappointed egg-hunters stop awhile to witness it; for they are still outside the bounds of the "penguinnery," and the birds have as yet taken no notice of them. By each nest is a little mound, on which the mother stands perched, from time to time projecting her head outward and upward, at the same time giving forth a queer chattering noise, half-quack, half-bray, with the air of a stump-orator haranguing an open-air audience. Meanwhile, the youngster stands patiently waiting below, evidently with a foreknowledge of what is to come. Then, after a few seconds of the quacking and braying, the mother-bird suddenly ducks her head, with the mandibles of her beak wide agape, between which the fledgeling thrusts its head, almost out of sight, and so keeps it for more than a minute. Finally withdrawing it, up again goes the head of the mother, with neck craned out, and oscillating from side to side in a second spell of speech-making. These curious actions are repeated several times, the entire performance lasting for a period of nearly a quarter of an hour. When it ends, possibly from the food-supply having become exhausted, the mother-bird leaves the little glutton to itself and scuttles off seaward, to replenish her throat-larder with a fresh stock of molluscs.



"CHIPS."

Although, during their long four years' cruise, Edward Gancy and Henry Chester have seen many a strange sight, they think the one now before their eyes as strange as any, and unique in its

* *Aptenodytes Patachonica*. This singular bird has been christened "Jack-ass penguin" by sailors, on account of its curious note, which bears an odd resemblance to the bray of an ass. "King penguin" is another of its names, from its superior size; as it is the largest of the auk, or penguin family.

quaint comicality. They would have continued their observations much longer but for Seagriff, to whom the sight is neither strange nor new. It has no interest for him, save economically; and in this sense he proceeds to utilize it, saying, after an interrogative glance, sent all over the breeding ground:

"Sartin, there aint a single egg in any o' the nests. It 's too late in the season for them now, an' I might 'a' known it. Wal, we wont go back empty-handed, anyhow. The young penguins aint sech bad eatin', though the old uns taste some'at fishy, b'sides bein' tough as tan leather. So, let 's heave ahead, an' grab a few of the goslin's. But look out, or you 'll get your legs nipped!"

All three advance upon the "penguinnery," the two youths still skeptical as to there being any danger — in fact rather under the belief that the old salt is endeavoring to impose on their credulity. But they are soon undeceived. Scarcely have they set foot within the breeding precinct, when fully half a score of old penguins rush fiercely at each of the intruders, with necks outstretched, mouths open, and mandibles snapping together with a clatter like that of castanets.

Then follows a laying about with oars and boat-hook, accompanied by shouts on the side of the attacking party, and hoarse, guttural screams on that of the attacked. The racket is kept up till the latter are at length beaten off, though but few of them are slain outright; for the penguin, with its thick skull and dense coat of feathers, takes as much killing as a cat.

Even the young birds make resistance against being captured, croaking and hissing like so many little ganders, and biting sharply. But all this does not prevent our determined party from finally securing some ten or twelve of the featherless creatures, and subsequently carrying them to the friends at the shore, where they are delivered into the eager hands of Cæsar.

CHAPTER VII.

A WORLD ON A WEED.

A PAIR of penguin "squabs" makes an ample dinner for the entire party, nor is it without the accompaniment of vegetables; these being supplied by the tussac-grass, the stalks of which contain an edible substance, in taste somewhat resembling a hazel-nut, while the young shoots boiled are almost equal to asparagus.*

While seated at their midday meal, they have before their eyes a moving world of Nature, such as may be found only in her wildest solitudes. All around the kelp-bed, porpoises are plowing the water, now and then bounding up out of it; while seals and sea-otters show their human-like heads, swimming among the weeds. Birds hover above, in such numbers as to darken the air; at intervals, individual birds dart down and go under with a plunge that sends the spray aloft in showers, white as a snow-drift. Others do their fishing seated on the water; for there are many different kinds of water-fowl here represented: — gulls, shags, cormorants, gannets, noddies, and petrels, with several species of *Anativæ*, among them the beautiful black-necked swan. Nor are they all sea-birds, or exclusively inhabitants of the water. Some of those wheeling in the air above are eagles, hawks, and vultures — the last, the Chilian *jota*.† Even the gigantic condor often extends its flight to the Land of Fire, whose mountains are but a continuation of the great Andean chain.

The ways and movements of this teeming ornithological world are so strange and varied that our castaways, despite all anxiety about their own future, can not help being interested in observing them. They see a bird of one kind diving and bringing to the surface a fish, which another, of a different species, snatches from it and bears aloft; in its turn, to be attacked by a third equally rapacious winged hunter, that, swooping at the robber, makes him forsake his ill-gotten prey; while the prey itself, reluctantly dropped, is dexterously recaught in its whirling descent, long ere it reaches its own element — the whole incident forming a very chain of tyranny and destruction! And yet a chain of but few links, compared with that to be found in and under the water, among the leaves and stalks of the kelp itself. There, the destroyers and the destroyed are legion; not only in numbers, but in kind. A vast conglomeration of animated beings, always at war with one another, — a world of itself, densely populated, and of so many varied organisms that, for a due delineation of it, I must again borrow from the inimitable pen of Darwin. Thus he describes it: —

"The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence entirely depends on the kelp, is wonderful. A great volume might be written describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weed. Almost all the leaves, excepting those that float on the surface, are so thickly encrusted with corallines as to be of a white color. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple, hydra-like polyps; others by more organized kinds. On the leaves, also, various shells, uncovered molluscs, and bivalves, are

* It is the soft, crisp, inner part of the stem, just above the root, that is chiefly eaten. Horses and cattle are very fond of the tussac-grass, and in the Falkland Islands feed upon it. It is said, however, that there it is threatened with extirpation, on account of these animals browsing it too closely. It has been introduced with success into the Hebrides and Orkney Islands, where the conditions of its existence are favorable — a peaty soil, exposed to winds loaded with sea-spray.

† *Cathartes jota*. Closely allied to the "turkey-buzzard" of the United States.

attached. Innumerable crustacea frequent every part of the plant. On shaking the great, entangled roots, a pile of small fish-shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, sea-cucumbers, and crawling sea-centipedes of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Often as I recurred to the kelp, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structures. * * * * * * I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the Southern Hemisphere with the terrestrial ones of the intertropical regions. Yet, if in any country a forest were destroyed, I do not believe so many species of animals would perish as would there from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction, the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist."

While still watching the birds at their game of grab, the spectators observe that the kelp-bed has become darker in certain places, as though from the weeds being piled up in layers.

"It 's lowering to ebb tide," remarks Captain Gancy, in reply to an interrogation from his wife, "and the rocks are a-wash. They 'll soon be above water, I take it."

"Jest so, Captain," assents Seagriff; "but 't aint the weeds that 's makin' those black spots. They 're movin',—don't you see?"

The skipper now observes, as do all the others, a number of odd-looking animals, large-headed, and with long, slender bodies, to all appearance covered with a coat of dark-brown wool, crawling and floundering about among the kelp, in constantly increasing numbers. Each new ledge of reef, as it rises to the surface, becomes crowded with them, while some disport themselves in the pools between.

"Fur-seals * they are," pronounces Seagriff, his eyes fixed upon them as eagerly as were those of Tantalus on the forbidden water; "an' every skin of 'em worth a mint o' money. Bad luck!" he continues, in a tone of spiteful vexation. "A mine o' wealth, an' no chance to work it! Ef we only had the ship by us now, we could put a good thousan' dollars' worth o' thar pelts into it. Jest see how they swarm out yonder! An' tame as pet tabby cats! There 's enough of 'em to supply seal-skin jackets fur nigh all the women o' New York!"

No one makes rejoinder to the old sealer's regretful rhapsody. The situation is too grave for them to be thinking of gain by the capture of fur-seals, even though it should prove "a mine of wealth," as Seagriff called it. Of what value is wealth to them while their very lives are in jeopardy? They were rejoiced when they first set foot on land; but time is passing; they have in part recovered from their fatigue, and the dark, doubtful future is once more uppermost in their minds. They can not stay forever on the isle—indeed, they may not be able to remain many days on it, owing to the exhaustion of their limited stock of provisions, if for no other reason. Even could they subsist on penguin's flesh and tussac-stalks, the young birds, already well feathered, will ere long disappear, while the tender shoots of the grass, growing tougher as it ripens, will in time be uneatable.

No; they can not abide there, and must go elsewhere. But whither? That is the all-absorbing question. Ever since they landed, the sky has been overcast, and the distant main-land is barely visible through a misty vapor spread over the sea between. All the better for that, Seagriff has been thinking hitherto, with the Fuegians in his mind.

"It 'll hinder 'em seein' the smoke of our fire," he said; "the which mout draw 'em on us."

But he has now less fear of this, seeing that which tells him that the isle is never visited by the savages.

"They hain't been on it fur years, anyhow," he says, re-assuring the captain, who has again taken him aside to talk over the matter. "I 'm sartin they haint."

"What makes you certain?" questions the other.

"Them 'ere—both of 'em," nodding first toward the fur-seals and then toward the penguins. "If the Feweegins dar' fetch thar craft so fur out seaward, neither o' them ud be so plentiful nor yit so tame. Both sort o' critters air jest what they sets most store by—yieldin' 'em not only thar vittels, but sech scant kiver as they 're 'customed to w'ar. No, Capting—the savagers haint been out hyar, an' aint a-goin'to be. An' I weesh, now," he continues, glancing up to the sky, "I weesh 't wud brighten a bit. Wi' thet fog hidin' the hills over yonder, 't aint possybul to gie a guess az to whar we air. Ef it ud lift, I mout be able to make out some o' the land-marks. Let 's hope we may hev a cl'ar sky the morrer, an' a glimp' o' the sun to boot."

"Aye, let us hope that," rejoins the skipper, "and pray for it, as we shall."
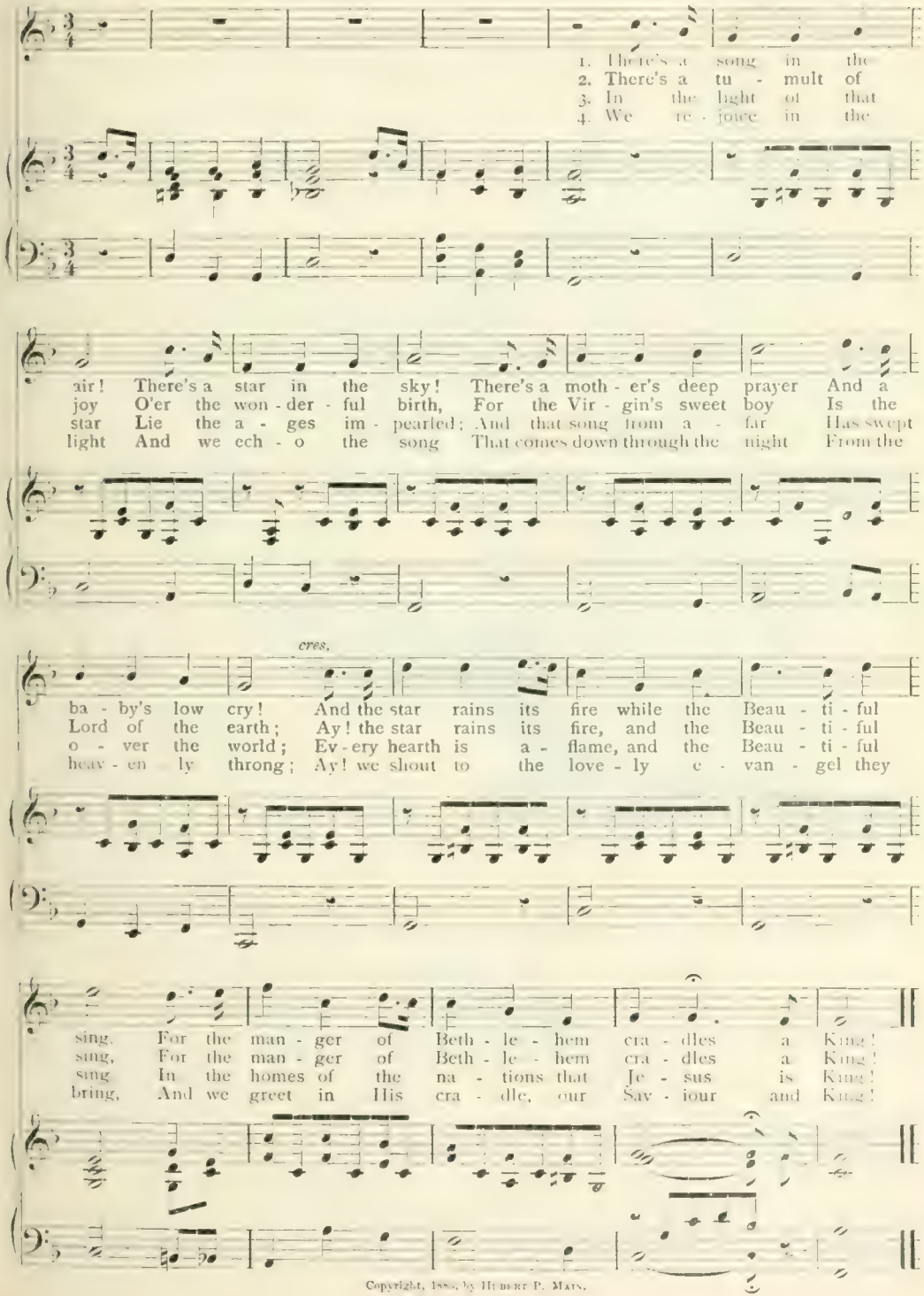
The promise is made in all seriousness, Captain Gancy being a religious man. So, on retiring to rest on their shake-down couches of tussac-grass, he summons the little party around him and offers up a prayer for their deliverance from their present danger; no doubt, the first Christian devotion ever heard ascending over that lone desert isle.

* *Otaria Falklandica.* There are several distinct species of "otary," or "fur-seal"; those of the Falkland Islands and Tierra del Fuego being different from the fur-seals of northern latitudes.

(*To be continued.*)

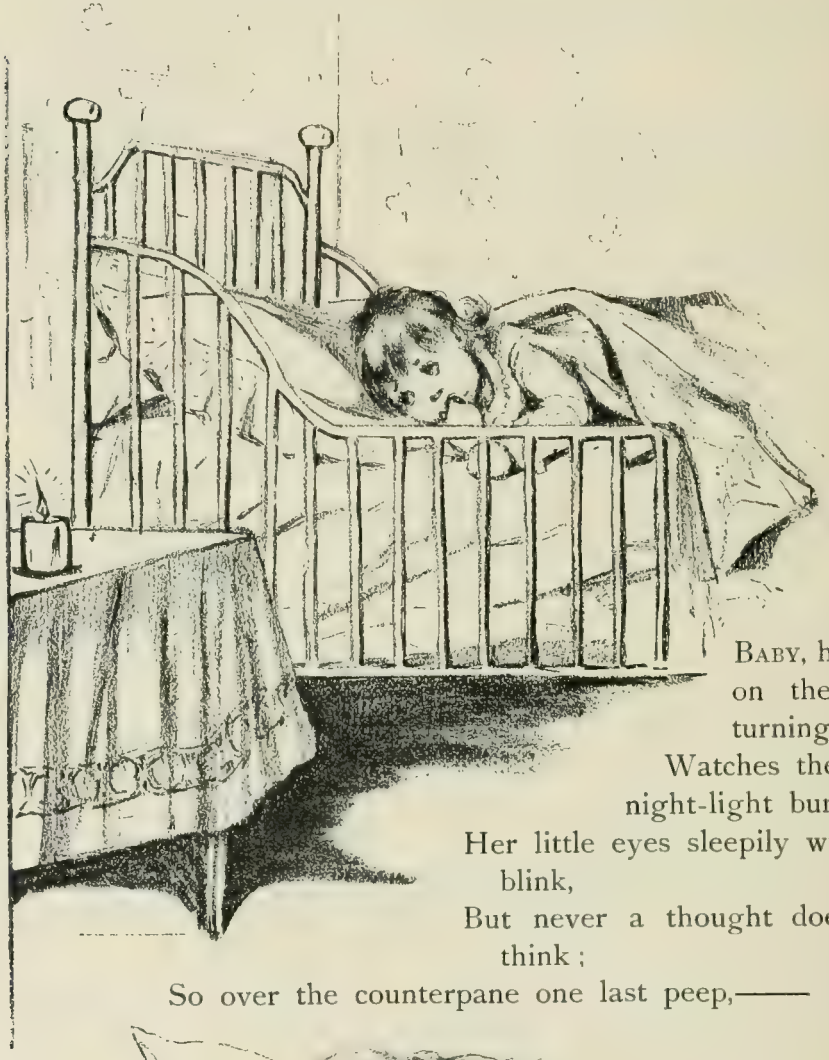
THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.

WORDS BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND. MUSIC BY HUBERT P. MAIN.



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GOING TO SLEEP.



BABY, her head on the pillow turning,
Watches the pretty night-light burning.
Her little eyes sleepily wink and blink,
But never a thought does baby think;
So over the counterpane one last peep,——



The night-light 's shown her the way to sleep!

INTRODUCTION TO "THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

By Royal and Barr Hill.

In each number of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, our young readers will find that portion of an almanac, specially prepared for their use, which belongs to the month for which it is issued. Owing to the very extended circulation of ST. NICHOLAS, it is found impossible to give columns for the time of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the length of the day, etc., etc. These should be looked for in the local almanacs, which are now calculated for nearly every large city of the United States.

The column after the days of the month and week gives the age of the moon; that is, the number of days since new moon. The next column gives the moon's place in the heavens at the hour of half-past eight every evening, whether it is visible at that hour or not. Almanacs usually refer the moon's place to the sign in which it is said to be; but as it is the object of this almanac to teach the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about the principal stars and constellations, advantage is taken of the moon's daily change of place to make use of it as an index, like the hand of a clock, to show what constellation it is situated in as nearly as can be given without explanation; and, by watching the motion of the moon throughout the year, and comparing it with this almanac, a very fair idea can be gained of the position of the constellations of the Zodiac. For two days on each side of new moon, the moon's place is not given, as the stars near it are also too near the sun to be seen.

The next column gives the time near 12 o'clock every day, when the shadows of upright objects point exactly north. If any of our readers have a noon-mark, they can regulate their time-pieces very closely, as, at the moment the shadow is on the noon-mark, the hands of a clock or watch should show the time here given.

In the next column are noted such occurrences as are interesting to those who watch the skies, the principal events being the dates when the moon and principal planets pass each other in their wanderings over the sky; for, though the stars are fixed, the planets move among them in a very curious way,—forward, backward, stopping, starting up and down, wandering about, so that the ancients called them *planetes*, or "wanderers."

One of the special features of our almanac will be found under the head of "Evening Skies for Young Astronomers," and we hope many of our young readers will avail themselves of this opportunity to learn the places of, and find for themselves, the principal constellations and brightest stars that adorn the skies.

On account of the motion of the earth around the sun, the heavens never present quite the same appearance at the same hour on two successive evenings. It varies by about four minutes each day, and thus, during the course of the year, the whole circuit of the heavens is presented to our gaze; that part which now is hidden in the glare of the sunlight will be visible in the south at midnight on the first of July, while the sun will then be among the stars which we now see at midnight on the meridian.

In each of the short articles describing the evening skies, the reader is supposed to be out-of-doors, or at some window having a southern view, and to have the exact direction of the south from the chosen position indicated by some conspicuous mark, as a steeple, chimney, cupola or, best of all, a pole set up in the required direction. A lantern placed upon the ground also forms a very good mark. By carefully noticing the direction of the shadows of upright objects, as cast by the sun at the time given in the noon-mark column, the exact direction of the south from the place of observation can be ascertained.

The time for which the descriptions of the evening skies are written is half-past eight on the evening of the 15th of each month. This date has been chosen because throughout the year the moon will never be above the horizon on the 15th day of the month at that hour of the evening. Many of the most interesting objects in the heavens can not be observed when the moon is above the horizon, especially if it be near the full. The aspect of the heavens will not vary much for several evenings before and after the 15th of the month. On the evenings immediately preceding the 15th, the stars and planets will be a little east of the positions described, and for a few evenings following the 15th a little west of them.

It is only possible, in the limits of the short space given each month for that purpose, to point out the most conspicuous of the objects in view. The four planets, VENUS, MARS, JUPITER, and SATURN, will always be pointed out when visible; the other planets being too difficult of observation, no mention will be made of them. Twenty-eight of the constellations will be pointed out during the year, nine of which belong to the Zodiac, which is the name given to that path among the stars which is pursued by the sun, moon, and planets in their circuit around the heavens. Among these twenty-eight constellations will be mentioned twenty-four bright stars, besides other stars not so bright, and minor groups of stars, in all about forty conspicuous and interesting objects, the names of which will be given, and their positions pointed out in such a way that they can be easily recognized.

In order that everything in our almanac may be perfectly intelligible to our readers, the marks and signs which are commonly used in all other almanacs are omitted in this one, except that the sign ☾ is used for the moon in the calendar. By a little observation, our young readers may easily learn the names and positions of a number of the most interesting objects in the starry skies, and be prepared to observe the heavens more minutely, if they have a taste in that direction.

It is very seldom that any year begins with so fine an exhibition in the winter skies, as, independently of the advantageous view of the fixed stars which belongs to every month of January, three of the planets are near their brightest phase, and are also situated in the richest part of the sky.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.

Through Aquarius drives the Sun, and the water spills,



But the weather is so cold, into snow it chills.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Tues.	3	Aquar.	12.4	New Year's day.
2	Wed.	4	,,	12.4	General Wolfe born, 1727.
3	Thur.	5	Pisces	12.5	
4	Fri.	6	,,	12.5	
5	Sat.	7	,,	12.6	
6	S	8	Aries	12.6	Epiphany.
7	Mon.	9	,,	12.6	
8	Tues.	10	Taurus	12.7	☾ close to Saturn.
9	Wed.	11	,,	12.7	☾ near star Aldebaran.
10	Thur.	12	Orion	12.8	
11	Fri.	13	Gemini	12.8	(12th) ☾ near Jupiter.
12	Sat.	FULL	Cancer	12.8	(13th) ☾ passes over star
13	S	15	,,	12.9	1st Sunday after E. { about 7 P. M.
14	Mon.	16	Leo	12.9	☾ near Mars.
15	Tues.	17	,,	12.10	☾ near star Regulus.
16	Wed.	18	,,	12.10	Gibbon, historian, d. 1794.
17	Thur.	19	Virgo	12.10	Benj. Franklin born, 1706.
18	Fri.	20	,,	12.11	Daniel Webster, b. 1782.
19	Sat.	21	,,	12.11	☾ near Spica.
20	S	22	Libra	12.11	2d Sunday after E.
21	Mon.	23	,,	12.11	
22	Tues.	24	Scorpio	12.12	Francis Bacon born, 1561
23	Wed.	25	Ophiuch	12.12	
24	Thur.	26	Sagitt.	12.12	
25	Fri.	27	,,	12.13	Robert Burns born, 1759.
26	Sat.	28		12.13	Dr. Jenner died, 1823.
27	S	29		12.13	3d Sunday after E.
28	Mon.	NEW		12.13	
29	Tues.	1		12.14	
30	Wed.	2		12.14	☾ near Venus after sunset.
31	Thur.	3	Pisces	12.14	Ben. Jonson born, 1574.

SPORTS FOR THE MONTH.

SNEEZY, breezy, very freezy, in comes January, wheezy.
Boys and girls, with flying feet, racing to see which can beat,
O'er the ice, which cracks so loud underneath the skating crowd.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

JANUARY 15, 8.30 P. M.—The moon does not rise till about this time, and will not interfere with our view of the most beautiful part of the starry heavens that can be seen during the year.*

VENUS is not above the horizon. MARS is in the south-east, about two hours high, and may be recognized by its red color and steady light. JUPITER is higher up, in the south-east, and is by far the most conspicuous and beautiful object in the heavens. SATURN, though not near so bright as JUPITER, shines brightly and steadily exactly in the south. SATURN is situated half way between the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and the bright, red star, Aldebaran, which are the principal marks in the constellation of *Taurus*, or *The Bull*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The two bright stars near JUPITER, but a little higher up, are the twin stars, Castor (the upper one) and Pollux (the lower one): they are the principal stars of the constellation *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, also one of the constellations of the Zodiac. If you imagine a line drawn from SATURN through Aldebaran, it will strike the star Betelguese, the brightest star in *Orion*, which is the finest of all the constellations. Another star in *Orion*, nearly as bright, but lower down, is Rigel; and between Betelguese and Rigel is a row of three bright stars, called The Sword Belt of Orion. A line drawn through the Sword Belt toward the south-east will strike Sirius, the brightest fixed star in the heavens. It is in the constellation of *Canis Major*, the *Great Dog*. Between JUPITER and Sirius is the fine star Procyon, in the constellation *Canis Minor*, the *Little Dog*. Nearly overhead is the bright star Capella, in the constellation *Auriga*, or the *Charioteer*.

Let us notice the path that the Sun, in his yearly course around the heavens, travels among the stars now in view. On the 24th of May he will almost cover the spot where you now see SATURN, and on the 22d of July he will be exactly in the place where you now see JUPITER.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

[*A Fable with many Morals.*]

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What 's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; but I never count *my* chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer time."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals; those of constellations in Italics.



"WELL!" said January, walking in one bright winter morning, with the snow clinging to his hair and beard, "here I am once more, Mother; how have you got along without me all these eleven months?"

"Oh, very well, indeed," said sweet Mother Nature, cheerily. "I 've had plenty of your brothers and sisters; but turn and turn about, it is your turn now, and I am very glad to see you. You know it is my motto to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest; so walk in, walk in, January, and sit right down on that lump of ice. I do hope you will give me plenty of snow. December was very stingy, in spite of all his promises, and my poor roots and plants are freezing down in their earthy bed. Do be good now, January, and spread a good thick coverlid over them."

"All right," said January, "I 'll go and blow up some clouds this minute."

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE old Earth lying bare and cold,
Beneath the winter sky,
Beheld the storm king marshal forth
His battle-forces high.
"Ah!" mused she, "beneath the snow
Full warmly I shall lie."

The wind unfurled his banners
And rushed into the fray,
The round moon hid her jolly face
Within a cloud of gray,
And not one single star peeped out,
To drive the gloom away.

The snow, encamped behind a cloud,
Sent flying, here and there,
Its white-winged heralds to proclaim
Its presence in the air,
Until, at last, the fairy host
Burst from its cloudy lair.

The snow-flakes rushing downward,
Each in a whirling dance,
Before the winds are driven
Like armies by the lance;
But still, upon the waiting Earth
The shining hosts advance.

The wild wind, shrieking as he goes,
Flies fiercely to and fro,
And strives, with all his mighty force,
To sweep away the snow;
But bravely still the soft flakes fall
Upon the Earth below.

All white and swift it settles down,
Though Boreas howl and storm,
Till soft as Summer's green the robe
It folds about her form;
No drapery of leaf and flower
Could make the Earth so warm.

It charges with no battle-cry;
But pure, and soft, and still,
It falls upon the waiting Earth,
Its promise to fulfill
And foils the angry, shrieking wind
By force of gentle will.

The foe has furled his banners,
And hastened from the fray;
The round moon peeps with jolly face
From out the cloud of gray,
And all the [illegible] earth
To see who gained the day.

There all the earth lay shining,
In garments pure and white;
The snow fulfilled its mission,
And, conquering in the fight,
Had warmed the old Earth to the heart,
Beneath its mantle white.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY Christmas to you, one and all, dear friends, and a right wholesome New Year! I 'd like to give you some good advice on this occasion, but the fact is I already have given you so much—Christmas after Christmas, New Year after New Year—that you surely must be fully supplied by this time.

Let us therefore all join hands,—first calling in as many new friends and followers as possible, so as to make the circle doubly large,—and then resolve to behave ourselves better than usual in future.

We really have not done this up to the present date, my beloved, but it is never too late to try.

Here 's for a fresh start.

COASTING ON BARE GROUND.

SHOULD you like to read this letter just received from a little friend in Kansas?

PARADISE RANCH, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I live on a sheep ranch in Central Kansas, and when I see the mail carrier, with his funny home-made stage, coming down the road on "ST. NICHOLAS day," as we call it, I know what is just the very best thing he has in that old stage: it 's dear old ST. NICK, with his splendid stories, and beautiful pictures that make the stories real.

Our family once lived in Massachusetts, so I know a little about coasting in the New England States; but did any one ever hear of coasting on bare ground?

I used to read in "Mother Goose" about "five children sliding on dry ground," and since I came here, where the ground is bare a good part of the winter, I find that such a thing is possible. We who came from a coasting country take our sleds out to an incline covered with buffalo grass, and by getting a good start we can ride a long way without stopping.

There used to be a great many buffaloes in this place. Papa says that he has heard settlers say that only ten years ago, in 1873, fifteen hundred buffaloes were killed on this range within the short space of two weeks. This prairie is covered with countless old buffalo wallows, which show what vast numbers of buffaloes must once have roved over it. Now we can find nothing but their bleached bones and, once in a great while, a head with the horns complete. But we still have plenty of buffalo grass, and this is what they used to feed on. It is short and curly, and does n't have to be cut to dry as other grass does, and it is used here as food for all kinds of stock. After walking a little while upon this grass, your shoes become so slippery that you can hardly stand up when running or walking fast, and this is what makes our slopes so capital for coasting.

We have some very dear pets among the sheep. Once, while the herder was eating his dinner on the range, one, named "Jim Sheep," and a pet, of course, coolly pulled the cork out of the herder's sirup bottle and ate it up—the cork, I mean.

Yours, with love, B. H. S.

A SHELL FOR YOUNG CONCHOLOGISTS TO OPEN.

DEAR JACK: Pray allow me to tell your "chicks" this true story: Certainly not less than twenty years ago, I gathered on the Cohasset beach a quantity of the common little white shells that are abundant, I suppose, on every shore. When I came home, I put them away in an old vase, and finally in an attic closet. There they were forgotten for many years; but last November, having gathered some beautiful mosses and ferns, I arranged a miniature fernery, with a soup-plate for my "wardian case" and a gigantic goblet for a cover. With the help of a warm temperature, and with daily sprinkling, my tiny fernery was soon a "thing of beauty," and a joy to me, at any rate. Then it struck me that a row of those white shells placed round the edge of the plate, outside the glass shade, would be charming; so I hunted up my long-forgotten shells, and when I had arranged them to my mind, I thought my little center-table ornament was about perfect. Well, one day, two or three weeks after, when I was about to sprinkle my mosses, as usual, I saw one of the shells *move!* I rubbed my eyes—it could not be! Yes, it certainly did move, and another and another! Goodness! What did it mean? For a minute or two I was too much frightened to do anything but stare and wonder. Presently, I ventured to look closer, and with a bit of stick to turn two or three of the shells over, when, lo and behold! in every one were three or four moving white bodies with black heads. Then I was thoroughly scared, and what do you think I did? I, who had fancied myself something of a naturalist, and who pride myself on being humane as well as scientific. What did I do but take my pet fernery, with its living occupants, into the "jungle" at the back of our house and slide it off the plate into the leafless bushes. Cruel and stupid, too, was it not? for who knows what wonderful discovery I might have made if I had only watched over and petted these little nondescripts, instead of turning them out on the frozen ground to shift for themselves. So would not Agassiz have done. Now, all I can do, dear Jack, is to ask some of your bright young hearers, who, no doubt, are posted up in conchology, what *were* these tiny creatures that the warm air and the moisture oozing from the fernery brought to life, after twenty years of dry and dark imprisonment,—fishes or insects or what?

INQUIRER.

A VERY WORDY POEM.

HERE is a verse containing some X–Z–dingly queer words. Deacon Green wrote it one day, in the hope of puzzling the dear Little School-ma'am's best scholar. And what do you think that bright little youngster did?

Why, he opened a big volume, which the School-ma'am calls her UNABRIDGED, and in less than five minutes he understood the Deacon's story perfectly. And so may you. It is called

THE ZEALLESS XYLOGRAPHER.

A Xylographer started to cross the sea
By means of a Xanthic Xebec;
But, alas, he sighed for the Zuyder Zee,
And feared he was in for a wreck.
He tried to smile, but 't was all in vain,
Because of a Zygomatic pain;
And as for singing, his cheeriest tone
Reminded him of a Xylophone—
Or else when the pain would sharper grow
His notes were as keen as a Zuffolo!
And so, it is likely, he did not find
On board, Xenodochy to his mind.
The fare was poor, and he was sure
Xerophagy he could not endure;
And the end of it was, he never again
In a Xanthic Xebec went sailing the main.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

DEAR JACK: Pray let me tell you and your flock a new Three Black Crows story, which differs from the great original story in *not* being an exaggeration. Indeed, I have been assured on good authority that it is a perfectly true incident.

A dog who was enjoying a large piece of meat was watched by three envious crows, who soon made an effort to snatch it away from him, but in vain. Then they withdrew to a neighboring tree, and apparently holding a hasty consultation, they proceeded to carry their plan of attack into execution. Two of them approached

the dog in the rear and [illegible] by his tail, which at the same instant [illegible] crows [illegible] the head. The biting [illegible] startled [illegible] young [illegible] Instantly the crows seized upon the coveted meat and flew with it to the [illegible] wall, where they made a hearty meal of it, [illegible] to [illegible] their astonished victim.

Your faithful friend, M. G. L.

THREE CENTS FOR A LIFE.

[illegible], N. Y., [illegible], 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: How to make a long story short, I will [illegible] my brother Henry had a [illegible] trap for catching mice, and he had Ella and [illegible] Henry, and [illegible] trap among Henry's Christmas presents, and that very night Henry set it in the [illegible] Early [illegible] up [illegible] to "come and see." Well, we put on our clothes in a hurry and [illegible] word, because she held her fingers to her lips. When we reached the back kitchen, what *do* you think we saw? Why, Henry's trap, with three fine mice in it, safe and sound, but dreadfully frightened, and Ella's puss watching them with glaring eyes. She was too mad to move. You never saw a cat so dumbfounded. Well, Ella and I didn't know what to do. We knew the mice really belonged to Henry — but we knew, too, that the cat would seize them the moment [illegible] opened the trap. Boys are [illegible] headed! Any way, the mice would be killed in some way, and it did seem too bad that they should suffer any more after their trouble and fright. So what did I do but run up and wake Henry, and ask him what he would take for the first three mice he caught in his trap.

"Three cents apiece," says he, quick as a flash.

"Done!" says I, and off I ran.

Ellen and Cook held the cat; I carried the trap all the way to the cellar, where I let the poor little creatures out close by a hole in the wall. My, how they scampered! They were out of sight in a twinkling. I was so glad. By that time Henry was up, but he was too late. I handed him his nine cents. You see, three cents a life was cheap, though it was a good deal of money for me. BERTHA G.

A SAD PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

Now, how can a pair of stockings be sad?

The only answer I can give is to tell you this true story that came one breezy day to my pulpit:

Some months ago, Queen Margherita, of Italy, asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave the child money with which to buy the material. The queen forgot the circumstance till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of well-knit stockings and the maker's best wishes. Next [illegible], Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of silver coin and the other of bonbons. They were accompanied by a little note, "[illegible]." This reply reached the [illegible] "Dearest Queen: Even the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money, and my brother took the one with the bonbons."

A ROYAL DETECTIVE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE PULPIT: Here is a little story, which I clip, for your young folk, from *Our Venture*, an admirable amateur magazine published in Scotland. Yours faithfully,

SILAS GREEN.

Prince Peter of Oldenburg is chief of the Imperial colleges for girls, and exercises the duties of the office with diligence. Lately he decided to investigate, himself, whether there were any grounds for the [illegible] which had reached him of the food at the Smolnig Convent, where about eight hundred girls are educated. Going to the institute just before the dinner-hour, this chief of the Imperial colleges walked straight to the kitchen. At its door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming caldron. "Halt!" he cried out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the Prince. The spoon was produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue!" cried the Prince; "take off the lid; I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup?" he exclaimed; "why, it is dirty water!" "*It is*, your Highness," replied the soldier; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."



THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

THE dear Little School-ma'am requests me to call your special attention to a paper in ST. NICHOLAS for last month, entitled "The Children's Christmas Club." This is a sort of seed-story, I 'm told, which, if properly attended to, will bloom and bear fine fruit for the next Christmas holidays — and many a New Year after.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The children in our neighborhood had a concert for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital this summer, and the principal piece in it was "The Land of Nod," published in ST. NICHOLAS of 1880. The concert was under the management of Carrie Weaver and myself, two girls of sixteen. We played it at Carrie's home, her father being so kind as to make a stage for us. We made nearly thirty dollars. Every one who heard the play thinks it is lovely. The oldest one in it was thirteen years old; the youngest, four. A little girl played the accompaniments. As we realized so much, I thought you would like to hear of our success.

Your constant reader,

JULIA MORRISON.

The above is only one out of many letters informing us of the successful performance of Mr. Brooks's capital operetta; and we are sure that we shall hear as favorable accounts from the same author's Christmas play, in our last number, entitled, "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls." Mr. Brooks has written a whole series of similar plays, which, under the general title of "Comedies for Children," will appear in future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can tell a funnier tale about birds'-nests. Our servant hung out some clothes to air one day, and a little wren began to build a nest in one leg of a pair of trousers.

Your constant reader, REGINALD.

Locust Grove, Kent Co., Md.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please print this letter for me; I am seven years old, and when my ST. NICHOLAS comes, Mamma reads it to me, and helps me guess the puzzles. We live in the country, but my sister Flora got sick, and Mamma took her here, and took me, too. Flora says I must not write on the other side of this paper, so I wont. In the country I have a sweet little pony named Slipper; I go out riding every evening. Flora says I have written too much, so I'll stop. Your loving friend, JENNIE C.

TARRYTOWN, October 31st, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the "Letter-box" I saw that a lady wanted to know how to train her dog. I do not think that there is any particular way to do it. We have a pug, and he knows quite a good many tricks — at least, I think so. He can sit up on his haunches, give his paw, sneeze when he wants you to take a walk, walk on his hind-legs for his dinner, sit up with a cake on his nose till you count five, when he will eat it; and then if you put a cake on the floor and say, "Cost money," he will not touch it till you say, "Paid for." He takes the letters from the postman, and plays hide the handkerchief. But this is not telling how to teach other dogs to do these things. When I taught him to "cost money," I slapped his head when he went to eat the cake; then he tried to paw it, but I hit his paw, and he was wise enough not to try it again. He taught himself to play hide the handkerchief — that is, when we were playing, as he was running around he found it; he seemed to be pleased, so after that we played with him. This is such a long letter that I am afraid you will not publish it; but I hope you will. I have taken you for a long time. Your loving friend,

SUSIE E. M

BOSTON, September 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw, in a recent Jack-in-the-Pulpit, an inquiry as to how rubber balls were made hollow. I think they are made in two pieces, which are afterward fitted together. My brother had a rubber ball, and it came apart in two pieces.

I would like to ask you a question, to be answered through the Letter-box. What is the difference between gutta-percha and India-rubber? It is not a conundrum.

I like you very much. I have you from the beginning bound in the covers you have for that purpose. I think "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill" is very nice indeed. I liked "Phaeton Rogers" very much.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written you. Yours truly, C. HERBERT SWAN, JR.

OAKLAND, CAL., August 29, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over a year, and love you a great deal. I think the way rubber balls are made is by blowing them the way you do glass things. I can't think of anything else to say, so will bid you good-bye. Your little friend,

KARL SEVINSON.

MY little brother has been hearing of the way in which glass is manufactured and blown, and thought, all of himself, that rubber balls were made in that way, so dictated the above note, thinking that it *might* be the right answer. Yours, ESTHER SEVINSON.

Which of the theories about the rubber ball is correct, young friends? One of the letters, you 'll notice, comes from the Atlantic coast and the other from the Pacific — so, rubber balls must be familiar affairs at both ends of the continent. — Who can answer the question as to the difference between India-rubber and gutta-percha?

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin who lives in New York sends the ST. NICHOLAS to my sister and me every month. We enjoy reading it ever so much. A friend of mine made a match house from the description given in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and it was a perfect success. We have a sewing society of eighteen girls, and when we sold the things we had made, among others we sold the match house, for which we received forty cents. I will be fifteen very soon. Ever your friend, NELLIE H. P.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — THIRTY-THIRD REPORT.

WE were sorry that our report was necessarily deferred last month, but we are partially consoled by the very large number of bright and encouraging letters which have reached us during the past four weeks. The most satisfactory evidence of the real vigor of the A. A. is the fresh zeal with which our Chapters return to their work after the long summer vacation.

Their unanimous voice is, "We are more interested than ever." "We have returned to our work with renewed enthusiasm." "We have not forgotten the A. A. during our vacation journeyings, but have brought back from sea-side or mountain-top many beautiful specimens for our cabinet, which shall serve also as pleasant reminders of the happy hours spent in searching for them."

Such expressions prove that our interest in Nature is not a passing fancy, but a permanent attachment; the reason being that the field for our observation is without limit, and the more we learn, the more we see, beyond, that we wish to know.

The subject for the entomological essays this month is INSECTS IN GENERAL. The papers should be planned somewhat as follows: —

1. Define insects, as a class, as fully and accurately as possible.
2. Describe any typical insect fully.
3. Give the sub-divisions of the class Insecta, with a definition and example of each.
4. Uses of insects: { a. Scavengers. b. Food producers. c. Spinners. Etc., etc.
5. Insects as emblems or types.

Of course, it is not necessary that this scheme be rigidly followed, or even adopted at all. But it may prove useful in showing how to go to work to outline a paper that shall have some logical connection of thought.

This is the last exercise of the course; and as soon as possible after the papers have been sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker (as explained in July ST. NICHOLAS), the diplomas will be awarded, and the successful students named here.

The following scheme closes our course in botanical observation. It might be continued through *Trichomes*, or the minute hairs that beset plants; but perhaps that would be too difficult at present. For full explanation of the work to be done this month, we refer

again to St. Nicholas for July, where Prof. Jones's plan is finally set forth.

Even those who have not followed this course during the past six months, will find Prof. Jones's schedule of great value as a guide to practical botanical study next summer.

d. *Fruit.*
- Number,
- Shapes (see leaves, etc.),
- Open (pines, etc.),
- Closed,
- Simple,
- Compound,
- Parts,
  - Appendages,
  - shapes (see leaves and stems),
  - lobes,
  - number,
  - number,
  - appendages,
  - brushes (compositæ, etc.),
  - etc.,
  - structure,
- stalks,
  - lengths,
  - shapes (see leaves and stems),
  - appendages,
  - etc.,
  - structure,
- ovary (see fruit also),
  - one-celled,
  - parietal,
  - placental,
  - number,
  - central placental,
  - two or more celled,
  - ovules (see seeds also),
  - position in pod,
  - erect,
  - ascending,
  - horizontal,
  - pendulous,
  - suspended,
  - position on stalk,
  - straight,
  - curved,
  - half-inverted,
  - inverted,
  - stalked,
  - sessile,
  - parts,
  - orifice,
  - hilum,
  - chalaza,
  - coats,
  - outer,
  - wings,
  - coma,
  - aril,
  - etc.,
  - inner,
  - kernel,
  - albumen,
  - embryo,
  - straight,
  - curved,
  - accumbent,
  - incumbent,
  - conduplicate,
  - circinate,
  - etc.,
  - parts,
  - radicle,
  - cotyledons,
  - number,
  - shapes,
  - plumule,
- seeds (mature ovules),
  - shapes,
  - appendages (see pollen),
  - uses,
- fruits (mature pistils),
- dry fruits,
  - indehiscent (never opening),
  - akenes,
  - utricles,
  - pyxis,
  - grains,
  - nuts,
  - samaras,
  - dehiscent (opening to release the seeds),
  - follicles,
  - legumes,
  - loments,
  - true capsules,
  - loculicidal,
  - septicidal,
  - septifragal,
- stone fruits,
  - shapes,
  - parts,
  - outer coat (dry or fleshy),
  - inner coat,
  - kernel,
- fleshy fruits,
  - berry,
  - gourd,
  - apple,
  - multiple,
  - shapes,
- strobiles (cones),
- uses

e. *Receptacle.*
- Shapes,
  - conical (compositæ, etc.),
  - urn-shaped (roses, etc.),
  - etc. (see leaves),
  - disk like,
  - dry,
  - fleshy.

It is proper to note in passing that, by an error, Prof. Jones's name was given incorrectly in a recent report. His address is—Marcus E. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Our thanks are due to the gentlemen whose kind offers of assistance follow.

It will give me much pleasure to assist your A. A. Society, so far as I am able, in matters pertaining to American *coleoptera*.

Very truly yours,
FRED. C. BOWDITCH, Tappa st., Brookline, Mass.

51 DOUGLASS STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I shall be glad to assist your A. A. with the *macrolepidoptera*. I hope that the members will freely tax my knowledge of this branch of entomology with questions and determinations.

Sincerely yours, A. W. PUTMAN-CRAMER.

Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,
S. W. Cor. of Nineteenth and Race streets,
PHILADELPHIA, August 14, 1883.

To HARLAN H. BALLARD, Esq., Agassiz Association, Lenox, Mass.

Dear Sir: I beg leave to state that, if agreeable to you, I would be most happy to aid in answering any questions, that can be answered, upon ethnology. Communications addressed to me, care of Ethnological Department, Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia will receive prompt attention.

Yours truly, H. T. CRESSON.

The new chapters, formed since our latest report, follow:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name	No. of Members	Address
522	Sharon, Conn., (A)	7	Miss Caroline S. Roberts.
523	Chicago, Ill., (O)	4	A. L. Baxter, 334 Monroe st.
524	Milwaukee, Wis., (A)	6	A. S. Taylor, 135 Martin st.
525	Monmouth, Ill., (A)	4	D. F. Watt.
526	Lawrence, Kas., (B)	5	Harry Lippincott.
527	San Francisco, Cal., (G)	6	Norman Sinclair, 1633 Tyler st.
528	Huntingburg, Ind., (A)	4	H. C. Rothert.
529	Buffalo, N. Y., (H)	7	Miss Margarett Evans, 44 No. Pearl.
530	St. Johnland, N. Y., (A)	7	Wm. H. White.
531	Chicago, Ill., (P)	6	Harry Hirsch, 211 Mich ave.
532	Sewickley, Pa., (A)	7	M. A. Christy.
533	Troy, N. Y., (A)	5	Robert M. Olcott, Jr., 52 4th.
534	London, Eng., (C)	..	Montague Cumming, 82 Tavistock square.
535	Chapel Hill, N. C., (A)	5	Miss Clara J. Martin.
536	St. Johnsbury, Vt., (A)	5	I. J. Romer, box 821.
537	Mansfield, O., (A)	11	E. Wilkinson, Jr.
538	Evanston, Ill., (A)	4	Mrs. Morton Hull.
539	W. Phila., Pa., (P)	10	C. M. Test, 4 Hamilton.
540	Oskaloosa, Iowa, (B)	18	O. D. McMains, box 682.
541	Chicago, Ill., (Q)	4	Oren E. Taft, 3014 Mich ave.
542	Faribault, Minn., (A)	10	St. Mary's Hall.
543	Washington, N. J., (A)	5	Dr. W. M. Bairdlock, box 6.
544	Oxford, Miss., (A)	6	Ch. Woodward Hutson, University of Miss.
545	Fall River, Mass., (A)	8	O. K. Hawes.
546	Palo, Iowa, (A)	1	Miss Mella Earnhill.
547	Shellsburg, Iowa, (A)	25	Ollie M. Thompson.

EXCHANGES.

Minerals for Indian relics. Write first.—W. G. Merritt, Battle Creek, Mich.

Maple and other leaves, pressed and oiled leaves.—L. A. Nicholson, Vancouver, W. T.

Silkworm cocoons (*Samia cynthia*), for pressed plants.—J. McLeod, 147 W. 42d st., New York, N. Y.

Fine minerals.—E. Y. Gibson, 123 W. Washington ave., Jackson, Mich.

Attacus cecropia, for other moths, or butterflies.—Miss McFarland, 1727 F. st. Washington, D. C.

Michigan copper ore, for nearly pure mica.—E. R. Heitshu, Lancaster, Pa.

Cotton balls and leaves. Write first.—Ennie Stone, Columbia, S. C.

Eggs, blown through one hole, and bird skins.—Grafton Parker, 2238 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Perfect pentremites, for 4-oz. specimens of stilbite, wavellite, lepidolite, or ores of zinc, tin, or mercury.—F. W. Wentworth, 153 25th st., Chicago, Ill.

A collection of twelve different kinds of eggs, a sand-dollar, sea-urchin, and star-fish, for a perfect trilobite, not less than three inches long. Also, petrified shark's teeth. Write first.—R. W. Wood, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Correspondence with a view to exchange.—A. S. Taylor, 153 Martin st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Skins of black-capped titmice and other birds, for insects. Insects in papers preferred.—W. B. Olney, East Providence, R. I.

Pampas grass plumes and sea mosses for minerals and shells. Write first.—Edith Drennan, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Book on insects and cocoons of Illinois. Write first.—Ch. B. Coxe, box 78, Rogers Park, Ill.

Four-leaved clovers.—L. L. Lewis, box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Gold and silver ore, etc., for insects.—Frank Burrill, Lisbon, Maine.

Sand-dollars, sea-urchins, and star-fish, for rare moths or beetles.—Belle Walker, 81 School st., Concord, N. H.

Minerals and eggs.—W. K. Trimble, Princeton, Ill.

Star-fish and crystals. Write first.—Ch. Ennis, Lyons, N. Y.

Petrified palm-wood, for eggs or insects.—W. D. Burnham, 697 Curtis st., Denver, Col.

N. B.—What can we feed silkworms on? There are no mulberry leaves here. [SECRETARY AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.]

General exchanges.—Kitty C. Roberts, sec., Blackwater, Florida.

I will send good specimens of concretions of pyrites in argillite to any Chapter sending ten cents to pay postage. I will send my exchange list of invertebrate fossils to any one who will send me his.—W. R. Lighton, sec. Chapter 15.

Minerals and flowers.— Annie Darling, 47 Concord sq., Boston, Mass.

Eggs, moths, and butterflies. — Warren Adams, 307 N. 3d st., Camden, N. J.

Horned nuts from China, for a "sea-horse." — A Lawson Baxter, sec. 523, 334 W. Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.

Canal coal, iron ore, and canary eggs, for eggs.—John C. Clapp, Jr., 729 E. 4th, So. Boston, Mass.

Labeled minerals, for labeled fossils; crinoids, for zinc, tin, and iron ore.— L. P. Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Rare lepidoptera, for Luna and Io cocoons, H. Eurytris, Lycæna Epinanthe, P. Ajax, Cynthia Lavinia, etc. Send for list of duplicates. Folded specimens preferred.— Edwin H. Pierce, 16 Seminary st., Auburn, N. Y.

Reports from Chapters.

15. *Ottumwa, Iowa.*—We have been very busy since my last report. By an entertainment which we gave, we cleared $32.05, and we are going to get a room at once. Most of the furnishings have been promised to us already. Dr. C. N. Ball, Eldon, Iowa, offers his services to the A. A. as an expert mineralogist and chemist. — Will. R. Lighton.

441. *Valparaiso, Chili.*—You asked me to give you some account of South American life. The Chilenos carry their milk about in tins on horses. They carry their potatoes and other vegetables in skins tied on horses, and in selling them, they measure by deka litres. They sell grapes by the bunch, and peaches, apples, etc., by the dozen. The common people wear a large shawl, called a "manto," instead of a hat. On feast days, they dance several fancy dances. The *huasas*, or country men, go about on horseback. Their saddles are made of sheep-skins; and if overtaken by night, they unstrap them, and make themselves comfortable beds. Here in Valparaiso are seven English schools and some lyceums. We have a cabinet. A gentleman very generously gave us $10. A microscope has been ordered. Hoping the A. A. will prosper.—W. Sabina, Sec.

109. *Washington, D. C.*—We have had several field meetings. One at Mt. Vernon, where we found Indian strawberry (*Fragaria Vesca*), which is rare here.— Robert P. Bigelow, 1501 18th, N.W.

499. *Princeton, Ill.*, Oct. 15, 1883.— Our Chapter, which numbered six in July, has now fifteen members. We hold meetings every week. The attendance is always good, and the reports full of interest. I wish the A. A. reports were longer.—Harry Bailey.

[*They are!*]

257. *Plantsville, Conn., B.*, Oct. 15, 1883.— During the summer quite a number of coleoptera have been collected — some quite rare. Last summer we collected many cocoons, and kept them carefully through the winter. This summer several fine moths hatched from them. One of our members has brought from Switzerland a very pretty collection of Alpine flowers. The latest meetings promise well for the work during the fall and winter.— L. J. Smith.

87. *N. Y., B.*—The fall has brought new enthusiasm to us. More interest is now felt than ever. One of our members has just returned from a tour in Europe. We are attempting to combine the Chapters of this city on the same plan as the Buffalo Chapters.— Geo. Aery, Jr., 257 Madison Ave.

[*The plan is excellent, and ought to succeed.*]

339. *Salt Lake, A.*— Two new members. The interest in our meetings is steadily growing. We have notes on subjects relating to Natural Science, and learn a great deal in studying for them. Then, we have started something in the way of original investigation. Each selects one object, and examines it carefully, finds out all he can about it, and then tells us what he has discovered. We are now preparing microscopic slides of all things of interest which we have. For instance, of the pubescence of plants, the hairs of quadrupeds, the feathers of birds, and the different parts of the bodies of insects. Our zoölogist has a stuffed specimen of the yellow-bellied marmot, which he killed at the height of about 10,000 feet near Alta. Our ornithologist had an owl in confinement for some time, studying its habits. Please ask the other Chapters whether an owl has the power of moving its eyes in their sockets or not.

[*We will, with pleasure. Has an owl the power of moving its eyes in their sockets?*]

We are going to spend next summer in taking mountain trips and collecting specimens.— Fred. E. Leonard.

353. *Phila., Pa., K.*—Our Chapter is still progressing. Two new members. We have put up some shelves in our room, and have some minerals and birds' eggs. We have added several new books to our library, and have a scrap-book nearly full of newspaper clippings. We have visited the Academy of Sciences.— W. M. Yeomans, 1959 N. 13th.

448. *Washington, D. C., G.*—We have lately been busy with the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, and are now quite familiar with the history of a very "happy thought." Chapter 448 is disposed to be enthusiastic. Its members have, with one exception, all been present at every meeting. The absentee was on a trip to California. We have a cabinet, an herbarium, and many miscellaneous specimens. Our members are about twelve years old, on an average. We have two new members. Over our cabinet hangs a stalk of shepherd's crook grass (?) from Kansas, eight feet in length.— Isabelle F. MacFarland.

[*Will some one tell us more about this shepherd's crook grass?*]

509. *Macomb, Ill., A.*— Progressing nicely. We meet at each other's houses every Friday afternoon after school. Almost all of us have been collecting insects during the summer. We have a paper read every two weeks, to which we contribute original articles on anything pertaining to Natural History. The Chapter is divided into two parts, and each part edits the paper alternately. We cannot understand how other Chapters have nice club-rooms and cabinets and microscopes, etc. Where do they get their money? We like the A. A. *very much*.— Nellie H. Tunnicliff.

[*The next letter may show where the money comes from!*]

395. *Montreal, Canada, A.*— H. H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass., U. S. — *Dear Sir:* I intended to write you before this; but as the press of business has been so great, I could not get time. Since writing you last, seven very pleasant meetings have been held, at which sixteen new members joined, making a total of twenty-eight regular members. We also elected seven honorary members, including Messrs. F. B. Caulfield, taxidermist; J. M. M. Duff; Wm. Couper, editor *Canadian Sportsman* and Naturalist; Rev. Canon Norman, M. A., D. C. L.; Rev. Canon Ellegood, M. A.; Rev. Jas. McCaul, and Dr. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., F. G. S., C. M. G., Principal McGill University. We have purchased a cabinet, and have already filled it so full that we had to order another one about twice as large. You can imagine the size of the collection we have, when I tell you the cabinet we have now is six feet high and three feet wide, and then it does not hold half the collection. We held a lecture a few weeks ago in aid of the society. It was a grand success, as we paid for the cabinet, purchased a number of valuable specimens for the museum, and had $7 as a balance on hand. We are going to open a room for the society about the 1st of May, which will be used as a museum and reading-room.—W. D. Shaw. Address: 34 St. Peter st., Montreal, Can.

313. *Chicago, H.*—We have been going on over a year; and although our numbers are small, we take quite an interest in our work. We hope to have a nice cabinet in a short time. We gave an entertainment, and it could not have gone off better. Each member had his piece perfectly. Here is the programme: 1. Piano solo. 2. Opening address. 3. Essay — Life of Agassiz. 4. Debate — Resolved, That the study of minerals is more useful than the study of plants. 5. Recitation. 6. Essay — Wood and its uses. 7. Speech. Part 2.—1. Music. 2. Song. 3. Debate — Resolved, That generalists accomplish more than specialists in the study of Nature. 4. Poem, by Longfellow, on Agassiz's birthday. 5. Essay — Benefits derived from the study of Nature. 6 Recitation. 7. Recitation. 8. Humorous reading. 9. Music. 10. Refreshments — Ice cream (*animal and vegetable and mineral*). Cake (*vegetable and animal*). Strawberries (*vegetable*). Lemonade (*mineral and vegetable*).— O. J. Stein.

2214. Corresponding member.— My interest in the A. A. has never flagged. My older sister and one younger are alike interested in every branch. Our specialty is insects. We have many from foreign countries, and all found in this vicinity. We have over three hundred cocoons and chrysalids now, that will come out during the next six months. We have five hundred sea-shells, two hundred minerals, one hundred and ten kinds of woods, sea-mosses, lichens, pressed flowers and ferns, and about seventy-five birds' eggs. We try to learn about insects first, but learn what we can, from time to time, of the other things. We have Harris, all of Dr. Packard's books, "Insect Lives," and "English Butterflies"; and we take the *Papilio*, by Edwards. My sister often writes to him for information when we cannot find a name; also to Professor Riley, of Washington, D. C., and to Dr. Scudder of Cambridge. We have Grote's Check List and one of the Lepidoptera of U. A.—Will. C. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass., box 3.

157. *Detroit, Mich., C.*— One new member. We are planning a large cabinet for our united collections.— A. T. Worthington.

352. *Amherst, Mass.*— With the exception of two, who have left town, our working members remain with us. We have many plants to exchange. Our boys find nothing so interesting as entomology. We had one place for meeting last year, but now go about to the homes of the members, and find that what was begun as a necessity proves pleasanter than the old way.— Edith M. Field.

391. *Meredith, N. H.*— Our Chapter has been doing finely all summer. Our labor has been confined chiefly to the collection of plants, of which we have about one hundred and fifty. We are all farmers' children, some of us at school, some teaching, or working at trades, so we do not have so much time as we wish, but we shall do our best.— C. F. Robinson.

258. *Reading, Pa., A.*—We have a total of twenty-four active and interested members. All of us have the silver engraved badges, and are quite proud of them. We have studied coral, lichens, pond-lilies, moss, diamonds, cotton, flax, spiders, and birds. Our routine was on one occasion varied by a general discussion on the sparrow question. We have had some correspondence with 133, and earnestly desire to communicate with other Chapters.— Miss Helen B. Baer, and G. F. Baer, Esq., Sec.

409. *Sag Harbor, N. Y.*— Our Chapter is getting on very well, and now numbers twenty-seven regular and seven honorary members. Our collection of specimens has increased largely. At our weekly meetings, the president gives out two questions to each member, to be answered at next meeting.— Cornelius R. Sleight.

374. *Brooklyn, E.*—We have given a parlor concert. C. K. Lin-

[illegible] to us. At the same time we had a [illegible] invited our friends to inspect them. We have now money enough to [illegible]

[illegible] My sister and I take [illegible] interest. I wish I was [illegible] — Mrs. M. L. [illegible]

472. *Hazleton, Pa., A.*—We are making individual collections. We [illegible] — Anna A. M. Nair.

[illegible] The secretary's address is changed to W. A. Buckingham, Box 422.

NOTES.

[illegible] Icebergs are formed from glaciers. These often extend from the sea for miles into the interior, and have an exceedingly slow motion down into the water. When the end of the glacier [illegible] the water is so much that the strain causes [illegible] the ice, vast portions break off from the glacier, and rising through the water, float off as icebergs. [See Question 7, in Report 23.] — E. B. Stockton.

[illegible] I have seen a five-rayed star-[illegible] that respects exactly like the ordinary five-rayed ones. — A.

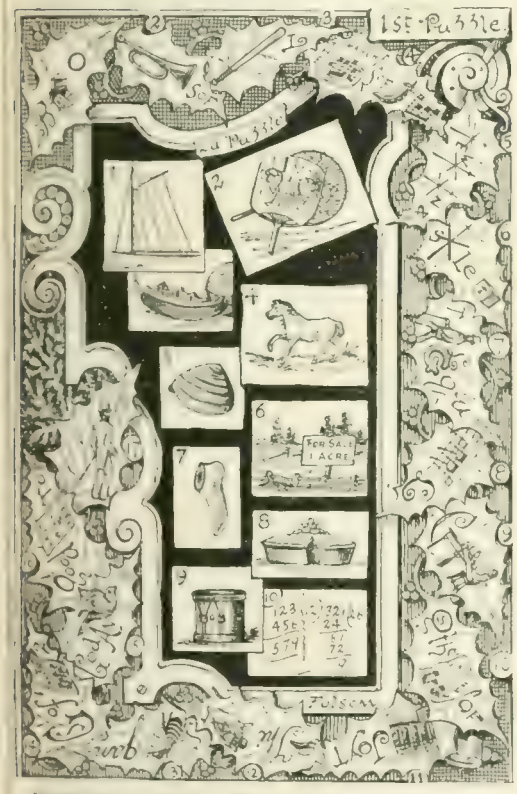
59. *Bluets.* — I have found bluets (*Houstonia Cerulia*) with three, four, five, and six petals. — H.

Other interesting notes must go over until February, and we close our report by wishing all the members and friends of the Agassiz Association a very Happy New Year.

Address all communications to the President,
HARLAN H. BALLARD,
PRINCIPAL OF LENOX ACADEMY,
LENOX, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TWO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.



FIRST PUZZLE. — Rebus. Read, as a rebus, the pictures on the holly-leaves, beginning with the one in the upper left-hand corner. The result will be a verse from one of J. G. Whittier's poems.

SECOND PUZZLE. — Illustrated Zigzag. Each of the ten small illustrations may be described by a word of four letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a name familiar at this season. G. S.

PI.

LICHL EAS DAN NIRTWY SNIWD! YM REA
SHA WRONG ARIMLAFI TWIH ROYU NOGS;
I ERHA TI TI EHT TAGEN OP AREY,
I SELMT, DAN TI SHERCE EM GOLN.

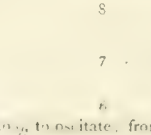
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-eight letters, and am part of a poem by John Ruskin.

My [illegible] 21-10-24 is to observe attentively. My 54-22-47-14-5 is dexterous. My 34-78-47-1-[illegible]-23 is a small cable. My 2[illegible] is one hundred. My 67-45-17-27-74-9-50-25-58 is to institute. My 63-36-4-70 is a dish that has been cooked by boiling slowly. My 52-30-71 is an adjective often used in connection with the foregoing dish. My 19-[illegible] is a place of public contest. My [illegible]-5[illegible]-40 is to move to and fro. My 18-66-13-57 is a girl's name. My [illegible]-15-44 is a covering for the head. My 4[illegible]-24-[illegible] is a fiend. My 67-53-42-59-27 is to weave so as to produce the appearance of diagonal lines. My 58-46-1-73 is external aspect. My 41-[illegible]-77-[illegible]-43 is inscribed. My 72-[illegible] is a small elevation of land.

"PARTHENIA."

RIMLESS WHEEL.



From 1 to 9, to ossify; from 2 to 9, a preposition; from 3 to 9, a sort of fine linen; from 4 to 9, black; from 5 to 9, an aquatic fowl; from 6 to 9, a metal; from 7 to 9, an ecclesiastical dignitary; from 8 to 9, level.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the old name for a time of merry-making. DYCIE.

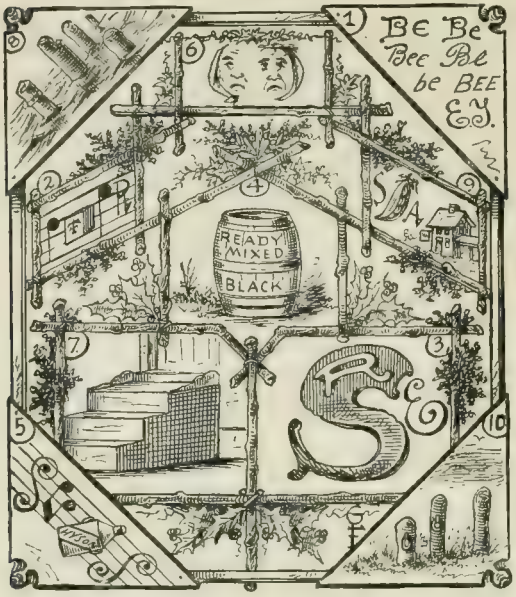
GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, name an inland country of Asia.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport town of England. 2. The most south-western county of Connecticut. 3. A name by which a city of Belgium, capital of the province of West Flanders, is sometimes called. 4. A seaport city of Brazil. 5. The city of France in which Henry IV. was born. 6. In Atlantic. 7. The abbreviation of one of the United States. 8. A city of Hungary located on the Danube. 9. The capital of New Mexico. 10. An island in the Atlantic Ocean belonging to Great Britain. 11. A small town in Bradford County, Pennsylvania.

[illegible]ASSIN.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.



EACH of the ten pictures may be described by a word of five letters, or else is a five-letter word made into a rebus. When these ten words have been rightly guessed, syncopate the central letter of the first word, and it will leave a garden vegetable; the second, a fleet animal; the third, an ascent; the fourth, to gasp; the fifth, places; the sixth, units; the seventh, a pause; the eighth, pastry, the ninth, to revolve; the tenth, kitchen utensils. The syncopated letters will spell a well-known name. A. G.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

THE first letters of the beheaded words, read in the order here given, will spell the name of an American poet.

Cross-words: 1. Behead sluggish, and leave depressed. 2. Behead a small opening, and leave unrefined metal. 3. Behead to oscillate, and leave a side-building. 4. Behead a kind of turf, and leave to consume. 5. Behead round, and leave a small mass of no definite shape. 6. Behead a very hard mineral, and leave raveled linen. H. POWELL.

CHARADE.

How short my *first*, when pleasure has full sway;
How long, when pain and sickness fill the day.
How oft my *second* fills my *first* with glee,
Though on the morrow sad the reckoning be.
My *whole* will tell you when my *first* is past,
Useful no more till you reverse my *last*.

R. H. W.

MAGIC SQUARE.



9–8–5–4–3–6–4–7–4–4–9–8–6–2–4–1.

PLACE these sixteen figures in the sixteen vacant squares of the diagram in such a manner that the sum of twenty-one may be obtained by combining four of the figures in fourteen different ways, namely:

The figures in each of the four lines reading across to amount to twenty-one:

The figures in each of the four lines reading up and down to amount to twenty-one.

The four corner figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) above and (2) below the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) right and (2) left of the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner to amount to twenty-one. WILLIAM ROBERT H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

TWO PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING. I. "Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast."—Comedy of Errors, Act iii., Sc. 1. II. Primals, Suez; finals, Erie. Cross-words: 1. ScribE. 2. UlterioR. 3. EnnuI. 4. ZouavE. Rebus: The Suez Canal opened November seventeenth, 1868. Erie Canal finished November second, 1825.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Hoop. 2. Wood. 3. Fool. 4. Loot. 5. Room. 6. Poor. 7. Tool. 8. Doom. 9. Foot. 10. Noon. 11. Rook.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. For. 3. Corea. 4. Forceps 5. Porcelain 6. Reëlect. 7 Apace. 8. Sit 9 N.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1. Liliputian. 2. Omnipotent. 3. Promiscuous. 4. Tempestuous. 5. Lexicographer. 6. Constellation

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. C-a-pit-a-l 2. D-is-put-in-g. 3. G-at-her-in-g. 4. P-art-is-an-s. 5. B-ob-a-part-e.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Michigan; from right to left, Superior. Cross-words: 1. Miracles. 2. Dialogue. 3. Decrepit. 4. Hitherto. 5. Usurious. 6. Triangle. 7. Conjugal. 8 Rogation.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. Cross-words: 1. Deleted. 2. Elided 3. Linen. 4. Eden 5. Ten. 6. Ed. 7. D. Included Diamond: 1 L. 2. Lid. 3. Linen. 4. Den. 5. N.

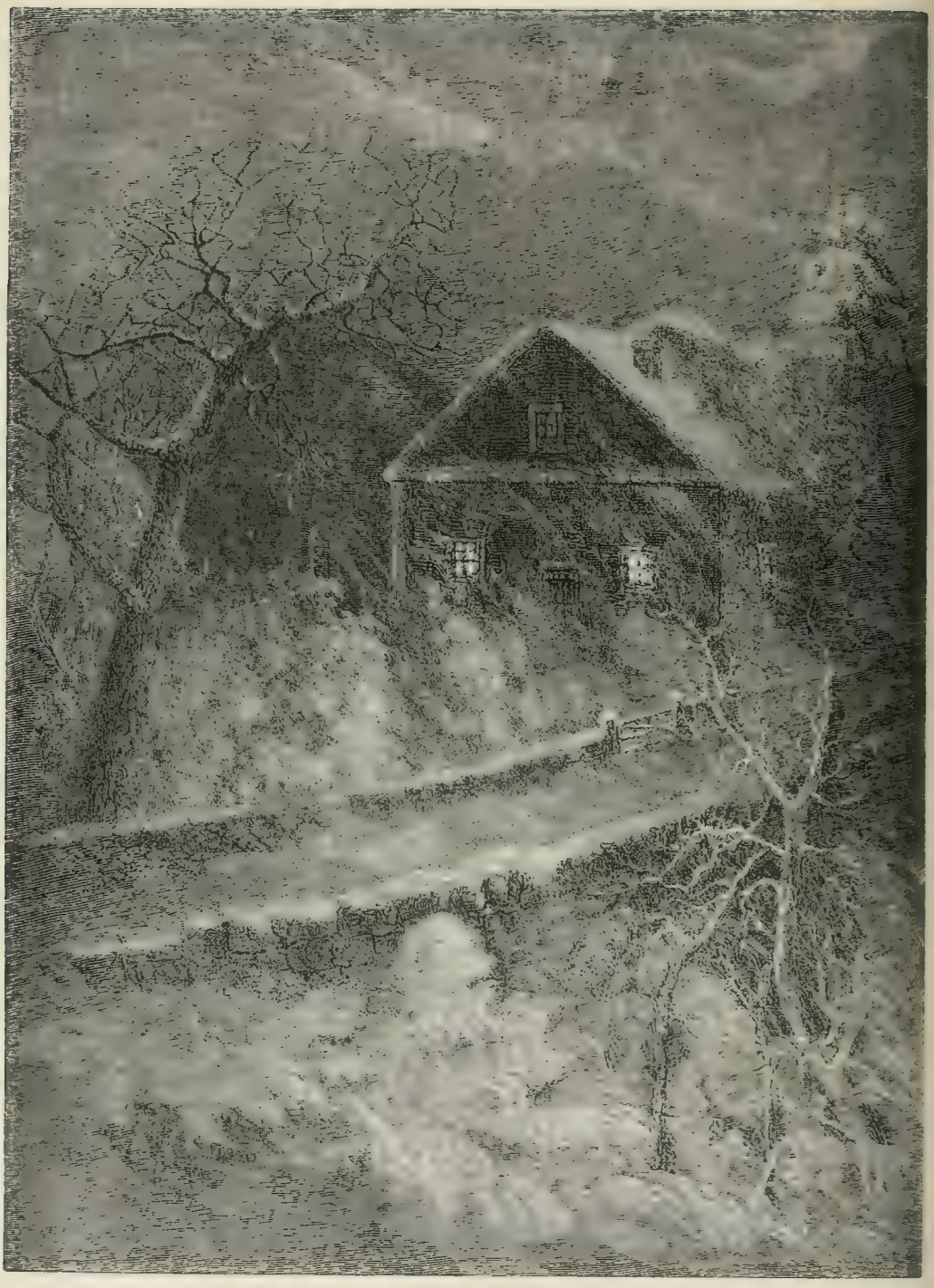
ZIGZAG. Pocahontas. Cross-words: 1. Purl. 2. NOte. 3. RaCk. 4. EtnA. 5. OtHo. 6. MOle. 7. Nigh. 8. ATom. 9. FiAt. 10 IsiS

EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Leaf. 2. Emma. 3. Amen. 4. Fans. II. 1. Arms. 2. Root. 3. Mode. 4. Stem. III. 1. Wink. 2 Iron 3. Nose. 4. Knee.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Paul Reese—"A. P. Owder, Jr."—"Professor and Co."—S. R. T.—Philip Embury, Jr.—Alex. Laidlaw—Maggie T. Turrill—Heath Sutherland—P. S. Clarkson—Willard Little—Bessie C. Rogers—"2045" lamb—"San Anselmo Valley"—The Two Annies—Two Subscribers—C. S. C.—Madeleine Vultee—George William Sumner—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—Harry M. Wheelock—Mabel B. Canon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Samuel Holzman, 4—Fannie S., 1—Georgie Denton, 1—Susie Sadtler and Lillie Van Meter, 5—Howard Rondthaler, 1—Tille, 5—G. M. R. T., 5—Edward J. V. Shipsey, 8—Guy Van Arminge, 1—Weston Stickney, 4—Albert Stickney, Jr., 1—Wm. B. Morningstern, 11—C. Louise Weir, 3—M. T. Pierce, 12—M. B. Clarke, 5—C. Howard Williams, 2—"Patience," 8—E. T. S., 1—"Buckingham Lodge," 8—Marie Pitts, 8—Ed and Louis, 4—Henry Amsden, 2—Ernestine Wyer, Arthur G. Farwell, and Sidney E. Farwell, 5—"Gen'l Warren," 7—Allan Lindsley, 1—"The Stewart Browns" 12—Minnie B. Murray, 7—W. H. W., 4—Arian Arnold, 10—Jennie and Birdie, 10—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Ethel M. Eager, 9—"Kansas Boy," 3—"Hoffman H.," 5—"Fin. I. S.," 12—Louisa H., 6—Pansy and Elsie, 4—F. Sternberg. 12—"Boston," 4—Dycie, 10—Willie Trapier, 1—Emma Trapier. 2—Samuel Branson, 7—E. M., Jr., 2—Florence Galbraith Lane. 9—Emmit and Frankie Nicoli, 1—D B Shumway, 12 "Kingfishers," 4 Beth Lovitt, 8—No Name, Philadelphia, 12—Millie White, 7—Fred Thwaits, 12—Jessie A Platt, 12—Charles H Kyte, 10—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Eliza Westervelt, 4—Florence Savoye, 6—Essie Jackson, 10 Florence E. Provost, 9—Vessie Westover, 7—L. I, 10—Theo B. Appel, 10—Annie Custer, 12—Margaret S. Bush, 6—Clara J. Child, 12—Paul England, 3—Jeanne Bull, 2—The Tame Irishman, 8—Katie L. Robertson, 6—Mother, Bertha, and Reby, 3—G. Lansing, 11—Nella, Maude, and Tat, 11—Lily and Agnes Warburg, 12—Hester Powell, 5—Marion Kent, 7.



"A MIDWINTER NIGHT."—ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

(See article in this number entitled "An Engraver on Wheels.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

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TABBY'S TABLE-CLOTH.—SECOND SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE storm kept on all night, and next morning the drifts were higher, the wind stronger, and the snow falling faster than ever. Through the day the children roved about the great house, amusing themselves as best they could; and, when evening came, they gathered around the fire again, eager for the promised story from Grandmamma.

"I 've a little cold," said the old lady, "and am too hoarse for talking, my dears; but Aunt Elinor has looked up a parcel of old tales that I 've told her at different times and which she has written down. You will like to hear her reading better than my dull way of telling them, and I can help Minnie and Lotty with their work, for I see they are bent on learning to spin."

The young folk were well pleased with Grandma's proposal; for Aunt Nell was a favorite with all, being lively and kind and fond of children, and the only maiden aunt in the family. Now, she smilingly produced a faded old portfolio, and, turning over a little pile of manuscripts, said in her pleasant way:

"Here are all sorts, picked up in my travels at home and abroad; and in order to suit all of you, I have put the names on slips of paper into this basket, and each can draw one in turn. Does that please my distinguished audience?"

"Yes, yes. Geoff 's the oldest, let him draw first," cried the flock, fluttering like a flight of birds before they settle.

"Girls come first," answered the boy, with a nod toward the eldest girl cousin.

Lotty put in her hand and, after some fumbling, drew out a paper on which was written, "*Tabby's Table-cloth.*" "Is that a good one?" she asked, for Geoff looked disappointed.

"More fighting, though a girl is still the heroine," answered Aunt Nell, searching for the manuscript.

"I think two revolutions will be enough for you, General," added Grandmamma, laughing.

"Do we beat in both?" asked the boy, brightening up at once.

"Yes."

"All right, then. I vote for 'Dolly's Dish-cloth,' or whatever it is; though I don't see what it can possibly have to do with war," he added.

"Ah, my dear, women have their part to play as well as men at such times, and do it bravely, though one does not hear so much about their courage. I 've often wished some one would collect all that can be found about these forgotten heroines, and put it in a book for us to read, admire, and emulate when our turn comes."

Grandma looked thoughtfully at the fire as she spoke, and Lotty said, with her eye on the portfolio: "Perhaps Aunt Nell will do it for us. Then history wont be so dry, and we can glorify our foremothers as well as fathers."

"I 'll see what I can find. Now spin away, Minnie, and sit still, boys,—if you can."

Then, having settled Grandma's foot-stool, and turned up the lamp, Aunt Nell read the tale of

Tabby's Table-Cloth.

ON the 20th day of March, 1775, a little girl was trudging along a country road with a basket of eggs on her arm. She seemed in a great hurry, and looked anxiously about her as she went; for those were stirring times, and Tabitha Tarbell lived in a town that took a famous part in the Revolution. She was a rosy-faced, bright-eyed lass of fourteen, full of vigor, courage, and patriotism, and just then much excited by the frequent rumors which reached Concord that the British were coming to destroy the stores sent there for safe keeping while the enemy occupied Boston. Tabby glowed with wrath at the idea, and (metaphorically speaking) shook her fist at august King George, being a stanch little Rebel, ready to fight and die for her country rather than submit to tyranny of any kind.

In nearly every house something valuable was hidden. Colonel Barrett had six barrels of powder; Ebenezer Hubbard, sixty-eight barrels of flour; axes, tents, and spades were at Daniel Cray's; and Captain David Brown had guns, cartridges, and musket balls. Cannon were hidden in the woods; fire-arms were being manufactured at Barrett's Mills; cartouch-boxes, belts, and holsters, at Reuben Brown's; saltpetre at Josiah Melvin's; and much oatmeal was prepared at Captain Timothy Wheeler's. A morning gun was fired, a guard of ten men patrolled the town at night, and the brave farmers were making ready for what they felt must come.

There were Tories in the town who gave the enemy all the information they could gather; therefore, much caution was necessary in making plans, lest these enemies should betray them. Pass-words were adopted, secret signals used, and messages sent from house to house in all sorts of queer ways. Such a message lay hidden under the eggs in Tabby's basket, and the brave little girl was going on an important errand from her uncle, Captain David Brown, to Deacon Cyrus Hosmer, who lived at the other end of the town, by the South Bridge. She had been employed several times before in the same way, and had proved herself quick-witted, stout-hearted, and light-footed. Now, as she trotted along in her scarlet cloak and hood, she was wishing she could still further distinguish herself by some great act of heroism; for good Parson Emerson had patted her on the head and said, "Well done, child!" when he heard how she ran all the way to Captain Barrett's, in the night, to warn him that Doctor Lee, the Tory, had been detected sending information of certain secret plans to the enemy.

"I would do more than that, though it was a fearsome run through the dark woods. Would n't those two like to know all I know about the stores? But I would n't tell 'em, not if they drove a bayonet through me. I 'm not afeared of 'em;" and Tabby tossed her head defiantly, as she paused to shift her basket from one arm to the other.

But she evidently was "afeared" of something, for her ruddy cheeks turned pale and her heart gave a thump as two men came in sight, and stopped suddenly on seeing her. They were strangers; and though nothing in their dress indicated it, the girl's quick eye saw that they were soldiers; step and carriage betrayed it, and the rapidity with which these martial gentlemen changed into quiet travelers roused her suspicions at once. They exchanged a few whispered words; then they came on, swinging their stout sticks, one whistling, the other keeping a keen lookout along the lonely road before and behind them.

"My pretty lass, can you tell me where Mr. Daniel Bliss lives?" asked the younger, with a smile and a salute.

Tabby was sure now that they were British; for the voice was deep and full, and the face a ruddy English face, and the man they wanted was a well-known Tory. But she showed no sign of alarm beyond the modest color in her cheeks, and answered civilly: "Yes, sir, over yonder a piece."

"Thanks, and a kiss for that," said the young man, stooping to bestow his gift. But he got a smart box on the ear, and Tabby ran off in a fury of indignation.

With a laugh they went on, never dreaming that the little Rebel was going to turn spy herself, and get the better of them. She hurried away to Deacon Hosmer's, and did her errand, adding thereto the news that strangers were in town. "We must know more of them," said the Deacon. "Clap a different suit on her, wife, and send her with the eggs to Mrs. Bliss. We have all we want of them, and Tabby can look well about her, while she rests and gossips over there. Bliss must be looked after smartly, for he is a knave, and will do us harm."

Away went Tabby in a blue cloak and hood, much pleased with her mission; and, coming to the Tory's house about noon smelt from out a savory odor of roasting meat and baking pies.

Stepping softly to the back-door, she peeped through a small window, and saw Mrs. Bliss and her handmaid cooking away in the big kitchen, too busy to heed the little spy, who slipped around to the front of the house to take a general survey before she went in. All she saw confirmed her suspicions; for in the keeping-room a table was set forth in great style, with the silver tankards, best china, and the fine damask table-cloth, which the housewife kept for holidays. Still another peep through the lilac bushes before the parlor windows showed her the two strangers closeted with Mr. Bliss, all talking earnestly, but in too low a tone for a word to reach even her sharp ears.

"I *will* know what they are at. I 'm sure it is mischief, and I wont go back with only my walk for my pains," thought Tabby; and marching into the kitchen, she presented her eggs with a civil message from Madam Hosmer.

"They are mighty welcome, child. I 've used a sight for my custards, and need more for the flip. We 've company to dinner unexpected, and I 'm much put about," said Mrs. Bliss, who seemed to be concerned about something besides the dinner, and in her flurry forgot to be surprised at the unusual gift; for the neighbors shunned them, and the poor woman had many anxieties on her husband's account, the family being divided,—one brother a Tory and one a Rebel.

"Can I help, ma'am? I 'm a master hand at beating eggs, Aunt Hitty says. I 'm tired, and would n't mind sitting a bit if I 'm not in the way," said Tabby, bound to discover something more before she left.

"But you be in the way. We don't want any help, so you 'd better be steppin' along home, else suthin' besides eggs may git whipped. Tale-bearers are n't welcome here," said old Puah, the maid, a sour spinster, who sympathized with her master, and openly declared she hoped the British would put down the Yankee rebels soon and sharply.

Mrs. Bliss was in the pantry, and heard nothing of this little passage of arms; for Tabby hotly resented the epithet of "tale-bearer," though she knew that the men in the parlor were not the only spies on the premises.

"When you are all drummed out of town and this house burnt to the ground, you may be glad of my help, and I wish you may get it. Good-day, old crab-apple," answered saucy Tabby; and, catching up her basket, she marched out of the kitchen with her nose in the air.

But as she passed the front of the house, she could not resist another look at the fine dinner table; for in those days few had time or heart for feasting, and the best napery and china seldom appeared. One window stood open, and as the girl leaned in, something moved under the long cloth that swept the floor. It was not the wind, for the March day was still and sunny, and in a minute out popped a gray cat's head, and puss came purring to meet the new-comer whose step had roused him from a nap.

"Where one tabby hides another can. Can I dare to do it? What would become of me if found out? How wonderful it would be if I could hear what these men are plotting. I will."

A sound in the next room decided her; and, thrusting the basket among the bushes, she leaped lightly in and vanished under the table, leaving puss calmly washing her face on the window-sill.

As soon as it was done Tabby's heart began to flutter; but it was too late to retreat, for at that moment in bustled Mrs. Bliss, and the poor girl could only make herself as small as possible, quite hidden under the long folds that fell on all sides from the wide, old-fashioned table. She discovered nothing from the women's chat, for it ran on sage cheese, egg-nog, roast pork, and lamentations over a burnt pie. By the time dinner was served, and the guests called in to eat it, Tabby was calm enough to have all her wits about her, and pride gave her courage to be ready for the consequences, whatever they might be.

For a time the hungry gentlemen were too busy eating to talk much; but when Mrs. Bliss went out, and the flip came in, they were ready for business. The window was shut, whereat Tabby exulted that she was inside; the talkers drew closer together, and spoke so low that she could only catch a sentence now and then, which caused her to pull her hair with vexation; and they swore a good deal, to the great horror of the pious little maiden curled up at their feet. But she heard enough to prove that she was right; for these men were Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernicre, of the British army, come to learn where the supplies were stored and how well the town was defended. She heard Mr. Bliss tell them that some of the "Rebels," as he called his neighbors, had sent him word that he should not leave the town alive, and he was in much fear for his life and property. She heard the Englishmen tell him that if he came with them they would protect him; for they were armed, and three of them together could surely get safely off, as no one knew the strangers had arrived but the slip of a girl who showed them

the way. Here "the slip of a girl" nodded her head savagely, and hoped the speaker's ear still tingled with the buffet she gave it.

Mr. Bliss gladly consented to this plan and told them he would show them the road to Lexington, which was a shorter way to Boston than through Weston and Sudbury, the road they came.

"These people wont fight, will they?" asked Ensign De Bernicre.

"There goes a man who will fight you to the death," answered Mr. Bliss, pointing to his brother Tom, busy in a distant field.

The Ensign swore again, and gave a stamp that brought his heavy heel down on poor Tabby's hand as she leaned forward to catch every word. The cruel blow nearly forced a cry from her; but she bit her lips and never stirred, though faint with pain. When she could listen again, Mr. Bliss was telling all he knew about the hiding places of the powder, grain, and cannon the enemy wished to capture and destroy. He could not tell much, for the secrets had been well kept; but if he had known that our young Rebel was taking notes of his words under his own table, he might have been less ready to betray his neighbors. No one suspected a listener, however, and all Tabby could do was to scowl at three pairs of muddy boots, and wish she were a man that she might fight the wearers of them.

She very nearly had a chance to fight or fly; for just as they were preparing to leave the table a sudden sneeze nearly undid her. She thought she was lost, and hid her face, expecting to be dragged out to instant death, perhaps, by the wrathful men of war.

"What 's that?" exclaimed the Ensign, as a sudden pause followed that fatal sound.

"It came from under the table," added Captain Brown, and a hand lifted a corner of the cloth.

A shiver went through Tabby, and she held her breath, with her eye upon that big, brown hand; but the next moment she could have laughed with joy, for pussy saved her. The cat had come to doze on her warm skirts, and when the cloth was raised, fancying he was to be fed by his master, Puss rose and walked out purring loudly, tail erect, with its white tip waving like a flag of truce.

"'T is but the old cat, gentlemen. A good beast, and, fortunately for us, unable to report our conference," said Mr. Bliss, with an air of relief, for he had started guiltily at the bare idea of an eavesdropper.

"He sneezed as if he were as great a snuff-taker as an old woman of whom we asked our way above here," laughed the Ensign, as they all rose.

"And there she is now, coming along as if our grenadiers were after her!" exclaimed the Captain, as the sound of steps and a wailing voice came nearer and nearer.

Tabby took a long breath, and vowed that she would beg or buy the dear old cat that had saved her from destruction. Then she forgot her own danger in listening to the poor woman, who came in crying that her neighbors said she must leave town at once, for they would tar and feather a body for showing spies the road to a Tory's house.

"Well for me I came and heard their plots, or I might be sent off in like case," thought the girl, feeling that the more perils she encountered, the greater heroine she would be.

Mr. Bliss comforted the old soul, bidding her stay there till the neighbors forgot her, and the officers gave her some money to pay for the costly service she had done them. Then they left the room, and after some delay the three men set off; but Tabby was compelled to stay in her hiding-place till the table was cleared, and the women deep in gossip as they washed dishes in the kitchen. Then the little spy crept out softly, and raising the window with great care, ran away as fast as her stiff limbs would carry her.

By the time she reached the Deacon's, however, and told her tale, the Tories were well on their way, Mr. Bliss having provided them with horses that his own flight might be the speedier.

So they escaped; but the warning was given, and Tabby received great praise for her hour under the table. The towns-people hastened their preparations, and had time to remove the most valuable stores to neighboring towns; to mount their cannon and drill their minute-men; for these resolute farmers meant to resist oppression, and the world knows how well they did it when the hour came.

Such an early spring had not been known for years; and by the 19th of April fruit trees were in bloom, winter grain was up, and the stately elms that fringed the river and overarched the village streets were budding fast. It seemed a pity that such a lovely world should be disturbed by strife; but liberty was dearer than prosperity or peace, and the people leaped from their beds when young Dr. Prescott came, riding for his life, with the message Paul Revere brought from Boston in the night:

"Arm! arm! the British are coming!"

Like an electric spark the news ran from house to house, and men made ready to fight, while the brave women bade them go, and did their best to guard the treasure confided to their keeping. A little later, word came that the British were at Lexington, and blood had been shed. Then the farmers shouldered their guns with few words but stern faces, and by sunrise a hundred men stood ready with good Parson Emerson at their head.

More men were coming in from the neighboring towns, and all felt that the hour had arrived when patience ceased to be a virtue and rebellion was just.

Great was the excitement everywhere; but at Captain David Brown's one little heart beat high with hope and fear as Tabby stood at the door, looking across the river to the town, where drums were beating, bells ringing, and people hurrying to and fro.

"I can't fight, but I *must* see," she said; and catching up her cloak, she ran over the North Bridge, promising her aunt to return and bring her word as soon as the enemy appeared.

"What news — are they coming?" called the people from the Manse and the few houses that then stood along that road. But Tabby could only shake her head and run the faster in her eagerness to see what was happening on that memorable day. When she reached the middle of the town she found that the little company had gone along the Lexington road to meet the enemy. Nothing daunted, she hurried in that direction and, climbing a high bank, waited to catch a glimpse of the British grenadiers, of whom she had heard so much.

About seven o'clock they came, the sun glittering on the arms of eight hundred English soldiers marching toward the hundred stout-hearted farmers, who waited till they were within a few rods of them.

"Let us stand our ground; and if we die, let us die here," said brave Parson Emerson, still among his people, ready for anything but surrender.

"Nay," said a cautious Lincoln man, "it will not do for us to *begin* the war."

So they reluctantly fell back to the town, the British following slowly, being weary with their seven-mile march over the hills from Lexington. Coming to a little brown house perched on the hillside, one of the thirsty officers spied a well, with the bucket swinging at the end of the long pole. Running up the bank, he was about to drink, when a girl, who was crouching behind the well, sprang up, and with an energetic gesture, flung the water in his face, crying:

"That 's the the way we serve spies!"

Before Ensign De Bernicre — for it was he, acting as guide to the enemy — could clear his eyes and dry his drenched face, Tabby was gone over the hill with a laugh and a defiant gesture toward the red-coats below.

In high feather at this exploit, she darted about the town, watching the British at their work of destruction. They cut down and burnt the liberty pole, broke open sixty barrels of flour, flung five hundred pounds of balls into the mill-pond and wells, and set the court-house on fire. Other parties were ordered to different quarters of the town to ransack houses and destroy all the stores they found. Captain Parsons was sent to take possession of the North Bridge, and De Bernicre led the way, for he had taken notes on his former visit, and was a good guide. As they marched, a little scarlet figure went flying on before them, and vanished at the turn of the road. It was Tabby hastening home to warn her aunt.

"Quick child, whip on this gown and cap and hurry into bed. These prying fellows will surely have pity on a sick girl, and respect this room if no other," said Mrs. Brown, briskly helping Tabby into a short night-gown and round cap, and tucking her well up when she was laid down, for between the plump feather beds were hidden many muskets, the most precious of their stores. This had been planned beforehand, and Tabby was glad to rest and tell her tale while Aunty Brown put physic bottles and glasses on the table, set some evil-smelling herbs to simmer on the hearth, and, compromising with her conscience, concocted a nice little story to tell the invaders.

Presently they came, and it was well for Tabby that the Ensign remained below to guard the doors while the men ransacked the house from garret to cellar, for he might have recognized the saucy girl who had twice maltreated him.

"These are feathers; lift the covers carefully or you 'll be half smothered, they fly about so," said Mrs. Brown, as the men came to some casks of cartridges and flints, which she had artfully ripped up several pillows to conceal.

Quite deceived, the men gladly passed on, leaving the very things they most wanted to destroy. Coming to the bed-room, where more treasures of the same valuable sort were hidden in various nooks and corners, the dame held up her finger, saying, with an anxious glance toward Tabby:

"Step softly, please. You would n't harm a poor, sick girl. The doctor thinks it is small-pox, and a fright might kill her. I keep the chamber as fresh as I can with yarbs, so I guess there is n't much danger of catching it."

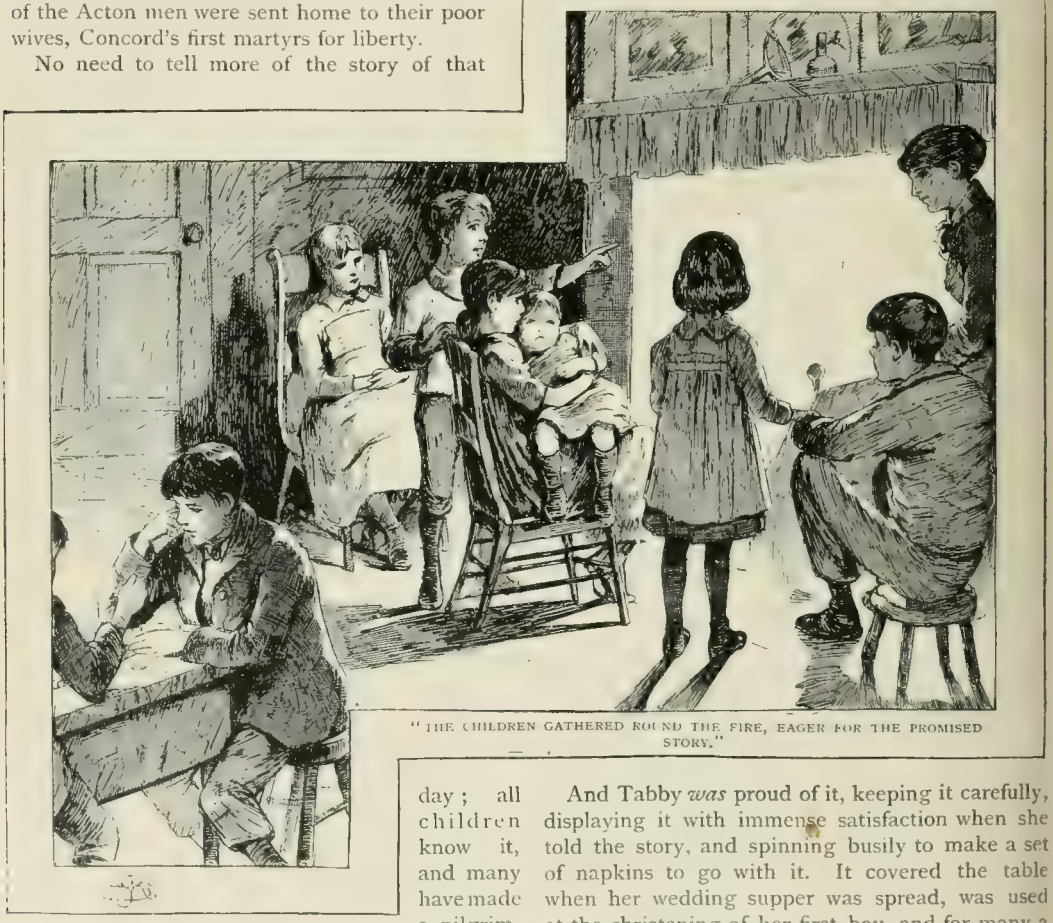
The men reluctantly looked in, saw a flushed face on the pillow (for Tabby was red with running, and her black eyes wild with excitement), took a sniff at the wormwood and motherwort, and with a hasty glance into a closet or two where sundry clothes concealed hidden doors, hastily retired to report the danger and get away as soon as possible.

They would have been much disgusted at the trick played upon them if they had seen the sick girl fly out of bed and dance a jig of joy as they tramped away to Barrett's Mills. But soon Tabby had no heart for merriment as she watched the

minute-men gather by the bridge, saw the British march down on the other side, and when their first volley killed brave Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, of Acton, she heard Major Buttrick give the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake, fire!"

For a little while shots rang, smoke rose, shouts were heard, and red and blue coats mingled in the struggle on the bridge. Then the British fell back, leaving two dead soldiers behind them. These were buried where they fell; and the bodies of the Acton men were sent home to their poor wives, Concord's first martyrs for liberty.

No need to tell more of the story of that day; all children know it, and many have made a pilgrimage to see the old monument set up where the English fell, and the bronze Minute-Man, standing on his granite pedestal to mark the spot where the brave Concord farmers fired the shot that made the old North Bridge immortal.



"THE CHILDREN GATHERED ROUND THE FIRE, EAGER FOR THE PROMISED STORY."

We must follow Tabby, and tell how she got her table-cloth. When the fight was over, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners exchanged, the Tories were punished. Dr. Lee was confined to his own farm on penalty of being shot if he left it, and the property of Daniel Bliss was confiscated by government. Some things were sold at auction, and Captain Brown bought the fine cloth and gave it to Tabby, saying heartily:

"There, my girl, that belongs to you, and you may well be proud of it; for thanks to your quick wits and eyes and ears we were not taken unawares, but sent the red-coats back faster than they came."

And Tabby *was* proud of it, keeping it carefully, displaying it with immense satisfaction when she told the story, and spinning busily to make a set of napkins to go with it. It covered the table when her wedding supper was spread, was used at the christening of her first boy, and for many a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner through the happy years of her married life.

Then it was preserved by her daughters as a relic of their mother's youth, and long after the old woman was gone, the well-worn cloth still appeared on great occasions, till it grew too thin for anything but careful keeping, to illustrate the story so proudly told by the grandchildren, who found it hard to believe that the feeble old lady of ninety could be the lively lass who played her little part in the Revolution with such spirit.

In 1861, Tabby's table-cloth saw another war, and made an honorable end. When men were called for, Concord responded "Here!" and sent a goodly number, led by another brave Colonel Prescott. Barretts, Hosmers, Melvins, Browns, and Wheelers stood shoulder to shoulder, as their grandfathers stood that day to meet the British by the bridge. Mothers said, "Go, my son," as bravely as before, and sisters and sweethearts smiled with wet eyes as the boys in blue marched away again, cheered on by another noble Emerson. More than one of Tabby's descendants went, some to fight, some to nurse; and for four long years the old town worked and waited, hoped and prayed, burying the dear dead boys sent home, nursing those who brought back honorable wounds, and sending more to man the breaches made by the awful battles that filled both North and South with a wilderness of graves.

The women knit and sewed, Sundays as well as week days, to supply the call for clothes; the men emptied their pockets freely, glad to give, and the minister, after preaching like a Christian soldier, took off his coat and packed boxes of comforts like a tender father.

"More lint and bandages called for, and I do believe we 've torn and picked up every old rag in the town," said one busy lady to another, as several sat together making comfort-bags in the third year of the long struggle.

"I have cleared my garret of nearly everything in it, and only wish I had more to give," answered one of the patriotic Barrett mothers.

"We can't buy anything so soft and good as worn-out sheets and table-cloths. New ones wont do, or I 'd cut up every one of mine," said a newly married Wheeler, sewing for dear life, as she remembered the many cousins gone to the war.

"I think I shall have to give our Revolutionary table-cloth. It 's old enough, and soft as silk, and I 'm sure my blessed grandmother would think that it could n't make a better end," spoke up white-headed Madam Hubbard, for Tabby Tarbell had married one of that numerous and worthy race.

"Oh, you would n't cut up that famous cloth, would you?" cried the younger woman.

"Yes, I will. It 's in rags, and when I 'm gone no one will care for it. Folks don't seem to remember what the women did in those days, so it 's no use keeping relics of 'em," answered the old lady, who would have owned herself mistaken if she could have looked forward to 1876, when the town celebrated its centennial, and proudly exhibited the little scissors with which Mrs. Barrett cut paper for cartridges, among other ancient trophies of that earlier day.

So the ancient cloth was carefully made into a box-full of the finest lint and softest squares to lay on wounds, and sent to one of the Concord women who had gone as a nurse.

"Here 's a treasure!" she said, as she came to it among other comforts newly arrived from home. "Just what I want for my brave Rebel and poor little Johnny Bullard."

The "brave Rebel" was a Southern man who had fought well and was badly wounded in many ways, yet never complained; and in the midst of great suffering was always so courteous, patient, and courageous, that the men called him "our gentleman," and tried to show how much they respected so gallant a foe. John Bullard was an English drummer boy, who had been through several battles, stoutly drumming away in spite of bullets and cannon-balls; cheering many a camp-fire with his voice, for he sang like a blackbird, and was always merry, always plucky, and so great a favorite in his regiment, that all mourned for "little Johnny" when his right arm was shot off at Gettysburg. It was thought he would die; but he pulled through the worst of it, and was slowly struggling back to health, still trying to be gay, and beginning to chirp feebly now and then, like a convalescent bird.

"Here, Johnny, is some splendid lint for this poor arm, and some of the softest compresses for Carrol's wound. He is asleep, so I 'll begin with you, and while I work I 'll amuse you with the story of the old table-cloth this lint came from," said Nurse May, as she stood by the bed where the thin, white face smiled at her, though the boy dreaded the hard quarter of an hour he had to endure every day.

"Thanky, mum. We 'ave n't 'ad a story for a good bit. I 'm 'arty this mornin', and think I 'll be hup by this day week, wont I?"

"I hope so. Now shut your eyes and listen; then you wont mind the twinges I give you, gentle as I try to be," answered the nurse, beginning her painful task.

Then she told the story of Tabby's table-cloth, and the boy enjoyed it immensely, laughing out at the slapping and the throwing water in the ensign's face, and openly rejoicing when the red-coats got the worst of it.

"As we 've beaten all the rest of the world, I don't mind our 'aving bad luck that time. We har' friends now, and I 'll fight for you, mum, like a British bull-dog, if I hever get the chance," said Johnny, when the tale and dressing were ended.

"So you shall. I like to turn a brave enemy into a faithful friend, as I hope we shall yet be able to do with our Southern brothers. I admire their courage and their loyalty to what they believe to be

right; and we are all suffering the punishment we deserve for waiting till this sad war came, instead of settling the trouble years ago, as we might have done if we had loved honesty and honor more than money and power."

As she spoke, Miss Hunt turned to her other patient, and saw by the expression of his face that he had heard both the tale and the talk. He smiled, and said, "Good morning," as usual, but when she stooped to lay a compress of the soft, wet damask on the angry wound in his breast, he whispered, with a grateful look:

"You *have* changed one 'Southern brother' from an enemy into a friend. Whether I live or die, I never can forget how generous and kind you have all been to me."

"Thank you! It is worth months of anxiety and care to hear such words. Let us shake hands, and do our best to make North and South as good friends as England and America now are," said the nurse, offering her hand.

"Me, too! I 've got one 'and left, and I give it ye with all me 'art. God bless ye, sir, and a lively getting hup for the two of us!" cried Johnny, stretching across the narrow space that divided the beds, with a beaming face and true English readiness to forgive a fallen foe when he had proved a brave one.

The three hands met in a warm shake, and the act was a little lesson more eloquent than words to the lookers-on; for the spirit of brotherhood that should bind us all together worked the miracle of linking these three by the frail threads spun a century ago.

So Tabby's table-cloth did make a beautiful and useful end at last.

DRIFTING.

By E. Vinton Blake.



Oh, the winds were all a-blowing down the blue, blue sky,
And the tide was outward flowing, and the rushes flitted by;
All the lilies seem'd to quiver
On the fair and dimpled river,
All the west was golden red;
We were children four together,
In the pleasant autumn weather,
And merrily down we sped.

Oh, the town behind us faded in the pale, pale gray,
As we left the river shaded, and we drifted down the bay;
And across the harbor bar,
Where the hungry breakers are,—
You and Grace, and Tom and I,—
To the Golden Land, with laughter,
Where we 'd live in peace thereafter,
Just beyond the golden sky.

Oh, the winds were chilly growing o'er the gray, gray sea,
When a white-winged bark came blowing o'er the billows on our lee.
Cried the skipper, all a-wonder:
"Mercy on us! over yonder—
Bear a hand, my lads, with me—
Four young children all together,
In this pleasant evening weather,
Go a-drifting out to sea!"

All our prayers were unavailing, all our fond, fond hopes,
For our Golden Land had vanished with its fair and blooming slopes
As the skipper, with loud laughter,
Towed our little shallop after,—
Homeward, by the dreary bay.
Fast our childish tears were flowing,
Chill the western wind was blowing,
And the gold had turned to gray.



TO MY VALENTINE, AGED ONE.

By R. T.

I WILL not speak of "pangs sincere,"
Of "loves" and "doves" by poets sung:
Since you are still a trifle young
To understand such things, my dear:—
But only ask you "to be mine"
Till he, who, some day, is to win
Your love,—(the young scamp!)—shall step in
And claim you for his Valentine.


Our Coasting Brigade.
Rose Mueller.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS*—FOURTEENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

Painting in Germany.

The Emperor Charles IV., of Germany, who reigned from 1348 to 1378, was a great lover and patron of the Fine Arts, and in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, a school arose under his care which is important in the history of art, since from it what is called German art may be dated. We know that the Emperor was very liberal and employed Italian artists, as well as those from all parts of Germany, to work in his favorite Prague; but so little is known of the lives of the earliest masters or of the authorship of the few pieces of ancient painting which remain, that I shall not attempt to tell you anything about them.

There were other early schools of painting at Cologne, Colmar, Ulm, Augsburg, Westphalia, and Nuremburg. I shall tell you of the great master of the latter school; but, before speaking of him, I shall say something of Nuremburg itself, which was a very important place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is still a city of great interest to travelers.

Nuremburg was a place of consideration even in the time of the Emperor Henry IV., who ennobled thirty-eight families there. In 1219, Henry V. raised it to the rank of a free imperial city, and during the middle ages it was very important on account of its enormous traffic between the great sea-port of Venice and the countries of the East, and all northern Europe. Through its commerce it became a very rich city, and its burghers established manufactories of various sorts, and so built up its trade that skillful artisans flocked there, and many discoveries were made which still have a great influence in the world.

The first paper-mill in Germany was in Nuremburg, and Koberger's printing-house, with its twenty-four presses, was so attractive to authors that they settled at Nuremburg in order the more conveniently to oversee the printing of their works. Watches, called "Nuremburg Eggs," were first made about 1500; the clarionet was invented there, and church organs were better made than in any other German town. A new composition of brass, the air-gun, and wire-drawing machinery were all Nuremburg devices. The filigree silver and gold work,—the medals, images, seals and other artistic jewelry which were made by the fifty master goldsmiths who dwelt there, were famous far and wide; and this variety of manufactures was increased by Hirschvogel, an artisan who traveled in Italy and learned to make majolica. His factory, established at Nuremburg in 1507, was the first in all Germany in which such ware was made. It is not certain that playing-cards were invented in Nuremburg, but they were manufactured there as early as 1380, and cannon were cast there in 1356; previous to this they had been made of iron bars soldered together lengthwise and held in place by hoops. In short, the manufacturers of Nuremburg were so widely known as to give rise to a proverb,

> "Nuremburg's hand,
> Goes through every land";

and thus the city had the sort of importance which success and wealth bring to a person or a place.

But as this importance is not the highest and best that can be gained, so it was not the most lasting importance of Nuremburg, for all this commercial and moneyed prosperity was lost; but the fame which the city acquired on account of its literary men, its artists, and their works, still remains. I will not speak here of the authors and scholars of the old city; but of its artists something must be said.

At the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, besides Albert Dürer, there were Peter Vischer and his five sons, sculptors and bronze casters; Adam Krafft, sculptor; Veit Stoss, a wonderful wood-carver, and a goodly company of painters and engravers whose works and names are still admired and respected. When we consider all these advantages that Nuremburg enjoyed, we do not think it strange that she should have been called the "Gothic Athens."

Dürer's time was an interesting one in the history of Europe, or, we may say, of the world. He was born twenty one years before Columbus discovered America. In his day, too, Vasco di Gama sailed the southern seas; Copernicus wrote of his observations and discoveries, and all Europe was deeply agitated by the preaching of the Reformation by Martin Luther. Men of thought and power were everywhere discussing great questions; the genius of invention was active; the love of the beautiful was indulged, and the general wealth and prosperity of Europe supported the artists and encouraged them to strive for great attainments.

Dürer was the friend of Gian Bellini, of Raphael, Quintin Matsys, Lucas van Leyden, and many other artists, as well as of many people in high

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position in all parts of Germany, and in some other countries; and if he did not actually found a new school of art, he certainly perfected that which already existed in his country; and since he was not only a painter, an architect, sculptor, but engraver, and writer upon art, his influence upon his time and nation can scarcely be overestimated.

ALBERT DÜRER

Was born at Nuremburg in 1471. His father was a master goldsmith, and had eighteen children born to him — seven daughters and eleven sons. We can understand how he must have toiled to care for all these children; and besides the toil he had great sorrows, for fifteen children died. Three sons only, Albert, Andreas, and Hans, reached mature age. The portraits which Albert painted of his father show so serious and worn a face, that one sees in them the marks his struggles had left. We also know that he was a man much respected; for though he was but a craftsman, he was honored by the friendship of prominent men, and the famous Koberger was godfather to the baby Albert.

One of the advantages that the young Albert had as a result of his father's position, was an association with Willibald Pirkheimer, who was about his own age and of a rich and patrician family. Through this friendship, Albert saw something of a more refined life than that in his father's house, and was also able to learn certain things, in which Willibald's tutors instructed him, that were not taught to the sons of artisans. Among other writings, Albert Dürer made a history of his family, in which, speaking of his father, he said:

"He had many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. * * * My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honor of God. He made us know what was agreeable to others, as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbors; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life."

From his earliest years Albert Dürer loved drawing, and there are sketches in existence made when he was a mere child; there is a portrait of himself in the Albertina at Vienna, upon which is written, "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child. — ALBERT DÜRER." The expression of the face is sad; it was painted in the same year that his father took him into his workshop, intending to make a goldsmith of him. Doubtless, the training which he received here was to his advantage, and gave him the wonderful delicacy and accuracy of execution which he showed in his later works. He writes of this time:

"But my love was toward painting, much more than toward the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned a painter. But he left me to have my will; and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, in spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men."

This last sentence doubtless refers to rudeness and jeering from his companions, to which he was quite unaccustomed. The art of his master was not of a high order, and we doubt if Albert Dürer learned anything from him beyond the mechanical processes, such as the mixing of colors and facility in using his brush. But in his walks about Nuremburg he was always seeing something that helped him to form himself as an artist. Nuremburg still retains its antique beauty, and much of it remains as he saw it; there are narrow streets, with quaint houses, gable-roofed, with arched portals and mullioned windows; splendid Gothic churches are there, rich in external architecture, and containing exquisite carvings and Byzantine pictures; it has palaces and mansions inhabited to-day by families whose knightly ancestors built them centuries ago. The Castle, or Reichsveste, built on a rock, with its three towers, seems to be keeping watch over the country around; while the city walls, with their numerous turrets, and the four arched gate-ways with their lofty watch-towers give the whole place an air of great antiquity, and make even the matter-of-fact traveler of to-day indulge in fanciful dreams of the long ago, in which Dürer walked those streets, and fed his rich fancy by gazing on those same beauties of Nature, Architecture, and Art.

It is probable that in Wohlgemuth's studio Dürer did little but apprentice work on the master's pictures. At all events, very few of his own drawings of that time exist. In 1490 he painted a portrait of his father, now in Florence, which was rarely, perhaps never, surpassed by him in his later years. The apprenticeship ended, Dürer traveled and studied four years, — a time of which we have very little accurate knowledge, — and in 1494 he settled himself as a painter and engraver in his native city.

In the same year, Dürer was married to Agnes Frey. It would seem, from his own words in his diary, that the match was made by the parents of the young people. It has often been said that she was a great scold and made him very unhappy; but more recent and careful research shows that this story rests upon very slight foundation, and nothing in Dürer's own writings would indicate any unhappiness in his home. Agnes Dürer was a very handsome woman; but, though several portraits are called by her name, we have no positive knowl-

edge that her husband ever made a portrait of her. It was in the same year (1494) of his settlement and marriage that he was made a member of the guild of painters at Nuremburg. Thus, when twenty-three years old, he had studied, made his student's journey, and was honorably established in his native city.

Albert Dürer is more famous and more widely known as an engraver than as a painter. His last copper plate engraving was made in 1527, and from that time he executed numerous works of this kind. The first impressions from his early engravings are now sought with great eagerness by connoisseurs and collectors. One of the first was "St. Jerome's Penance," a good impression of which was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars. In 1498 Dürer published his first series of wood-cuts illustrating the Apocalypse of St. John. These cuts marked a new era in wood engraving, and showed what possibilities it contained. Before this time it had been a rude art, chiefly used by uneducated monks. There are one hundred and seventy-four wood-cuts attributed to Dürer. The other important series are the "Great and Little Passion," showing the sufferings of Christ, and the "Life of the Virgin."

There has been much dispute at various times as to whether the master executed his plates with his own hands; it would seem to be the most reasonable conclusion that he did the work himself upon his earliest plates, but that, later, he must have allowed his assistants to perform the mechanical labor after his designs.

Many of Dürer's engravings would seem very ugly to you; and, indeed, to many well-trained critics there is little to admire in his subjects or his mode of presenting them. He often chose such scenes as remind us only of death, sorrow, and sin. Again, his grotesque and fantastic humor was shown; and nothing more wild and unusual could be imagined than some of his fancies which he made almost immortal through his great artistic power. A wood-cut called the "Triumphal Arch of Maximilian" is two and a half feet high and nine feet wide; it was composed of ninety-two blocks, and all the remarkable events in the Emperor's life are illustrated in it, as well as many symbolical figures and pictures expressive of his praise, nobility, and power.

It is said that, while this engraving was being finished by the engraver Rosch, the Emperor drove often to see it. On one occasion several of Rosch's pet cats ran into the presence of the sovereign, and from this incident arose the proverb, "A cat may look at a king."

Of his copper-plate engravings, some of the more important are "The Nativity," "The Great and the Little Horse," "Melancholy," and "The Knight and Death." The last is the most celebrated of all, and no one can say exactly what it means. It shows a knight in full panoply, who rides through a rocky defile — Satan is pursuing him and clutching after him, while Death is at his side and holds up an hour-glass. Some interpreters say that the Knight is a wicked one, whom Satan owns, and Death warns to repent; others give the Knight a name, and several men of the time are mentioned as being in Dürer's mind; and some say that he stands for Dürer himself, when overcome by temptation and fear. But let it mean what it may, it is a wonderful work, and Kugler says: "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this print as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced."

It has been said that Dürer invented the process of etching; it is more probable that he perfected an older discovery; very few of his etchings remain in existence.

As a sculptor, Dürer executed some remarkable works in ivory, boxwood, and stone; he also designed some excellent medals. In the British Museum there is a relief, seven and a half by five and a half inches in size, which was bought about eighty years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars. It is in cream-colored stone, and represents the birth of St. John the Baptist. It was executed in 1510, and is very remarkable for its exquisite detail, which was doubtless a result of his early training as a goldsmith, when he learned to do very exact and delicate work. His carvings are seen in various places in Europe, and prove that he might have succeeded as a sculptor had he chosen that profession.

Besides his family history and diary, Dürer wrote some poetry, but none of importance. His first noticeable literary work was "The Art of Mensuration," which was published in 1525, and was a successful book. He also wrote "Some Instruction in the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Towns," but his greatest achievement as a writer was the "Four Books of Human Proportion." It was not published until after his death, and its importance is shown by the fact that it passed through several German editions, besides three in Latin, and two each in Italian, French, Portuguese, Dutch, and English. He wrote, too, upon architecture, music, and various departments of painting, such as color, landscape, and so on.

As an architect, we can say but little of Dürer; for while his writings prove that he had a good knowledge of architecture, he executed but few works in that department of art, and we have slight knowledge of these. It remains only to speak of his paintings, which are not numerous, but still

exist in galleries in various parts of Europe. Many of them are portraits, the finest of which still remains in Nuremburg, though enormous sums have been offered for it. It represents Jerome Holzschuher, who was a remarkably strong man in character; it was painted in 1526, and retains its rich, vivid coloring. His portraits of his father and of himself are very interesting, and all his works of this sort are strong, rich pictures. Among his religious pictures the "Feast of Rose Garlands" is very prominent. It was painted in Venice, in the yeat 1506. Dürer worked seven months on this picture, and by it contradicted those who had said that "he was a good engraver, but knew not how to deal with colors." It brought him great fame, and was sold from the church where it was originally placed to the Emperor Rudolf II., who had it borne on men's shoulders from Venice to Prague, in order to avoid the injuries which might come from other modes of removing it. In 1782, it was sold by Joseph II., and has since been in the monastery of Strabow, at Prague; it has been much restored and is seriously injured. In the background, on the right, are the figures of Dürer and Pirkheimer, who remained the friend of his age as of his childhood.

An earlier work is the "Adoration of the Kings," in the Tribune of the Uffizi, at Florence; this is one of his best paintings. The years from 1507 to 1526 were the most fruitful of good work in the life of this master, and in 1526 he painted two pictures which, for some reasons, are the most interesting of all he did. They were the result of his best thought, and may be called the first complete work of art produced by Protestantism. They represent the Apostles John and Peter, Mark and Paul. He put upon them inscriptions from the Gospels and the Epistles, urging the danger of departing from the Word of God or believing in false prophets; and the figures, bearing the Scriptures in their hands, seem to be the faithful guardians of God's law.

There is an old tradition that these figures represent the Four Temperaments: thus, in the first, St. Peter with a hoary head and reposeful air, bending over the book in the hands of St. John, represents the phlegmatic temperament, ever tranquil in its reflections;—St. John, with his earnest, thoughtful face stands for the melancholic temperament, which pushes its inquiries to the profoundest depths;—these two represent the inward life, that from which comes conviction. In the second picture the effect of this upon action and daily life is shown: St. Mark, in the background, represents the sanguine temperament; he looks around appealingly and hopefully, as if urging others to search the Scriptures for the same good which he has found in them; while St. Paul stands in front bearing the book and the sword, looking severely over his shoulder, as if ready to defend the Word and punish by the sword any who should show it disrespect: he stands for the choleric temperament.

These two pictures are executed in a masterly manner—there is a sublimity of expression in them, a majestic repose and perfect simplicity in the movement, and in the folds of the drapery—all is in keeping. The color, too, is warm and true to nature; no touch of the fantastic is felt; in these pictures, Albert Dürer reached the summit of his power and stood on a plane with the great masters of the world.

When they were completed, Dürer presented them to the council of Nuremburg as a remembrance of himself as an artist, and as teaching his fellow-citizens an earnest lesson as was suited to the stormy time in which they lived. The council accepted the gift, placed the pictures in the council house and sent a present of money to Dürer and his wife. A century later, the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria determined to have these panels at any cost; he bribed and threatened, and at last the council of Nuremburg, afraid of his anger, sent the pictures to Munich after having copies made by John Fischer, upon which were placed the original inscriptions, as it was thought best to cut them off from Dürer's own work, lest they should not please a Catholic Prince. So it happened that the originals are in the Munich gallery, and the copies in the town picture gallery now in the Rathhaus of Nuremburg.

I shall not stay to describe more of his paintings, for I wish to resume the account of Dürer's life. As stated, it was in 1494 that he married and settled in his native city. About 1500, Willibald Pirkheimer returned from military service and renewed his friendship with Dürer. At his house the artist met many eminent men—scholars and reformers; and while he was admired and appreciated for his own genius and accomplishments, he himself gained much greater and better knowledge of the world in this society than his previous narrow life had given him.

In 1502, Dürer's father died and the son quaintly and tenderly related the closing scenes of the old man's life, and mourned his own loss. Within the next two years Dürer took his mother and his youngest brother to his own home, while his brother Andreas was thus left free to go on a student journey as a goldsmith.

In 1505, after several years of continuous industry, Dürer made a journey to Venice; he arrived there when Giovanni Bellini was the leader of the Venetian artists and Carpaccio was painting his



ALBERT DÜRER.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

pictures of St. Ursula. Titian and Giorgione were then becoming more and more famous, and before Dürer left their city he was employed at the same time with them in painting for the Fondaco dei 'Tedeschi, or the company of Germans in Venice. The letters which Dürer wrote at this time to his friend Pirkheimer are of much interest; during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, these letters were walled up in the Imhoff mansion, and were discovered at a much later time.

It is said that Bellini was much pleased with Dürer's painting, especially with his manner of representing hair. One day he begged the German to give him the brush which he used for it; upon this, Dürer took one of his common brushes and painted a long tress of woman's hair, while Bellini looked on admiringly and declared that had he not seen it he could not have believed it. Dürer wrote of the kindness he received from gentlemen, but said that the artists were not so favorable to him. He was very sensitive to their criticisms; and when he had finished his Rose Garlands, wrote that the Doge and the Patriarch had been to his studio to see it; that he had contradicted those who said that he could not use colors, and added, "There is no better picture of the Virgin Mary in the land, because all the artists praise it, as well as the nobility. They say they have never seen a more sublime, a more charming painting."

Pirkheimer was constantly urging Dürer to return home, and Agnes Dürer was very unhappy at the long absence of her husband. The artist dreaded his return. He said, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine! Here, I am a gentleman—at home, only a parasite!" He was forced to refuse many commissions that were offered him, as well as a government pension of two hundred ducats; but he thought it his duty to return to Nuremburg. On his way, he visited Bologna; and through pictures which he left there, Raphael's attention was turned to him in such a manner that an intimate correspondence and an exchange of pictures occurred between him and Dürer. It was a fortunate thing for the interest of painting that Dürer did not remain in Italy; had he done so, he would, without doubt, have modified his striking individuality, and his strength and quaintness would have been lost to German art.

From 1507, Dürer was the teacher of many students in painting and engraving, and his studio was a hive of busy workmen. During this time the artist was at the height of his productiveness, and worked at painting, engraving, and carving; during seven years from this date, besides his pictures, he made more than a hundred wood-cuts and forty-eight engravings and etchings. These last were very salable. The religious excitement of the time made a great demand for his engravings of the Passion, the Virgin and Saints; and his income was so increased as to enable him to live very comfortably.

In 1509, Dürer finished the "Coronation of the Virgin" for the merchant, Heller. It was an important picture, now known only by a copy at Nuremburg, as the original was burned in the palace at Munich about 1673. There was some dispute about the price, two hundred florins, and Dürer wrote to Heller, "I should become a beggar by this means; henceforward I will stick to my engraving; and, if I had done so before, I should be richer by a thousand florins than I am to-day." This seems to explain the reason of his cuts being so much more numerous than his paintings.

The house in which Dürer lived is now preserved as public property in Nuremburg. It is occupied by a society of artists, who guard it from injury; and a street which passes it is called Albert Dürer's street. Here he lived in much comfort, though not luxury, as we may know from a memorandum which he wrote before his death, in which he said:

"Regarding the belongings I have amassed by my own handiwork, I have not had a great chance to become rich, and have had plenty of losses; having lent without being repaid, and my workmen have not reckoned with me; also my agent at Rome died, after using up my property. * * * Still, we have good house furnishing, clothing, costly things in earthenware, professional fittings-up, bed-furnishings, chests, and cabinets; and my stock of colors is worth one hundred guldens."

In 1512, Durer was first employed by the Emperor Maximilian, whose life was pictured in the great print of the "Triumphal Arch." It is said that this sovereign made Dürer a noble; and we know he granted the artist a pension of two hundred dollars a year, which was not always promptly paid. Dürer related that, one day, when he was working on a sketch for the Emperor, his Majesty tried to make a drawing himself, using a charcoal-crayon; but he had great trouble on account of its breaking, and complained that he could do nothing with it. The artist took the crayon from his hand, saying, "This is my sceptre, your Majesty," and then taught the sovereign how to use it.

Of the death of his mother Dürer wrote a particular account, from which I give an extract:

"Now you must know that in the year 1513, on a Tuesday in Cross-week, my poor, unhappy mother, whom I had taken under my charge two years after my father's death, because she was then quite poor, and who had lived with me for nine years, was taken deathly sick on one morning early, so that we had to break open her room; for we knew not, as she could not get up, what to do. * * * And her custom was to go often to church; and she always punished me when I did not act rightly; and she always took great care to keep me and my brothers from sin; and whether I went in or out, her constant word was, 'In the name of Christ'; and with great diligence she constantly gave us holy exhortations, and had great care over our souls."

She lived still a year, and the artist wrote:

"I grieved for her, and [illegible] Art [illegible] was sixty [illegible] and [illegible] Agnes for both she [illegible] and [illegible]."

In 1520, Dürer, with his wife and her maid, Susanna, made the tour of the Netherlands. His



ST. [illegible] AND THE DRAGON. (FROM A WOOD-CUT ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

principal object in this journey was to see the new emperor, Charles V., and obtain a confirmation of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and, if possible, the appointment of court-painter also. This tour was made when there was great wealth and prosperity all through the Low Countries, and Dürer's journal was filled with wonder at the prosperity and magnificence which he saw.

At Antwerp he met Quintin Matsys, of whom we have already spoken, and other Flemish painters, and writes:

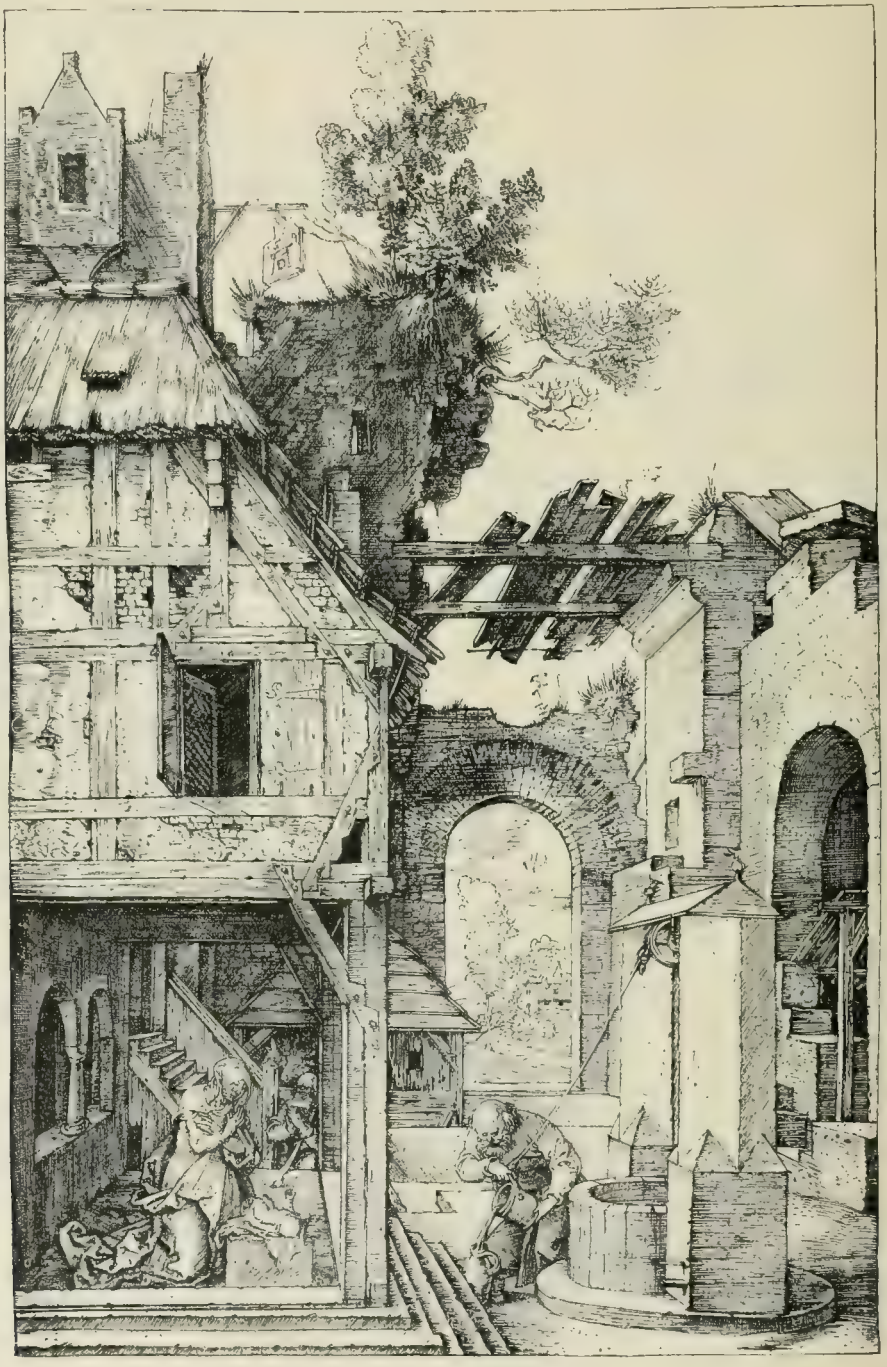
"On St. Oswald's Day, the painters invited me to their hall, with my wife and maid and everything there, and [illegible] other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also their wives there, and when I was conducted to the table, all the people stood up on each side, as if I had been a great Lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure. And as I sat at table, there came to me the messenger of the Rath of Antwerp, who presented me with ten tankards of wine in the name of the magistrates; and he said that [illegible] together, until quite late in the night; then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honorable manner, and they begged us to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me.

While at Antwerp, Dürer met many notable people, and painted some portraits; he also sold many engravings, and all his business matters are recorded in his journal. The Portuguese consul sent a large quantity of sweetmeats and a green parrot to Agnes Dürer, and her husband in return presented the consul with several score of engravings. It would be a curious thing to know where these prints are now, and we wonder how much the consul then prized what would now be of such great value. He went to Brussels with Tomasin Florianus, and was there entertained with great honors, and was well received by the Regent Margaret, who promised to interest herself in his behalf at the imperial court. Of this visit he wrote:

"Also I [illegible] King Charles's [illegible] at Brussels, with its fountains, labyrinth, and park. It gave me the greatest pleasure; and a more delightful thing, and more like a paradise, I have never be[illegible] At Brussels, there is a town hall, [illegible] I have been into the Nassenhaus, which I built myself entirely over and so beautifully furnished. And I saw the two beautiful large rooms, and all the costly things in the house everywhere, and also the great fish which they caught by [illegible] and I have also seen the big stone which fell near there [illegible] Also I have seen the thing which has been brought to the King from the new Golden Land (Mexico), a sun of gold a fathom broad, and a silver moon just as big. Likewise, two rooms full of armor; likewise, all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bed-gear, and all kind of the most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at 100,000 gulden. And I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle talents of men in foreign lands."

I must make one more quotation from his journal, which describes a brilliant scene:

I saw a great procession from Our Lady's Church at Antwerp, when the whole town was assembled, artisans and people of every rank, every one dressed in the most costly manner, according to his station. Every class and every guild had its badge, by which it might be recognized; large and costly tapers were also borne by some of them. There were also long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion. There were also many German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest. Also I saw in the street, marching in a line in regular order, with certain distances between, the goldsmiths, painters, stone-masons, embroiderers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, sailors, fish-mongers, * * * and all kinds of artisans who are useful in producing the necessaries of life. In the same way there were the shopkeepers and merchants, and their clerks. After these came the marksmen, with firelocks, bows, and cross-bows; some on horseback, and some on foot. After that came the City Guards; and at last a mighty and beautiful throng of different nations and religious orders, superbly costumed, and each distinguished from the other very piously. I remarked in this procession a troop of widows who lived by their labor. They all had white linen cloths covering their heads, and reaching down to their feet, very seemly to behold. Behind them I saw many brave persons, and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all



THE NATIVITY. (FAC-SIMILE OF A COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

the clergy and bursars [illegible] There were brought along many waggons with moving shapes and other things. Then followed the Prophets, all in order: the New Testament, showing the Salvation of the Angel [illegible] Holy King [illegible] and other rare wonders very beautifully arranged. * * * At the last came a great dragon led by St. Margaret and her maidens, who were very pretty; also St. George, with his squire, a very handsome Courlander†. Also a great many boys and girls, dressed in the most costly and ornamental manner, according to the fashion of different countries, rode in this troop, and represented as many saints. This procession from beginning to end was more than two hours passing by our house; and there were so many things that I could never write them all down, even in a book, and so I leave it alone."

It is very curious to note how much the grand processions of two hundred and fifty years ago in Antwerp resembled those we see now on great occasions there.

Dürer went to Aix-la-Chapelle and witnessed the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. and saw all the relics and the wonders of this capital of Charlemagne. He next visited Cologne, and at last, in November, he succeeded in attaining the object for which, first of all, he had made his journey, which was the confirmation by the Emperor of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and his appointment as court-painter. He returned to Antwerp and made several other excursions, one of which was to Zealand, a province of Holland bordering on the North Sea, to see a whale which had been stranded on the coast, but before Dürer reached the place the tide had carried the huge creature to sea again.

And so the journal continues to give accounts of sight-seeings and pleasurings, interrupted at times by some work at his profession. He also records his expenses, the gifts, too, which he made and those he received, until finally he returned to Nuremburg late in the year 1521.

Two very famous men had died while he was traveling, Martin Luther and Raphael. Dürer tried hard to get some drawings by the great artist, and we do not know whether or not he succeeded. The notes in his journal at the time of Luther's death are very interesting and prove that he had much sympathy with Protestants, although it is believed that he remained a Roman Catholic all his life. He wrote:

"He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost and a follower of the true Christian faith. He has suffered much for Christ's sake and because he has rebuked the unchristian papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ with its heavy burdens of human laws; * * * never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish see; * * * O God, is Luther dead? who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the Holy Gospel? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray God to send us another enlightened teacher."

When Dürer reached home he found that a great religious change had occurred there, and during the rest of his life he made no more pictures of the Virgin Mary; he made two engravings of St. Christopher bearing the child Jesus safely through the floods, as symbols of his belief that faithful men would carry true Christianity through all troubles and bring it out triumphant at last. Nuremburg was the first free imperial city of the Empire that declared itself Protestant; Dürer's friend, Pirkheimer, was one of those whom the Pope excommunicated. It is most fortunate that the change of religion in this grand old town was made so quietly and moderately that there was no destruction of the churches or of the art-treasures in which it was so rich. Many of them remain there to this day.

Dürer had contracted a disease in Zealand, which seems to have been a sort of low fever; it undermined his health and never left him for the rest of his life, and on account of this he did much less work than ever before. He paid much attention to the publishing of his writings, and made a few portraits and the grand pictures of the Apostles which I have described to you.

One of the results of his foreign tour afforded much entertainment to his friends and to the scholars of Nuremburg; he had brought home a remarkable collection of curiosities — all sorts of rare things from various parts of Europe, India, and even from America. He also gave to his friends many presents that he had brought for them; and his return, with his commission as court-painter and an enormous amount of curious luggage, made him a person of much consequence in the Franconian capital. Charles V. spent very little time in Nuremburg and practically required small service from Dürer; it was not until after Dürer's death that the Emperor became so fond of having his portrait painted, and then Titian held the position which had been made vacant by Dürer's decease.

Dürer did not become rich, and an extract from a letter which he wrote to the Council of Nuremburg, in 1524, has a sad feeling in it. After explaining that he had laid by one thousand florins, which he wished the Council to take and pay him a comfortable rate of interest, he says:

"Your Wisdoms know that I have always been obedient, willing, and diligent in all things done for your Wisdoms and for the common state, and for other persons of the Rath (Council), and that the state has always had my help, art, and work, whenever they were needed, and that without payment rather than for money; for I can write with truth, that, during the thirty years that I have had a house in this town, I have not had five hundred guldens' worth of work from it, and what I have had has been poor and mean, and I have not gained the fifth part for it that it was worth; but all that I have earned, which God knows has only been by hard toil, has been from princes, lords, and other foreign persons. Also, I have expended all my earnings from foreigners in this town. Also, your Honors doubtless know that, on account of the many works I

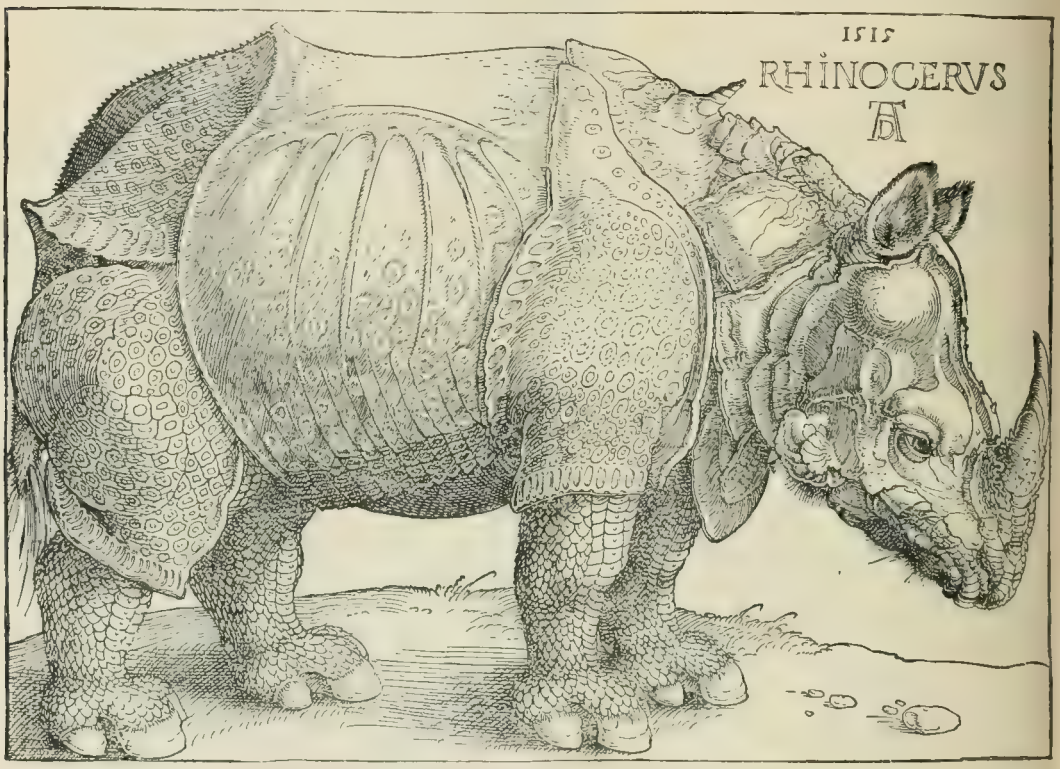
* Bursars were treasurers or cash-keepers of colleges or convents.
† Courland is one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, largely inhabited by Germans.

had done for him, the late Emperor Maximilian, of praiseworthy memory, out of his own imperial liberality, granted me an exemption from the rates and taxes of this town, which, however, I voluntarily gave up, when I was spoken to about it by the Elders of the Rath, in order to show honor to my Lords, and to maintain their favor and uphold their customs and justice.

"Nineteen years ago the Doge of Venice wrote to me, offering me two hundred ducats a year if I would live in that city. More lately the Rath of Antwerp, while I remained in the Low Countries, also made me an offer, three hundred florins of Philippe a year and a fair mansion to live in. In both places all that I did for the government would have been paid over and above the pension. All of which, out of my love for my honorable and wise Lords, for this town, and for my fatherland, I refused, and chose rather to live simply, near your Wisdoms, than to be rich and great in any other place. It is, therefore, my dutiful request to your Lordships, that you will take all these things into your favorable consideration, and accept these thousand florins, and grant me a yearly interest upon them of fifty florins, so that I and my wife, who are daily growing old, weak, and incapable, may have a moderate provision against want. And I will ever do my utmost to deserve your noble Wisdoms' favor and approbation, as heretofore."

The Council granted his request; but after his death they reduced the interest to forty florins a year, although in 1526 Dürer had presented to them his splendid panels of the Apostles. This meanness in money matters toward the great artist almost reconciles us to the fact that these pictures were taken away to Munich.

Dürer died suddenly at last, on the 6th of April, 1528, exactly eight years from the day on which Raphael had died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. John, beyond the walls, in the lot of his father-in-law, Hans Frey. This church-yard is of great interest; the aristocrats of Nuremburg have been buried there during many years. It has thirty-five hundred grave-stones, all of which are numbered; and nearly all are decorated with coats-of-arms and such devices as show the importance of those buried here. Dürer's monument bears this simple inscription, written by his friend Pirkheimer:



THE RHINOCEROS. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

"ME. AL. DU QUICQUID ALBERTI DÜRERI MORTALE FUIT, SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO. EMIGRAVIT VIII. IDUS APRILIS, MDXXVIII. A D."

—Which may be translated:

"In memory of Albert Dürer. Whatever was mortal of Albert Dürer is laid under this stone. He departed the eighth day before the Ides of April, in the year of our Lord 1528."

It is said that Raphael, when he had studied Dürer's engravings, exclaimed:

"Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before his eyes, as we have." And John Andreas wrote of him: "It is very surprising, in regard to that man, that in a rude and barbarous age he was the first of the Germans who not only arrived at an exact imitation of nature, but has likewise left no second; being so absolutely a master of it in all its

part, — in etching, engraving, statuary, architecture, optics, symmetry, and the rest, — that he had not excelled except Michael Angelo. [illegible] work [illegible] for the [illegible]

On Easter Sunday in 1828, three hundred years after his death, there was a tribute paid to his memory, and a great procession of artists and scholars from all parts of Germany was formed in Nuremburg, and moved out to the church-yard of St. John, where they sang such hymns above the grave of the artist as he loved to hear in his life. There can be nothing more appropriate with which to close our study of Albert Dürer than the poem of our own poet, Longfellow*:

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremburg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old.

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old, heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust:

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art:

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

The following is a list of the principal works by Albert Dürer to be seen in European galleries:

Accademia Carrara, Bergamo: Christ Bearing the Cross. Pitti Gallery, Florence: Adam and Eve. Uffizi Gallery, Florence: Portrait of an Old Man, St. James the Apostle, Madonna, Adoration of the Kings. Capitol Museum, Rome: A Portrait. Trippenhuis Museum, Antwerp: Portrait of Pirkheimer. Gallery at Cassel: Portrait of a Man holding a Wreath of Roses. Dresden Gallery: Christ on the Cross, Christ Bearing the Cross, Portrait of Bernhard de Kessen. Städel Gallery, Frankfort: Portrait of his Father, Portrait of a Girl. Pinakothek, Munich: Six fine Portraits, The Nativity, Two Panels, with the Apostles John and Peter, and Paul and Mark. Germanic Museum, Nuremburg: Fine Portrait of the Burgomaster, Holzschuher. Gallery in the Moritz-Kapelle, Nuremburg: Ecce Homo. Belvedere, Vienna: Portrait of Maximilian I., Two other Portraits, Two Madonnas, The Holy Trinity Surrounded by Angels, King of Persia Persecuting Christians. Museum, Madrid: Adam, Eve, His own Portrait. Louvre, Paris: Man's Head with a Red Cap. National Gallery, London: Portrait of a Senator. Prague, Strahof Monastery: Feast of the Rose Garlands. Hermitage, St. Petersburg: Christ led to Calvary, Christ Bearing His Cross, Portrait of the Elector of Saxony.

There are other pictures attributed to Dürer in some galleries, the genuineness of which may be doubted. There are also others in private collections, churches, and so on; but the total number of those known to be Dürer's work is small — probably not more than one hundred and fifteen in all.

* These stanzas from Longfellow's poem are here printed by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FLOWERS OF WINTER.

By Emilie Poulsson.

In summer days when passing by
A garden hedge of roses,
I said, "Ah me! the winter drear
No bloom like this discloses!"

But winter came; and when the wind
All frosty, keen was blowing,
I met each morn a little maid,
With cheeks so redly glowing:

I said, "Why! here again I find
The roses I lamented!
And summer flowers no more regret,
With winter's bloom contented."

PHAETON.

By C. P. Cranch.

BEFORE Copernicus and others proved
The Sun stood still, and 't was the Earth that moved,
Phœbus Apollo, as all freshmen know,
Was the Sun's coachman. This was long ago.
Across the sky from east to west all day
He drove, but took no passengers or pay.
A splendid team it was; and there was none
But he, could drive this chariot of the Sun.
The world was safe so long as in his hand
He held the reins and kept supreme command.

But Phœbus had a wild, conceited son,
A rash and lively youth, named Phaeton,
Who used to watch his father mount his car
And whirl through space like a great shooting-star;
And thought what fun 't would be, could he contrive
Some day to mount that car and take a drive!

The mischief of it was, Apollo loved
The boy so well that once his heart was moved
To promise him whatever he might ask.
He never thought how hard would be the task
To keep his word. So, one day, Phaeton
Said to his sire, "I 'd like to drive your Sun—
That is, myself—dear sir, excuse the pun,—





"TWELVE hours through space. You know you promised once
Whatever I might ask."
"I was a dunce,"
Apollo said. "My foolish love for you,
I fear, my son, that I shall sadly rue.
Lend you my chariot? No; — I really can't.
Is n't there something else that I can grant
Instead of this? A serious thing 't would be
To have my horses run away, you see.
You might bring ruin on the earth and sky,
And I 'm responsible, you know, — yes, I.
Try something else. Here 's a great wheel of light,
The moon — a bicycle — almost as bright
As my sun-chariot. Get astride of this,
And move your legs, and you 'll enjoy a bliss
Of motion through the clouds almost as great
As if you rode like me in royal state.
No, my dear boy, — why, can't you understand?
I dare not trust you with my four-in-hand."

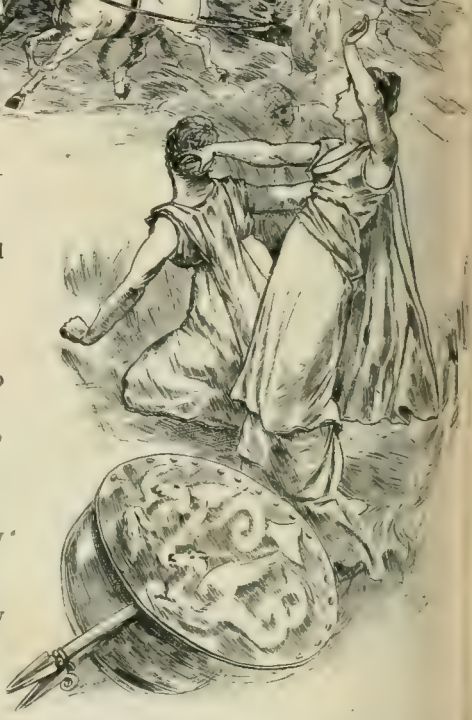


"I have no taste for bicycles," the boy
Replied. "That thing is but an idle toy.
My genius is for horses, and I long
To try my hand at yours. They 're not so strong
But I can hold them. I know all their tricks.
Father, you swore it by the River Styx,—
You know you did,—and you are in a fix.
You can't retract. Besides, you need n't fear,
You 'll see I am a skillful charioteer.
I 've taken lessons of a man of worth,—
A first-rate driver down there on the earth."
"I see," said Phœbus, "that I can't go back
Upon my promise. Well, then, clear the track!"

So Phaeton leaped up and grasped the reins.
His anxious father took a deal of pains
To teach him how to hold them, how to keep
The broad highway, — how dangerous and steep



T WAS; and how to avoid the moon and stars,
Keep clear of Jupiter, the Earth, and Mars—
And dodge the asteroids and comets red;
Follow the zodiac turnpike, straight ahead,
Though clouds and thunder-storms should round
him spread.



Alas! 't was all in vain. A little while—
Two hours, perhaps—his fortune seemed to
smile;
When a huge meteor, whizzing through the sky,
Alarmed the horses, who began to shy,
And shake their fiery manes; then plunged
and reared,
And whirled him zigzag downward, till they
neared
The Earth. A conflagration spread below,
And every thing seemed burning up like tow
In the Sun's flames. Then Jupiter looked
down



ND saw the Earth like toast, all turning brown,
And threw a blazing thunder-bolt (but wait—
Here in parenthesis I 'd like to state
This may have been a *telegram;* for then
Lightning dispatches were not known to men,
But only used by heathen gods) which struck
The youth; and by the greatest piece of luck
Prevented further loss.

This tale they told
In olden times. If I might be so bold
As to suggest an explanation here
Of a phenomenon by no means clear,
I 'd say those spots upon the Sun's red face
Were bruises that he got in that mad race.

GRISELDA'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION

By Margaret Sidney.

"You may stay, Clumps," said Griselda, magnificently. "You 'll make one more!"

"Oh, do, Clumpy, *do!*" begged all the troop, swarming around him with imploring hands.

"I don't b'leeve I want to," said Clumps, dubiously, backing up against the kitchen door, and giving them all two or three severe looks apiece. "You 'll make me run, an' run, till I can't take another step,—an' do all your errands. I guess I 'd druther go home." And he reached with stern resolve upon tiptoe to undo the latch.

"Oh, no! I wont," cried Griselda, decidedly, with an energetic little stamp of her foot, and a shake of her head that sent the tuft of light hair hanging over her forehead out like a small mop. "You sha'n't go upstairs *once*, Clump Badger, not a single once you sha'n't, if you 'll stay!"

"There, Grizzy said so!" shrieked all the rest, each in a different key. "*Now!* She did! she said so!" which caused Clumps to stop fumbling for the latch, and to bring himself down to his original height of three feet four inches.

"Not after the pink bonnet?—nor the pins?—nor the needle and threads?" he asked, turning around to puff out resentfully a few of his well-remembered grievances. "Nor —— nor ——"

"No, no!" cried Grizzy, interrupting him. "We 'll have every single thing ready. I 'm going to bring 'em all down beforehand, an' put 'em in the wood-box."

"Then, I 'll stay!" cried Clumps, wheeling around suddenly, and beginning the gymnastic feat of spinning around and around in the middle of the old floor as fast as his little fat legs could carry him, interspersing the performance with "What 'll it be like, Grizzy?" and the rest of the children were soon accompanying him on his war-dance, till the place resembled Bedlam.

"For pity's sakes!" cried Grizzy, trying to catch a flying jacket or a stray apron in its wild career, "do stop, or you 'll have the house down! I told you before—a *Re—cep—tion!*"

"And if you don't know what that is," said brother Tom, who, under the pretext of stopping the others, had spun around with the wildest, and privately encouraged what he publicly condemned, "I 'm ashamed of you!" And not knowing in the least what the proposed magnificence was to be, he assumed a wonderfully deep look, and wisely kept silent.

"We 're to have *callers*," said Grizzy, in a very grand way, and bustling around with a sense of importance. "Tom, do shut the door—it 's all secret, you know."

"So it is," said Tom. "That 's right; it 's to be a secret, children. Clumps, shut the door."

Clumps clattered off, and closed with a bang the door into the back hall.

"Don't tell till I get back!" he screamed. "Oh, now, that 's not fair!" he exclaimed, coming back, with a very red face, for a seat.

"Why, we have n't said a single word," said Grizzy.

"Well, you were *goin'* to," began Clumps indignantly. "There ——" as he crowded in between a small girl with big, black eyes, who was sitting on the extreme edge of a wooden bench, and a boy of about the same size, on the other end, so perfectly rapt in attention to Grizzy and her wonderful plans that he was lost to all outside occurrences,—"now, go on, Grizzy. I 'm ready!"

"*I 'm* not!" screamed the small girl, sliding from her end of the bench, and crying, "Why, he pushed me right off the bench!"

"I did n't!" roared Clumps. "I only wanted to sit down somewhere."

"Do be quiet, children," cried Grizzy, in dismay. "Dear me, Clumps! Please behave!"

The small girl looked resolute, and Clumps slid off the bench and camped down on the floor.

Peace having been thus restored, Grizzy began: "We are to have callers; at least, we 'll be all ready if anybody *does* come. And somebody probably will ——"

"Suppose they should n't," said one of the children in an awe-struck tone. "Then what would we do,—say, Grizzy?"

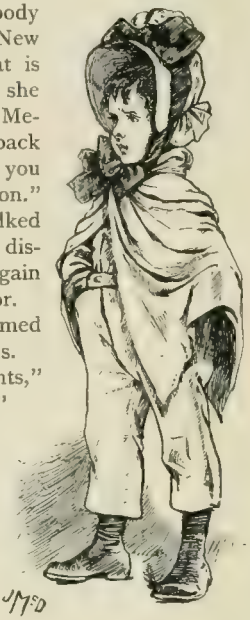
"Why, then," said Tom, before Grizzy had time to reply, "why, we 'll turn about and make calls on ourselves. Nothing easier."

"Oh, *good!*" In an ecstasy, the children all declared that they hoped no one *would* call. "It 's so much nicer to do the visitin' ourselves," they cried.

"Well, then, we wont *let* anybody come!" exclaimed Mehitable, the black-eyed girl; and forgetting herself in her anxiety, she jumped from her seat,—into which Clumps immediately slipped with a sigh of relief,—and went to the window. "I 'll lock the back gate; then they can't get in!" she announced, as a bright thought struck her. "I 'm going now, Grizzy!" and she pro-

ceeded to put her inhospitable plan into execution.

"Goodness!" cried Grizzy, rising suddenly, and thereby upsetting two or three of the smaller youngsters, who were clustered around her; "what an idea! Lock out anybody who comes to call on New Year's Day? Why, that is n't 'receiving!'" And she rushed up and grasped Mehitable's arm. "Go back and sit down, Hetty, else you can't be in at the reception."



Whereupon Hetty walked back to her bench, much discomfited, and Clumps again betook himself to the floor.

Grizzy once more resumed her plans and descriptions.

"We'll have refreshments," said Grizzy; "and ——"

"What kind?" said Tim, smacking his lips; while the others screamed, "Why, *real* refreshments — set on a table!"

"Of course," said Tom, with a superior air. "You did n't suppose we 'd have 'em in a *chair*, did you, Tim?"

"What kind?" demanded Mehitable, not paying the slightest attention to him. "Oh, do tell, Grizzy," she implored, slipping around to the big rocking-chair in the greatest excitement.

"Well,— lemonade, for one thing," said Grizzy, coolly, watching to see the effect of her words.

"Where 'd you get your lemons, pray tell?" cried Tom, in astonishment. "I should have thought you 'd have told me, Grizzy."

"'T is n't exactly *lemons*," said Grizzy; "an' I wanted to surprise you, Tom. But it 's a lemon— there 's only been one squeeze taken out of it, for mother to get the ink-stain out of Uncle Joe's shirt-sleeve: an' now she 's given it to us. An' she says we may have some sugar, an' that takes away the worst of my worries, for I was *so* afraid we could n't get anything good for refreshments," added Grizzy, in a relieved tone.

"When are we goin' to dress?" asked one of the other children. "I 'm goin' to wear the pink bonnet."

"No, *I* am," cried Clumps, in the greatest alarm; and scrambling up from the floor, with one eye on Mehitable, he uproariously pressed his claims. "You know, Grizzy Lane, you said I might the very next time you dressed up an' played —— *now*!"

"So I did," said Grizzy, reflecting. "Well, that was because you would n't just run over to Miss Pilcher's to get the big fan she promised us. You *would n't* go one single step without my paying you!"

"There — I told you so!" cried Clumps, passing by, with a high indifference to trifles, the reflection on his personal characteristics,— and he delightedly cried, "I don't care what you give it to me for. It 's *mine*, anyway!"

"Children," said Grizzy, turning to the rest, "he must wear the pink bonnet this time, for I did promise it to him."

"How you 'll look!" cried Tom, bursting out in a loud laugh.

To be sure, the contrast was, to say the least, rather striking between the envied pink bonnet and the rest of Clumps's attire. A little dark yellow flannel blouse adorned the upper part of his person, which was finished off by a well-worn pair of little brown corduroys.

"I don't care!" cried Clumps, looking down at these, and in nowise dashed by the shouts of the children. "I can put a shawl or somethin' or ruther over my back."

"But you have n't *got* any shawl," cried Mehitable.

"Well, Grizzy 'll give me one, wont you, Grizzy?" he said, appealing to her.

"Oh, well," cried Grizzy, laughing, "I can find a shawl, I s'pose, if you *will* wear the bonnet."

"I *will* wear the bonnet!" cried Clumps, in a high pitch, "and you 'll find me a shawl,—well, then, *I 'm* all right!"

The old pink bonnet had been hoarded and used by the children in their charades, as the one gem in their collection, ever since the time, long ago, when it had been given to Griselda by a lady, for that purpose. And its possession was always sought for. On the appearance of any new play on the boards, it immediately became the cause of contention. Whoever came off its possessor was the *star*, no matter if everything else was adverse. It was no small trial then to Grizzy, who had fully determined to "receive" in the admired pink bonnet, to see it captured boldly by Clumps, to whom she had forgotten giving the rash promise. But she stifled her sigh, and was just going upstairs to get the armful of costumes and "properties," when the door of the kitchen opened, and her mother came in.

"Children, I 'm *so* sorry"— she began.

"Oh, mother, you 're not going to take the kitchen from us!" cried Grizzy, starting up in alarm. "You said we might have it this whole afternoon!"

"So I did— and so you may," said her mother,

miling. And then her face fell again, and she ontinued: "But I must take something else way that is much worse — I want Tom!"

"*Tom!*" cried all the children in chorus; while Grizzy burst out, "Oh, we want *him* to help!"

"You see I can't be spared, mother," began Tom, greatly disappointed; "mother, you see or yourself."

"I know," said his mother, smiling at her ig boy, "but Uncle Joe's away, and there is no ne else to escort me over to Sister Carter's; nd she is sick, I've just heard."

Tom nerved himself, though with a rather lismal face, and then answered heerily, "I'll go, mother; I'll e there in a minute."

"Thank you, Tom! I sha'n't orget this New Year's present f yourself," said his mother, dding:

"Now Grizzy, I may not be ome till six, so you 'd better ave your suppers. And you an all have a nice time through he afternoon. Come, Tom!" —And the door shut after them.

Grizzy looked at the doleful ittle group around her and flew ff for the costumes, with which he presently returned; then she ssigned parts, and issued direcions, in a way sufficiently disracting to drive out any other houghts.

About four o'clock the kitchen resented quite a festive appearnce. There had been several ttempts at decoration intended o give it a charming effect. Metable contributed, from her reasures in the garret, an apalling array of rooster and turey feathers, which she stuck p in every place that was reachble; viewing the result with no mall amount of pride, despite he dismay on Grizzy's face.

"It looks so queer!" she ried, as Hetty, on a high chair, tuck the last one in place.

"'T is n't queer!" cried the ndignant decorator, with a very red face; "you aid yourself the other day that feathers were just he elegantest trimmin'—*now!*"

"That was for a bonnet," said Grizzy impaiently, "not stuck up all over a room. Well, its our company as much as mine, so you can leave 'em," adding, under her breath, "though they *are* dreadful!"

And little Tim ran upstairs and got all the bright tippets of the children, which he wound in and out over the dresser and the clock.

"See, is n't it pretty?" he cried, with a faint color in his cheek, as he viewed the effect.

"Yes, 't is, dear," cried Grizzy, giving him a kiss, "it *is* pretty, Timmy."

About half an hour later, it being so dark that the two tallow candles had to be lighted, the "receivers" appeared, stuck up in a stiff little row, in the middle of the room, on all the chairs and wooden



"'WE 'RE TO HAVE CALLERS,' SAID GRIZZY."

stools the kitchen boasted. A raid had been contemplated on some of the parlor furniture, but that had been speedily discountenanced by Grizzy, who would have no liberties taken during her mother's absence. A compromise, therefore, was effected in the shape of an old dining-room chair, taken to

complete the requisite number. On this sat Clumps, radiant within the pink bonnet, perfectly regardless, under his old brown shawl, of the black looks of Hetty, who sat opposite, trying her best to look festive and happy in an inferior costume.



"'WHY, IT 'S A MONKEY!' CRIED HETTY."

The rest of the company had followed their own sweet wills so far as regarded the arranging of their several bits of costume, which, to save time and recrimination, Grizzy had decided must be drawn by lot! This, though slightly inconvenient as regarded harmonizing effects, was delightfully peaceful; so that, as they sat and waited for their chance visitors, the little row presented, on the whole, a smiling exterior.

"Is n't it most time for refreshments?" said Clumps at last breaking the solemn silence which was beginning to be a little oppressive, and peering out under his pink bonnet at the array of delicacies on the table, "I 'm afraid the lemonade wont keep, Grizzy."

"Be still!" said Grizzy, under a cap of red cambric, finished off with a bow of black velvet, "it is n't proper for us to eat till the company comes. Wait for ten minutes longer; then, if there don't anybody come, some of us will have to go out, an' be the visitors."

Thereupon a small uproar ensued as to who should form the calling party, which it required all Grizzy's powers of discipline to quell. This consumed, however, a large portion of the long ten minutes, so that by the time quiet was restored the clock pointed to twelve minutes of five.

"When it 's ten minutes to five," said Grizzy with a sigh, beginning to realize that New Year's receptions *might* not be everything that was enjoyable, "we 'll begin!"

Every eye of the whole row was riveted on the clock. "Twel—ve, Elev-en—n te—"

A rap, soft and low, at the back door, and then a rustle struck upon their ears, and made every little figure skip from very astonishment.

"'T is! *'t is!*" cried the whole row, in joyful tones. Oh, Grizzy —*'t is!*"

"I know it," said Griselda, trembling with excitement, but trying to be elegant and composed. "It 's probably some of the girls; they 've found it out. Now all sit perfectly still. *Come in!*" she cried, in a tone of command, drawing up her figure to its utmost height, and watching the door with sparkling eyes.

The door pushed open cautiously, as if some one had not quite made up his mind to enter; and then all was still. Grizzy, not knowing exactly whether it was etiquette or not for her to repeat her invitation, wisely said nothing, but sat, bolt upright, with her company aspect on and her hands folded stiffly in her lap. The other children were just beginning to wriggle impatiently, when—open flew the door as by magic and, before anybody could think twice, a small object danced into the middle of the room, then leaped upon the table and, with a frightful leer on its expressive countenance, made them all an elaborate bow.

"Oh!" roared Clumps, forgetting his elegant costume; and, tumbling over backward from his high seat of honor, he rushed to Grizzy in sheer fright, gasping, "What *is* it—oh—*oh?*"

"Why, it 's a monkey!" cried Hetty, in the greatest glee, and beginning to caper with delight. "Oh, Grizzy, a *sweet*, pretty monkey!"

The monkey, seeing the attention he was receiving, made several ineffectual attempts to show his feelings; but, finding them not adequate to the occasion, gave it up as a bad job, scratched his head and, wrinkling up his nose, looked around for something to eat.

"You dear, be-*yew*-tiful monkey, you!" cried Hetty, rushing up to him to embrace him.

"*Ya-a—snap!—chatter-chatter!*" cried his monkeyship, his eyes flashing ominously. Hetty did not wait to extend further courtesies, but hopped back a pace or two, where she stood glaring at him!

"You 're a *hate*-ful, *me*-an little—"

"*Ya-a—snap!*" The monkey's eyes now glittered with rage, while he showed every tooth he possessed, and made a movement towards a spring at his entertainer.

"Do be still!" cried Grizzy, pulling her back; "don't you see he 's cross; he might bite you, Hetty. Do be still; he wants something to eat."

At this, Clumps, hearing the word "eat," set up such a dismal wail that for a moment or two nobody could hear anything else.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Griselda, shaking him, in the vain hope of extinguishing the scream, but only cocking the pink bonnet over on one side of his head; "what *are* you so scared at? Oh, dear! I do wish you 'd stand at home, I do!"

"You said—oh, dear, dear—" cried Clumps, wildly, and pointing one small, stubby finger, that trembled like a grimy little leaf, in the visitor's direction, though he did n't dare to look it in the face, "you said—"

"Said what?" cried Grizzy, with another small shake, hoping to facilitate matters a little. "What on earth *did* I say, Clumps?"

"That we 'd be—oh, dear, dear!" he cried, his breath giving entirely out.

"*What!*" Griselda grasped both of his small arms firmly, then looked squarely into the forlorn face. "Now, Clumps Badger, tell me this minute! *What* did I say?"

"That he—that he," whimpered Clumps, catching frightfully; "oh, dear! that he—that he—"

"Go on!" said Griselda, decidedly.

"That he—"

"Stop saying 'that he,'" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You 're the most foolish boy I ever *did* see. That he—*what?*"

"W-wanted," said Clumps, with a sniffle, and beginning to look around fearfully, "to—eat—me—up! Oh, dear, *dear!* boo-hoo-*hoo!*"

"I did n't, you foolish boy!" cried Grizzy, letting go her hold of his arms to give him a reassuring hug. "I said he wanted something to eat—and so he does. I 'm going to get him a biscuit." And she started briskly in the direction of the big pantry.

"You need n't," said little Tim, tragically; and pointing to the guest mounted on the old table. "He 's got our 'freshments, and he 's swallowin' 'em all up!"

"He *sha'n't!*" cried Hetty, who, wholly occupied with Clumps and his affairs, had neglected the monkey for the last few seconds, and thereby knew nothing of his latest move. "*Ow*, stop him, somebody! He 's got the ca-ake—*stop* him!" And with one wild dash—forgetful of her fear, forgetful of Grizzy's warning, of everything but the loss of the precious "refreshments," which she now saw disappearing at a rapid rate—she sprang forward and grasped the long tail hanging over the edge of the table!

"Squeak, *squeak!*" With a howl of pain and rage, as much worse than Clumps's wails of despair as can be imagined, the monkey fixed his snapping eyes on Hetty, cleared the table with one bound, and sprang for her.

"There!" cried Griselda in despair, hurrying back from the pantry. "Now, you *have* done it! Quick, Hetty, jump into the cupboard, or he 'll bite you! Quick!"

"I don't want to!" grumbled Hetty, scuffling along, fighting every inch of the way. "I 'm not a-going to be shut up. I 'm not afraid of *him!*"

"Well, *I* am!" said Grizzy, pushing her along. "There!" and she shut the door upon her, not an instant too soon, for the monkey, enraged at losing sight of her, came up with a thud of vengeance against the wall, just as the edge of her gown disappeared.

"There," said Grizzy, edging off to a respectful distance,—"You poor little fellow; do you want something to eat? Well, you shall have it," she added, in the sweetest of tones, hoping to propitiate the aggrieved visitor.

But if she expected to take that monkey away from that door, she was sadly disappointed. Revenge was sweeter than dry biscuit, or even cake, at this moment. And down he sat, watching the crack with peering, inquisitive eyes; at every movement of the imprisoned one, pricking up his ears afresh to bide his time.

"Let me *ou-ut!*" came in stifled accents from within the closet. "I 'm smuvvered in here. Oh, *let* me out!"

And then followed a banging of determined little boot-heels against the door, that made the monkey skip in delight and grin expectantly.

Just then there came a click of the back gate—then heavy footsteps tramped up the path, and a loud, imperative knock was thumped on the outside door.

Griselda started to run and open it, but had only time to get half across the room when the door opened, and a burly man, with a quick, decisive air, stepped into the old kitchen.

The monkey took one look at him, then turned, and, leaving revenge for mightier souls than his, fled to the nearest shelter, which happened to be behind the coal-scuttle.

"Any of you seen a monkey around here?" asked the man, advancing further into the room, and looking around.

The children thought they had!

"*Oh!*" cried Grizzy, "is he yours?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried the man. "He 's run away from my store. I keep a bird and squirrel store, an' all that, over in town. P'r'aps you know me; my name 's Pilcher, Jedediah Pilcher." He bowed impressively, as if the name was enough, but, under the circumstances, he *would* add the bow. "And a pretty chase he 's led me. Any of you seen him?"

"He 's eaten up *everything!*" cried Clumps, tumbling out from behind the old rocking-chair, and waving his hands comprehensively to express



"SOMETHING SHOT UP INTO THE AIR!"

the destitute condition of all things. "Yes, he has! Every *single* thing!"

"*Sakes alive!*" cried the man, falling back a step or two at the apparition in the pink bonnet and old shawl, that, to say the truth, did present a very astonishing appearance. And then, glancing around at the different specimens of dress that met his gaze, much as if Bedlam had broken loose around him: "I sh'd a-thought you 'd a scart the monkey!"

"*Let me ou-ut!*" cried a voice from the closet.

And Hetty, more wild than ever for release, now that she knew there was some other attraction in the kitchen that she could n't see, banged away more furiously than before; at each bang redoubling her vociferations.

"*Sakes alive!*" exclaimed the man, whirling around to stare wildly at the closet. And then, not being able to express his feelings, he took refuge in "Well, I never!"

Which seemed to answer, however; for he immediately started up to business, and turned to Griselda with "Where 's that monkey?"

"I don't know," she said, beginning a violent search. "He *was* here, a minute ago, when you —"

"I 'll find him!" cried Clumps, who, encouraged by the man's appearance, was in an anxious fever to help. "I 'll bring him; let me — let *me!*"

"*Let me ou-ut!*" cried Hetty, with a renewed bombardment of the old closet door.

Clumps, with the one thought of getting ahead of Hetty in the fun of the search, and with his mind full of just how he would "crow over her forever 'n' ever," came carelessly up to the coal-scuttle and bent clear over it.

There was something that shot up in the air, like a flash, with a long trail after it. *That* was the monkey. But there was also something else that shot nearly as high, to fall down on the kitchen floor with a miserable little thud of shocked surprise. And *that* was Clumps!

The race was short — and sweet — to the master. The monkey made a bow, perhaps not *quite* so elaborate as his entering one, and the "Reception" was over.

"Well," said Hetty, when the knob was turned, letting her breathe the air of freedom once more, while her eyes sparkled with indignation and her small frame shook with anger and disappointment, "you 've been having the *nicest* time, while you

shut me up. You did it a-purpose, Grizzy, I know you did! I could hear you all running about and talking like everything."

"He 'd have bitten you," cried Grizzy, who had been surveying the "refreshments." And now that the excitement was over, finding herself very tired, she felt decidedly cross and answered: "I wish you had staid out, if you wanted to. I do!"

"An' we have n't had a nice time!" cried Clumps, savagely; "none of us have n't, and he kicked me clean over, an' I 've hurt my knee, an' I wish I had n't come!"

"Well, here 's mother!" cried Grizzy, in a sigh of relief, "and Tom!"

So it was, and a few of the neighbors, whom they met on the road, coming for a friendly call.

"I *should* say," began Tom, flinging wide the door! — And then the whole story came out.

"Where 's Clumps?" asked Grizzy, about ten minutes later, looking all around among the visitors for the roly-poly figure; "where *can* he be?"

"Here I am," said a voice at last. It came from under the big oak table, where, after investigation by nearly all of the party, Clumps was discovered; the treasured bonnet, slightly mashed on one side, still on his head, with some suspicious looking morsels of the feast clinging to his garments, and a faint aroma of lemon-peel, over the whole!

"You 've gone and drunk up all the lemonade!" cried Hetty in extreme exasperation, reaching down to bestow a pinch on his toes — "Oh — *oh!* now we shan't have any!"

"It got kicked over," said Clumps, placidly, "an' 't was 'most all spilt, an' I only just finished what was left of it, an' 't war n't good either, Grizzy!"

"It was perfectly *elegant!*" cried Hetty, wildly, to all of the company, "an' it was all we had! An' we 've been *so* frightened, an' there is n't anything to eat, either — oh dear, *dear!*"

But the neighbors' hands were in their pockets, and from those pockets, one and all, came enough "lemonade money" to provide for a dozen "Receptions."

"Tom, my boy," said a kind, jolly-faced man, furtively wiping off the tears at the funny recollection, "please run down to the store, about as fast as you ever ran in your life, an' fetch up all the fixings you want for — what do you call it — the thing you were goin' to have?"

He turned to Grizzy, but before he had a chance to answer, it came in one shout from all the little people "A Re *cep* tion! A Re cep *tion!* Oh, Grizzy! we *are* goin' to have it after all!"



"COME IN"

WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter III.

Deacon Farnham was fond of chopping down trees; but he had not brought a big sleigh into the woods that morning, with two yoke of oxen, merely to have them stand still in the snow while he chopped. The fires he kept up at the farm-house called for liberal supplies, and so Susie was to have an opportunity of seeing a load of logs put on.

She and Pen had to get out of the sleigh to begin with, and then her uncle and Vosh Stebbins removed all the side-stakes out of the sleigh on the side toward the wood-pile, and they put down, with one end of each on the sleigh and the other end in the snow, a pair of long, strong pieces of wood, that Vosh called "skids." That made an inclined plane, and it was nothing but good, hard work to roll the logs up and into their places on the sleigh. They made a tier all over the sleigh-bottom, and then the lighter logs were piled on them, in regular order, till the load was finished off, on top, with a heap of bark and brushwood.

"Now, Pen," said Vosh, "if you and Susie will climb up, we 'll set out for home with this load."

"Is n't your father coming, Pen?"

"No, Susie. There 's a man at the house to help Vosh when we get there. Now we must climb."

There was fun in that, but Pen was up first.

In a minute or so more, Susie began to gain new ideas about the management of oxen, and how strong they were, and how wonderfully willing. They seemed to know exactly what to do, with a little help from Vosh and his long whip. When all was ready, and they bowed their horns and strained against their yokes with their powerful necks, it seemed as if they could have moved anything in the world.

One long strain, a creaking sound, and then a sudden giving away and starting, and the snow began to crunch, crunch, beneath the wide, smooth runners of the sleigh.

Vosh walked beside his team and drove it away around in a semicircle, carefully avoiding trees and stumps, until he and his load were once more in the road and on their way home.

Corry and Porter had pushed on after Ponto as best they could, but he had not stirred up for them any game in the thick, gloomy forest.

"No rabbits here?" inquired Porter.

"Sometimes there are a few," said Corry, "but this is n't the place. But we 're almost at the swamp, now. We 'd better load up."

"The guns? Are n't they loaded?"

"No. We never leave a charge in. Father says a gun 's always safe when it 's empty."

Corry put the butt of his gun on the ground while he spoke, and Porter watched him narrowly.

"That 's his powder-flask," he said to himself. "I might have known that much. The powder goes in first. Of course, it does."

He had never loaded a gun in all his life, and his experience with the axe had made him feel a little cautious. Still, he tried to make quick work of it, and when Corry began to push down a wad of paper after the powder, his city cousin did the same thing. Only he was a little behindhand, and he put in a much bigger wad of paper.

"How he does ram it! So will I," he thought, and so he did.

Corry remarked: "Don't put too many shot into the gun. I 'll measure them for you, so you 'll know next time. The shot scatter too much if you overcharge it."

Porter was wondering, at that very moment, how many shot he had better put in, or whether he should try the big shot from one side of his shot-pouch or the smaller shot from the other.

"What are the big shot for?" he asked, when he saw Corry choose the smaller size.

"Buckshot? Oh, you can kill almost anything with buckshot. Deer, or even bear."

"Can you? I never used 'em. I thought they were big for rabbits."

He was glad to know his gun was correctly loaded, however, and he imitated Corry in putting on the caps, for both barrels, as if he had served a long apprenticeship at that very business.

"Have n't we reached the swamp yet?"

"No, but we are near it. It 's a great place for rabbits, when you get there. Hullo! Ponto 's started one. Come on, Port."

They did not really need to stir a foot, for the swift little animal the dog had disturbed from its seat among the bushes was running its best straight toward them. "There he is," shouted Porter.

"Try him, Port."—"No, you try him."

Corry's gun was at his shoulder, and in another second the bright flash leaped from the muzzle.

"Did you hit him? He did n't stop running. He kept right on."

"Missed him, I think. Too many trees, and it

was a pretty long shot," explained Corry, apologetically.

"Why, it did n't seem far."

"That 's because it was over the snow. It was more than ten rods. Hark! Hear Ponto."

The old dog was barking as if for dear life, and the boys ran as fast as the snow would let them. They had not gone far before they could see Ponto dancing around the foot of a huge tree.

"If he has n't treed him!" exclaimed Corry.

"Treed a rabbit? Why, can they climb?"

"Climb? Rabbits climb? I guess not. But that tree 's hollow. See that hole at the bottom? The rabbit 's in there, sure."

"Can we get him, Corry?"

"We 'll try, but it wont pay if it takes too long. It 's only one rabbit."

Porter Hudson had a feeling that it would be worth almost anything in the world to catch that rabbit. He hardly knew how to go to work for it; but he felt very warm, indeed, while his cousin stooped down and reached with his arm further and further into the hole in the tree. The hole did not go down, but up, and it was quite large at its outer opening.

"Is it a hollow tree, Corry?"

"Guess not. Only a little way up."

"Can you feel him?"

"My arm is n't long enough."

Ponto whimpered very much as if he understood what his master was saying. That was probably not the first runaway game which had disappointed him by getting into a den of safety.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Corry.

"Got him? Have you?" answered Port.

"There he is!"

Corry withdrew his arm, as he spoke, and held up in triumph a very large, fat, white rabbit.

"You did reach him, did n't you?" Porter cried.

"No, I did n't. Some of my shot had hit him, and he fell down the hole. Don't you see? They did n't strike him in the proper place to tumble him right over. He could run."

"Poor fellow," said Porter. "He wont run any more, now."

It was of small use for Port to pity that rabbit, when the one thought he had in mind was that he could not go home happy unless he could carry with him another of the same sort and of his own shooting.

Corry loaded his gun again, and on they went; but pretty soon he remarked:

"We 're in the swamp now, Port."

"I don't see any swamp. It 's all trees and bushes and snow."

"That is so; but there 's ice under the snow, in some places. You can't get through here at all in the spring, and hardly in summer. It 's a great place for rabbits."

Ponto was doubtless aware of this fact, for he was dashing hither and thither very industriously.

There were plenty of little tracks on the snow, as the boys could now plainly see; but they crossed one another in all directions, in a manner that puzzled Porter Hudson exceedingly.

"How will Ponto find out which one of them he 'd better follow up?" he asked.

"Wait, Port, you 'll see," said his cousin.

Porter was taking his first lesson as a sportsman, and was peering anxiously behind trees and in among the nearest bushes. Suddenly, he saw something, or thought he saw it, which made him hold his breath and tremblingly lift his gun.

"Can that be a real rabbit," he thought; "sitting there so still?"

He did not utter a word, and the first Corry knew about it was the sound of both barrels of his cousin's gun, fired in quick succession.

Bang!—bang!—they went.

"What is it, Port?"

"I 've shot him! I 've shot him!"

Porter was bounding away across the snow and disappeared among some thick hazel bushes. A moment more, and he was out again, with a rabbit in his hand, quite as heavy as the one Corry had killed.

"First-rate, Port. Was he running?"

"No, he was sitting still."

Corry was too polite to say that no regular sportsman fired at a rabbit unless it was running. It would have been a pity to have dampened Porter's wild exultation over his first game.

Porter had no time to talk then, however, for he had his gun to load, and he was in no small anxiety as to whether he should succeed in getting the charge in rightly. Besides, there was Ponto, racing across the swamp, with a big rabbit just ahead of him. That rabbit was a capital jumper, and it was gaining on its barking pursuer, when they ran by within range of Corry Farnham's gun.

Only one barrel was fired, but Ponto's master was ahead again. "Two to my one," said Porter.

"You 'll have chances enough. Don't fire both barrels every time, though, or you may lose some of 'em; and you 'll fill your rabbits full of shot, as you did that one."

Port's idea had been that both barrels of his gun were there for the purpose of being fired off, but he was quite ready to take a hint. He had more and more serious doubts, however, about his ability to hit a rabbit on the run. The first time he actually tried to do it, he doubted more than ever. His chance and his disappointment came to him soon after Corry's gun was loaded and while they were crossing the swamp.

"I must have hit him," he said, as he lowered his gun and looked after the rabbit, still clearing the snow with long, vigorous jumps.

"Well, if you did," said Corry, "he has n't found it out yet."

"Your first one did n't find out he was hit till he got into the tree."

"That 's so. But I never knew it happen just so before. Ponto 's after another, now! He 's chased it around those sumac bushes. They 're coming this way. Shoot ahead of the rabbit, if you want to hit it."

Porter was positive, in his own mind, that he could not hit the rabbit, and he felt himself blushing as he raised his gun; but he tried to see his game somewhere beyond the end of it, and then he fired.

"I declare! You 've done it! A good long distance, too," shouted Corry.

It was so very long that the shot had scattered a great deal, and one of the little leaden pellets had strayed in the direction of the rabbit. Just one, but it was as good as a dozen; for it had struck in a vital spot, and Porter was as proud as if the skin of his game had been filled with shot holes.

Almost two hours went by after that, and they tramped all over the swamp. Porter killed another sitting rabbit, but Corry was one ahead of him, and was feeling half sorry for it, when he suddenly stopped marching and lifted his hand, exclaiming:

"Hear Ponto! Hark! Away yonder."

"Started another rabbit?" inquired Port Hudson.

"No, he has n't. It is n't any rabbit, this time."

"What is it? What is it?"

"Hear that jumping? Hear Ponto's yelp? It' s a deer!" almost whispered Corry.

"Deer? Did you say it was a deer? Can you tell?"

"Hark! Listen!"

Ponto was no deer-hound. He was somewhat too heavily built for that kind of sport; but any deer of good common sense would run away from his company, all the same. The certainty that the dog could not catch it would not interfere with the deer's running.

Ponto's discovery was a fine buck, which soon came bounding with long, easy leaps out from among the forest trees into the more open ground at the edge of the swamp. Porter thought he had never before seen anything half so exciting, but the buck went by like a flash.

Just half a minute later, Corry turned ruefully to his cousin and asked him: "Port, what did you and I fire both barrels of our guns for?"

"Why to hit the deer," answered his cousin.

"At that distance? And with small shot, too? If they 'd reached him, they 'd hardly have stung him. Why, there was n't the slightest chance of our hurting him. Let 's go home."

Porter was ready enough, and it was not long before Ponto gave up following the buck and came panting along at the heels of his master. He looked a little crest-fallen, as if he would have liked very much to remark: "It 's of no use to drive deer for boys. I did my duty. No dog of my size and weight could have done more."

They had a tramp before them. Not that they were so far from home, but it was a long, weary wade through the snow, and Porter Hudson learned a good deal about the weight of rabbits by the time he laid his game down at the kitchen door of the farm-house. They had been growing heavier and heavier all the way, until he almost wished he had not killed more than one.

CHAPTER IV.

SUSIE and Pen had a grand ride to the farm-house, on the wood-sleigh.

Perched away up there on top of the brush-wood, they could get the full effect of every swing and lurch of the load under them. Vosh Stebbins had to chuckle again and again, in spite of his resolute politeness; for the girls would scream a little and laugh a good deal when the sleigh sank suddenly on one side in a snowy hollow, or slid too rapidly after the oxen down a rather steep slope. It was rather a cold ride, however, and when they reached the house, Susie Hudson almost had to quarrel with Aunt Judith to prevent being wrapped in a blanket and shoved up, in a big rocking-chair, into the very face of the sitting-room fire-place.

"Do let her alone, Judith," said Aunt Farnham. "I don't believe she 's been frost-bitten."

"I 'm not a bit cold now," asserted Susie.

"I 'm glad o' that," said Aunt Judith; "but are n't you hungry? Pen, bring up some krullers." Susie admitted that she could eat a kruller, and Pen had no need to be told twice.

When Vosh came back from the woods with his second load, it was dinner-time, and Deacon Farnham came with him. Only a few minutes later there was a great shouting at the kitchen door, and there were the two boys. The whole family rushed out to see what they had brought home, and Susie thought she had never seen her brother look quite so tall.

"Corry beat you, did he?" said Vosh, as he turned the rabbits over. Something in the tone of that remark seemed to add: "Of course, he did," and Port replied to it: "Well, he 's used to it. I never fired a gun before, in all my life."

That was a frank confession, and a very good one to make, for the Deacon exclaimed: "You never

did? Why, then, you 've done well! You 'll make a marksman, one of these days."

"Vosh," said Mrs. Farnham, "tell your mother to come over with you, after tea, and spend the evening."

"Thank you!" he replied. "She 'll come. I know she will. I 'll finish my chores early."

He swung his axe to his shoulder and marched away, very straight, with a curious feeling that some city people were looking at him.

The boys and the girls and the older people were all remarkably ready for their dinner as soon as it was on the table.

"Pen," said Susie, "I did n't know chopping down trees would make me so hungry."

"Yes," said Deacon Farnham, "it 's as bad as killing deer. Port and Corry are suffering from that. You did your chopping, as they did their deer-killing, at a safe distance."

After dinner, it was a puzzle to every one where the time went to, it fled away so fast.

Pen took Susie all over the house and showed her everything in it, from the apples in the cellar to the spinning-wheel that had been carried upstairs the day before and would have to come down again to-morrow.

"Aunt Judith has a pile of wool, Susie. You ought to see it. She 's going to spin enough yarn to last her all next summer."

"I 'll get her to teach me to spin."

"Can you knit?" asked Pen. "If you can't, I 'll teach you how. It 's easy, as soon as you know."

Then Susie, in her turn, told Pen about her tidies and crochet-work and some other things, and was getting a little the best of the dialogue, when Pen asked, very doubtfully:

"Can you heel a stocking? It 's worse, a good deal, than just to narrow them in at the toes. Aunt Judith says there are n't many women, nowadays, who can heel a stocking."

"I 'll ask her to show me how. Dear me, Pen, do you know how late it is? How the time does fly to-day! Where does it go?"

Corry and Porter knew where a part of their time had gone, after they came from the barns and delivered to Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith the eggs they had found. Corry brought out his checker-board and laid it on the table in the sitting-room.

"It 's a big one," said Porter. "Where are your men?"

"Hanging up there, in that bag. The wooden men were lost. We take horse-chestnuts for black men and walnuts for white ones."

"S'pose you make a king?"

"That 's a butternut, if it 's black. If it 's white, you put on one of these bits of wood."

There was no danger of their getting out of checker-men, but Corry Farnham had a lesson to learn.

Porter Hudson knew a great deal more about checkers than he did about tree chopping or rabbits.

Game after game was played, and it seemed to Corry as if his cousin "hit some of them on a full run." He got up from the last contest feeling a very fair degree of respect for Port; and the latter was quite restored to his own good opinion of himself.

That was comforting, for all his morning's experiences had been a little the other way, and he was not half sure he could hit a running rabbit again, if he should have a chance to try.

Susie and Pen had watched them for awhile, but both boys had been very obstinate in not making any of the "good moves" Pen pointed out to them.

There were "chores" to do, both before and after tea, and Porter went out with Corry, determined to undertake his share of them.

"Did you ever milk cows, Port?"

"Well, no; but I think I could if I tried."

"Well, I guess you 'd best not try to-night, but you can learn before you go home. Some of our cows are skittish in cold weather."

Port was quite contented, after getting into the cow-yard, to let the milking be done by some one who knew how, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Corry himself kicked over into the snow— pail, milk, and all — by a brindled heifer.

There were pigs and cattle and horses to feed, and supper to be eaten, and when at last the boys had finished their duties, the rest of the family was already gathered in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith had their knitting, and the Deacon had a newspaper in his lap, with his spectacles lying in the middle of it. It seemed, however, the most natural thing in the world that they all should be sitting in a great semicircle in front of the fire-place. The night promised to be a cold one, and the fire had been built for it in the most liberal manner.

"Corry," said Porter, "what are all those flat-irons and hammers for?"

"Why, to crack nuts. I 'm going down cellar to bring up some butternuts and hickory nuts."

"I 'll go with you, Corry."

"So will I," said Pen. "Come, Susie, and we 'll bring up the apples and pears and some cider."

Corry and Pen carried candles; but the light only served to make the cellar look larger and darker and more mysterious. It seemed as if it had neither sides nor ends, but the heavy, black beams overhead were not so wonderfully far away. Pen showed Susie bin after bin of carefully selected

winter apples and pears; and there were half a dozen barrels of cider, ranged against one side of the cellar.

"It 's all sweet enough now, but it will be hard enough, some time. Then some of it will be made into vinegar," she added.

"What 's in the little barrel?" Susie asked.

"Aunt Judith's currant wine. Whenever anybody in the valley gets sick, she takes a bottle of it and gives it to the sick person. It 's her one great medicine."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Susie, "just look at all the mince-pies on the swing-shelf! Why, Penelope Farnham!— how many are there?"

There were more than a dozen, for the swing-shelf ran the whole length of the cellar, straight down the middle, and it held double rows of pies, all ready to be carried up and warmed for use. Susie would have been willing to stay longer to inspect the treasures in that generous cellar, but Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"Port, let 's hurry. They 've come. Don't you hear Mrs. Stebbins?"

They could hear her now saying to Vosh:

"And, Lavaujer, you must mind one thing,— you must n't talk too much—"; but, the next moment, they reached the door.

Good Mrs. Farnham, while the young people were downstairs had thoughtfully walked out into the store-room adjoining the kitchen and returned with a long-handled wire corn-popper and a bag of what she called "tucket-corn." It was corn with small, round, blue-black kernels that can pop out larger and whiter for their size than any other kind that grows. There is a legend that the seed of it came originally from the island of Nantucket; but it has short, nubbing ears, and even the island Indians must have found it a poor crop for anything but "popping."

Mrs. Stebbins was inside the door now, for she never dreamed of knocking and waiting out in the cold until somebody should come to let her in. She was hardly over the threshold before she said, as she loosened her shawl:

"Judith, where are Susie and her brother and Corry and Pen? They have n't gone away somewhere the very first night, have they?"

"They 're down in the cellar. They 'll be up here in a minute. Now, Angeline, take off your hood and sit down. Vosh, there 's a chair. Had n't you better take that popper and set to work?"

"Vosh tells me," began Mrs. Stebbins, "that the boys got half a dozen rabbits to-day. *I* don't care much for rabbits. And they saw a deer, too. I 'd ha' thought they might ha' shot it, if it was nigh enough. But, then, a deer is n't anyways like as easy to kill now as it was when I was young. And they were only a couple of boys, besides. I do say, now, here they come; and they 're makin' racket enough for twenty."

They were coming, indeed. Clambering up out of the cellar with every pair of hands full, and Mrs. Stebbins did not stop for an instant.

"Susie, is that you? Well, now, I must kiss you, right away. Vosh said you were lookin' real pretty, and so you be; but he is n't always a good judge. I knew your mother when she was n't no older 'n you be now. She was Josha-u-*a* Farnham's sister. And so she 's gone South for her health and your father 's gone with her, and you 've come to put in the rest of your winter up here? I do declare, Lavaujer, if you are n't kerful you 'll burn up every kernel of that corn. Don't stop to talk. Jest tend to your corn-popper."

She had managed to get up from her chair and kiss Susie without at all interrupting her discourse; but she was a little out of breath for a moment and sat still and watched them while they deposited upon the table the tall, brown pitcher of cider, the pans of fruit, and the maple sugar.

The young folk had a chance to say a word to Vosh, and Corry and Porter each picked up a flat-iron and a hammer. There were plenty of nuts ready for them, and the sound of the cracking, and of the rattling, bursting corn in the popper, mingled oddly with Susie's efforts to answer the rapid inquiries poured upon her by Mrs. Stebbins.

"Now, Susie, I 'm glad you 've come. You 're right from the city, and you 're well-nigh grown now, and you know all about the fashions. We don't hear a word about 'em up hereaway till they 've all come and gone and somethin' else is in fashion. Got to wearin' short dresses, hev they? Think of me, or Judith, or your Aunt Sarah Farnham, in short dresses! I do say! What wont they put on next? Last things they invented were the little, skimp skirts, for hard times, that came so nigh bein' the ruin of the dry-goods men. Did n't take any cloth at all.—Lavaujer, you 're a-talkin' again. You just 'tend to your pop-corn."

"Now, Angeline," said Mrs. Farnham, "do take an apple or a pear."

"Yes, Angeline," said Aunt Judith, "and here 's a plate of popped corn and some nuts. Joshua, pour her out a mug of cider. Pen, go to the cupboard and fetch a plate of krullers. It 's a very cold night."

"So it is," began Mrs. Stebbins, "but the winters are n't what they used to be. No more the butternuts are n't, somehow; but I must say you make out to have good fruit, though how you do it in these times beats me. Our trees die out."

Likely as not they did, but the attack had fairly begun, and poor Mrs. Stebbins found herself out-

numbered. The Deacon pressed her with the cider and Mrs. Farnham with the krullers. There was the heaped-up plate of snowy-white popped corn, and beside it was the tempting little hill of cracked hickory nuts and butternuts. Susie broke off for her a noble piece of maple sugar, and Aunt Judith herself took a candle and went down cellar for a couple of the best mince-pies. It was too much for even Mrs. Stebbins' conversational powers to resist.

"Oh, Vosh," suddenly exclaimed Susie, "Corry told us, this morning, about the bear you killed, last winter."

It was cruel to mention such a thing, just as Mrs. Stebbins had commenced to eat a kruller, and she began to say: "Yes, but once Lavaujer's father——" but she had to pause a moment, and Vosh took up the story with: "No, Susie, I did n't kill him. All three of us did it. We were n't twenty feet from him. Deacon Farnham fired first, and then I, and then Corry; we all had double-barreled guns, and we did n't one of us miss. But it was a big bear——"

"I knew a bear——" began Mrs. Stebbins, but Aunt Judith interrupted her with: "Now, Angeline, do take a slice of mince-pie. It 's cold, but sometimes they 're better cold than warm."

And the pie was too much for the memory of the other bear.

The sound of popping corn and cracking nuts had been almost incessant, and the young people had now succeeded in breaking all the ice the fire had left in the snug sitting-room. They were old acquaintances, all of them, and were chatting away merrily among themselves.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to keep steadily on with their knitting, whatever else they might be doing. It seemed to do itself, very much like their breathing. Even the Deacon managed to look into the corners of his newspaper while he pared an apple or talked to Mrs. Stebbins. The light of the great astral lamp on the table mingled with that from the fire-place, in a sort of reddish-golden glow, that flickered over the walls and faces in a way to make everything and everybody wear a warm, contented, cozy look that was just the right thing for a frosty winter evening.

"Vosh," said Corry, suddenly, "Port can beat you at checkers. You ought to have seen the way he beat me to-day. Try him a game."

"Now, Lavaujer," said his mother, from beyond the table, "you can play well enough for these parts, but you can't think of comin' up to a city fellow like Porter Hudson. He'll beat you, sure."

At all events, Vosh needed no more than that to make him try a game; so Penelope brought out the board and the home-made "checkers."

It must be confessed that, after his triumphant experience with Corry, Porter Hudson imagined himself to have quite taken the measure of up-country skill and science at that game. He sat down to his new trial, therefore, with a proud assurance of a victory to come. It would have been kind of Corry to have given his cousin the least bit of a warning, but that young gentleman himself had been too roughly handled to feel very merciful. Besides, he had some very small and lingering doubt as to the result, and was willing to wait for it.

He need not have had any doubt, since there was really no room for any. Vosh was a born checker-player, and it is never easy to beat players of that sort. Nobody ever knows exactly how they do it, and they themselves can not tell. Their spare men get to the king-row and their calculations come out right, and if you are Porter Hudson and are playing against them, you get beaten very badly and there 's no help for you.

Corry watched the game with a suppressed chuckle, but it was a dreadful puzzle to Port. Even Pen did not venture to suggest a single good move, and the older people talked very quietly.

Mrs. Stebbins was a proud woman when Susie exclaimed: "Vosh has won!"

It was of no use for Aunt Judith to say: "Wont you have another slice of pie, Angeline? and some more cider?" Mrs. Stebbins responded:

"I don't care if I do. Only I'm afeard it 'll make me dream and talk in my sleep. Lavaujer always did play checkers in spry style, but he is n't the player his father was when he was a young man. He did n't have any time to play checkers after he got to runnin' a farm of his own. Pie? Yes, Judith, you 've got just the right knack of makin' mince pies"; and while she went on to tell of the various good and bad pies she had seen or tasted, all the rest agreed with her about those they were eating. In fact, the good things of all sorts went far to reconcile even Porter Hudson to his defeat, and Vosh was truly polite about that. In less than two minutes he managed to get the other boys and even the girls talking about hunting, skating, coasting, sleigh-riding, and catching fish through the ice.

The evening seemed to melt away, it went so fast, and no one was willing to believe how late it was when Mrs. Stebbins began to put on her hood. They all saw her and Vosh to the door, and did not close it until the gate shut behind the last remark the good woman tried to send back to them. It was something about boiled cider in mince-pies, but they failed to hear it all.

PIGMY TREES AND MINIATURE LANDSCAPES.

By John R. Coryell.



A PIGMY APPLE TREE — AND FRUIT (SHOWN HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE).

In some ways the Chinese and Japanese gardeners are the most successful of any in the world. They can control and direct the growth of plants to a degree that seems really marvelous until the principle upon which it is done is known, when, as in many other matters, it becomes quite simple.

The Chinese have such a strong liking for the grotesque, and unnatural, that the handiwork of their gardeners is not as pleasing as that of the Japanese gardeners. The Chinese understand the dwarfing of trees; but their best work is in so directing the growth of a tree or plant that it will resemble some hideous animal which is only fit to exist in a nightmare.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are remarkable for their love of what is beautiful and graceful, and, consequently, ugly forms find no favor with them. Every Japanese has a garden if it be possible; but, as space is valuable in Japan, only the very rich can have large grounds, and the family in moderate circumstances must be content with a garden often smaller in area than the floor of one of our hall bedrooms in a narrow, city house.

Nevertheless, that small garden must contain as many objects as the large garden, and, of course, the only way of accomplishing the desired result is to have everything in miniature. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole landscape contained in a space no greater than the top of your dining table. There will be a mountain, a stream, a lake, rocky grottoes, winding paths, bridges, lawns, fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers: all so artistically laid out

as to resemble nature, itself. In the lake will swim wonderful, filmy-finned gold and silver fish, and not infrequently the tall form of a crane will be seen moving majestically about the tiny landscape.

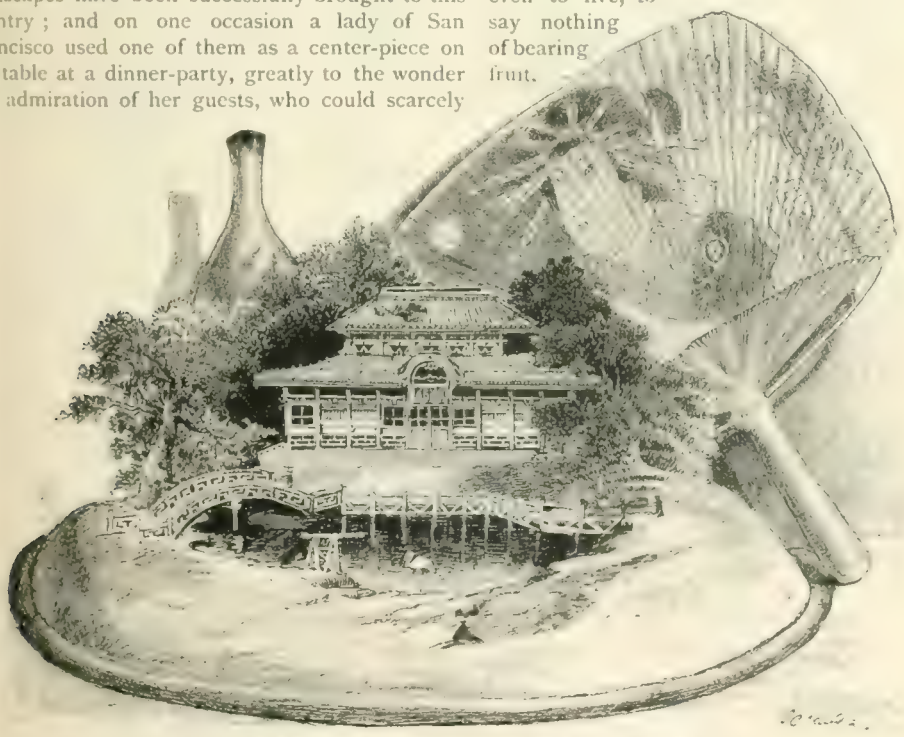
This seems wonderful enough; but what will you think when I say that almost the same landscape is reproduced on so small a scale that the two pages of ST. NICHOLAS, as it lies open before you, can cover it! In this case, a tiny house is added; delicate green moss takes the place of grass, and glass covers the lake where the water should be. Counterfeit fish swim in the glass lake, and a false crane overlooks the whole scene, just as the real crane does the larger landscape. The mountain, winding walks, bridges, and rocky grottoes are in the little landscape; and real trees, bearing fruit, or covered with dainty blossoms, are in their proper places.

These trees are of the right proportions to fit the landscape, and they are, consequently, so tiny that one is tempted to doubt their reality; and more than one stranger has slyly taken the leaves or fruit between the fingers, in order to make sure that the dwarfs do truly live, and are not, like the fish and crane, mere counterfeits. These miniature landscapes have been successfully brought to this country; and on one occasion a lady of San Francisco used one of them as a center-piece on the table at a dinner-party, greatly to the wonder and admiration of her guests, who could scarcely be convinced that the almost microscopic apples on the trees were genuine fruit.

And now comes the question — how is the dwarfing done? The principle is simple. The gardener merely thwarts nature. He knows that, to grow properly, a tree requires sunlight, heat, moisture, and nourishment from the soil. He takes measures to let the tree have only just enough of these to enable it to keep alive.

To begin, he takes a little seedling or cutting, about two inches high, and cuts off its main root. He then puts the plant in a shallow dish, with the cut end of the root resting against a stone, to retard its growth by preventing nourishment entering that way. Bits of clay the size of a bean are put in the dish, and are so regulated in kind and quantity as to afford the least possible food for the little rootlets which have been left on the poor little tree. Water, heat, and light are furnished the struggling plant in just sufficient quantities to hold life in it without giving it enough to thrive on. In addition, any ambitious attempt to thrive, in spite of these drawbacks, is checked by clipping with a sharp knife or searing with a red-hot iron.

After from five to fifteen years of such treatment, the only wonder is that the abused tree will consent even to live, to say nothing of bearing fruit.

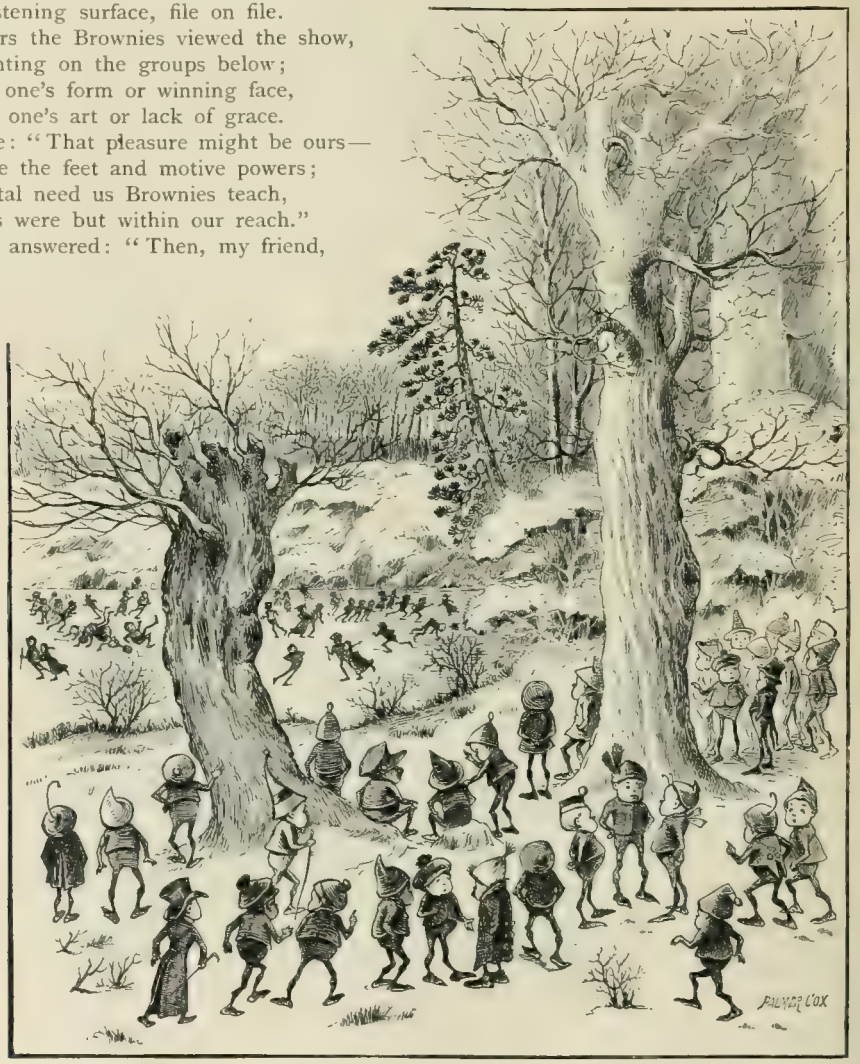


A MINIATURE LAND-CAFE-GARDEN WITH LIVING TREES.

THE BROWNIES ON SKATES.

By Palmer Cox.

ONE night, when mercury was low
And winter wrapped the world in snow
And bridged the streams in wood and field
With ice as smooth as Roman shield,
Some skaters swept in graceful style
The glistening surface, file on file.
For hours the Brownies viewed the show,
Commenting on the groups below;
On this one's form or winning face,
On that one's art or lack of grace.
Said one: "That pleasure might be ours—
We have the feet and motive powers;
No mortal need us Brownies teach,
If skates were but within our reach."
Another answered: "Then, my friend,



To hear my plan let all attend.
I have a building in my mind
That we within an hour can find.
Three golden balls hang by the door,
Like oranges from Cuba's shore;
Behind the dusty counter stands
A native of the Holy Lands;
The place is filled with various things,
From baby-carts to banjo-strings;
Here hangs a gun without a lock
Some pilgrim bore to Plymouth rock;
And there a pair of goggles lie,

That stared at Cromwell marching by;
While piles of club and rocker skates
Of every shape the buyer waits!
Though second-hand, I 'm sure they 'll do,
And serve our wants as well as new.
That place we 'll enter as we may,
To-morrow night, and bear away
A pair, the best that come to hand,
For every member of the band."

When evening next her visit paid
To fold the earth in robes of shade;
Then down beneath the golden balls,
As thick as bees when Flora calls
From apple bough or clover mead,
The Brownies gathered as agreed,
To venture boldly and procure
The skates that would their fun insure.
As rats and mice can make a breach
To goods we thought beyond their reach,
And visits pay to cake and cheese
Without a key whene'er they please,
So, cunning Brownies can proceed
And help themselves to what they need.
Ah, many buildings thought secure,
To them present obstructions poor,
For bolts and bars they little care
If but a nail is wanting there!

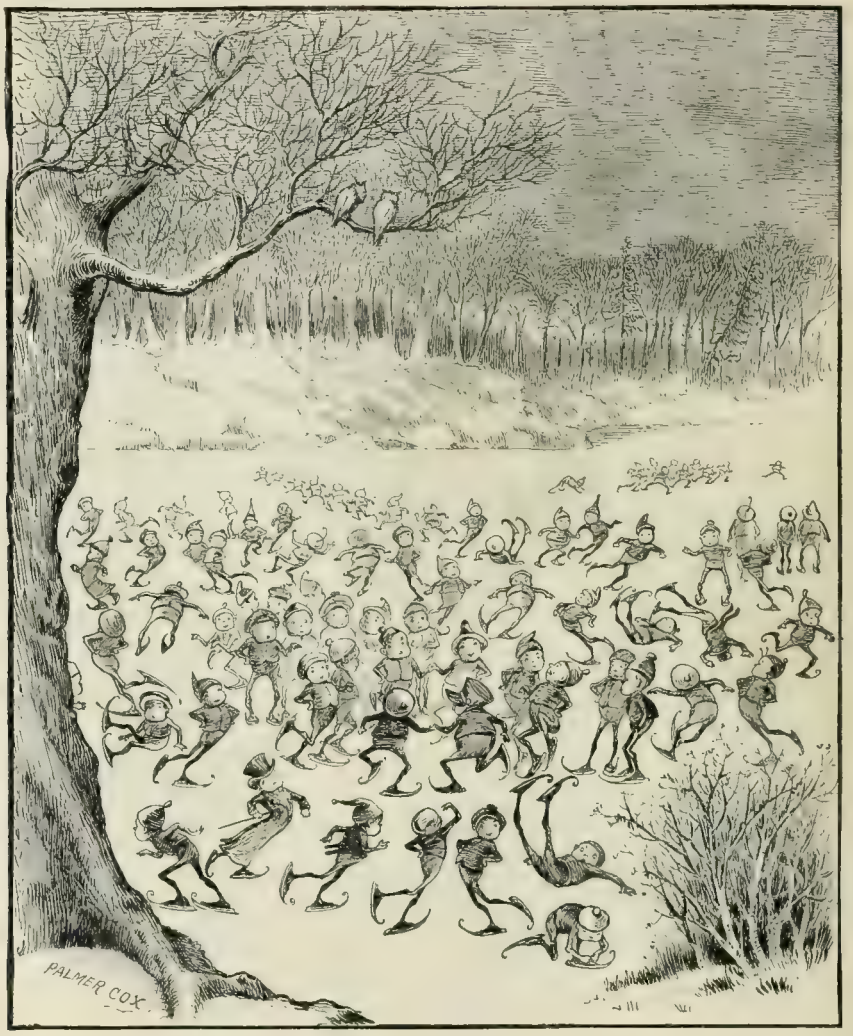


At once, the enterprise so bold
Received support from young and old.
A place to muster near the town,
And meeting hour they noted down;
And then retiring for the night,
They soon were lost to sound and sight.

A panel gone, a broken pane,
A shingle loose they find like rain.
Or, failing these, with ease descend
Like Santa Claus and gain their end.
As children to the windows fly
At news of Jumbo passing by,

So rushed the eager band away
To fields of ice without delay.
Though far too large at heel and toe,
The skates were somehow made to go.
But out behind and out before,
Like spurs, they stuck a span or more,
Alike afflicting foe and friend

To race in clusters to and fro,
To jump and turn and backward go,
Until a rest on bed so cool,
Was more the wonder than the rule.
But from the lake they all withdrew
Some hours before the night was through,
And hastened back with lively feet



In bringing journeys to an end.
They had their slips and sudden spreads,
Where heels flew higher than their heads,
As people do, however nice,
When venturing first upon the ice.
But soon they learned to curve and wheel
And cut fine scrolls with scoring steel,

Through narrow lane and silent street,
Until they reached the broker's door
With every skate that left the store.
And, ere the first faint gleam of day,
The skates were safely stowed away;
Of their brief absence not a trace
Was left within the dusty place.

THE LAND OF FIRE

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter VIII.

A Flurry with Fur-seals.

As if Captain Gancy's petition had been heard by the All-merciful, and is about to have favorable response, the next morning breaks clear and calm; the fog all gone, and the sky blue, with a bright sun shining in it—rarest of sights in the cloud-lands of Tierra del Fuego. All are cheered by it; and, with reviving hope, eat breakfast in better spirits, a fervent grace preceding.

They do not linger over the repast, as the skipper and Seagriff are impatient to ascend to the summit of the isle, the latter in hopes of making out some remembered land-mark. The place where they have put in is on its west side, and the high ground interposed hinders their view to the eastward, while all seen north and south is unknown to the old carpenter.

They are about starting off, when Mrs. Gancy says interrogatively:

"Why should n't we go, too?"—meaning herself and Leoline, as the daughter is prettily named.

"Yes, Papa," urges the young girl; "you 'll take us along, wont you?"

With a glance up the hill, to see whether the climb be not too difficult, he answers:

"Certainly, dear; I've no objection. Indeed, the exercise may do you both good, after being so long shut up on board ship."

"It would do us all good," thinks Henry Chester—for a certain reason wishing to be of the party, that reason, as any one might see, being Leoline. He does not speak his wish, however, awkwardness forbidding, but is well pleased at hearing her brother, who is without bar of this kind, cry out:

"Yes, Father. And the other pair of us, Harry and myself. Neither of us have got our land legs yet, as we found yesterday while fighting the penguins. A little mountaineering will help to put the steady into them."

"Oh, very well," assents the good-natured skipper. "You may all come—except Cæsar. He had better stay by the boat, and keep the fire burning."

"Jess so, massa Cap'n, an much obleeged to ye. Dis chile perfur stayin'. Golly! I doan' want to tire myself to deff, a druggin' up dat ar pressypus. 'Sides, I hab got ter look out fo' de dinner, 'gainst yer gettin' back."

"The doctor"* speaks the truth, in saying he does not wish to accompany them; being one of the laziest mortals that ever sat by a fire. So, without further parley, they set forth, leaving him by the boat.

At first, they find the up-hill slope gentle and easy; their path leading through hummocks of tall tussac,—the tops of the leaves away above their heads and the flower-scapes many feet higher. Their chief difficulty is the spongy nature of the soil, in which they sink at times ankle-deep. But further up, it is drier and firmer; the lofty tussac giving place to grass of humbler stature; in fact, a sward so short that the ground appears as though freshly mown. Here the climbers catch sight of a number of moving creatures, which they might easily mistake for quadrupeds. Hundreds of them are running to and fro, like rabbits in a warren, and quite as fast. Yet they are really birds, of the same species which supplied so considerable a part of their yesterday's dinner and to-day's breakfast. The strangest thing of all is that these Protean creatures, which seem fitted only for an aquatic existence, should be so much at home on land, so ably using their queer wings as substitutes for legs that they can run up or down high and precipitous slopes with equal ease and swiftness.

From the experience of yesterday, the climbers might anticipate attack by the penguins. But that experience has taught the birds a lesson, too, which they now profit by, scuttling off, frightened at the sight of the murderous invaders, who have made such havoc among them and their nestlings.

On the drier upland, still another curious bird is encountered, singular in its mode of breeding and other habits. A petrel it is, about the size of a house pigeon, and of a slate-blue color. This bird, instead of laying its eggs, like the penguin, on the surface of the ground, deposits them, like the sand-martin and burrowing owl, at the bottom of a hole. Part of the ground over which the climbers have to pass is honey-combed with these holes, and they see the birds passing in and out—Seagriff meanwhile imparting a curious item of information about them. It is that the Fuegians

* The popular sea name for a ship's cook.

tie strings to the legs of certain small birds and force them into the petrels' nests; whereupon the rightful owners, attacking and following the intruders as they are jerked out by the cunning decoyers, are themselves captured.

Continuing upward, the slope is found to be steeper, and more difficult than was expected. What from below seemed a gentle acclivity turns out to be almost a precipice,—a very common illusion with those unaccustomed to mountain climbing. But they are not daunted—every one of the men has stood on the main truck of a tempest-tossed ship. What to this were the mere scaling of a cliff? The ladies, too, have little fear, and will not consent to stay below; but insist on being taken to the very summit.

The last quarter proves the most difficult. The only practicable path is up a sort of gorge, rough-sided, but with the bottom smooth and slippery as ice. It is grass-grown all over, but the grass is beaten close to the surface, as if school-boys had been "coasting" down it. All except Seagriff suppose it to be the work of the penguins—he knows better what has done it. Not birds, but beasts, or "fish," as he would call them—the *amphibia* in the chasing, killing, and skinning of which he has spent many years of his life. Even blind-folded, he could have told it was they, by their peculiar odor.

"Them fur-seals hev been up hyar," he says. "They kin climb like cats, spite o' thar lubberly look, and they delight in baskin' on high ground. I've know'd 'em to go up a hill steeper an' higher 'n this. They 've made it as smooth as ice, and we 'll hev to hold on keerfully. I guess ye 'd better all stay hyar till I give it a trial."

"Oh, it 's nothing, Chips," says young Gancy, "we can easily swarm up."

He would willingly take the lead himself, but is lending a hand to his mother; while, in like manner, Henry Chester is intrusted with the care of Leoline—a duty he would be loth to transfer to another.

The old sealer makes no more delay; but, leaning forward and clutching the grass, draws himself up the steep slope. In the same way, the Captain follows; then Ned, carefully assisting his mother; and lastly, but with no less alacrity, the young Englishman, helping Leoline.

Seagriff, still vigorous—for he has not much passed manhood's prime—and unhampered, reaches the head of the gorge long before the others. But as soon as his eyes are above it, and he has a view of the summit level, he sees there something to astonish him: the whole surface, nearly an acre in extent, is covered with fur-seals, lying close together like pigs in a sty! This sight, under other circumstances, he would have hailed with a shout of joy; but now it elicits from him a cry of apprehension; for the seals have taken the alarm, too, and are coming on in a rush toward the ravine, their only way to the water.

"Thunder an' airthquakes!" he exclaims, in highest pitch of voice. "Look out thar, below!"

They do look out, or rather up, and with no little alarm. But the cause of it none can as yet tell. But they see Seagriff spring to one side of the gorge and catch hold of a rock to steady himself, while he shouts to them to do the same. Of course, they obey; but they barely have time to get out of the ravine's bed, before a stream, a torrent, a very cataract of living forms comes pouring down it—like monsters in appearance, all open-mouthed and each mouth showing a double row of glittering teeth. A weird, fear-inspiring procession it is, as they go floundering past, crowding one another, snapping, snorting, and barking, like so many mastiffs! Fortunately for the spectators, the creatures are fur-seals, and not the fierce sea-lions; for the fur-seal is inoffensive, and shows fight only when forced to it. These are but acting in obedience to the most ordinary instinct, as they are seeking self-preservation by retreat to the sea—their true home and haven of safety.

The flurry lasts for but a brief while, ending as abruptly as it began. When all the seals have passed, our party resumes the ascent and continue it till all stand upon the summit. But not *all* in silence; for turning his eyes north-eastward, and seeing there a snow-covered mountain,—a grand cone, towering thousands of feet above all the others,—Seagriff plucks off his hat and, waving it around his head, sends up a joyous huzza, and cries out:

"Now I know whar we are better 'n a hul shipfull o' kompasses an' kernometers kud tell us. *Yon 's Sarmiento!*"

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

"YIS, Capting, thet 's Sarmiento, an' nary doubt of it," pursues the old sealer. "I 'd reck'noise thet mountin 'mong a millyun. 'T air the highest in all Feweego.* An' we must be at the mouth o' Des'late Bay, jest as I wor suspectin'. Wal, 'ceptin' them ugly things I told ye 'bout, we kud n't be in a better place."

* The height of Sarmiento, according to Captain King, is 6800 feet, though others make it out higher—one estimate giving it 6967. It is the most conspicuous, as well as the highest of Fuegian mountains,—a grand cone, always snow-covered for thousands of feet below the summit, and sometimes to its base.

"Why?" inquires the captain, dubiously.

"'Kase it aint a bay, at all; but the entrance to a soun' bearin' the name o' 'Whale Boat Soun'.' An thet's open water, too, communicatin' wi' another known ez 'Darwin Soun'' - the which larst leads right inter the Beagle Channel."

"But what of all that, Chips? How can it help us?"

"Help us! Why, 't air the very i-dentical thing ez 'll help us; our coorse is laid out to a p'int o' the kompiss! All we 'll hev to do is to run east'ard through the Beagle Channel, an' then long the open coast to Good Success Bay, in the Straits o' Le Maire. Thar we 'll be a'most sure o' findin' some o' the sealin' vessels, thet bein' one o' thar rendeyvoos when they 're fishin' roun' Staten Land."

"You think that better then than trying to the



"THEY HAVE BARELY TIME TO GET OUT OF THE RAVINE'S MOUTH BEFORE A TORRENT OF LIVING FORMS COMES POURING DOWN IT."

northward for the Straits of Magellan?" inquires Captain Gancy.

"Oceans o' odds better. To reach Magellan we 'd hev to work out seaward ag'in, an' back past the 'Furies,' whar thar 's all sorts o' cross-currents to contend wi'. Goin' east'ard through the Beagle, we 'll hev both wind and tide a'most allers in our favor. 'Sides, there 'd be no bother 'bout the coorse. 'T air jest like steerin' in a river, an' along the coast ag'in. I 'm wall acquaint' wi' every inch o' 't."

That Captain Gancy, an experienced navigator, should be unacquainted with the Beagle Channel may seem strange. But at the time of which we write, this remarkable passage was of recent discovery, and not yet laid down on the charts.

"How about the other matter?" he asks, in half whisper, glancing significantly toward his wife and daughter, who are but a few paces off. "Will the Beagle course be any the safer for that?"

"I can't say 't will, sir," is the answer, in like undertone. "Tho' it wont be any worse. Guess the danger 's 'bout equil eytherways."

"What danger?" questions young Gancy, who has overheard the ugly word.

"O' the gig gettin' bilged, Mister Ed'ard," is the ready, but not truthful, rejoinder. "In coorse thar 's rough seas everywhar through Fireland, an' wi' such a mite o' a boat, we 'll hev to be on the keerful."

"Then," says the Captain, his mind made up, after long and minutely examining sea and coast all around through his glass, "then by the Beagle Channel be it. And we may as well set out at once. I can see nothing of the pinnace. If she 'd weathered the gale and put in this way, they 'd be sure to sail on for the main-land. In that case, they may sight us when we get well out on the open water."

"Jest so, Capting," says Seagriff, "an' as ye perpose, we mout as well make the start now. We kin gain nothin' by stayin' hyar."

"All right, then. Let us be off."

So saying, the skipper takes a last look through the binocular, with a lingering hope that something may still be seen of the consort boat; then, disappointed, he leads the way down to the landing-place.

Their further stay on the island is for but a few minutes,—while the two youths make a fresh raid on the penguinnery, and rob it of another dozen of the young birds, as boat stores. Some tussac asparagus is also added; and then all resume their places on the thwarts, this time with everything properly stowed and ship-shape.

Once more under way, they encounter a heavy ground swell; but the breeze is in their favor and, with the sail set, they are able to keep steadily before it. They have no trouble in making their course, as the sky is clear, and Sarmiento—an all-sufficient guide-post—always visible. But although neither Captain Gancy nor Seagriff has any anxiety as to the course, both seem anxious about something, all the while scanning the water ahead; the skipper through his glass, the old sealer with hand shading his eyes.

This attracting the attention of young Gancy, sharp at reading facial expression, as are most men who follow the sea, he asks, after a time:

"What is it, father? You and Chips appear to be troubled about something."

"Wal, Mister Ed'ard, thar aint ennythin' rumarkabul in thet, sitiwated ez we air; it 's only nateral to be allers expectin' trouble o' some sort. You youngsters don't think o' thet, ez we old uns do."

The old sealer has made haste to answer a question not put to him. He fears that the skipper, in his solicitude as husband and father, may break down, and betray the secret that oppresses them.

Vain the attempt at concealing it longer; for the very next instant the Captain himself exclaims:

"Ha! yonder! A boat full of people putting off from the shore!"

"Mout it be the pinnace, Capting?"

"No, Chips; it 's some sort of native craft. Look for yourself." And he hands him the binocular.

"Yer right, sir," says Seagriff, after a look through the glass. "A Feweegin canoe it air, an' I do believe they 're *Ailikoleeps!* Ef so, we may look out for squalls."

Both his words and tone tell of fear,—confessed at last, since he knows it can no longer be concealed. But the others are only surprised, for as yet they are ignorant of any danger which may arise from an interview with the natives, of whom they know nothing.

Meanwhile, the canoe has pulled well out from the shore—the northern one—and is evidently making to meet the gig in mid-water, an encounter which can not be avoided; the breeze being now light and the boat having little way. Seeing it to be inevitable, the Captain says:

"We may as well show a bold front, and speak them, I suppose?"

"Yes," assents Seagriff, "thet air the best way. 'Sides, thar 's no chance o' our gettin' past 'em out o' reach o' thar sling-stones. But I guess we hev n't much to fear from thet lot, ef thar are n't others to jine 'em; an' I don't see any others."

"Nor do I," indorses the Captain, sweeping the shore line with his glass. "It 's the only craft I can see anywhere."

"Wal, *it* aint on a warlike bender, whether

Ahkoke por no: seem'as thar 's wee men an' childer in 't. So, I reck'n, thar 's nothin' to be skeart about jest yet, though you niver kin tell for sartin what the critters air up to, till they show it themselves."



By this, the Fuegians have approached near enough for hailing: which, however, they have been doing all along, shouting in high-pitched voices and frantically gesticulating.

They cry: "Ho-say! ho-say!" in quick repetition, two of them standing up and waving skins of some sort above their heads.

"Thet means to hold palaver, an' hev a dicker wi' 'em," says Seagriff. "They want to trade off thar pelts an' sech like."

"All right," assents the Captain. "Be it so; and we may as well douse the sail and lie by; we 're making no way, anyhow."

At this, the sail is lowered away, and the boat lies motionless on the water, awaiting the approach of the canoe.

In a few seconds, the native craft comes paddling up, but for a time keeps beyond grappling distance,—a superfluous precaution on the part of the Fuegians, but very agreeable to those in the gig. Especially so, now that they have a nearer view of their visitors. There are, in all, thirteen of them: three men, four women, and the rest girls and boys of different ages; one of the women having an infant tied to her by a scarf fastened over one of her shoulders. Nearly a dozen dogs are in the canoe also,—diminutive, fox-like animals with short ears, resembling the Esquimaux breed, but smaller. Of the human element,—if human it can be called,—all are savages of the lowest type and wildest aspect, their coarse, shaggy

hair hanging like loose thatch over low foreheads, and partially shading their little, bleary, red eyes. Hideous are they to very deformity. Nor is their ugliness diminished, but rather heightened, by a variety of pigments,—ochre, charcoal, and chalk,—laid thick upon their faces and bodies with an admixture of seal oil or blubber. The men are scantily clothed, with only one kind of garment, a piece of skin hung over their shoulders and lashed across the chest; and all the women wearing a sort of apron skirt of penguin skins.

The canoe is a rough, primitive structure: several breadths of bark stitched together with sinews of the seal and gathered up at the ends. Along each side a pole is lashed joining the gunwale rail, while several stout pieces laid crosswise serve as beam timbers. In the bottom, amidships, is a mud hearth on which burns a fire, with sticks set up around it to dry. There are three compartments in the craft, separated from one another by the cross-pieces; in the forward one are various weapons—spears, clubs, and sling-stones—and fishing implements. The amidships section holds the fire-hearth, the men having place on the forward side of it; the women, who do the paddling, are seated further aft; while in the stern division are stowed the boys, girls, and dogs.

Such is the picture taken in by the gig's people, and at a glance; for they have neither time nor opportunity to examine it minutely, as the Fuegians keep up a continual shouting and gesticulating; their hoarse, guttural voices mingled with the barking of the dogs making a very pandemonium of noise.

A sign from Seagriff, however, and a word or two spoken in their own tongue, brings about a lull and an understanding, and the traffic commences. Sea-otter and fox skins are exchanged for such useless trifles as chance to be in the gig's lockers, the savage hucksters not proving exorbitant in their demands. Two or three broken bottles, a couple of empty sardine boxes, with some buttons and scraps of colored cloth, buy up almost all their stock-in-trade, leaving them not only satisfied, but under the belief that they have outwitted the *akifca-akinesh* (white men).

Still, they continue to solicit further traffic, offering not only their implements of the chase and fishing, but their weapons of war! The spears and slings Seagriff eagerly purchases, giving in exchange several effects of more value than any yet parted with, somewhat to the surprise of Captain Gancy. But confident that the old sealer has a good and sufficient reason, the Captain says nothing, and lets him have his way.

The Fuegian women are no less solicitous than the men about the barter, and eagerly take a hand in it. Unlike their sisters of civilization, they are willing to part with articles of personal adornment; even that most prized by them, the shell necklace.* Aye, more, what may seem incredible, she with the child—her own baby—has taken a fancy to a red scarf of China-crape worn by Leoline, and pointing first to it and then to the babe on her shoulder, she plucks the little one from its lashings and holds it up with a coaxing expression on her countenance, like a cheap-jack tempting a simpleton at a fair to purchase a pinchbeck watch!

"Whatever does the woman want?" asks Mrs. Gancy, greatly puzzled; all the rest sharing her wonder, save Seagriff, who answers, with a touch of anxiety in his voice:

"She wants to barter off her babby, ma'am, for that 'ere scarf."

"Oh!" exclaims Leoline, shocked, "surely you don't mean that, Mr. Chips."

"Sure I do, Miss; neyther more nor less. Thet's jest what the unnateral woman air up to. An' she would n't be the first as hez done the same. I've heerd afore uv a Feweegin woman bein' willin' to sell her chile for a purty piece o' cloth like that."

The shocking incident brings the bargaining to an end. Situated as they are, the gig's people have no desire to burden themselves with Fuegian *bric-à-brac*, and have consented to the traffic only for the sake of keeping on good terms with the traffickers. But it has become tiresome; and Captain Gancy, eager to be off, orders oars out, the wind having quite died away.

Out go the oars, and the boat is about moving off, when the inhuman mother tosses her pickaninny into the bottom of the canoe, and, reaching her long, skinny arm over the gig's stern-sheets, makes a snatch at the coveted scarf! She would have clutched it, had not her hand been struck down, on the instant, by the blade of an oar wielded by Henry Chester.

The hag, foiled in her attempt, sets up a howl of angry disappointment, her companions joining in the chorus and sawing the air with threatening arms. Impotent is their rage, however, for the crafty Seagriff has secured all their missile weapons; and under the impulse of four strong rowers, the gig goes dancing on, soon leaving the clumsy Fuegian craft far in its wake, with the savages shouting and threatening vengeance.

* The shell most in vogue among Fuegian *belles* for neck adornment is a pearl oyster (*Margarita violacea*) of an iridescent purplish color, and about half an inch in diameter. It is found adhering to the kelp, and forms the chief food of several kinds of sea-birds, among others the "steamer duck." Shells and shell-fish play a large part in Fuegian domestic (!) economy. A large kind of barnacle (*Concholepas Peruviana*) furnishes their drinking cups; while an edible mollusc (*Mactra edulis*) and several species of limpet (*Patella*) help out their often scanty larder.

Chapter X.

SAVED BY A WILLIWAW.

"Wal!" says the old sealer, with an air of relief, when he sees that danger past, "I guess we 've gi'n 'em the slip. But what a close shave! Ef I hed n't contrived to dicker 'em out o' the sling fixin's, they mout 'a' broke some o' our skulls."

"Ah! that 's why you bought them," rejoins the skipper; "I perceive now what you were up to," he adds, "and a good bargain you made of it, Chips."

"But why should we have cared?" asks Henry Chester, his English blood aroused, and his temper ruffled by the fright given Leoline. "What had we to fear from such miserable wretches? Only three men of them, and five of us!"

"Aye, Mister Henry, that 's all true as to the numbers. But ef they war only *one* to our five, they would n't regard the odds, a bit. They 're like wild animals, an' fight jest the same. I 've seed a Feweegin, only a little mite uv a critter, make attack on a w'ale-boat's crew o' sealers, an' gi'e sev'ral uv 'em ugly wounds. They don't know sech a thing as fear, no more 'n a trapped badger. Neyther do thar weemen, who fight jest the same 's the men. Thar aint a squaw in that canoe as cud n't stan' a tussle wi' the best o' us. 'Sides, ye forgit thet we have n't any weepens to fight 'em with 'ceptin' our knives." This was true; neither gun, pistol, nor other offensive arm having been saved from the sinking "Calypso." "An' our knives," he continues, "they 'd 'a' been o' but little use aginst their slings, wi' the which they kin send a stone a good hundred yards.* Aye, Mister Henry, an' the spears, too. Ef we hed n't got holt o' them, some uv 'em mout be stickin' in us now. Ez ye may see, they 're the sort for dartin'."

The English youth, exulting in the strength and vigor of growing manhood, is loath to believe all this. He makes no response, however, having eased his feelings, and being satisfied with the display he has made of his gallantry by that well-timed blow with the oar.

"In any case," calmly interposes the skipper, "we may be thankful for getting away from them."

"Yis, Capting," says Seagriff, his face still wearing an anxious expression, "ef we hev got away from 'em, the which aint sartin yit. I 've my fears we have n't seen the last o' that ugly lot."

While speaking, his eyes are fixed on the canoe in an earnest, interrogating gaze, as though he sees something to make him uneasy. Such a thing he does see; and the next instant he declares, in excited tones:

"No! Look at what they 're doin'!"

"What?" asks the Captain.

"Sendin' up a signal smoke. Thet 's thar trick, an' ne'er another."

Sure enough, a smoke is seen rising over the canoe, quite different from that previously observed—a white, curling cloud more like steam or what might proceed from straw set on fire. But they are not left long conjecturing about it, ere their attention is called to another and similar smoke on the land.

"Yonner!" exclaims Seagriff. "Thar 's the answer. An' yonner, an' yonner!" he adds, pointing to other white puffs that shoot up along the shore like the telegraphy of a chain of semaphores.†

"'T air lookin' bad for us now," he says in under-tone to the Captain, and still gazing anxiously toward the shores. "Thar 's Feweegins ahead on both sides, and they 're sure to put out fur us. Thet 's Burnt Island on the port bow, and Cath'rine to starboard, both 'habited by Ailikoleeps. The open water beyant is Whale-boat Soun'; an' ef we kin git through the narrer atween, we may still hev a chance to show 'em our starn. Thar 's a sough in the soun', that tells o' wind thar, an' onct in it we 'll git the help o' the sail."

"They 're putting out now," is the Captain's rejoinder, as through his glass he sees canoe after canoe part from the shore, one shooting out at every point where there is a smoke.

When clear of the fringe of overhanging trees, the canoes are visible to the others; fifteen or twenty of them leaving the land on both sides, and all making toward the middle of the strait, where it is narrowest, evidently with the design of heading off the boat.

"Keep her well to starboard, Capting!" sings out the old sealer, "near as may be to the p'int o' Cath'rine Island. Ef we kin git past thet 'fore they close on us, we 'll be safe."

"But had n't we better put about and put back? We can run clear of them that way."

"Cl'ar o' the canoes ahead, yis! But not o' the others astarn. Look yonner! Thar 's more o' em puttin' out ahint—the things air everywhar!"

"'T will be safer to run on, then, you think?"

"I do, sir. B'sides, thar 's no help for 't now. It 's our only chance, an' it aint sech a bad un, eyther. I guess we kin do it yit."

* Seagriff does not exaggerate. Their skill with this weapon is something remarkable. Captain King thus speaks of it: "I have seen them strike a cap, placed upon the stump of a tree fifty or sixty yards off, with a stone from a sling." And again, speaking of an encounter he had with Fuegians: "It is astonishing how very correctly they threw them, and to what a distance. When the first stone fell close to us, we all thought ourselves out of musket shot!"

† A kind of telegraph or apparatus for conveying information by means of signals visible at a distance, and as oscillating arms or flags by daylight and lanterns at night. A simple form is still employed

"Lay out to your oars, then, my lads," cries the skipper, steering as he has been advised. "Pull your best, all!"

A superfluous command that, for already they are straining every nerve, all awake to the danger drawing nigh. Never in their lives were they in greater peril, never threatened by a fate more fearful than that impending now. For, as the canoes come nearer, it can be seen that there are only men in them; men of fierce aspect, every one of them armed!

"Nary woman nor chile!" mutters Seagriff, as though talking to himself. "Thet means war, an' the white feathers stickin' up out o' thar skulls, wi' thar faces chalked like circus clowns! War to the knife, for sartin!"

Still other, if not surer, evidences of hostility are the spears bristling above their heads, and the slings in their hands, into which they are seen slipping stones to be ready for casting. Their cries, too, shrilling over the water, are like the screams of rapacious birds about to pounce on prey which they know can not escape them.

And now the canoes are approaching mid-channel, closing in from either side like a V, and the boat must pass between them. Soon it has some of them abeam, with others on the bows. It is running the gauntlet, with apparently a very poor chance of running it safely. The failure of an oar-stroke, a retarding whiff of wind, may bring death to those in the gig, or capture, which is the same. Yet they see life beyond, if they can but reach it,—life in a breeze, the "sough" on the water, of which Seagriff spoke. It is scarce two cables' length ahead. Oh, that it were but one! Still they have hope, as the old sealer shouts encouragingly:

"We may git into it yet. Pull, boys; pull wi' might an' main!"

His words spur them to a fresh effort, and the boat bounds on, the oars almost lifting her out of the water. The canoes abeam begin to fall astern, but those on the bows are forging dangerously near; while the savages in them, now on their feet, brandish spears and wind their slings above their heads. Their fiendish cries and furious gestures, with their ghastly chalked faces, give them an appearance more demoniac than human.



"ARE WE TO BE STONED TO DEATH?"

A stone is slung and a javelin cast, though both fall short. But will the next? They will soon be at nearer range, and the gig's people, absolutely without means of protection, sit in fear and trembling. Still the rowers, bracing hearts and arms, pull manfully on. But Captain Gancy is appalled as another stone plashes in the water close to the boat's side, while a third, striking the mast, drops down upon a thwart.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaims appealingly,

as he extends a sheltering arm over the heads of his dear ones. "Is it thus to end? Are we to be stoned to death?"

"*Hunner*'s a Heaven's marcy, I do believe!" says Seagriff on the instant, "comin' to our help 'roun' Burnt Island. Thet 'll bring a change, sure!"

All turn their eyes in the direction indicated, wondering what he means, and they see the water, lately calm, now in violent agitation, with showers of spray dashing up to the height of a ship's mast.

"It 's a *williwaw!*" adds the old sealer, in joyous tone; though at any other time, in open boat, or even decked ship, it would have sent a thrill of fear through his heart. Now he hails it with hope, for he knows that the williwaw* causes a Fuegian the most intense fear, and oft engulfs his crazy craft, with himself and all his belongings. And, at sight of the one now sweeping toward them, the savages instantly drop sling and spear, cease shouting, and cower down in their canoes in dread silence.

"Now 's our chance, boys!" sings out Seagriff. "Wi' a dozen more strokes we 'll be cl'ar o' them,—out o' the track o' the williwaw, too."

The dozen strokes are given with a will. Two dozen ere the squall reaches them, and when it comes up, it has spent most of its strength, passing alike harmlessly over boat and canoes.

But, again, the other danger threatens. The Fuegians are once more upon their feet, shaking their spears and yelling more furiously than ever; anger now added to their hostility. Yet louder and more vengefully they shout at finding pursuit is vain, as they soon do; for the diversion caused by the williwaw has given the gig an advantage, throwing all the canoes so far astern that there is no likelihood of its being caught. Even with the oars alone, it could easily keep the distance gained on the slowly paddled craft. It does better, however, having found the breeze; and, with a swollen sail, it glides on down Whale-boat Sound, rapidly increasing its advantage. On, still on, till under the gathering shadows of night the flotilla of canoes appears like tiny specks—like a flock of foul birds at rest on the distant water.

"Thar 's no fear o' them comin' arter us any furrer, I reck'n," says the old sealer, in a glad voice.

"And we may thank the Almighty for it," is Captain Gancy's grateful rejoinder. "Surely never was His hand more visibly extended for the protection of poor mortals! Let us thank Him, all!"

And the devout skipper uplifts his hands in prayer, the rest reverently listening. After the simple thanksgiving, he fervently kisses, first his wife, then Leoline. Kisses of mutual congratulation, and who can wonder at their being fervent? For they all have been very near to their last embrace on earth!

CHAPTER XI.

WHY "LAND OF FIRE."

THE night is down; but, although it is very dark, the boat-voyagers do not bring in to land. They are still far from confident that the pursuit has been relinquished; and, until it is abandoned, they are still in danger.

Ere long, they have sure evidence that it is not abandoned; when all along the shores of the sound flash up fires, which, like the smoke seen in the daylight, are surely signals. Some are down upon the beaches, others high up against the hill-sides,—just such lights as Magalhaens beheld three and a half centuries before, while passing through the strait which now bears his name.† Hence, too, the name he bestowed on the unknown country lying south of them, "Tierra del Fuego"—"Land of Fire."

The fugitives in the gig see fires on both shores, fifty or more,—the lurid flames symbolizing the fierce, implacable hostility of the savage men who have set them alight.

"We 're boun' to keep on till we 've got 'em all astarn," counsels Seagriff. "So long 's thar's a spark ahead, it 'll be dangersome to put in. They 'd be for headin' us off jest the same to-morrer, ez thar 's another long narrer to pass atween this an' Darwin Soun'. 'T air a bit lucky the night bein' so dark that they can't sight us from the shore. If they could, we 'd 'a' had 'em out arter us now."

Under ordinary circumstances, the darkness would make it impossible for them to proceed. But, oddly enough, the very thing which forces them to continue their retreat assists them in making it good; the fires on either side being like so many beacon lights, enabling them to hold a course in mid-water. Thus guided, they run on as between two rows of street lamps, fortunately so far from them that they do not render visible the spread sail. Fortunately, also, on reaching the next narrow, where it would otherwise be seen, there is a mist over the water. Screened by this, they succeed in passing

* The "williwaw," sometimes called the "woolley," is one of the great terrors of Fuegian inland waters. It comes on the gig with a downward direction, probably caused by the warm air of the outside ocean, as it passes over the snowy mountains, becoming suddenly cooled, and so dropping with a violent rush upon the surface of the water, which surges under it as if struck by a cannon-shot.

† He discovered the Straits, or, more properly, Strait, in 1519. His name is usually given as "Magellan" by French and English writers; the Spaniards making it "Magallanes." But, as he was a native of Portugal, and Magalhaens is the Portuguese orthography, it should be the one preferred. By sealers and others, Tierra del Fuego is often called "Fireland." Lady Brassey heard it so called by the settlers at "Sandy Point," in the Strait.

through it unperceived, and enter Darwin Sound just as day is breaking. Here neither fires nor smokes are observed — some warrant for their believing that they have passed out of the territory of the tribe which has attacked them.

For all, they do not yet seek the shore; the wind is too temptingly in their favor, and they run on into the north-west arm of the Beagle Channel, at length bringing to in a small cove on its southern side.

It is late afternoon when they make a landing; yet they have time to choose a camping-place ere the night sets in. Not much choice is there, the only available spot being at the inner end of the cove. There a niche in the rocky beach forms a sort of natural boat-dock, large enough to admit the gig to moorings. And on the shore adjacent is the only patch of bare ground visible; at all other points the trees grow to the water's edge, with overhanging branches.

Confident now that their late pursuers have been shaken off, they determine on making a stay here of at least a day or two. After the long spell of laborious work, with the excitement which accompanied it, they greatly need rest. Besides, all are now very hungry, having had no opportunity of cooking aught since they left the landing place on the isle.

Where they are now, there is no difficulty about fire, fuel being plentiful all about. And while Cæsar is preparing the repast, the others transform the boat-sail into a tent, by setting up the oars, trestle-fashion, and resting the mast on them as a ridge-pole.

Having satisfied the cravings of appetite, and completed their arrangements for passing the night, they sit by the fire and contemplate a landscape which hitherto they have but glanced at. A remarkable landscape it is; picturesque beyond description, and altogether unlike the idea generally entertained of Fuegian scenery. That portion of it which an artist would term the "foreground" is the cove itself, which is somewhat like the shoe of a mule, — running about a hundred yards into the land, while less than fifty feet across the mouth. Its shores, rising abruptly from the beach, are wooded all around with a thick forest, which covers the steep sides of the encircling hills as far as can be seen. The trees, tall and grand, are of three kinds, almost peculiar to Tierra del Fuego. One is a true beech; another, as much birch as beech; the third, an aromatic evergreen of world-wide celebrity, the "Winter's-bark."* But there is also a growth of buried underwood, consisting of arbutus, barberry, fuchsias, flowering currants, and a singular fern, also occurring in the island of Juan Fernandez and resembling the *zamia* of Australia.

The sea-arm on which the cove opens is but little over a mile in width; its opposite shore being a sheer cliff, rising hundreds of feet above the water, and indented here and there by deep gorges with thickly wooded sides. Above the cliff's crest the slope continues on upward to a mountain ridge of many peaks, one of them a grand cone towering thousands of feet above all the others. That is Mount Darwin, wrapped in a mantle of never-melting snow. Along the intermediate space between the cliff's crest and the snow-line is a belt of woodland, intersected by what might be taken for streams of water, were it not for their color. But they are too blue, too noiseless, to be water. Yet, in a way, they are water, for they are glaciers; some of them abutting upon the sea-arm, and filling up the gorges that open upon it, with façades as precipitous as that of the cliff itself. There are streams of water also which proceed from the melting of the snow above; cataracts that spout out from the wooded sides of the ravines, their glistening sheen vividly conspicuous amid the greenery of the trees. Two of these curving jets, projected from walls of verdure on opposite sides of a gorge, meet midway, and mingling, fall thence perpendicularly down; changing, long ere they reach the water below, to a column of white spray.

Such is the magnificent panorama spread before the eyes of our castaways, who, despite their forlorn lot, can not help regarding it with admiration. Nor is their wonder diminished by what they see and hear close at hand. Little expected they to find parrots and humming-birds in that high latitude; yet a flock of the former chatter above their heads, feeding on the berries of the winter's-bark; while numbers of the latter are seen, flitting to and fro or poised on whirring wings before the bell-shaped blossoms of the fuchsias.† From the deeper recesses of the wood, at intervals comes a loud, cackling cry, resembling the laugh of an idiot. It is the call-note of the black woodpecker. And as if in response to it, a kingfisher, perched on the limb of a dead tree by the beach, now and then utters its shrill, ear-piercing scream.

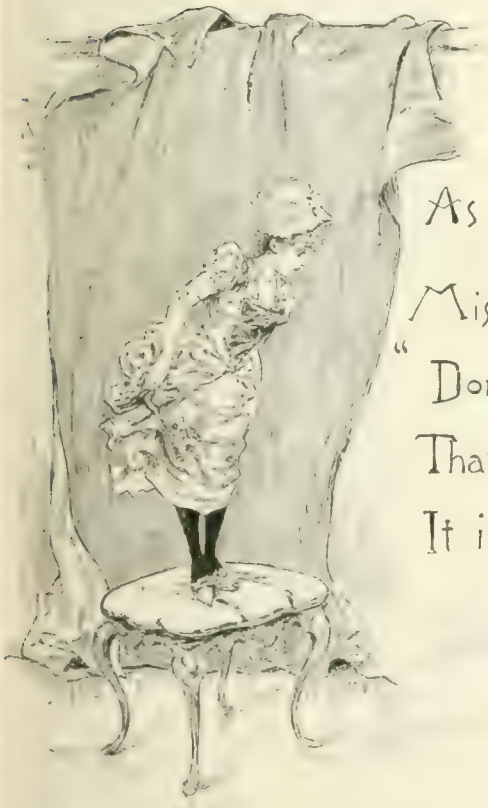
Other fishing-birds of different species fly hither

* The beeches are the *Fagus Betuloides* and *F. Antarchia*. The former partakes also of the character of a birch. It is an evergreen, while the leaves of the other fall off in the autumn. The "Winter's-bark" (*Drimys Winteri*) is a laurel-like evergreen, which produces an aromatic bark, somewhat resembling cinnamon. It derives its name, not from the season, but from a Captain Winter, who first carried the bark to England in 1579.

† The Fuegian parrot, or paroquet, is known to naturalists as *Psittacus Smaragdinus*, — the humming-bird, as *Melisuga Kingii*. It was long believed that neither parrots nor humming-birds existed in Tierra del Fuego, — Buffon, with his usual incorrectness, alleging that the specimens brought from it were taken elsewhere. Other learned closet-naturalists insisted on the parrots, reported to exist there, being "sea-parrots" (auks).

and thither over the water, now quite tranquil, the wind having died away. A flock of white pelicans, in pursuit of finny prey, swim about the cove, their eyes looking into the depths, their long, pick-ax beaks held ready for a plunge. Then, as a fish is sighted underneath, down goes head and neck in a quick dart, soon to be drawn up with the victim writhing between the tips of the mandibles. But the prey is not secured yet; as on each pelican attends a number of predatory gulls, wheeling over it, and watching its every movement with a well-studied interest. As soon as the fish is brought up, they swoop at it from all points with wild screams and flapping wings; and as the pelican can not swallow the fish without first tossing it upward, the toss proves fatal to its purpose. The prey let go, instead of falling back into the water, or down the pouch-like gullet held agape for it, is caught by one or more of the gulls, and those greedy birds continue the fight among themselves, leaving the pelican they have robbed to go diving again.

Night comes on, but not with the darkness anticipated. For still another wonder is revealed to them ere closing their eyes in sleep — the long continuance of twilight, far beyond anything of the kind they have ever experienced. But its cause is known to them; the strange phenomenon being due to the fact that the sun, for some time after it has sunk below the horizon, continues to shine on the glistening ice of the glaciers and the snow of the mountain summits, thus producing a weird reflection in the heavens, somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis!



Not Fear

As the mouse round the room
quickly sped.
Miss Nellie courageously said:
"Dont think it is fear
That has brought me up here,—
It is merely a sort of a dread.

AN ENGRAVER ON WHEELS.

By W. Lewis Fraser.

Have you ever seen a wood-engraver at work? No? Well, then, you probably have at some time taken a ring, or a watch, or a dime for a bangle, to an engraver, to have your name or initials cut upon it. And if you have stood and watched the work done, you have noticed that the engraver used a magnifying glass, a pad made of leather (and filled with sand), and perhaps a half dozen small steel tools with queer little wooden or cork handles. And when he put the monogram upon the ring or bangle which you handed him, he went to work in this way: He first raised the magnifying glass to his eye, and, by a curious trick "screwing up" the muscles round about it, held it in place there; then he took the thing to be engraved in his left hand, laid it on the pad (called a sand-bag), and, with one of the queer little tools in his right hand, cut the letters into the metal.

Now the engraver who makes a steel plate for printing works in the same manner,—in fact, your name upon the bangle would print were you to take some very thick printing ink, rub it well into the engraved lines (carefully wiping off the surrounding parts with the ball of the hand, however, so as to leave the ink in the lines only, and the rest of the surface clean), lay a piece of paper on it, and take an impression by rubbing, or with your amateur printing press.

Of course, you know that such pictures as you see in books or in St. Nicholas have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken before they can be printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the two principal kinds of engravings are steel-engravings and wood-engravings.

These two kinds of engravings, however, are produced by directly opposite methods. In one, the lines that are to ink the paper are cut *into* the surface of the plate, so that they will *hold* the ink like grooves, and the rest of the surface will be perfectly smooth and clean. (This is the process followed in steel-engraving.) In the other mode, which is followed in wood-engraving, the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut *away* from the surface of the block, so that if an ink roller should be passed over an engraving of this kind it would leave all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, while the grooves and spaces *between* the lines would have no ink; or if they had, would not touch the paper, as they are really little *hollows* between the lines. This process corresponds, in printing, with printing from type, the lines of the engraving corresponding to the surface of the types (which takes the ink), and the hollowed-out lines, or the grooves between the lines, corresponding to the spaces between the types.

As the lines in a good wood-engraving have to be very thin, you will see at once how necessary it is for the wood itself to be of a firm and strong fiber that will not break, or split, or "crumble" easily. And, indeed, the wood used for engraving is one of the hardest known. It is box-wood, and is obtained almost exclusively from Turkey and Asia Minor. The grain of box-wood is exceedingly close and smooth, and engravers' "blocks" consist of slices each about an inch thick and usually from two to four inches square, cut *across* the grain of the tree. The box-tree does not grow to any considerable size, and when a large block is desired it has to be made by screwing and glueing a number of small blocks together very tightly and securely. It is said that it would take more than one hundred years for a box-tree to grow large enough to furnish a block *in one piece* of a size sufficient to include the whole of the engraving, "A Midwinter Night," which forms the frontispiece of this month's St. Nicholas. That picture is in reality engraved upon nine blocks of box-wood, closely joined together.

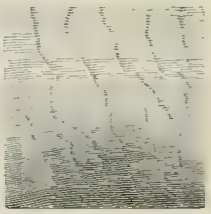
You will understand from the account of the manner in which wood-engravings are made that the wood-engraver has to make two lines with his graver to form one which will print. With your bangle, you rubbed the stiff ink *into* the lines, and the pressure of rubbing upon the paper lifted the ink out of the lines and left it on the paper; but the wood-block will not have ink rubbed into it, but just a roller covered with ink passed *over* it, leaving ink on the surface of the block, to be picked up by the sheet of paper which comes in contact with it. So, as I have said, the wood-engraver must sink two lines in the block to make one line which will print. Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture,—such as that of Monkstown Castle, in the December number of St. Nicholas,—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead-pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass



MR. DRAKE AT WORK IN HIS CARRIAGE-STUDIO.

counting the lines within the circle. You will see that your penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones will be the "tint" or "color" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture. These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these, one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver always has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography. By this plan, the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.



A SQUARE INCH OF AN ENGRAVING SHOWING "STOPS."

You see, the engraver is a copyist. He copies the artist's drawing, and the printing press duplicates his copy thousands of times, so that you and I may see the drawing too. And being a copyist, his ambition is to make his copy exactly represent the thing which he is copying. And to this end, he often, even after he has been given a beautiful drawing of some object, seeks for the real object, and places it before him for study and comparison while at work. Mr. Marsh, the engraver, did so when making his wonderful engravings of moths and butterflies, published in a book called "Insects Injurious to Vegetation." And it is said that Thomas Bewick, who has been called "the father of modern wood-engraving," followed the same plan when making his engravings of "British Birds."

But it is only within the last two years that it has occurred to an engraver — not to bring birds and moths into his studio — but to make a studio which could go out into the fields and woods and find not only the birds and moths, but trees and ferns, and flowers, and even mountains; in fact, all such things as the artist goes to seek, and, having found, makes into pictures. I refer to Elbridge Kingsley, the engraver of "A Midwinter Night," the frontispiece of this number of ST. NICHOLAS. He has built for himself a car, not unlike what you will sometimes see the gypsies have. It is divided into what we might call the artistic, culinary, and marine departments; for, although it is but ten feet long, three and a half feet wide, and seven feet high, it includes a studio, a kitchen, and a boat. It is built of very light, hard wood, and has a slightly curved roof covered with zinc to shed the rain, a little window in front, really the gable end, and an entrance door on one side with a window on each side of it. On the opposite side is a larger window, and in the other gable end there is a door leading out to the kitchen. One half of the studio, to the height of the window-sill, is occupied by a table or desk to work on, and a chest of drawers; and on both sides of the window, above this, are many smaller drawers filled with engraving tools, paper, wood-block, colors, etc. The desk or table is formed from a portion of the side which lifts up, leaving an open space in the side of the car, for the engraver's feet. But the most curious portion of the whole is the bed; for you must know that this car is Mr. Kingsley's house and home for weeks at a time. In other words, he lives, works, cooks, and sleeps in it — sometimes in the lone pine woods, far from any house, the nearest neighbor being miles away — sometimes in the shadow of Mount Tom — sometimes on the outskirts of a New England village. Well, when he wishes to go to bed he lifts up the top of the desk, lets down the side, and, presto! his bed is made! — for what appears to be a desk is really a bedstead, with curtains, mattress, pillow, sheets, and blankets.

At one end of the studio is fixed a kerosene stove and its furniture; over it a ventilator. All about the upper part of the car, are useful shelves and hooks. Each window consists of a single pane of glass, made to slide in sockets like those in a horse-car, fitted with blinds, and in hot weather with mosquito-bars. Each window is also fitted with pretty curtains of material matching in color the interior of the studio, which is of a pale buff tint.

From the studio a step takes one into the kitchen, which is also a unique affair — a sort of portico-like extension, with a zinc roof a little lower than the main roof of the car. The sides are composed of a light frame, running nearly to the ground and fitted with shelves. The outside opening of the kitchen is closed by a light arched trellis of an oval form, and in stormy weather the whole is covered with water-proof curtains. The kitchen contains a zinc reservoir for water, holding about thirty gallons; at its side is a sink fitted with a waste-pipe, — and capable of being pushed under the studio when not in use, — and over the reservoir is a cupboard for holding odds and ends.

But perhaps the most peculiar thing about the kitchen is that it is always carpeted, although the carpet is often changed — being sometimes of

green, velvety turf, sometimes of a bed of ferns, and sometimes of beautiful russet-colored dry leaves—which means that the kitchen has no floor, but is simply a sort of enlarged porch.

The whole of the house, studio, and kitchen is built on a frame with four wheels, not unlike an ordinary country lumber wagon, and is dragged by a horse wherever the needs or whims of the artist take him.

The "marine" department is an annex. It consists of a very light boat fitted with outriggers for the oars, and a sliding seat, and mounted on a pair of wheels for land transportation.



SUFFICIENT FOR A FEW DAYS' WORK.

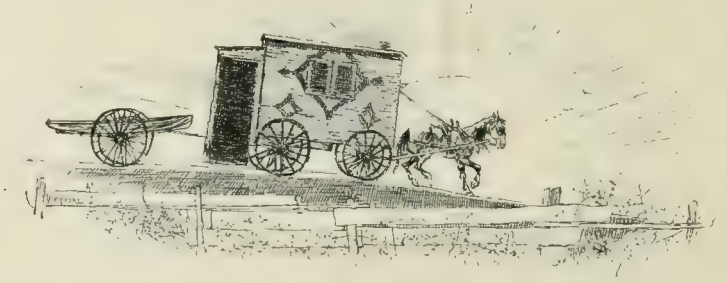
When ready for traveling shafts are put to the car; a horse harnessed in them; the reins passed in through the little window in the front gable; the boat fastened by a bolt to the kitchen behind; all glassware and crockery packed in the desk-bed and in a box which is kept underneath the car when in camp; then, with a good supply of canned foods, the artist is ready for weeks or months of work, either sketching or engraving (for he does both), in the woods.

And now a few words as to his method of work. The first original block which Mr. Kingsley made was "In a New England Forest," published in *The Century Magazine* for November, 1882. This was made directly from nature, that is to say, he had no drawing to work from, but drew his little movable house opposite the landscape he wished to portray, and engraved upon a wood-block the scene he saw, —with such omissions and alterations as were needful for a proper "composition" of the picture. Some of the work was done in the studio, sitting at the desk which has been described and looking through the open window; but more was done under the shade of a convenient tree, the artist holding his block in one hand and his graver in the other, working in a free-hand manner, not only cutting into lines, which could be printed, forms already on his block, but drawing others with the graver, a difficult feat if we remember how many lines have to be made in one square inch of a wood-block, and that these must be cut into a hard surface with a steel tool, and that in engraving there is no means of erasing a line once made.

Not all Mr. Kingsley's blocks have been produced in this way, however. Most of his later work is more the result of observation of nature than a direct copy from an actual scene. Thus, "At Sea," printed in *The Century* for April, 1883, grew out of the article which accompanied it. Mr. Kingsley many made trips down New York Bay, studying effects of cloud and water, making memoranda in

pencil and black and white; and from these he evolved his beautiful picture. And so, too, with "A Mid-winter Night." Of course, the artist could not sit out of doors upon such a night to make an engraving, nor even sit at the window of his car to look out upon what, by contrast with the light within, would be nothing but blackness. But on many a rough winter night has he wrapped himself in a warm coat and gone out into the wild storms to study just such an effect as this, fixing in his mind some needed detail, and upon returning home transferring it to the wood-block; until at last, when he sets out to make an engraving which shall embody all these impressions, he gives us in this frontispiece a truthful representation of such a night as we should choose to spend in staying at home.

Thus you will see that Mr. Kingsley's work is original — that is, he makes the picture as well as the engravings. But do not interpret this statement as belittling the work of other engravers. If all engravers chose to be originators only, the thousands of readers of ST. NICHOLAS would not have the pleasure of seeing Édouard Frère's "Young Guard," nor the many other reproductions of beautiful and celebrated paintings which have been published in this magazine. And it requires not only a high degree of mechanical skill, but fine artistic knowledge and feeling, to faithfully render the forms and tints of a good drawing or painting.



THE CRICKET'S VIOLIN.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

"AH, ME! Ah, me!" a cricket said,
"Grandmother Gray has gone to bed:
No one listens but little Fred
To all the tunes I play;
So I will hop away."

"I 'll climb the chimney, and begin
To play my dulcet violin.
Too long I 've waited; 't is a sin
For Genius thus to stay
Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan:
"Grandmother Gray, the cricket 's gone!
And you and I are left alone!
Alas! I fear," he said,
"The summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop-hop-hop
The cricket reached the chimney-top.
But, ah! the people did not stop!
None heard in all the din
The cricket's violin.

The cricket played in every key,
From *do*, *fa*, *la*, to *do*, *re*, *mi*;
From a, b, c, to x, y, z,
He played both slow and fast,—
The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came 'round and nipped his bow,
And then the music was so low,
The cricket cried in tone of woe:
"Oh, for the hearthstone bed,
The ears of little Fred!"

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks,

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I.

MARCUS OF ROME: THE BOY MAGISTRATE.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

A.D. 147.

A PERFECT autumn day. Above, the clear sky of Italy; below, a grassy plain, sloping gently down from the brown cliffs and ruined ramparts of old Veii. In the background, under the shade of the oaks, a dozen waiting attendants; and here, in the open space before us, three trim and sturdy Roman youths, all flushed with the exercise of a royal game of ball. Come, boys and girls of 1884, go back with me seventeen and a half centuries, and join the dozen lookers-on as they follow this three-cornered game of ball. They call it the *trigon*. It is a favorite ball-game with the Roman youth, in which the three players, standing as if on a right-angled triangle, pitch and catch the ball, or *pila*, at long distances and with the left hand only. It is not so easy as you may think. Try it some time and see for yourself.

"THIS way—toss it this way, Aufidius; our good Sejus will need more lessons from old Trimalchio, the gladiator, ere he outranks us at *trigon*."

And with a quick but guarded dash of the left hand the speaker caught the ball as it came spinning toward him, and with as vigorous a "left-hander" sent it flying across to young Sejus.

"Faith, my Marcus," said Sejus, as he caught the ball with difficulty, "the gallop from Lorium has made me somewhat stiff of joint, and I pitch and catch but poorly. Keep the *pila* flying, and I may grow more elastic, though just now I feel like our last text from Epictetus—'a little soul bearing about a corpse.'"

"What then! Art as stiff as that, old Sejus?" gayly shouted Aufidius. "Ho! brace thee up, man," he cried, as he sent the ball whirling across to Marcus; "brace thee up, and use rather the words of our wise young Stoic here—'Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the waters around it.'"

"'T is well applied, Aufidius. But—said I all that?" Marcus inquired.

"Ay, so didst thou, my Marcus. 'T is all down on my tablets." And with merry talk the game went on.

But soon old Ballio, the *ordinarius*, or upper servant, left the oak shade and said to Marcus, "Come, my master; the water-glass shows that we must soon ride on if we mean to reach Rome by dinner-time."

So the game was broken off and, after a few nibbles at the cakes and sweetmeats which one of the slaves carried to "stay the stomachs" of the travelers, the call "To horse!" was given, and the party moved on toward the city. The spirits of the lads ran high; and though the one called Marcus had a sedate and quiet look, he was roused into healthy and hearty boyishness as, over the Etruscan plains, they galloped on to Rome.

They had been riding, perhaps, a short half hour, when they saw, coming down a cross-road that entered the highway just beyond them, a large flock of sheep returning from their summer pasturage on the hills, in charge of three shepherds and their families. The game and the gallop had made the boys ripe for mischief; for, though close and patient students, they were in their hours of sport as ready for a frolic as are any school-boys of to-day.

The shepherds, seeing a party of hard riders coming toward them, looked at their sheep anxiously and eyed the strangers suspiciously. For sheep-stealing was of common occurrence in those days, and, when changing pastures, the shepherds were kept constantly on the watch.

The quick eye of Aufidius marked the suspicions of the shepherds.

"Why, Marcus," he exclaimed, "yonder fellows surely take us for highwaymen."

"Highwaymen, indeed!" said Sejus indignantly. "Dost think the knaves could mistake the noble Marcus Verus for a cowardly sheep-stealer?"

"And why not?" said Marcus, laughingly. "Man looks at man but as his reason tells him. If shepherds look but for sheep-stealers, to them, at first, all men are sheep-stealers. Come," he added, gayly, "let us not disappoint them. What did our teacher Rusticus tell us but yesterday: 'That which is an hinderance is made a furtherance to an act, and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on the road.' Shall we not put

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his text to the test? Behold our obstacle on the road! Let us ride down the sheep!"

The spirit of mischief is contagious. Down the highway dashed the whole party, following the lead of Marcus and his cry of "Forward, friends!" while the now terrified shepherds turned their huddling sheep around, and with many cries and much belaboring struggled back to the cross-road to escape the pretended robbers. But the swift horses soon overtook the slow-footed shepherds, and the laughing riders, with uplifted weapons and shouts of seeming victory, were quickly at the heels of the flock. Then came a change. The shepherds, finding that they could not outrun their pursuers, stopped, wheeled around, and stood on the defensive, laying valiantly about them with crook and staff.

"Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality," shouted the nimble Aufidius, and with this quotation from Virgil, he swooped down and caught up a struggling lamb.

"What says your philosophy now, O Marcus?" said Sejus as, rather ruefully, he rubbed an aching shin, sore from the ringing thwack of a shepherd's crook.

Marcus dodged a similar blow and replied: "That nothing happens to any man, O Sejus, which he is not fitted by nature to bear. But I have had enough. Let us go our way in peace."

And turning from the fray, the whole party rode rather ingloriously from the field of defeat, while the victorious shepherds vowed a lamb to Pales, the patron of shepherds, for their deliverance from so "blood-thirsty" a band of robbers.

So, flushed and merry over their adventure, the three lads rode on to Rome; but, ere they came in sight of the yellow Tiber, a fleet Numidian slave came running toward them, straight and swift as an arrow, right in the middle of the highway. Marcus recognized him as one of the runners of his uncle, the proconsul Titus Antoninus, and wondered as to his mission. The Numidian stopped short at sight of the party, and, saluting Marcus, handed him a small scroll. The boy unrolled it, and at once his face became grave.

"For me; this for me?" he said, and, in seeming surprise, laid his hand upon the arm of his friend Aufidius. Then, as if remembering that he was a Stoic, whose desire was to show neither surprise, pleasure, nor pain, let what might happen, he read the scroll carefully, placed it in his mantle and said, half aloud, "How ridiculous is he who is surprised at anything which happens in life!"

"What is it, O Marcus?" Aufidius asked.

"Friends," said the lad, "this scroll from my Uncle Antoninus tells me that I am named by the Emperor's council as Prefect* of the city while the consuls and magistrates are at the Latin games."

"Hail to thee, Prefect! hail! hail! hail!" cried Aufidius and Sejus, while the whole company joined in a respectful salute.

"Would it were some one more worthy than I, Aufidius," said Marcus solemnly.

"Nay, it is rightly decreed, my Marcus," protested his friend proudly. "Did not the Emperor himself say of thee: '*Non Verus, sed Verissimus!*'† and who but thee, Marcus Verissimus — Marcus the most true — should be the governor of Rome?"

"But think of it, friends! I am but a boy after all. Who can respect a Prefect of sixteen?" still queried the modest Marcus.

Sejus at once dipped into history.

"And why not, O Marcus?" he asked. "Was not Tiberius Cæsar a public orator at nine, and Augustus a master of the horse at seventeen? Was not Titus a quæstor‡ before he was eighteen, and the great Julius himself a priest of Jupiter at fourteen? And shall not Marcus Verus, in whose veins runs the blood of the ancient kings, rightly be prefect of the city at sixteen?"

"Thou art a good pleader, my Sejus," Marcus said pleasantly. "Since, then, I *must* be prefect, may I be a just one, and take for my motto the text of the good Rusticus: 'If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.' Forward, my good friends! The lictors await me at the city gate."

So they pressed forward and, with more decorum, rode along the Via Cassia and across the Milvian Bridge to the broader Via Lata and the city gate. Here an escort of six lictors with their rods of office welcomed Marcus, and, thus accompanied, the young magistrate passed down the Via Lata — the street now known as "the Corso," the Broadway of modern Rome — to the palace of his uncle Antoninus, near the Cœlian gate.

"Hail, Prefect!" came the welcome of the noble uncle (one of the grand characters of Roman history). "And how fare the hens at Lorium?" For the good proconsul, so soon to be hailed as Cæsar and Emperor, loved the country pleasures and country cares of his farm at Lorium more than all the sculptured magnificence of the imperial city.

"The hens are well conditioned, O Antoninus," answered the boy simply.

"But what said I?" his uncle exclaimed gayly. "What cares a prefect of Rome for the scratching hens of Lorium? As for me, most noble Prefect, I am but a man from whom neither power nor philosophy can take my natural affections"; and, as the parrot swinging over the door-way croaked

* Governor of the city. † "Not true, but *most* true!" ‡ An officer of the treasury.

out his "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) arm-in-arm uncle and nephew entered the palace.

Marcus Annius Verus was in all respects a model boy. Not the namby-pamby model that all human boys detest, but a right-minded, right-mannered, healthy, wealthy and wise young Roman of the second century of the Christian era. At that time (for the world was not yet Christianized) there flourished a race of teachers and philosophers known as Stoics, wise old pagans, who held that the perfect man must be free from passion, unmoved by either joy or grief, taking everything just as it came, with supreme and utter indifference. A hard rule that, but this lad's teachers had been mainly of the "School of the Stoics," as it was called, and their wise sayings had made so deep an impression on the little Marcus that, when only twelve years old, he set up for a full-fledged Stoic. He put on the coarse mantle that was the peculiar dress of the sect, practiced all their severe rules of self-denial, and even slept on the hard floor or the bare ground, denying himself the comfort of a bed, until his good mother, who knew what was best for little fellows, even though they were stoics, persuaded him to compromise on a quilt. He loved exercise and manly sport; but he was above all a wonderful student—too much of a student, in fact; for, as the old record states, "his excess in study was the only fault of his youth." And yet he loved a frolic, as the adventure with the shepherds proves.

Of the best patrician blood of old Rome; the relative and favorite of the great Emperor Hadrian; a great scholar, a capital gymnast, a true friend, a modest and unassuming lad; he was trying, even at sixteen, to make the best of himself, squaring all his actions by the rule that he, in after years, put into words: "I do my duty; other things trouble me not." Manly boys, with good principles, good manners, and good actions, are young gentlemen always, whenever and wherever they may live; and quickly enough, as did young Marcus of Rome, they find their right place in the regard and affections of the people about them.

Well, the days of waiting have passed. The great festival to Jove, the *Feriae Latinae*, has drawn all the high magistrates to Mount Albanus, and in their stead, as prefect of the city, rules the boy Marcus. In one of the *basilicae*, or law courts of the great Forum, he sits invested with the toga of office, the ring and the purple badge; and, while twelve sturdy lictors guard his curule chair, he listens to the cases presented to him and makes many wise decisions—"in which honor," says the old record, "he acquitted himself to the general approbation."

"Most noble Prefect," said one of the court messengers, or *accensi*, as they were called, "there waits, without, one Lydus the herdsman, demanding justice."

"Bid him enter," said Marcus; and there came into the *basilica* one whose unexpected appearance brought consternation to Aufidius and Sejus, as they waited in the court, and caused even the calm face of Marcus to flush with surprise. Lydus the herdsman was none other than their old acquaintance, the shepherd of the Etruscan highway!

"Most noble Prefect," said the shepherd, with a low salutation, "I am a free herdsman of Lake Sabatinus, and I ask for justice against a band of terrible highwaymen who lurk on the Via Cassia, near to old Veii. Only three days since, did these lawless fellows beset me and my companions, with our flocks, on the highway, and cruelly rob and maltreat us. I pray thee, let the *cohortes vigilum* (armed police) search out and punish these robbers; and let me, too, be fully satisfied for the sheep they did force from me."

"Not so fast, man," said Marcus, as the shepherd concluded his glib recital. "Couldst thou identify these knaves, if once they were apprehended?"

"Ay, that could I, noble Prefect," replied the shepherd, boldly. "They were led on by three villainous rascals, and these had with them a crowd of riotous followers."

"Ha! is it so?" said Marcus. "Aufidius! Sejus! I pray you, step this way." His two friends, in some wonder as to his intention, approached the tribunal; and Marcus, stepping down from his curule chair, placed himself between them. "Three villainous rascals, thou didst say. Were they aught like us, think'st thou?"

"Like you? O noble young Prefect!" began the shepherd, protestingly. But when, at a word from Marcus, the three lads drew back their arms as if to brandish their weapons, and shouted their cry of attack, the mouth of Lydus stood wide open in amazement, his cropped head fairly bristled with fright, and, with a hasty exclamation, he turned on his heel, and ran out of the *basilica*.

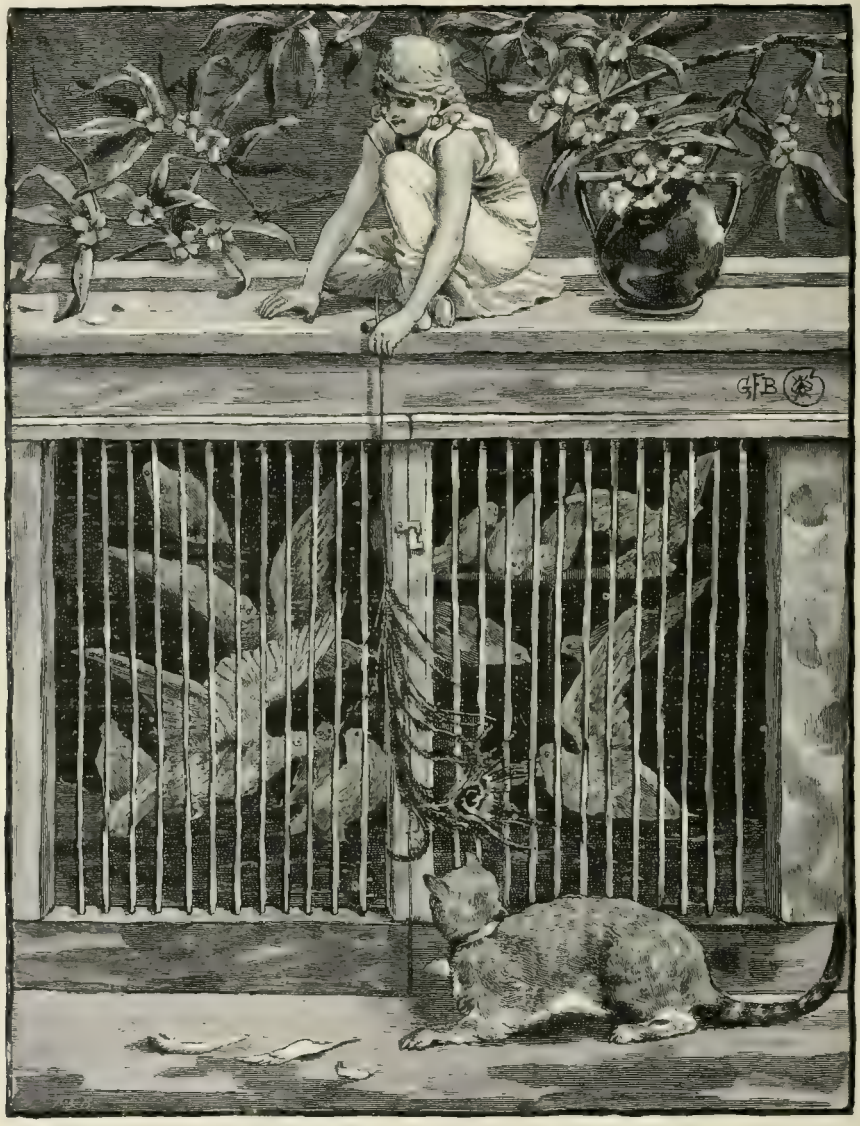
"Ho, bring him back!" Marcus commanded; and, guarded by two lictors, Lydus was dragged reluctantly back into the presence of the young prefect.

"So, my shepherd," said Marcus, "thou hast recognized thy villainous rascals surely, though thy fear was larger than thine eyeballs; for thou didst multiply both the followers and the harm done to thee. Thou hast asked for justice, and justice thou shalt have! Forasmuch as I and my companions did frighten thee, though but in sport, it is wise to

do well what doth seem but just. I, then, as Prefect of the city, do fine Marcus Annius Verus, Aufidius Victorianus, and Sejus Fruscianus, each, one hundred sestertii (about five dollars), for interfering with travelers on the public highway; and I do command the lictors to mark the offenders unless they do straightway pay the fine here laid upon them."

Aufidius and Sejus looked troubled. They had barely a hundred sestertii between them; but Marcus drew forth an amount equal to the three fines, and, handing the money to an *accensus*, bade him pay the shepherd. With many a bow, Lydus accepted the money, and with the words, "O noble young Prefect! O wise beyond thy years!" he would have withdrawn again.

"Hold!" said Marcus, ascending the tribunal, "hear the rest! Because thou hast placed a false charge before this tribunal, and hast sought to profit by thy lying tongue, I, the Prefect, do command that thou dost pay over to the *scribus* (clerk of the court) the sum of three hundred sestertii, to



ANNIA TEASES HER PET CAT, DIDO. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

be devoted to the service of the poor; and that thou dost wear the wooden collar until thy fine is paid."

Very soberly and ruefully, Lydus paid over the price of his big stories (exactly the sum which he had received from the *scribus)*, and departed from the basilica of the boy prefect, if not a poorer, at least a sadder and a wiser man.

The days of Marcus' magistracy were soon over, and when the great festival of Jove was ended, and the magistrates had returned to the city, the lad gave up the curule chair and the dress and duties of his office, and retired to his mother's house, bearing with him the thanks of the magistrates, the approval of the Emperor, and the applause of the people.

The villa of the matron Domitia Calvilla, the mother of Marcus, stood embowered in delightful gardens on the Cœlian hill, the most easterly of the famous Seven Hills of Rome. In an age of splendor, when grand palaces lined the streets and covered the hill slopes of the imperial city, when fortunes were spent upon baths and gardens, or wasted on a gala dress, or on a single meal, this pleasant house was conducted upon a plan that suited the home ways of the mother and the quiet tastes of the son. Let us enter the spacious vestibule. Here in the door-way, or *ostium*, we stop to note the "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) wrought in mosaic on the marble floor, and then pass into the *atrium*, or great living room of the house, where the female slaves are spinning deftly, and everything tells of order and a busy life. Now, let us pass on to the spacious court-yard, in the very heart of the house. In the unroofed center a beautiful fountain shoots its jets of cooling spray from a marble cistern of clear water.

And here, by the shining fountain, in the central court, stand two persons — Marcus and his mother. The lad has laid aside his *toga*, or outside mantle, and his close-fitting, short-sleeved tunic, scarcely reaching to his knees, shows a well-knit frame and a healthy, sun-browned skin. His mother, dressed in the tunic and long white *stola*, or outer robe, is of matronly presence and pleasant face. And, as they talk together in low and earnest tones, they watch with loving eyes the motions of the dark-eyed little Annia, a winsome Roman maiden of thirteen, as, perched upon a cage of pet pigeons, she gleefully teases with a swaying peacock plume now the fluttering pigeons and now the wary-eyed Dido, her favorite cat.

"But there is such a thing as too much self-denial, my Marcus," said the mother in answer to some remark of the lad.

"Nay, this is not self-denial, my mother; it is simple justice," replied the boy. "Are not Annia and I children of the same father and mother? Is it just that I should receive all the benefit of our family wealth, and that she should be dependent on my bounty?"

"Divide then thy father's estate, my son. Let Annia and thyself share alike, but give it not all to thy sister," his mother suggested.

"To whom we love much we should be ready to give much. Is it not so, O mother?" the boy asked.

"So I believe, my son," his mother answered.

"And if I seek to act justly in this matter, shall I not follow thy counsels, my mother?" Marcus continued; "for thou hast said, 'No longer talk about the kind of a man a good man ought to be, but be such.'"

"Ah, Marcus," the pleased mother exclaimed, "thou wilt be a happy man, too, if thou canst go ever by the right way, and think and act in the right way, as now. Thou art a good youth."

"And what is goodness, mother," argued the young philosopher, "but the desire to do justice and to practice it, and in this to let desire end? Let me then, as I desire, give all my father's estate to my sister Annia. My grandfather's is sufficient for my needs. So shall Annia have her fair marriage portion, and we, my mother, shall all be satisfied."

And now, his sister Annia, wearying of her play with the pigeons, dropped her peacock plume and ran merrily toward her brother.

"O Marcus," she cried, "'t will soon be time for the bath. Do come and toss the *pila* with me; — that is," she added, with mock reverence, "if so grand a person as the prefect of Rome can play at ball!"

"And why not, my Annia?" asked her mother, proudly; "even the world-ruling Julius loved his game of ball."

"Ah, but our Marcus is greater than the great Cæsar. Is he not, mother?" Annia asked, teasingly.

"Aye, that he is," the mother answered, feelingly; "for, know that he has this day given up to thee, his sister, one half of his heritage, and more — unwise and improvident youth!" she added, fondly.

"So let it end, mother," the boy said, as the pretty Annia sprang to him with a caress. "Come, Annia, let us see who can toss the *pila* best — a woman of property, such as thou, or the prefect of three days." And as hand in hand the brother and sister passed cheerily through the pillared portico, the mother looked after them with a happy heart and said, as did that other noble Roman matron of whom history tells us: "*These* are my jewels!"

The days passed. Winter grew to spring. The

ides of March have come. And now it is one of the spring holidays of Rome, the fourteenth of March in the year 138—the *Equiria*, or festival of Mars. Rome is astir early, and every street of the great city is thronged with citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers, all hurrying toward the great pleasure-ground of Rome—the Circus Maximus. Through every portal the crowds press into the vast building, filling its circular seats, anxious for the spectacle. The magistrate of the games for this day, it is said, is to be the young Marcus Annius, he who was prefect of the city during the last Latin Games; and, moreover, the festival is to close with a grand *venatio*—a wild-beast hunt!

There is a stir of expectation, a burst of trumpets from the Capitol, and all along the Sacred street and through the crowded Forum goes up the shout of the watchers, "Here they come!" With the flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and sacred statues gleaming in silver and gold, with proud young cadets on horse and on foot, with priests in their robes and guards with crested helms, with strange and marvelous beasts led by burly keepers, with a long string of skilled performers, restless horses, and gleaming chariots, through the Forum and down the Sacred street winds the long procession, led by the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. A golden chaplet, wrought in crusted leaves, circles his head; a purple *toga* drapes his trim, young figure; while the flutes and trumpets play their loudest before him, and the stout guards march at the heels of his bright-bay pony. So into the great circus passes the long procession, and as it files into the arena, two hundred thousand excited people—think, boys, of a circus-tent that holds two hundred thousand people!—rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping. The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate (standing in his *suggestus*, or state box) flings the *mappa*, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start; and, as a ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. Another shout! The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta*, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won!

And there, where the race is fiercest and the excitement most intense, sits the staid young Marcus, unmoved, unexcited, busy with his ivory tablets and his own high thoughts! For this wise young Stoic, true to his accepted philosophy, had mastered even the love of excitement—think of that, you circus-loving boys!—He has left it on record that, even as a youth, he had learned "to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the circus," and while he looked upon such shows as dangerous and wasteful (for in those days they cost the state immense sums), he felt, still, that the people enjoyed them, and he said simply: "We can not make men as we would have them; we must bear with them as they are and make the best of them we can." And so it happened that at this splendid race at which, to please the people, he presided as magistrate, this boy of sixteen sat probably the only unmoved spectator in that whole vast circus.

Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports: foot-racing and wrestling, rope-dancing and high leaping, quoit-throwing and javelin matches. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bare-backed horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around. Can you see any very great difference between the circus performance of A. D. 138 and one of A. D. 1884?

Among the throng of "artists" on that far-off March day there came a bright little fellow of ten or eleven years, a rope-dancer and a favorite with the crowd. Light and agile, he trips along the slender rope that stretches high above the arena. Right before the magistrate's box the boy poises in mid air, and even the thoughtful young director of the games looks up at the graceful motions of the boy. Hark! a warning shout goes up; now, another; the poor little rope-dancer, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the young noble, over-exerts himself, loses his balance on the dizzy rope and, toppling over, falls with a cruel thud to the ground and lies there before the great state box with a broken neck—dead. Marcus hears the shout, he sees the falling boy. Vaulting from his canopied

box he leaps down into the arena, and so tender is he of others, Stoic though he be, that he has the poor rope-dancer's head in his lap even before the attendants can reach him. But no life remains in that bruised little body and, as Marcus tenderly resigns the dead gymnast to the less sympathetic slaves, he commands that ever after a bed shall be laid beneath the rope as a protection against such fatal falls. This became the rule; and, when next you see the safety-net spread beneath the rope-walkers, the trapeze performers, and those who perform similar "terrific" feats, remember that its use dates back to the humane order of Marcus, the boy magistrate, seventeen centuries ago.

But, in those old days, the people had to be be amused — whatever happened. Human life was held too cheaply for a whole festival to be stopped because a little boy was killed, and so the sports went on. Athletes and gymnasts did their best to excel; amidst wild excitement the chariots whirled around and around the course, and then the arena was cleared for the final act — the wild-beast hunt.

The wary keepers raise the stout gratings before the dens and cages, and the wild animals, freed from their prisons, rush into the great open space, blink stupidly in the glaring light, and then with roar and growl echo the shouts of the spectators.



"AT A WORD FROM MARCUS, THE THREE LADS DREW BACK THEIR ARMS AS IF TO BRANDISH WEAPONS, AND SHOUTED A CRY OF ATTACK."

Here are great lions from Numidia, and tigers from far Arabia, wolves from the Apennines and bears from Libya, not caged and half-tamed as we see them now, but wild and fierce, loose in the arena. Now the hunters swarm in, on horse and on foot, — trained and supple Thracian gladiators, skilled Gætulian hunters, with archers, and spearmen, and net-throwers. All around the great arena rages the cruel fight. Here, a lion stands

at bay; there, a tigress crouches for the spring; a snarling wolf snaps at a keen-eyed Thracian, or a bear with ungainly trot shambles away from the spear of his persecutor. Eager and watchful the hunters shoot and thrust, while the vast audience, more eager, more relentless, more brutal than beast or hunter, applaud, and shout and cheer. But the young magistrate, who had, through all his life, a marked distaste for such cruel sport, turns from the arena and, again taking out his tablets, busies himself with his writing, unmoved by the contest and carnage before him.

The last hunted beast lies dead in the arena: the last valorous hunter has been honored with his *palma*, or reward, as victor; the slaves stand ready with hook and rope to drag off the slaughtered animals; the great crowd pours out of the vast three-storied buildings; the shops in the porticos are noisy with the talk of buyers and sellers; the boy magistrate and his escort pass through the waiting throng; and the Festival Games are over. But, ere young Marcus reaches the Forum on his return, a shout goes up from the people, and, just before the beautiful temple of the Twin Gods, where the throng is densest, flowers and wreaths are thrown beneath his pony's feet, and a storm of voices raises the shout:

"*Ave Imperator! Ave Cæsar!*"

"What means that shout, Aufidius?" he asked his friend, who rode in the escort. But the only reply Aufidius made was to join his voice with that of the enthusiastic throng in a second shout: "*Ave Imperator! Auguste, Dii te servent!*" (Hail, O Emperor! The gods save your majesty!)

Then Marcus knew that the decree of the dying Emperor Hadrian had been confirmed, and that he, Marcus Annius Verus, the descendant of the ancient kings, the boy philosopher, the unassuming son of a noble mother, had been adopted as the son and successor of his uncle Antoninus, who was to reign after Hadrian's death, and that where he went, through the Forum and up the Sacred street, there rode the heir to the greatest throne in the world, the future Emperor of Rome.

A Stoic still, unmoved, save for the slight flush that tinged his cheek as he acknowledged the greeting of the happy people, he passed on to his mother's house, and, in that dear home, amid the green gardens of the Cœlian hill, he heard her lips speak her congratulations, and bent his head to receive her kiss of blessing.

"I lose a son, but gain an Emperor," she said.

"No, my mother," the boy replied, proudly, "me thou shalt never lose. For, though I leave this dear home for the palace of the Cæsars, my heart is still here with that noble mother from whom I learned lessons of piety and benevolence and simplicity of life, and abstinence from evil deeds and evil thoughts."

Before five months had passed the great Emperor Hadrian died at Baiæ, in his hill-shaded palace by the sea, and the wise, country-loving uncle of Marcus succeeded to the throne as the Emperor Antoninus Pius. During all his glorious reign of twenty-three years, he had no more devoted admirer, subject, helper, and friend, than his adopted son and acknowledged successor, Marcus, who, in the year A. D. 161, ascended the throne of the Cæsars as the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The life of this Roman Marcus was one of unsought honors and titles. At six, a knight of the Equestrian order; at eight, one of the priests of Mars; at twelve, a rigid Stoic; at sixteen, a magistrate of the city; at seventeen, a quæstor, or revenue officer; at nineteen, a consul and Cæsar; at forty, an Emperor.

A noble boy; a noble man; preserving, as has been said of him, "in a time of universal corruption, a nature sweet, pure, self-denying, and unaffected,"—he teaches us all, boys and men alike, a lesson of real manliness. Here are two of his precepts, which we none of us are too young to remember, none of us too old to forget: "The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer"; "Let me offer to the gods the best that is in me; so shall I be a strong man, ripened by age, a friend of the public good, a Roman, an Emperor, a soldier at his post awaiting the signal of the trumpet, a man ready to quit life without a fear." And so we have opened this series of "Historic Boys" with an account of a boy who was one of the foremost figures of his time, and who himself was manly, modest, princely, brave, and true—the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the greatest and best of the Antonines.





NINE YEARS OLD.

BY

OLIVER JOHNSON.

(JUNE, 1883.)

[illegible] bonnie bloomy year
On this auspicious morn,
A little maid with golden locks
And soul of heaven born,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Fresh summer flowers, your petals ope,
With fragrance fill the air;
A human blossom on its stem
Unfolding, free and fair,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

From all your swelling throats, O birds,
Pour forth your sweetest lays;
A little girl, with eyes of blue
And wincome, joyous ways,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Young Bruce Mary household pet,
Come, wag your tail in glee;
Your little mistress, on this day,
As even you may see,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

O merry brook within the glade,
Dance lightly on your way;
A precious child, this gladsome June,
And on this very day,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Come, uncles, aunts, and cousins, too,
And join in festive mirth;
Dear grandmamma, be young to-day;
Our maid of priceless worth
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

2d MONTH. | THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC | FEBRUARY,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



THE Lenten season now comes on,
And Pisces entertains the Sun;
And for Ash-Wednesday dinner fries
The biggest fishes in the skies.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Fri.	4	Pisces	12.14	
2	Sat.	5	Aries	12.14	
3	S	6	"	12.14	4th Sunday after Epiph'y.
4	Mon.	7	Taurus	12.14	☽ near Saturn.
5	Tues.	8	"	12.14	☽ close to Aldebaran.
6	Wed.	9	"	12.14	
7	Thur.	10	Gemini	12.14	
8	Fri.	11	"	12.14	☽ near Jupiter.
9	Sat.	12	Cancer	12.14	☽ near Mars.
10	S	FULL	Leo	12.14	Septuagesima Sunday.
11	Mon.	14	Sextant	12.14	☽ near Regulus.
12	Tues.	15	Leo	12.14	
13	Wed.	16	Virgo	12.14	
14	Thur.	17	"	12.14	St. Valentine's day.
15	Fri.	18	"	12.14	☽ near Spica.
16	Sat.	19	"	12.14	
17	S	20	Libra	12.14	Sexagesima Sunday.
18	Mon.	21	Scorpio	12.14	
19	Tues.	22	Ophiuch	12.14	☽ near Antares.
20	Wed.	23	"	12.14	
21	Thur.	24	Sagitt.	12.14	
22	Fri.	25	"	12.14	Washington's b'day, 1732.
23	Sat.	26	Capri.	12.14	
24	S	27		12.13	Quinquagesima Sunday.
25	Mon	28		12.13	
26	Tues.	NEW		12.13	Pancake Tuesday.
27	Wed.	1		12.13	Ash-Wednesday.
28	Thur.	2		12.13	
29	Fri.	3	Aries	12.13	☽ passes over Venus, 11 A.M., close to Venus after sunset.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

"SEE our snow fort!"
"Did you make it?"
"That we did"
"We 'll storm and take it."
"Bet you wont!"
"Well, we 'll try."
Then the snow-balls swiftly fly.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255 ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

FEBRUARY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS has just set: she may be seen in the west after sunset, but is not very bright yet. MARS, a little to the east of our point of observation, is still at his brightest. He has moved *backward*, to the west, among the stars, and is now nearer to JUPITER, who shines as brightly as during the last month. JUPITER is now still nearer to the twin stars Castor and Pollux, and exactly in a line with them. SATURN has not sensibly altered his position among the stars, though he is now, with Aldebaran and the Pleiades, farther to the west than we saw him in January; for the whole starry sphere, by the movement of the Sun among the stars, has appeared to move two hours westward. *Orion*, which, last month, was about one hour to the east of our south mark, is now about one hour to the west of it. Sirius is now in the best position to be observed during the year, for it is almost due south. Notice the bright stars under it; they are also in the constellation of *Canis Major*. Procyon, between JUPITER and Sirius, is still to the east, but in March it too will at this hour have passed to the west. The bright star in the south-east is Regulus, the principal star in the constellation *Leo, The Lion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

Notice the *Milky Way*. It forms an arch of faint, white light from the south-east, touching Betelguese, and passing overhead close to Capella to the north-west. Its light comes from millions of stars, too small and far off to be separately distinguished. Let us notice Aldebaran again. It is one of five stars in the form of a ≻, called the Hyades.

We can now trace another step in the course of the Sun during the year, for the bright star, Regulus, marks the place where he will shine on the 20th of August.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AND THE ROBIN.

"WHERE did you come from so early?" said the English Sparrow to a Robin Red-breast, one cold February morning.

"From a lovely orange-grove in the South," replied the Robin.

"Well! you had better have stayed there," said the Sparrow; "we shall have more snow, and what will the Robin do then, poor thing?"

"Look here!" said the Robin, "I 'm a natural born American, and wont stand any such airs from foreigners"; and, so saying, he attacked the Sparrow so fiercely that His Lordship was glad to slink away and hide his head under his wing, poor thing. "Well!" said the Robin, after his declaration of independence, "I think I had better go back, after all; it does seem rather stormy, and it 's always best to take good advice, no matter if you don't like the way it is offered."

*The names of planets are printed in capitals; those of constellations in Italics.



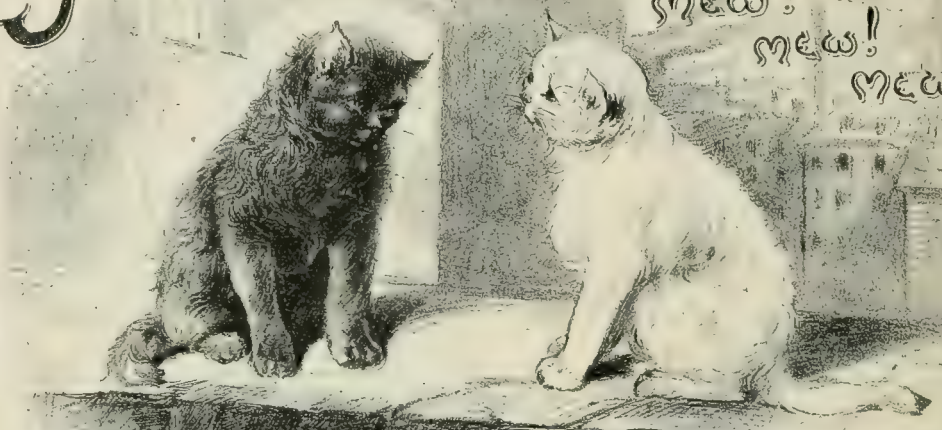
"I'm here, Mother Nature!" exclaimed February, with a warm burst of enthusiasm. But his manner chilled as he added, with a sigh, "I don't think I'm of much use though, and I'm sorry I've got to stay twenty nine days with you this year. It does not seem to be settled whether my business is to thaw out the streams or to freeze them up, so I do a little of both. If it were not for St Valentine's Day, I think I should try to drop out of the calendar entirely. But I care too much for the pleasure of the young folks to deprive them of their dear old Saint. I was young once myself, you know"—and February peered down into a little pool he had just frozen over, to see if he was growing gray.

"Don't talk of growing old," cried Nature. "Why, you only have a birthday once in four years. You can't grow old. But now to work, and please thaw all you can, February, dear, for I'm a little behindhand; the holidays are all over; we must go to work, and you must do your share. Call the birds from the South, and wake up the crocus and daffodils, or they will be late."

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

NAME.	BORN.	PRESIDENT. From. To.	DIED.
George Washington	Westmoreland Co., Va., Feb. 22, 1732	1789–1797	Mt. Vernon, Va., Dec. 14, 1799.
John Adams	Braintree, Mass. Oct. 19, 1735	1797–1801	Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826.
Thomas Jefferson	Shadwell, Albemarle Co., Va. Apr. 2, 1743	1801–1809	Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826.
James Madison	King George, Va. March 16, 1751	1809–1817	Montpelier, Va., June 28, 1836.
James Monroe	Westmoreland Co., Va. Apr. 28, 1758	1817–1825	New York, July 4, 1831.
John Quincy Adams	Braintree, Mass. July 11, 1767	1825–1829	Washington, Feb. 23, 1848.
Andrew Jackson	Waxhaw Settlement, S. C. March 15, 1767	1829–1837	Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1845.
Martin Van Buren	Kinderhook, N. Y. December 5, 1782	1837–1841	Kinderhook, July 24, 1862.
William Henry Harrison.	Berkeley, Va. February 9, 1773	1841–1841	Washington, April 4, 1841.
John Tyler	Charles City Co., Va. March 29, 1790	1841–1845	Richmond, Va., Jan. 17, 1862.
James K. Polk	Mecklenberg Co., N. C. Nov. 2, 1795	1845–1849	Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1849.
Zachary Taylor	Orange Co., Va. Nov. 24, 1784	1849–1850	Washington, July 9, 1850.
Millard Fillmore	Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., N. Y. Jan. 7, 1800	1850–1853	Buffalo, N. Y., March 8, 1874.
Franklin Pierce	Hillsborough, N. H. Nov. 23, 1804	1853–1857	Concord, N. H., Oct. 8, 1869.
James Buchanan	Stony Batter, Franklin Co., Pa. Apr. 23, 1791	1857–1861	Wheatlands, Lancaster Co., Pa., June 1, 1868.
Abraham Lincoln	Hardin Co., Kentucky. Feb. 12, 1809	1861–1865	Washington, April 14, 1865.
Andrew Johnson	Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 29, 1808	1865–1869	Near Elizabethtown, Tenn., July 31, 1875.
Ulysses S. Grant	Point Pleasant, Ohio April 27, 1822	1869–1877	
Rutherford B. Hayes	Delaware, Ohio Oct. 4, 1822	1877–1881	
James A. Garfield	Orange, Ohio Nov. 19, 1831	1881–1881	Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881.
Chester A. Arthur	Fairfield, Franklin Co., Vermont, Oct. 5, 1830	1881–	

Two little pussy cats wrapped in fur
Sit on the wall and they mew and purr
mew!
mew!
mew!



If you listen you'll hear the black one say
"I like the night much better than day"
If you listen you'll hear the white reply
"You're quite right pussy, and so do I."
mew!
mew!
mew!



So they sit on the wall and mew and purr
These two little pussy cats wrapped in fur.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER ABOUT HER DOLLS.

LOWELL, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to see a picture of my hildren. My mamma says I may send you one that was made the same lay that my picture was taken for Papa's album. She says you will know ust how to copy it so that all the little boys and girls can see it. So I send t with this letter.

Shall I tell you their names? The biggest child is the baby,—but you now that doll hildren don't row as other hildren do. Her ame is Reba. She has blue yes, and one ittle curl, and is s cunning as can e. The oldest hild is Mary. She is ten years ld. She sits by he baby, and elps me a great leal in taking are of her. The ittle girl with the ng hair and ace cap is Mabel, nd her brother, n the Scotch ress, is Colie. u Sin and Yung Ving are twins.



They came from Japan, and are really adopted children; but I would n't have them know this for anything. Lu Sin is the ttle girl, Yung Wing is the boy. He is the one sitting in front of Mabel.

They are all very nice children; but, of course, with such a big family, Iamma says I must expect a good lot of care and trouble. The older hildren are very fond of ST. NICHOLAS. I read it to them, and I don't onder at their liking it.

Your devoted friend,

KITTIE R.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, gentle Valentines!

And now, as February is a short month, we 'll proceed at once to business.

Some among you have wished to know what kind of "Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" those could have been that grew in the garden of "Mistress Mary, quite Contrary." So a good friend who loves the old Nursery Rhymes, though she is a grown lady and very learned, will now tell you something about them.

"SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS."

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary;
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells
All in a row."

MOST of us children, little and big, have recited this verse; but comparatively few know there is a meaning attached to the last two lines. At the time when this rhyme was made there were really "silver bells and cockle shells," and in rows too, though not growing in gardens.

In those days — some hundreds of years ago — there were no coaches. Ladies traveled and visited on horseback; sometimes riding on a saddle or pillion behind a gentleman or man-servant, and sometimes managing their own horses, with the gentleman riding alongside, or the groom following behind. The equipments or trappings of these horses were very rich and costly. Generally, the cloth which half covered them, and on which the lady rode, would be of finest woolen or silken material, handsomely embroidered. On grand occasions, or when the lady was very wealthy or noble, crimson velvet or cloth-of-gold would be used, edged with gold fringes and sprinkled with small pearls, called seed-pearls. The saddles and bridles were even more richly decorated, being often set with jewels or gold and silver ornaments, called "goldsmith's work." One fashion, very popular in the times of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth of England, was to have the bridle studded with a row of tiny silver cockle shells, and its edge hung with little silver bells, which, with the motion of the horse, kept up a merry jingle. Bells were also fastened to the point of the stirrup, which was formed like the toe of a shoe. And this partly explains another old nursery rhyme, made, no doubt, about the same time:

"Ride a grey horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady go on a white horse:
Rings on her fingers and *bells on her toes*,
So she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is a very old book preserved at Skipton Castle in England, the account book of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. In this book, among a great many other entries, little and great, is one of the purchase by the Earl of "a saddle and bridle for my lady, embossed of silver cockle shells, and hung with silver bells"; and on the same page is another entry of "a hawk for my lady, with silken jesses, and a silver bell for the same." It was the custom for noble ladies to ride with a hawk perched upon their wrists; and this Countess of Cumberland, who is said to have been beautiful and stately, must have looked very grand when thus equipped.

A CAR WITH A SAIL.

Here is a letter that the deacon has asked me to show you:

ST. JAMES, MINN.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The railroad velocipede which I find described in a back number of ST. NICHOLAS (September, 1883) has been used on our road for over two years, mostly by the telegraph repairers. They carry two persons facing one another, and a third often hangs on. But a still more wonderful sight is a common hand-car with a large sail hoisted, and handled much the same as a sail on a sail-boat; this sail-car was formerly much used by bridge carpenters, saving them a great deal of hard work.

My little folks are delighted with the ST. NICHOLAS, and generally take the latest number to bed to look over till they go to sleep

J. R. MCLEAN.

A DEEP CONUNDRUM.

PERTH AMBOY, ——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. One day I was down on the sea-shore digging in the sand with some friends of mine. We were trying to see who could dig the deepest hole. By and by we all got tired, and some one asked: "Why did you not keep on?"

I thought for quite a long while, because it made me think of riddles, and then I made up this one:

Why can not a young doctor dig to the other side of the world?
Answer, Because he has not patients enough.

Your friend, A. H. C

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

MANY persons, in speaking of the Hermit Crab, consider themselves justified in calling him very selfish and unprincipled. They believe that his habit is to watch in his native waters till some desirable and utterly innocent shell-fish comes along, when Mr. Hermit C. with greedy cruelty pounces upon him, eats him, literally, "out of house and home," and then takes up his abode in his victim's emptied shell.

Now, is this a fair statement of facts? What say you, my young aquarium-keepers? Is the Hermit Crab as bad as this, or not?

We will open the discussion with this bit of writing sent by Jenny H. M., a young member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association:

The Hermit Crab is very odd in its formation and habits. The crustaceous covering is only over the upper part of the body. The lower part of the body is soft and worm-like, and might be seized upon by any hungry sea-"tramps" passing by. Being thus unprotected by nature, the little hermit crab finds a way to help himself. He searches for some empty shell and backs into it; there he lives until he grows too large for it, when he moves out and starts off in search of another home.

SWIMMING HOME.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 13th, 1883

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in a New York paper, last evening, that somebody named William Sexton recently removed from Short Beach to Babylon, Long Island, taking with him fifty tame ducks, ten of which were old birds. The ducks, it seems, were carried in a close box. They remained about their new quarters for one day, and then disappeared. The following morning these ducks were found at their old home on the beach, waiting to be fed. As their wings were clipped, they must have swum the entire distance, nearly nine miles, in a heavy sea and on a dark night.

This seems to me a wonderful incident, if true. Perhaps some of your wise and observant little "chicks" may be able to report authentic duck stories of a similar kind. I have often watched wild ducks swimming in the distance, and have noticed that they stopped very often as if to rest, for they did not appear to be catching anything in the way of food. William Sexton's tame ducks must have been brave swimmers to carry their light forms for such a distance over the heavy sea to the tune of "Home Sweet Home."

Your faithful, but not very young listener, MABEL T. F.

MORE ABOUT THE ERMINE.

It may be rather late in the day to show you this letter, my friends, as it came to me in October last. And yet, as I have since then received several notes asking questions about ermine fur, I shall let Master George H.'s explanation serve as my reply:

[illegible] Jack-in-the-Pulpit, I thank Charles B[illegible] communication in the October ST. NICHOLAS, page [illegible] by far the most correct of the three that you have

The [illegible]ermine is a species of the weasel, but considerably larger [illegible] the common weasel. The [illegible]ermine is about ten inches in length, exclusive of the tail, which is fully four and a half inches [illegible] I observes that Madame R[illegible]'s statement, that the [illegible] [illegible] be very large is incorrect.

In winter the [illegible]ermine's coat is a pale reddish [illegible] the under parts yellowish white, and the tip of the tail black.

In the winter the little animal turns to a yellowish white or almost pure white, but the tip of the tail remains black always.

In making up ermine fur the tails are inserted in a regular manner, thus giving the appearance of a spotted fur.

It is [illegible]ployed for the robes of kings and nobles, hence [illegible] R[illegible] to take. She did not know that many [illegible] [illegible] to make one large robe.

Ermine is not so valuable now for ladies' muffs and tippets as it was formerly, for it is no longer fashionable.

[illegible] many young friends, GRACIOUS H.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1883.

A BEAUTIFUL WINDOW DECORATION.

ABOUT a year ago, as I am informed, the editor of ST. NICHOLAS showed you a picture of a beautifully decorated window in the house of Mr. Vanderbilt, a wealthy citizen of New York. It was a stained-glass window,—that is, one made of bits of richly colored glass, skillfully secured together with metal so as to form a sort of transparent picture, after a design by a famous French artist named Oudinot.

Well, we 've a window-decorator in this country, a namesake of mine, who, I 'm willing to say, without any offense to Mr. Vanderbilt, beats this French designer utterly. Not only does he plan the picture, but he does every bit of the work himself. His name is Jack — Jack Frost. At present I have time only to show you one of his wonderfully beautiful designs, copied last winter *right from a window*.

If any of you dear young folk can tell me something about this clever Jack, and how he makes his window decorations, I shall be right glad to hear from you.



A WINDOW DECORATION, DESIGNED BY JACK FROST, ESQ.

A CHURCH BUILT OF PAPER.

GENEVA, N. Y., December, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In these days of using compressed paper or papier-maché (which is only mashed paper after all) for [illegible] many different kinds of articles, we all have heard of paper [illegible] and paper bowls, and even of paper boats and paper carriages, but did ever you hear of a building made of paper? Not a shed, I would like that somewhere in Europe, near Bergen, there is a church built entirely of paper or papier-maché. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, and is large enough to accommodate one thousand persons comfortably.

Now, can the Little Schoolmam, or Deacon Green, or any of your thousands of young readers, help me to further knowledge of this wonderful paper church? Who has seen it? And where is this [illegible] Bergen? I am, dear J. I. T. P., yours truly,

AN AUNT OF TWO READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever tell your little chicks anything about the Compass Plant that grows in some of the States west of the Mississippi River? If you have not, then will you let me [illegible] about it? It is found [illegible] on the prairies [illegible] Texas, Utah, and Southern Minnesota. It belongs to the family of the *Compositæ*, and greatly resembles the sunflower in appearance. It [illegible] a strong resin [illegible] which has caused it to be called "turpentine plant" also. The name of "Compass," or "Pilot-plant" it has received from a peculiarity in the growth of its leaves, which are arranged along the stalk alternately, and point exactly north and south. Long ago the Indians had made use of this plant as a guide-post on the dreary plains, and had imparted the knowledge of its usefulness to the trappers. The first accounts of the wonderful plant were received with incredulity, but scientific investigations soon established the truth of what had been told of it. Longfellow speaks of it in "Evangeline" saying

"Look at that delicate plant, which rears its head in the meadow;
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass flower, that the finger of God has planted,
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey."

But the dear poet made a mistake when he called it a "delicate plant," for it is over man's height, and covered with a rough fuzz. Botanists thought at first that its leaves were attracted by polar magnetism, but they are now satisfied that in the summer the plant is better protected from the rays of the sun.

Respectfully yours, A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

THE LETTER-BOX.

By an oversight, the text as well as the illustration of the piece entitled "Lullaby," and printed on page 95 of our December number, was credited to Miss Mary A. Lathbury. The lines are really a translation from the German, and Miss Lathbury only gave them the pretty setting with which they made their appearance in "ST. NICHOLAS."

STRATFORD, CONN., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your nice magazine for three years, and I like it very much. I think the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" is splendid. Mamma liked it very much, and she said she thought that Syl Bartland ought to have a kiss for telling.

FRANK S. B.

RICHMOND, VA., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years. My brother took you for me last year for a Christmas gift, and I hope that he will take it this year. I have a great many Christmas and other cards. Will not some of the readers please tell me how to make something of them? I am tired of picture scrap-books. With best wishes for a happy Christmas,

Your constant reader, BESSIE L.

In the "Letter-box" for January, 1883, we printed a letter from F. H. P., containing suggestions for a Christmas-card fire-screen. It would be well, we think, for Bessie L. and other girls who have "a great many Christmas-cards," to try the experiment which F. H. P. suggests.

WELLSBORO, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old boy now — 18 last week — isn't that old? But now, to tell the truth about it, I don't like this being an old boy much; and I tell you I envy that grade of boys who can just boast of ten or twelve years with their almost boundless freedom. It's such a bother to get old, anyway; yet we are always desiring it, and I rather think we would have to, whether we did or not. I am as fond of the bright monthly as ever. I have always read it faithfully and defended it fearlessly. I suppose I should be ashamed to say it, but I have become almost prejudiced against other children's magazines. It sounds ridiculous for me to say: "Boys, be little boys as long as you can, for you'll soon have to be big boys"; and yet it is proper enough, for I am a district school teacher with two months' experience. I have never written you a letter before, though I have often intended to. It often seems to me as if you were the medium of feeling between all the boys and girls in the land. I wish you the friendship and love of all children everywhere. Your true friend, F. S. P.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

I want to tell you of a queer pet we had last summer. Standish, my oldest brother, got a young woodchuck in the woods, and he tamed him so that he would snuggle up under his arm, and go to sleep on his shoulder, and tease to be taken like a little baby. We all called him "Chucky," because he would make such a queer, solemn, little under-ground, chuckling noise. He was real nice for a few weeks, and then he got ugly and cross and snapped at us, and finally he ran off, and we were all glad of it but Standish. M. B.

"A SHIP IN THE SUN."

A correspondent who has been reading the letters in "ST. NICHOLAS" about "A Ship in the Moon," writes to tell us about an equally strange and beautiful sight. He says:

I have seen the Ship in the Sun from the deck of the United States steam-frigate Colorado, off the Atlantic coast of Spain. The day had been stormy, but the wind was going down with the sun, and had moderated to a "to'gallant breeze" — that is, a wind which will allow a vessel to spread the larger part of her sails. The sea was still rough, however, and heavy gloomy-looking clouds crouched upon the horizon, making the prospect for the night rather dismal.

Suddenly the clouds lifted for a moment off to the westward, right in the direction of the setting sun, and formed an arch of glowing fire, whose light lit up the turbulent sea. At this moment a ship, with sails set, came out of the gloom from the right, sailed majestically across the glowing arch, and disappeared in the gloom beyond.

I saw another ship in the sun, in the Mediterranean Sea, on a clear beautiful evening, when water and sky were placid and lovely. A ship crossed the disk of the sun just as it was sinking, and it was a beautiful sight. But it was not so impressive as the ship in the sun which we saw while on the Atlantic. F. H. N.

ELGIN, December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our Mother Hubbard party.

My cousin from Texas is visiting me, and we thought it would be new and odd to have a Mother Hubbard party. So the invitations were given out, to be accepted only on condition that all of the young ladies wear Mother Hubbards of some kind. When the evening came, it was a very pretty sight to see all the quaintly attired little ladies, with their hair done in high puffs, and powdered, and with dainty little reticules hanging on their arms.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games, dancing, music, and recitations from several of the number. I thought, perhaps, that some of your young readers might like the idea, and hoping they may derive as much pleasure from it as I have,

I am, yours truly, M. W.

MARIPOSA, September 16, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish very much to tell you how much pleasure your magazine has given me.

I am fourteen years old, and live way up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, in a pretty village called Mariposa. It is very warm here in summer, but a few miles further up it is cool.

Mr. Freemont published maps, with Mariposa marked as a city, and Mariposa Creek a large river, with steam-boats on it, while it is not deep enough for even a small boat.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for five or six years; at first, my sister read it aloud for me, because I could not read myself. Six girls, including myself, have a club called the Mariposa Sun-bonnets: we meet every Sunday at 5 P. M. and read a little paper, for which each of us writes something.

Another little girl and myself tried writing stories; she wrote fifteen, I, seventy-nine pages.

I wish I could write as nice stories as those that are in ST. NICHOLAS. But I don't suppose I ever shall. Yours truly,

SEC. OF THE M. S. B.'s.

J. C.—The line you mention, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," was written by Richard Crashaw, an English poet who lived during the first half of the seventeenth century.

ELLEN CHASE.—We are inclined to adopt your suggestion as to the drawings. Please send address.

R. H.—Authorities differ as to the measurements of the tower of Pisa. Appleton's Encyclopedia gives the height 179 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the height 178 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. The English Popular Encyclopedia says the height is 179 feet, with a deviation of 13 feet from the perpendicular. It also gives the number of steps as 294, and the number of bells as 7. In Scribner's Monthly for August, 1874, may be found an article by Mr. W. H. Goodyear on the leaning tower, which gives the height as 151 feet.

HARTFORD, CT., December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the book (I call it a book, because I like that name better than magazine) ever since it was first published, and I like it better and better every year. I used to read the stories first, but now I turn to "Jack" first thing, and I miss him very much in this December number. I am afraid he will not have a Merry Christmas, because he did not have his customary talk with us. I wish him one with all my heart, and you too. You do not know how much good you do me. I can get materials for compositions, little plays, fun, employment, work when I want it, and countless other things.

I have a little black kitten, and my sister and I have taught it a

[illegible] When she was a little mite of a thing, whenever [illegible] I always [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

for this month is "THE SKELETON: *Bones, joints; comparison between those of lower animals and man. Practical application. Fractures, dislocations, and sprains. First treatment. After treatment.*"

Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, has very generously volunteered to conduct this class, and to him all who desire to follow the course, entire or in part, should send at once their names and addresses, and a postage stamp for the first manual.

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 29, 1883.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We wish very much to have a general meeting of the A. A. held in Nashua.

We are making arrangements now, and think we can carry it through. FRED. W. GREELEY,
Secretary Chapter 21.

[We wish the Nashua Chapter all success in its generous and wide-awake plan.]

EXCHANGES, ETC.

English and French flint for a meadow-lark's egg.—H. W. Westwood, 319 Market street, Trenton, N. J.

Manganese (fine).—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Birds' eggs.—R. W. Ford, Plymouth, Conn.

Shells and minerals for insects. Write first.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Correspondence.—Willie H. Black, 301 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Fossils for minerals and birds' eggs, blown through one hole. Correspondence.—F. H. Wentworth, 153 25th street, Chicago, Ill.

Cocoons of Cecropia and Polyphemus for cocoons of Luna or other moths. Moths also for exchange.—Fred. Corregan, 47 E. 7th street, Oswego, N. Y.

Canadian eggs, shells, insects, minerals, and flowers. Chapter 395.—W. D. Shaw, sec., 34 St. Peter street, Montreal, Can.

1000 cocoons of Prometheus, Cecropia and Polyphemus and spread Promethea moths, for others.—Chas. A. Wiley, 862 Cass avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Sea curiosities, coquina stone, star-fishes, and minerals for other minerals and fossils. Garnet geode and trilobite particularly desired.—Ellen C. Wood, 149 School lane, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Eighty-five varieties of Colorado minerals for bird-skins, good eggs in sets, or insects.—A. W. Anthony, 827 California st., Denver, Col.

Red sea beans, two horned beetles, two June bugs, a mocking-bird's egg and nest, and two alligators just from the egg.—Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

NOTES.

57. *Spiders* were at one time classified as insects, and are still so called in common parlance. Now, however, they are separated from insects, and the classification is as follows:

(*Articulates: Having the body and members articulated. No internal skeleton.*)

Insects.—Head, body, and abdomen distinct: *legs, 6; eyes, 2.*

Spiders.—Head and body (thorax) inseparable, but distinct from abdomen; *legs, 8; eyes minute, 6–8*

Myriapods.—*Very many feet, 20–60,* worm-like.

Crustaceans.—Body covered with a crustaceous shell, like crabs, etc.; *eyes, 2.*

Worms.—Earth-worm, Leech, etc. No feet.

The following are the best spider books:

1. J. H. Emmerton, Structure and Habits of Spiders. Only separate book on spiders.
2. Article on Arachnida in ninth edition Encyclopedia Britannica. This article with the book above is sufficient to start a person in the science.
3. A great many old works on entomology (Kirby & Spence, etc.), when spiders were still classed with insects, contain remarks upon them.
4. Hentz, N. M.—Spiders of the United States.
5. Republication of the above by J. H. Emmerton, 1875, in publications of Boston Society of Natural History.
6. Spiders of New England, by J. H. Emmerton. Just published.
7. Many other isolated publications in reports on entomology, and agriculture, as well as on surveys of parts of U. S., contain isolated statements on the subject.

1, 2, and 5 are sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Aug. F. Forrste, Dayton, Ohio.

58–40.—The name of the black frog-hoppers mentioned in Note 40 is *Ledra rufa.*—E. L. Stephan.

59. *Sleep of Plants.*—Plants sleep when it is dark, and *must* sleep, or they die. They can not sleep well if the earth is dry. Mr. Darwin found that a plant that he watched could not sleep for two nights after being violently shaken.—*Ch. 109, Washington.*

60. *Rhinoceros.*—The rhinoceros has an arrangement to deaden the concussion when his horn strikes a solid body.—*Ch. 109.*

61 *Platinum* is magnetic.—*Ch. 100.*

62. *Silicon* is the most abundant element except oxygen; 73% of the ash of wheat straw is silicon.—*Ch. 109.*

63. *Ants.*—We have noticed that ants are very careful to bring insects into their holes head first.—Fairfield, Iowa.

64. *Blue Bird.*—I saw a blue bird feeding its little one which had been caught and put in a cage with a canary. The mother bird comes every morning, lights on the cage, and feeds her little bird through the wires.—Carrie Lamson, Fairfield, Iowa.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

472. *Hazleton, Pa.*—We have a paper every other week, called the *A. Informer.*—Th. F. McNair, Sec.

237. *Plantsville, Conn., A.*—We have taken the first premium at our town fair for our collection of eggs. We have started a library. Our membership has increased from six to twelve.—Frances L. S. Walkley, Sec.

3. *Frankford, Pa., A.*, was the third chapter of the A. A. to organize, and is still one of the most vigorous of all, having 69 members, and having recently taken the lead in organizing a union of all the Philadelphia Chapters. By a long-continued error it has been addressed as No. 110, instead of No. 3.—R. T. Taylor, Sec.

448. *Washington, D. C., G.*—We have had three interesting wards—a pair of cat-birds, rescued from a bird's-nester, and a Cuban fire-fly over an inch long, with two "lights" back of his eyes. Two new members.—Isabella F. MacFarland, Sec.

388. *Beverly, N. J.*—We hope to prosper even more this year than last, although it would seem almost impossible to do that. We have learned a great deal from the essays which have been brought in, and which I have copied into blank-books. We sent to L. L. Lewis, of Copenhagen, N. Y., for a small cabinet, and were so much pleased with it that we sent for a large one, with which we are delighted.

It was remarkable to see how fast we raised the money for that cabinet. We held a fair. The father of one of our members owned a vacant house, in a good part of the town, which he kindly let us have. We used the two back rooms and the shed. We held our fair one afternoon, and evening, and we cleared over thirty-five dollars. I wish to say in behalf of the girls of our Chapter that they must be a very different kind of girls from those in the chapter where they "sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies." Our girls have learned how to talk, and are not afraid to show it.—Alice T. Carpenter, Sec.

Spearfish, Dakota.—I will write something about our flood. It rained for one day steadily, and then the time began. The Spearfish river has a fall of 80 feet to the mile, and it rose 8 feet. Oh, it was grand! Great waves, 10 feet high, would come right on top of one another, and make me frightened. But I soon grew accustomed to it, and sat for hours at a time watching it. It sounded like a thousand trains of cars all going at once. A person speaking in common tones could not be heard. We had to shout, and then it was hard to understand what was said.—Jeannie Cowgill.

364. *Brooklyn, D.*—Two new members. Our cabinet now contains over 100 minerals arranged in order, labeled, and catalogued.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec.

170. *North Brookfield, Mass.*—I am happy to say that egg collecting is not so popular among us as formerly. Birds' eggs are not discussed in our meetings. I have seen times in the Spring when it seemed as if I must take just one of some rare nest-full. I did get one from an overthrown and deserted nest of a Wilson's thrush, and that without breaking the law.—Henry A. Cooke.

132. *Buffalo, B.*—We form the Archæological and Geological branch of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, using their rooms for our meetings. We have no fees or dues. We elect our members in secret session, and two negative ballots reject a candidate. All members of the A. A. are cordially invited to our meetings, which are held Mondays at 7.30 P. M., in the library of the Natural Science Society, in the Young Men's Association rooms, corner Eagle and Main streets.—A. L. Benedict, Sec.

451. *Sydney Mines, Cape Breton Island.*—We have a new member, and have made special study of botany and entomology.—M. S. Brown, Sec.

493. *Buffalo, F.*—We still have the privilege of meeting at the State Normal School. We have joined the other Chapters here in a union meeting held once each month. These meetings are of great interest.—Miss Lizzie Schugens, Sec.

December 8, 1883.

168. *Buffalo, C.*—We have now fifteen members; we began with five. We are going to try to have an entertainment to raise money for a microscope.—Claire Shuttleworth, Sec.

264. *Gainesville, Florida.*—We have obtained several specimens of our beautiful Florida birds. Some of us have made woods a specialty. One has a fine little collection of snails from the west and south, and the last section has undertaken the study of geology and ethnology. We are made up of young and old members, from forty down to eight years of age, and among all the interest is equal. If we can in any way assist any of our sister Chapters, we shall be delighted to do so.—Paul E. Rollins, Sec.

But the editorial shears are opening, and we regretfully push back into our crowded pigeon-holes enough equally interesting letters to fill many pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



In each of the nine horizontal lines of letters are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right word from each line, a quotation from "Hamlet" may be formed.

What Shakespearean actor does the rebus on the snow-shovel represent?

CHARADE.

FIRST.

A useful article I'm thought,
But full of airs and graces;
With ivory I am oft inwrought,
And yet I wear two faces.

SECOND.

I'm an abbreviation
Of a goodly name,
Borne by saint and sinner, haply
You may bear the same.

WHOLE.

Born of dreams and tears and darkness,
Dreadful forms I wear.
Seek to touch me and I quickly
Vanish into air.

ZIGZAG.

[illegible] personage.

1. [illegible]. 2. [illegible]. 3. [illegible]. 4. [illegible]. 5. [illegible]. 6. [illegible]. 7. [illegible]. 8. [illegible]. 9. [illegible].

REVERSIBLE CROSSES.

[illegible]

"THE TANGLE."

[illegible] to 5, a place of traffic; from 5 to 2, a coal wagon used in some parts of England; from 3 to 5, to sound, as a horn; from 5 to [illegible], to sound, as a horn; from 4 to [illegible], to set forth; from [illegible] to 4, duration.

"HAMLET."

ACROSTIC.

1. [illegible] 4.
2. [illegible] 7.
3. [illegible] 11.
4. [illegible] 13.

From 5 to 8, a celebrated mountain of Greece; from 9 to 12, a river of Italy; from 13 to 16, a river of Spain. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 4, from 5 to 8, from 9 to 12, and from 13 to 16 each spell the name of the same famous man.

GEORGE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in heaven, but not in earth,
My second, in value, but not in worth;
My third is in tempest, but not in gale,
My fourth is in mountain, but not in vale;
My fifth is in justice, but not in love,
My sixth is in falcon, but not in dove;
My seventh, in serpent, but not in rod,
My whole is the name of a Roman god.

[illegible]

A SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-two letters, and am a quotation from *Cymbeline*.

"The [illegible] is plain as way to parish church."

"Two sprightly [illegible] of Seeds, [illegible] horseback up a hill perpendicular."

"Our lady [illegible], supplies [illegible] this prince expects."

"The dull 19-42-24 will not mend his pace with beating."

"Heaven take my soul, and [illegible]."

"[illegible] both, my lord, a wallet at his back, exhorting to put alms for oblivion."

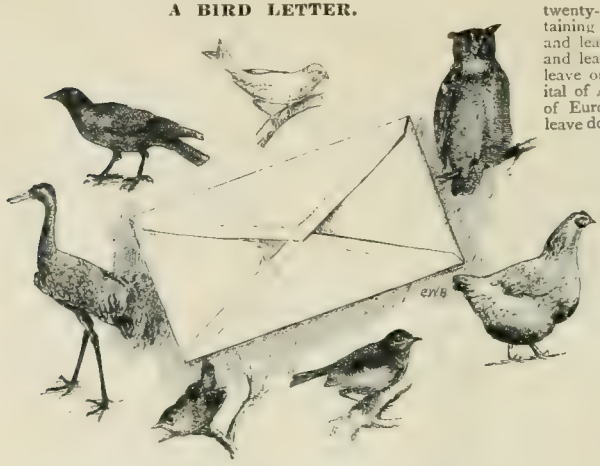
"Do you see yonder [illegible] camel?"

"It is the green-ey'd 22-2-12-27-47-33-41, which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

"Be not [illegible] neither but let your own discretion be your tutor."

"O, fear him not, his [illegible]."

A BIRD LETTER.



DEAR FRIEND: Mary ran across a few orchids last June. How we all wondered what they were. Then I borrowed them, and a gentleman told us about them in a very interesting manner. We have been having keen arctic weather.

Yours very truly, G. W. B.

In the foregoing letter are concealed the names of the birds shown in the picture; but the letters forming the names of the birds must be read backward.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

THE words are all of equal length; and the syncopated letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of a king, the downfall of whose empire was predicted by the prophet Daniel.

1. Syncopate measures, and leave large holes. 2. Syncopate a vision, and leave a measure. 3. Syncopate of a very dark hue, and leave an auction. 4. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave an insect. 5. Syncopate pertaining to a duke and leave double. 6. Syncopate the supposed matter above the air, and leave four-fifths of the name of a sovereign called "the Great." 7. Syncopate twenty-two yards, and leave part of the face. 8. Syncopate pertaining to a foot, and leave a loud sound. 9. Syncopate fastens, and leave commands. 10. Syncopate a common article of food, and leave a kind of nail. 11. Syncopate one who sleeps, and leave one who performs. 12. Syncopate thin, and leave the capital of Austria as the Austrians spell it. 13. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to twirl. 14. Syncopate conveyances, and leave domestic animals. GEORGE S. HAYTER.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FIND a word to replace the stars in the first line which may be successively beheaded to complete each subsequent line.

I. We dined last Monday with a *******.
Mother desired us to *******,
Because she saw us so ******;
Who were the guests and who was ****,
And what they said, and wore, and ***
The table's form was like a **,
And our host's name began with *.

II. Onward we marched. Behind us ** ****
A frenzied mob, who raved and *******,
As if they knew wherein we *****.
The warlike troops unmoved ****,
As Bonaparte his legions ***.
My trusty aid-de-camp was **,
Whose home was near the *, he said. M. A. H.

ANAGRAMS.

IN each of the following problems a definition of the original word follows immediately the anagram made with its letters.

1. I roast no clam; pertaining to heavenly bodies. 2. 'T is all bad; a singer or writer of narrative songs. 3. A car van; an Eastern conveyance. 4. L. get a deed; commissioned. 5. A pure one; an inhabitant of Europe. 6. Can't I fast? grotesque.

F. SINGLETON

DIAMOND.

1 IN Hercules. 2 Conducted. 3. Very open and delicate fabrics. 4. Worldly. 5. The town in Holland in which William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated in 1584. 6. Was seated. 7. In Hercules. "ROBIN HOOD."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name an English coin; my finals form a word meaning imperial. Primals and finals together name an aromatic herb.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To emit. 2. A sound reverberated. 3. A fleet of ships. 4. A girl's name. 5. A small ship's-boat. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TWO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.

First Puzzle. Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
"*A Christmas Carmen*," by J. G. Whittier

Second Puzzle. Zigzag, Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Sail. 2. FAns. 3. RiNd. 4. ColT. 5. ClAm. 6. ACre. 7 Last. 8 CAke. 9. DrUm. 10. SumS.

PI. Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.
"*Woods in Winter*," by H. W. Longfellow.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Initials of the beheaded words, Lowell. Cross-words: 1. s-Low. 2. p-Ore. 3. s-Wing. 4. p-Eat. 5. p-Lump. 6. f-Lint.

RIMLESS WHEEL. From 1 to 8, Yuletide; from 1 to 9, Yawn; from 2 to 9, Upon; from 3 to 9, Lawn; from 4 to 9, Ebon; from 5 to 9, Tern; from 6 to 9, Iron; from 7 to 9, Dean; from 8 to 9, Even.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Afghanistan. Cross-words: 1. SouthAmpton. 2. FairField. 3. BruGgen. 4. BaHia. 5. PAn. 6. N. 7. WIs. 8. PeSth. 9. Santa Fé. 10. BarbAdoes. 11. AusteNville.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Syncopated letters, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Be-S-et. 2. De-T-er. 3. Ri-N-se. 4. Pa-I-nt. 5. Se-C-ts. 6. Ac-H-es. 7. St-O-op. 8. Pi-L-es. 9. Sp-A-in. 10. Po-S-ts. —— CHARADE. Hour-glass.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth. "*The Months*," by John Ruskin

MAGIC SQUARE. Reading across: first line, 9-4-4-4; second line, 6-5-7-3; third line, 4-8-1-8; fourth line, 2-4-9-6.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Paul Reese — Arthur Grid — "Sisters Twain" — F. and H. Davis — P. S. Clarkson — S. R. T. — Jenny Brooks — Alex. H. Laidlaw — Harry M. Wheelock — "A. I. Owder, Jr." — S. I. Hall and Dora Wendel — Gertie and Lou — Saidie and Mai — Jessie A. Platt — Maggie T. Turrill — "Uncle Dick, Aunt Julia, and Windsor" — The Stewart Browns — C. L. M. — "Walnut" — Arian Arnold — Professor Shrewsbury — Gracie and Bess Greene — Fred Thwaits — "Partners" — "Pa, Ma, and I" — Mamie Hitchcock — Walter Angell — Jennie K. — "Two Subscribers" — "Dude" — C. S. C. — Hugh and Cis — Charles H. Kyte — Madeleine Vultee — Pinnie and Jack — Minnie B. Murray — Papa and Susie — Francis W. Islip — Clara J. Child — Lily and Agnes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Frank L. Kellner, 1 — Jennie C. McBride, 2 — H. J. H., 2 — J. Maude Bugbee, 9 — Gertrude Cosgrave, 5 — G. B., Jr., 1 — Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 2 — "Professor and Co.," 10 — Tip, 7 — Lavenia Haulenbeek and Carrie Heckman, 2 — "Envelope and Stamp," 2 — Wm. M. Richards, 6 — Emmit and Frank Nicoli, 1 — "Per Jove," 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Bucknor Van Amringe, 1 — Eva Cora Deemer, 3 — Herbert T. B. Jacquelin, 6 — Edward J. V. Shipsey, 2 — Philip Embury, Jr., 8 — H. R. Dexter, 1 — "Kansas Boy," 2 — Willie and May, 7 — Livingston Ham, 1 — Willie Sheraton, 1 — John Brown, 7 — Algernon Tassin, 9 — Bess and Co., 10 — Paul W. England, 5 — Annie Custer, 8 — Helen W. Merriam, 1 — Amy and Bertha, 2 — "Pernie," 8 — Walter L. Fortescue, 1 — Robbie and Russell, 2 — Dycie, 10 — J. B. Sheffield,



A STAMPEDE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AMONG THE MUSTANGS

By Noah Brooks.

Many years ago, when I was a Boy Emigrant, slowly traversing the continent, a party of us one day were very much surprised by an unexpected sight that we met in the valley of the South Platte. We had been traveling through an unknown and almost trackless country. Only the tracks of the wheels of emigrant teams ahead of us, and the occasional wreck of a wagon left behind by other companies, gave any sign that civilized people had ever passed that way before. Where the traveler in the West now finds flourishing towns and villages, we found nothing but endless and monotonous prairies, rolling in long, smooth, wavy outlines, day after day. Descending one of these gentle declivities about noon, we beheld before and below us, feeding in a grassy plain, a herd of small horses. They were mostly of a bright chestnut color, although many were curiously dappled with patches of white, red and brown. We were delighted by the sight. There were no signs of man to be seen. Not even a solitary horseman stood guard over the herd. We had heard of the wild horses of the West. Probably this was a wandering drove of those beautiful creatures that had been detained here by the luxuriant grass on which they were feeding tranquilly, and without any suspicion of the approach of man. As far as the eye could reach, there was no human habitation, and we knew that no emigrants could have been on the trail with so many horses as these without our having heard of it. News traveled back and forth on the emigrant trail just as it does in villages.

Our wagons were some distance behind us, and the only lariats we had were with them. We knew enough about wild horses, or mustangs, to know that we must be wary and creep up unperceived in order to throw the lasso, or lariat, slip-noose fashion, over the head of the creature designed for capture. But, while we waited for the coming of the wagons, we decided that we would make a little examination of the field. There were three of us,—Arthur, Tom, and myself. So we crept cautiously down the swale of the prairie and tried the effect of showing ourselves to the grazing herd. To our great surprise, the horses gave no signs whatever of fright. The mustang in his native state is very easily scared and "stampeded." It often happens that a drove of horses, peacefully feeding, will take fright at some trifle, or at a mere whim, as one may say, and as soon as one or two start off wildly, the entire herd will join in the flight as if pursued by some deadly enemy. They may be alarmed by the passing of a wolf, or by the playing of the moonbeams among the underbrush;—no matter what the cause of their alarm, they fly like the wind, crashing and plunging over one another, wild with terror, and blindly scattering far and wide over the country. This is what the frontiersman calls a stampede.

But our appearance among the great herd grazing on the banks of the South Platte did not create any alarm. The keen-sighted animals lifted their heads, snorted gently, as if saying, "How do you do?" and went on with their feeding.

"Why, I believe they are tame horses!" whispered Arty.

"Nonsense," replied Tom, also lowering his voice, "there 's no company on the plains, that we 've heard of, with more than one hundred and fifty horses; and there must be at least a thousand in that gang. Whoop! Whoop!" he suddenly cried, and at the sound, the animals gazed at us and then moved slowly away toward a belt of timber near the river.

Finding that the herd showed none of that fear of man which I had been taught to believe that all wild creatures have, the mystery deepened to me.



"CAUGHT."

We passed through the company of horses, a lane, or passage, being formed for us by the animals themselves, as they moved away on each side from our immediate neighborhood. Then Tom cried:

"See, boys, there 's another drove beyond!"

He was right; for on looking, we beheld another and even larger company of horses grazing just on the other side of the timber belt.

As we almost breathlessly made our way through the trees to explore this new wonder, I stumbled upon two Indians lazily lying on their blankets, but watchfully regarding the herds. Pretty soon we met two or three more who were similarly occupied. The mystery was explained. These were Indian ponies. Screened from the rays of the summer sun, the watchmen were keeping guard in their usual silent fashion. I do not know what would have happened if we had made any attempt to capture one of the Indian horses. It is very likely that we should have had trouble very quickly. The Indian always suspects the white man, and white boys are no better than white men in their eyes. We asked the Indian guardians of the herd where they came from, and they surlily replied:

"Heap way off. No grass there."

The spokesman of the party gave us a very few items of intelligence about themselves. He pointed to the south, and we came to the conclusion that they were Arapahoes, as the tribe then lived in that region of the country, and the dress and fantastic decorations of the specimens before us were like those of some Arapahoes whom we had met before.

After this, we frequently saw mustangs, both in their native and in their tamed state. But never again did we come quite so near provoking a fight with the lawful owners of a herd. The riches of a tribe of Indians largely consist in the herds of ponies that are possessed by the whole company, or group of families. When a chief dies, his war horses are sacrificed at his grave; and when he buys a wife or a coveted rifle, he pays the price

to ponies. When a company of Indians moves camp for a long distance, the great herd of ponies is usually sent on before, only those needed to carry the "plunder" being kept behind. The Indian pony, or mustang, is more easily tamed than the wild horse of Asia, but is less intelligent and tractable when he has been fairly reduced to bondage.

In droves of tens of thousands, the wild horse of North America formerly roved the plains from Western Nebraska to Mexico. Even within a very few years, the native American horse was to be met with as far north as the forks of the Platte River. But the settlement of the country has crowded the wandering herds farther south, and now they may be found only in Texas, New Mexico, and in regions far to the south-west. The Mexicans who live along the boundary line of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are most expert at catching these wild and timorous creatures. They throw the lasso with amazing dexterity. Riding at full speed, the Mexicans career over the plains like wild men, whirling their coiled lariats, or lassos, over their heads as they fly. Their horses are covered with foam, and often bleeding from the cruel spurs with which they are urged on. The earth trembles under the tramp of many hoofs beating the solid ground, as pursuer and pursued gallop madly far and wide. Suddenly the lariat sings through the air, its noose opens itself and drops over the head of a terrified fugitive, the hunter's steed instantly braces itself with its forefeet and drops on its haunches so as to make an anchorage, as it were, for the caught mustang. And there is no escape now for the captive.



ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

The hunter next blinds his prize, takes a turn of the lariat around its forelegs, forces a heavy bit into its mouth, and at once begins to "break" it to the saddle. How do you suppose the poor mustang feels when it finds itself saddled, bridled, and straddled by a tyrant man? In vain it "jumps stiff-legged," plunges, and "kicks." No animal in the world has so many tricks and antics as a newly captured wild horse; but man, its conqueror, is equal to all of these. In a few hours, the poor beast, so lately a free and careless creature, a wild rover of the boundless plains, is reduced to abject subjection. Its spirit is broken, and though it may still retain some of its native viciousness, it is the slave of its owner. Henceforth it never forgets the lasso. It knows and dreads the sight of one; and if it escapes, there is very little difficulty in catching it again. But its rider, too, must never forget that the hapless captive is only half-tamed. He must watch it narrowly; for often afterward, when he least suspects such insubmission, the steed he rides will

try to throw him, and will struggle under the saddle as if it were but newly snared.

But man is not the only enemy that the wild horse dreads. On the outskirts of every herd hang droves of wolves, waiting for the downfall of some one of the sick and feeble. When hard pressed by hunger, a band of wolves will boldly attack a mustang, the whole band concentrating their ferocity and skill upon one doomed creature. They will often circle around an animal that they have selected for their prey, as if the whole matter had been agreed on beforehand. The terrified mustang, snorting with fear and excitement, plunges away from the main herd, harried at every jump by the hungry wolves, which snap at its heels and leap on its flanks, back, and shoulders, growling and snarling madly. The long as he lives. How he issues his orders, and how he takes counsel from others of his company, no man can tell. But the captain of the band is a very distinctly marked character. He is every inch a leader, and he is always at the head of the column. He is on guard, too, when the young wild colts are being reared. It is he that gives warning on the approach of a foe, and he has to fight for his own supremacy, sometimes, when turbulent spirits appear among the herd.

A duel between rival mustangs is a fascinating, but not a pleasant sight. They bite, kick, and rush at each other like mad horses. One could hardly imagine that horses could be so like lions and tigers as are these mustangs when enraged. The sound of their cries and shrieks may be heard far across the prairie, and the combatants will often be scarred



"IN A BLIZZARD"

mustang stops, rears, plunges, and finally sinks, though still struggling, in the midst of its ravenous foes. Meantime, the rest of the herd of horses has been scattered by the attack, far over the prairies, and it may be many hours, even days, before they are rallied again into their usual compact marching order, under the leader of the band.

The leadership of a drove of mustangs is determined by the superior prowess and endurance of the candidate. So far as we can judge, the herd selects its leader, and he is implicitly obeyed as and lame for days from wounds received in these fights.

The mustang has a hard time of it in winter In the more northerly of the haunts of the wild horse, snow falls to a great depth, at times, and scanty picking does the hungry animal get when the succulent bunch-grass is covered with fleecy folds. One may see the herd, at such times, pawing away the snow and nosing among the hillocks for food. Nature has been kind to the wandering bison and mustang, however, for the grass is sweet and nutritious all through the winter. The

sagacious mustangs know just where to look for the hidden stores of food, and find the dry and hay-like tufts by scraping off the snow that keeps them sheltered for their use.

Overtaken by a snow-storm of bitter severity, or a "blizzard" (as such a storm is called in the West), the mustangs suffer greatly. Often a storm of snow and wind, sweeping down from the north, prevails for fifty or sixty hours. The air is filled with particles of fine dry ice and snow. The wind blows a gale, and there is no abatement, no lull, for days at a time. Those who have never experienced the force and penetrative quality of a "blizzard," can not appreciate the discomfort that covers a storm-swept prairie in the dead of winter. No garment can resist the dagger-like stabs of the cold, and no structure is secure against its searching blasts. The poor mustangs huddle together, with their heads turned from the direction of the wind, crowding close to be warmed by each other's bodies, shivering with cold, and scarcely stirring for many hours at a time. If the hunter chances to pass a herd at such a time, he would have no difficulty in catching any desired number of the half-frozen beasts. But no man ventures out in such a perilous storm, except on errands of the direst necessity. The shelterless mustangs are often unable to find the slightest screen from the icy wind, and thousands of them thus miserably perish every year. The wild, free life of the untamed horse of the western prairies has its dark side as well as its sunshine and joy.

The wild horse of America, although now native to the soil, is descended from the tribes of wild horses that still rove the plains of Central Asia. When the discoverers of this continent first landed, there were no horses anywhere in either North or South America. Centuries before, the horse had been introduced into European countries from Asia, and had become common all over that continent. When Columbus arrived here on his second voyage, in 1493, he was accompanied by one Cabæa de Vaca, who brought with him a number of horses. These were subsequently landed in Florida, although Columbus and his other companions, notably Blonza de Ojeda, introduced horses into the islands which we now call the West Indies. But the first horses of which any mention is made as having been landed in what is now a portion of the United States, were those taken to Florida.

Cortez took horses with him to assist in the conquest of Mexico, as did Pizarro in his conquest of Peru. The natives were greatly affrighted when they beheld these strange animals. At first they supposed that the man and the horse were one complete creature, something like the centaur of which we read in ancient fable. And when they saw the rider dismount and disengage himself from his steed, their amazement knew no bounds. They had already looked upon the white men as descended from heaven; the ability to ride, and to dismount from, horses seemed to the simple savages a supernatural gift.

A mounted cavalier, or a man-at-arms, clad as the invaders were, in glittering armor, must have been a very terrible sight to the Indians. In course of time, the savages learned that the horse was an animal that had been subdued by man, and that it was a separate creature; but they long dreaded the horse of the Spaniards as a beast of prey. And when the horses escaped from their masters, and made their way into the freedom of the forests, as they did after a space, the natives avoided them as something to be shunned. The quarreling Spaniards neglected their steeds, which soon found homes on the plains of Mexico, South America, and the unexplored interior of North America. From these escaped animals have sprung the wild horses of America. The mustang, as the native horse of the North American continent is usually called, is generally of a bright chestnut color. The horses marked with odd colors and patches are called "pinto," or "painted," by the Mexicans, and "calico" by the Americans. The mustang is smaller than the domesticated American horse; for we must remember that the larger horses now found in our stables are the direct descendants of later importations from Europe, while those brought by the early explorers, having been allowed to flee to the wilderness, there founded the race now known as the native horse of America.

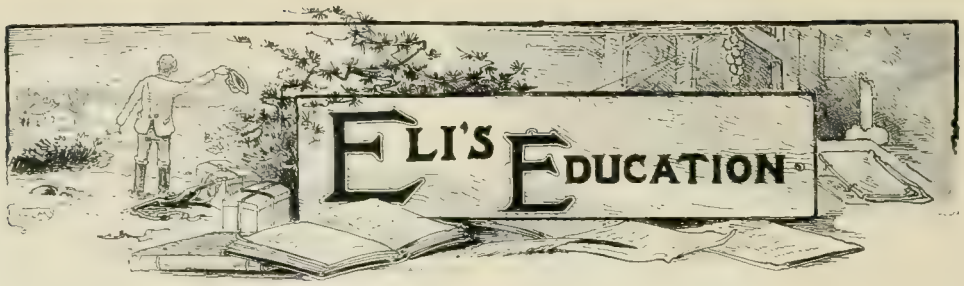
Arty, Tom, and I discussed all these things as we sat on a rise of ground beyond the grazing herd of Indian ponies, and regarded the pretty sight below us in the valley of the Platte.

"Well," said Arty, with something like a sigh of satisfaction, "I 'm glad we did n't try to capture one of those mustangs before we discovered the Indians. They would have killed us, I suppose."

Tom looked wisely at the horses, and said:

"But it 's mighty curious to think that the Spaniards are all gone out of the country, and that the Indians are left with the Spaniards' horses."

"Yes," I said, "the Western Indians and these mustangs are the sole survivors of the early fights that marked the coming of the Spanish conquerors."



THIRD SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"MY turn now," said Walt, as they assembled again after a busy day spent in snow-balling, statue-making, and tumbling in the drifts that still continued to rise on all sides.

"Here is just the story for you and Geoff. You are getting ready for college, after years of the best schooling, and it will do you good to hear how hard some boys have had to work to get a little learning," said Grandma, glancing at the slip that Walt drew from the basket which Aunt Elinor held out to him, and from which Lottie had drawn the story of "Tabby's Table Cloth," told last month.

"This is a true tale, and the man became famous for his wisdom, as well as much loved and honored for his virtue and interest in all good things," added Aunt Elinor, as she began to read the story of "Eli's Education."

Many years ago, a boy of sixteen sat in a little room in an old farm-house up among the Connecticut hills, writing busily in a book made of odd bits of paper stitched together, with a cover formed of two thin boards. The lid of a blue chest was his desk, the end of a tallow candle stuck into a potato was his lamp, a mixture of soot and vinegar his ink, and a quill from the gray goose his pen. A *Webster's Spelling-book*, *Dilworth's New Guide to the English Tongue*, *Daboll's Arithmetic*, and the *American Preceptor*, stood on the chimney-piece over his head, with the *Assembly Catechism* and *New Testament* in the place of honor. This was his library; and now and then a borrowed *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, or some stray volume, gladdened his heart; for he passionately loved books, and scoured the neighborhood for miles around to feed this steadily increasing hunger. Every penny he could earn or save went to buy a song or a story from the peddlers who occasionally climbed the hill to the solitary farm-house. When others took a noon-spell, he read under the trees or by the fire. He carried a book in his pocket, and studied as he went with the cows to and from the pasture, and sat late in his little room ciphering on an old slate, or puzzling his young brain over some question which no one could answer for him.

His father had no patience with him, called him a shiftless dreamer, and threatened to burn the beloved books. But his mother defended him, for he was her youngest and the pride of her heart; so she let him scribble all over her floors before she scrubbed them up, dipped extra thick candles for his use, saved every scrap of paper to swell his little store, and firmly believed that he would turn out the great man of the family. His brothers joked about his queer ways, but in his sisters he found firm friends and tender comforters for all his woes. So he struggled along, working on the farm in summer and in a clock shop during the winter, with such brief spells of schooling as he could get between whiles, improving even these poor opportunities so well that he was letter-writer for all the young people in the neighborhood.

Now, he was writing his journal very slowly, but very well, shaping his letters with unusual grace and freedom; for the wide snow-banks were his copy-books in winter, and on their white pages he had learned to sweep splendid capitals or link syllables handsomely together. This is what he wrote that night, with a sparkle in the blue eyes and a firm folding of the lips that made the boyish face resolute and manly.

"I am set in my own mind that I get learning. I see not how, but my will is strong, and Mother hopes for to make a scholar of me. So, please God, we shall do it."

Then he shut the little book and put it carefully away in the blue chest, with pen and ink, as if they were very precious things; piously said his prayers, and was soon asleep under the homespun coverlet, dreaming splendid dreams, while a great bright star looked in at the low window, as if waiting to show him the road to fortune.

And God did please to help the patient lad; only the next evening came an opportunity he had never imagined. As he sat playing "Over the Hills and Far Away" on the fiddle that he had himself made out of maple-wood, with a bow strung from the tail of the old farm horse, a neighbor came in to talk over the fall pork and cider, and tell the news.

"Ef you want ter go over the hills and far away, Eli, here 's the chance. I see a man down to Woodtick who was askin' ef I knew any likely young chap who 'd like to git 'scribers for a pious book he wants to sell. He 'd pay for the job when the names is got and the books give out. That 's ruther in your line, boy, so I calk'lated your daddy would spare you, as you are n't much of a hand at shuckin' corn nor cartin' pummace."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the big brothers, Ambrose Vitruvius and Junius Solomon, as neighbor Terry spoke with a sly twinkle in his eye.

But the sisters, Miranda and Pamela, smiled for joy, while the good mother stopped her busy wheel to listen eagerly. Eli laid down his fiddle and came to the hearth where the others sat, with such a wide-awake expression on his usually thoughtful face that it was plain he liked the idea.

"I 'll do it, if Father 'll let me," he said, looking wistfully at the industrious man who was shaving axe-handles, for the winter wood-chopping, after his day's work was over.

"Wal, I can spare you for a week, mebby. It's not time for the clock shop yet, and sence you 've heerd o' this, you wont do your chores right, so you may as wal see what you can make of peddlin'."

"Thank you, sir; I'll give you all I get to pay for my time," began Eli, glowing with pleasure at the prospect of seeing a little of the world; for one of his most cherished dreams was to cross the blue hills that hemmed him in, and find what lay beyond.

"Guess I can afford to give you all you 'll make this trip," answered his father, in a tone that made the brothers laugh again.

"Boys, don't pester Eli. Every one has n't a call to farmin', and its wal to foller the leadin's of Providence when they come along," said the mother, stroking the smooth, brown head at her knee; for Eli always went to her footstool with his sorrows and his joys.

So it was settled, and next day the boy, in his homespun and home-made Sunday best, set off to see his employer and secure the job. He got it, and for three days trudged up and down the steep roads, calling at every house with a sample of his book, the Rev. John Flavel's treatise on *Keeping The Heart*. Eli's winning face, modest manner, and earnest voice served him well, and he got many names; for books were scarce in those days, and a pious work was a treasure to many a good soul who found it difficult to keep the heart strong and cheerful in troublous times.

Then the books were to be delivered, and, anxious to save his small earnings, Eli hired no horse to transport his load, but borrowed a stout, green shawl from his mother, and, with his pack on his back, marched bravely away to finish his task. His wages were spent in a new prayer-book for his mother, smart handkerchief pins for the faithful sisters, and a good store of paper for himself.

This trip was so successful that he was seized with a strong desire to try a more ambitious and extended one; for these glimpses of the world showed him how much he had to learn, and how pleasantly he could pick up knowledge in these flights.

"What be you a-brewdin' over now, boy? Gettin' ready for the clock shop? It's 'most time for winter work, and Terry says you do pretty wal at puttin' together," said the farmer, a day or two after the boy's return, as they sat at dinner, all helping themselves from the large pewter platter heaped with pork and vegetables.

"I was wishin' I could go South with Gad Upson. He 's been twice with clocks and notions, and wants a mate. Hoadley fits him out and pays him a good share if he does well. Could n't I go along? I hate that old shop, and I know I can do something better than put together the insides of cheap clocks."

Eli spoke eagerly, and gave his mother an imploring look which brought her to second the motion at once, her consent having been already won.

The brothers stared as if Eli had proposed to go up in a balloon, for to them the South seemed farther off than Africa does nowadays. The father had evidently been secretly prepared, for he showed no surprise, and merely paused a moment to look at his ambitious son with a glance in which amusement and reproach were mingled.

"When a hen finds she 's hatched a duck's egg it 's no use for her to cackle; that ducklin' will take to the water in spite on her, and paddle off, nobody knows where. Go ahead, boy, and when you get enough of junketin' 'round the world come home and fall to work."

"Then I *may* go?" cried Eli, upsetting his mug of cider in his excitement.

His father nodded, being too busy eating cabbage with a wide-bladed green-handled knife to speak just then. Eli, red and speechless with delight and gratitude, could only sit and beam at his family till a sob drew his attention to sister Pamela, whose pet he was.

"Don't, Pam, don't! I 'll come back all right, and bring you news and all the pretty things I

can. I *must* go; I feel as if I could n't breathe shut up here winters. I s'pose it 's wicked, but I can't help it," whispered Eli, with his arm around his buxom eighteen-year old sister, who laid her head on his shoulder and held him tight.

"Daughter, it 's sinful to repine at the ways of Providence. I see a leadin' plain in this, and ef *I* can be chirk when my dear boy is goin', 'pears to me you ought to keep a taut rein on your feelin's, and not spile his pleasure."

The good mother's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, but she caught up the end of her short gown and wiped them quickly away to smile on Eli, who thanked her with a loving look.

"It 's so lonesome when he 's not here. What will we do evenings without the fiddle, or Eli to read a piece in some of his books while we spin?" said poor Pam, ashamed of her grief, yet glad to hide her tears by affecting to settle the long wooden bodkin that held up her coils of brown hair.

"Obed Finch will be comin' along, I guess likely, and he 'll read to you out uv Eli's book about keepin' the heart, and you 'll find your 'n gone 'fore you know it," said Junius Solomon, in a tone that made pretty Pam blush and run away, while the rest laughed at her confusion.

So it was settled, and when all was ready, the boy came home to show his equipment before he started. A very modest outfit — only two tin trunks slung across the shoulders, filled with jewelry, combs, lace, essences, and small wares.

"I hate to have ye go, son, but it 's better than to be mopin' to hum, gettin' desperut for books and rilin' Father. We 'll all be workin' for ye, so be chipper and do wal. Keep steddy, and don't disgrace your folks. The Lord bless ye, my dear boy, and hold ye in the holler of His hand!"

Her own rough hand was on his head as his mother spoke, with wet eyes, and the tall lad kissed her tenderly, whispering, with a choke in his throat:

"Good-bye, Mammy dear; I 'll remember."

Then he tramped away to join his mate, turning now and then to nod and smile and show a ruddy face full of happiness, while the family watched him out of sight with mingled hopes and doubts and fears.

Mails were slow in those days, but at length a letter came, and here it is, a true copy of one written by a boy in 1820:

"NORFOLK, VA., December 4th.

"HONORED PARENTS: I write to inform you I am safe here and to work. Our business is profitable, and I am fast learning the Quirks and Turns of trade. We are going to the eastern shore of Va., calculating to be gone six weeks. The inhabitants are sociable and hospitable, and you need not fear I shall suffer, for I find many almost fathers and mothers among these good folks.

"Taking our trunks, we travel through the country, entering the houses of the rich and poor, offering our goods, and earning our wages by the sweat of our brows. How do you think we look? Like two Awkward, Homespun, Tugging Yankee peddlers? No, that is not the case. By people of breeding we are treated with politeness and gentility, and the low and vulgar we do not seek. For my part, I enjoy traveling more than I expected. Conversation with new folks, observing manners and customs, and seeing the world, does me great good.

"I never met a real gentleman till I came here. Their hospitality allows me to see and copy their fine ways of acting and speaking, and they put the most Bashful at ease. Gad likes the maids and stays in the kitchen most times. I get into the libraries and read when we put up nights, and the ladies are most kind to me everywhere.

"I 'm so tall, they can't believe I 'm only sixteen. They are n't as pretty as our rosy-faced girls, but their ways are elegant, and so are their clothes, tell Pam.

"When I think how kind you were to let me come, I am full of gratitude. I made some verses, one day, as I waited in a hovel for the rain to hold up.

"To conduce to my own and parents' good,
Was why I left my home;
To make their cares and burdens less,
And try to help them some.
'T was my own choice to earn them cash,
And get them free from debt;
Before that I am twenty-one
It shall be done, I bet.
My parents they have done for me
What I for them can never do,
So if I serve them all I may,
Sure God will help me through.
My chief delight, therefore, shall be
To earn them all I can,
Not only now but when that I
At last am my own man.

"These are the genuine Sentiments of your son, who returns thanks for the many favors you have heaped upon him, and hopes to repay you by his best Endeavors. Accept this letter and the inclosed small sum as a token of his love and respect.

"Tell the girls to write. "Your dutiful son, ELI."

In reply to this came a letter from the anxious mother, which shows not only the tender, pious nature of the good woman, but also how much need of education the boy had, and how well he was doing for himself:

"AFFECTIONATE SON: We was very glad to receave your letter. I feal very anctious about you this winter, and how you are a doing. You cannot know a mother's concern for her boy wen he is fur away. Do not git into bad habbits. Take the Bible for your rule and guide to vartue. I pray for your prosperity in all spiritall and temporrall things, and leave you in the care of Him who gave you breath and will keep you safe.

"We are all well, and your father enjoys his helth better than last year. I visited Uncle Medad a spell last week. I am provided with a horse and shay to ride to meatin. Mr. Eben Welton took our cow and give us his old horse. Captain Stephen Harrington was excommunicated last Sabbath. Pamely goes away to learn dressmakin soon. I mistrust Mirandy will take up with Pennel Haskell; he is likely, and comes frequent. I wish you had been here a Christmas. We had a large company to dinner, and I got some wheat flower and made a fine chicken pye. Eli, I hope you attend meatin when you can. Do not trifle away the holy day in vane pleasures, but live to the glory of God, and in the fear of your parents. Father sold the white colt. He was too spirity, and upsat Ambrose and nigh broke his head. His nose is still black. Dear son: I miss you every time I set a platter in your place. Is your close warm and suffitient? Put your stockin round your throat if sore. Do you git good cyder to drink? Take the Pennyryal if you feal wimbly after a long spell of travil. The girls send love. No more now. Wright soon.

"Your mother, HANNAH GARDENER"

"P.S.— Liddy Finch is married Our pigs give us nine hunderd pound of prime pork"

Many such letters went to and fro that winter, and Eli faithfully reported all his adventures. For he had many, and once or twice was in danger of losing his life.

On one occasion, having parted from his mate for a day or two, wishing to try his luck alone, our young peddler found himself, late in the afternoon, approaching the Dismal Swamp. A tempest arose, adding to the loneliness and terror of the hour. The cypresses uprooted by the blast fell now and then across the road, endangering the poor boy's head. A sluggish stream rolled through tangled junipers and beds of reeds, and the fen on either side was full of ugly creatures, lizards, snakes, and toads, while owls, scared by the storm, flew wildly about and hooted dismally. Just at the height of the tumult, Eli saw three men coming toward him, and gladly hastened to meet them, hoping to have their company or learn of them where he could find a shelter. But their bad faces daunted him, and he would have hurried by without speaking if they had not stopped him, roughly demanding his name and business.

The tall stripling was brave, but his youthful face showed him to be but a boy, and the consciousness of a well-filled purse in his pocket made him anxious to escape. So he answered briefly, and tried to go on. But two men held him, in spite of his struggles, while the third rifled his pockets, broke open his trunks, and took all that was of any value in the way of watches and jewelry. Then they left him with a cruel joke about a good journey and made off with their booty. It was the first time poor Eli had met with such a mishap, and as he stood in the rain looking at his wares scattered about the road, he felt inclined to throw himself into the creek and forget his woes there among the frogs and snakes. But he had a stout heart, and soon decided to make the best of it, since nothing could be done to mend the matter. Gathering up his bedraggled laces, scattered scent-bottles, and dirty buttons, pins, and needles, he trudged sadly on, feeling that for him this was indeed a Dismal Swamp.

"I told you we 'd better stick together, but you wanted to be so dre'dful smart, and go stramashin' off alone in them out 'n the way places. Might 'a' known you 'd get overhauled somers. I always did think you was a gump, Eli, and now I 'm sure on 't," was all the comfort Gad gave him when they met and the direful tale was told.

"What shall I do now?" asked the poor lad. "My notions are n't worth selling, and my money 's gone. I 'll have to pay Hoadley somehow."

"You 'd better foot it home and go to choppin' punkins for the cows, or help your marm spin. I vow I never did see such a chap for gettin' into a mess," scolded Gad, who was a true Yankee, and made a successful trader, even in a small way.

"We 'll sleep on it," said Eli, gently, and went to bed very low in his mind.

Perhaps a few tears wet his pillow as he lay awake, and the prayers his mother taught him were whispered in the silence of the night; for hope revived, comfort came, and in the morning his serene face and sensible plan proved to his irate friend that the "gump" had a wise head and a manly heart, after all.

"Gad, it is just the time for the new almanacs, and Allen wants men to sell 'em. I thought it was small business before, but beggars must n't be choosers, so I 'm going right off to offer for the job 'round here. It will do for a start, and if I 'm smart, Allen will give me a better chance may be."

"That 's a fust-rate plan. Go ahead, and I 'll say a good word for you. Allen knows me, and books is in your line, so I guess you 'll do wal if you keep out 'n the mashes," answered Gad, with great good will, having slept off his vexation.

The plan did go well, and for weeks the rosy-faced, gentle-voiced youth might have been seen mildly offering the new almanacs at doors and shops, and at street corners, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a courtesy of manner that attracted many customers and earned many a dollar. Several mates, envying his fine handwriting and pitying his hard luck, took lessons in penmanship of him and paid him fairly, whereat he rejoiced over the hours spent at home, flat on the kitchen floor, or flourishing splendid capitals on the snow-banks, when his nose was blue with cold and his hands half-frozen.

When the season for the yellow-covered Almanacs was over, Eli, having won the confidence of his employer, was fitted out with more notions, and again set forth on his travels, armed, this time, and in company with his townsman. He prospered well, and all winter trudged to and fro, seemingly a common peddler, but really a student, making the world his book, and bent on learning all he could. Travel taught him geography and history, for he soon knew every corner of Virginia; looked longingly at the ancient walls of William and Mary College, where Jefferson and Monroe studied; where young George Washington received his surveyor's commission, and in his later years served as Chancellor. In Yorktown, he heard all about the siege of 1781, saw Lord Cornwallis's lodgings and the cave named for him; met pleasant people, whose fine speech and manners he carefully copied; read excellent books wherever he could find them, and observed, remembered, and stored away all that he saw, heard, and learned, to help and adorn his later life.

By spring he set out for home, having slowly saved enough to repay Hoadley for the lost goods. But as if Providence meant to teach him another lesson, and make him still more prudent, humble, and manly, a sad adventure befell him on his way.

While waiting for the coaster that was to take them home, he one day went in swimming with Gad; for this was one of the favorite pastimes of the Connecticut boys, who on Saturday nights congregated by the score at a pond called Benson's Pot, and leaped from the spring-board like circus tumblers, turning somersaults into the deep water below.

It was too early for such sport now; the water was very cold, and poor Gad, taken with cramp, nearly drowned Eli by clinging to his legs as he went down. Freeing himself with difficulty, Eli tried to save his friend; but the current swept the helpless man away, and he was lost. Hurriedly dressing, Eli ran for aid, but found himself regarded with suspicion by those to whom he told his story; for he was a stranger in the place and certain peddlers who had gone before had left a bad name behind them.



"TWO MEN HELD HIM, WHILE THE THIRD RIFLED HIS POCKETS AND BROKE OPEN HIS TRUNKS."

To his horror, he was arrested, accused of murder, and would have been tried for his life, if Mr. Allen of Norfolk had not come to testify to his good character, and set him free. Poor Gad's body was found and buried, and after a month's delay, Eli set out again, alone, heavy-hearted, and

very poor, for all his own little savings had been consumed by various expenses. Mr. Hoadley's money was untouched, but not increased, as he hoped to have it; and rather than borrow a penny of it, Eli landed barefooted. His boots were so old he threw them overboard, and spent his last dollar for a cheap pair of shoes to wear when he appeared at home, for they were not stout enough to stand travel. So, like Franklin with his rolls, the lad ate crackers and cheese as he trudged through the city, and set out for the far-away farm-house among the hills.

A long journey, but a pleasant one, in spite of his troubles; for spring made the world lovely, habit made walking no hardship, and all he had seen in his wanderings passed before him at will, like a panorama full of color and variety.

Letters had gone before, but it was a sad home-coming, and when all was told, Eli said:

"Now, Father, I 'll go to work. I 've had my wish and enjoyed it a sight; and would go again, but I feel as if I ought to work as long as I can't pay for my time."

"That 's hearty, son, and I 'm obleeged to ye. Hear what Mother 's got to say, and then do whichever you perfer," answered the farmer, with a nod toward his wife, who, with the girls, seemed full of some pleasant news which they longed to tell.

"I 've sold all the cloth we made last winter for a good sum, and Father says you may hev the spendin' on 't. It will be enough to pay your board down to Uncle Tillotson's while you study with him, so 's 't you kin be gettin' ready for college next year. I 've sot my heart on 't, and you must n't disapp'int me and the girls," said the good woman, with a face full of faith and pride in her boy, in spite of all mishaps.

"Oh, Mammy, how good you be! It don't seem as if I ought to take it. But I *do* want to go!" cried Eli, catching her round the neck in an ecstasy of boyish delight and gratitude.

Here Miranda and Pamela appeared, bringing their homely gifts of warm hose and new shirts made from wool and flax grown by the father, and spun and woven by the accomplished housewife.

A very happy youth was Eli when he again set off to the city with his humble outfit and slender purse, though Father still looked doubtful, and the brothers were more sure than ever that Eli was a fool to prefer dry books to country work and fun.

A busy year followed, Eli studying, as never boy studied before, with the excellent minister, who soon grew proud of his best pupil. Less preparation was needed in those days, and perhaps more love and industry went to the work; for necessity is a stern master, and poor boys often work wonders if the spark of greatness is there.

Eli had his wish in time, and went to college, mother and sisters making it possible by the sale of their handiwork; for the girls were famous spinners, and the mother the best weaver in the country around. How willingly they toiled for Eli! rising early and sitting late, cheering their labor with loving talk of the dear lad's progress, and an unfailing faith in his future success. Many a long ride did that good mother take to the city, miles away, with a great roll of cloth on the pillion behind her to sell, that she might pay her son's college bills. Many a coveted pleasure did the faithful sisters give up that they might keep Eli well clothed, or send him some country dainty to cheer the studies which seemed to them painfully hard and mysteriously precious. Father began to take pride in the ugly duckling now, and brothers to brag of his great learning. Neighbors came in to hear his letters, and when vacation brought him home, the lads and lasses regarded him with a certain awe, for his manners were better, his language purer, than theirs, and the new life he led refined the country boy till he seemed a gentleman.

The second year he yielded to temptation, and got into debt. Being anxious to do credit to his family, of whom he was secretly a little ashamed about this time, he spent money on his clothes, conscious that he was a comely youth with a great love of beauty and a longing for all that cultivates and embellishes character and life. An elegant gentleman astonished the hill folk that season by appearing at the little church in a suit such as the greatest rustic dandy never imagined in his wildest dreams,—the tall white hat with rolling brim, Marseilles vest with watch-chain and seals festooned across it, the fine blue coat with its brass buttons, and the nankeen trousers strapped over boots so tight that it was torture to walk in them. Armed with a cane in the well-gloved hand, an imposing brooch in the frills of the linen shirt, Eli sauntered across the Green, the observed of all observers, proudly hoping that the blue eyes of a certain sweet Lucinda were fixed admiringly upon him.

The boys were the first to recover from the shock, and promptly resented the transformation of their former butt into a city beau, by jeering openly and affecting great scorn of the envied splendor. The poor jackdaw, somewhat abashed at the effect of his plumes, tried to prove that he felt no superiority by being very affable, which won the lasses, but failed to soften the hearts of the boys; and when he secured the belle of the village for the Thanksgiving drive and dance, the young men resolved that pride should have a fall.

Arrayed in all his finery, Eli drove pretty Lu-

cinda in a smart borrowed wagon to the tavern where the dance was held. Full of the airs and graces he had learned at college, the once bashful, awkward Eli was the admired of all eyes as he pranced down the long contra-dance in the agonizing boots, or played "threading the needle" without the least reluctance on the part of the blushing girls to pay the fine of a kiss when the players sung the old rhyme:

"The needle's eye no one can pass;
The thread that runs so true—
It has caught many a pretty lass,
And now it has caught you."

But his glory was short-lived, for some enemy maliciously drew out the linchpin from the smart wagon, and as they were gayly driving homeward over the hills, the downfall came, and out they both went, to the great damage of Eli's city suit and poor Lucinda's simple finery.

Fortunately, no bones were broken, and picking themselves up, they sadly footed it home, hoping the mishap would remain unknown. But the rogues took care that Eli should not escape, and the whole neighborhood laughed over the joke; for the fine hat was ruined, and the costly coat split down the back in the ignominious tumble.

Great was the humiliation of the poor student; for not only was he ridiculed, but Lucinda would not forgive him, and the blue eyes smiled upon another; and, worst of all, he had to confess his debts and borrow money of his father to pay them. He meekly bore the stern rebuke that came with the hard-earned dollars, but the sight of the tears his mother shed, even while she comforted him, filled him with remorse. He went back to his books, in a homespun suit, a sadder and a wiser boy, and fell to work as if resolved to wash out past errors and regain the confidence he had lost.

All that winter the wheels turned and the loom jangled, that the rolls of cloth might be increased, and never was the day too cold, the way too long, for the good mother's pious pilgrimage.

That summer, a man came home to them, shabby enough as to his clothes, but so wonderfully improved in other ways that not only did the women folk glow with tender pride, but father and brothers looked at him with respect, and owned at last there was something in Eli. "No vacation for me," he said; "I must work to pay my debts, and as I am not of much use here, I 'll try my old plan, and peddle some money into my empty pockets."

It was both comic and pathetic to see the shoulders that had worn the fine broadcloth, burdened with a yoke, the hands that had worn kid gloves, grasping the tin trunks, and the dapper feet trudging through dust and dew in cow-hide boots. But the face under the old straw hat was a manlier one than that which the tall beaver crowned, and the heart under the rough vest was far happier than when the gold chain glittered above it. He did so well, that when he returned to college his debts were paid and the family faith in Eli restored.

That was an eventful year; for one brother married, and one went off to seek his fortune, the father mortgaging his farm to give these sons a fair start in life. Eli was to be a minister, and the farmer left his fortunes in the hands of his wife, who, like many another good mother, was the making of the great man of the family, and was content with that knowledge, leaving him the glory.

The next year, Eli graduated with honor, and went home, to be received with great rejoicing, just twenty-one, and a free man. He had longed for this time, and planned a happy, studious life, preparing to preach the gospel in a little parsonage of his own. But suddenly all was changed; joy turned to sorrow, hope to doubt, and Eli was called to relinquish liberty for duty, to give up his own dreams of a home to keep a roof over the heads of the dear mother and the faithful sisters. His father died suddenly, leaving very little for the women folk beside the independence that lay in the skill of their own thrifty hands. The elder brothers could not offer much help, and Eli was the one to whom the poor souls turned in their hour of sorrow and anxiety.

"Go on, dear, and don't pester yourself about us. We can find food and firin' here as long as the old farm is ours. I guess we can manage to pay off the mortgage by-and-by. It don't seem as if I *could* turn out after livin' here ever sense I was married, and poor father so fond on 't."

The widow covered her face with her apron, and Eli put his arms about her, saying manfully, as he gave up all his fondest hopes for her dearer sake:

"Cheer up, Mother, and trust to me. I should be a poor fellow if I allowed you and the girls to want, after all you 've done for me. I can get a school, and earn instead of spend. Teaching and studying can go on together. I'm sure I should n't prosper if I shirked my duty, and I wont." The three sad women clung to him, and the brothers, looking at his brave, bright face, felt that Eli was indeed a man to lean on and to love in times like this.

"Well," thought the young philosopher, "the Lord knows what is best for me, and perhaps this is a part of my education. I 'll try to think so, and hope to get some good out of a hard job."

In this spirit he set about teaching, and prospered wonderfully, for his own great love of learning made it an easy and delightful task to help others as he had longed to be helped. His innocent and tender nature made all children love him, and gave him a remarkable power over them; so when the first hard months were past, and his

efforts began to bear fruit, he found that what had seemed an affliction was a blessing, and that teaching was his special gift. Filial duty sweetened the task, a submissive heart found happiness in self-sacrifice, and a wise soul showed him what a noble and lovely work it was to minister to little children ;—for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

For years Eli taught, and his school grew famous ; for he copied the fashions of other countries, invented new methods, and gave himself so entirely to his profession that he could not fail of success. The mortgage was paid off, and Eli made frequent pilgrimages to the dear old mother whose staff and comfort he still was. The sisters married well, the brothers prospered, and at thirty, the schoolmaster found a nobler mate than pretty Lucinda, and soon had some little pupils of his very own to love and teach.

There his youth ends ; but after the years of teaching he began to preach at last, not in one pulpit, but in many all over the land, diffusing good thoughts now as he had peddled small wares when a boy ; still learning as he went, still loving books and studying mankind, still patient, pious, dutiful, and tender, a wise and beautiful old man, till at eighty, Eli's education ended.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY "O."

By Mary A. Lathbury.

A little girl would n't say "O"
(She was learning her letters, you know) ;
And the very same night
She awoke in a fright,
For the Letter-land King on his throne
Said "O" in a thunderous tone,—
And it startled her so
That she quickly said "Oh !"
And the little girl's trouble was done.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

By C. F. Holder.



BIRDS BLOWN OUT TO SEA RESTING ON A FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

BIRDS RESTING ON A BUOY.

Probably one of the most welcome sounds of spring is the carol of the birds. The rich bell notes of the robin are heard among the first; other birds soon follow, and so punctually and regularly that a gentleman in Connecticut for several years has predicted the day of their arrival with but a single error, and that of only twenty-four hours. How little we think of the real meaning of their sudden appearance! To us it is the end of winter; they bring us word of the spring that seems journeying north with them; but to the birds, it is the end of a long, tiresome pilgrimage.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes,

there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or piece of drift-wood. Thus it will be seen that birds are obliged to adopt all kinds of expedients and to form strange friendships at such times.

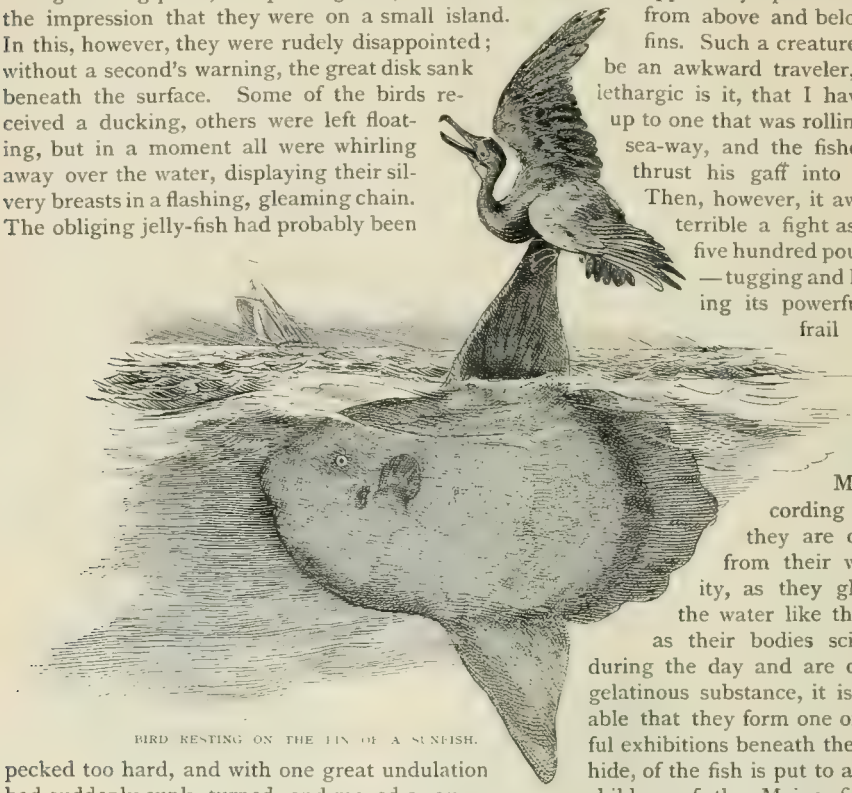
Many of my readers who visit the sea-shore in the summer months are familiar with the great, round, glassy jelly-fishes that are washed up on the beach, the tentacles of some of which are painful stingers. During July particularly they are common, and a glance down into the clear blue water will always be repaid by the sight of one or more moving meteor-like along. The jelly-fish ordinarily to be met with is as large as a dinner-plate, with fantastic pink and white streamers ten or twelve feet long; but, as in most other families, there are giant jelly-fishes — such huge fellows, that their comrades and relations seem entirely dwarfed by them. Such a jelly-fish is the Arctic Cyanea, or *Cyanea Arctica*, which, though common in northern waters, is also occasionally found off the Massachusetts coast.

While the disk of the ordinary jelly-fish is as large as a dinner-plate, that of the giant jelly-fish is seven or eight feet across, and of a consistency firm enough to stop a boat. From beneath the disk curtains of jelly appear to hang, and from among them extends away a mass of fantastic and many-hued streamers, perhaps two hundred feet, so that the enormous creature resembles at night a great comet in the sea. Its folds, margin, and tentacles gleam with phosphorescent light that streams from it like a halo, and, as it moves laboriously along by the rising and falling of its disk, the tentacles streaming behind, it might almost be mistaken for the reflection of some flaming meteor in the sky. Very often these great jelly-fishes lie at the surface of the ocean, with their upper portion exposed and the tentacles streaming below to attract some victim. Such a one was seen off the New England coast. From the deck of the vessel the observers saw several birds hovering in the air, then alighting evidently on the water. There was but little wind, and as they slowly drew near they found a huge jelly-fish floating at the surface, perhaps



FLAMINGO FEEDING ON ARCTIC JELLY-FISH.

asleep, while on its broad back a number of sandpipers were running about, now leaping into the air as a wave struck them, then dropping upon their strange resting-place, and pecking at it, as if under the impression that they were on a small island. In this, however, they were rudely disappointed; without a second's warning, the great disk sank beneath the surface. Some of the birds received a ducking, others were left floating, but in a moment all were whirling away over the water, displaying their silvery breasts in a flashing, gleaming chain. The obliging jelly-fish had probably been



BIRD RESTING ON THE FIN OF A SUNFISH.

pecked too hard, and with one great undulation had suddenly sunk, turned, and moved away.

In the same waters was formerly found in great numbers a great shark called, among many names, the "basker," from its habit of apparently sleeping on the water, its back and dorsal fin exposed to the sun. Two hundred years ago, vessels were sent out from various ports in Maine, and from Provincetown, to capture these sharks, as they did whales, for their oil, and so closely were the sharks pursued, that their numbers became more and more reduced until now they are comparatively rare except near Iceland.

While lying asleep, or basking, the basker's upper fin was often used as a rest by various birds, who probably mistook the sleeping shark for a log or an old piece of wreck, and so did not hesitate to take possession, arranging themselves along the dorsal fin, where they were perhaps soothed by the gentle rolling of the great fish; at least, they seemed to enjoy it, and presented a curious appearance. Others stood upon its back, leaping here and there to avoid the waves that rolled against the living islet.

Birds frequently make similar use of the great Orthagoriscus, or Sunfish, found along our coast. This fish in appearance is almost round, the tail apparently a part of the solid body, while from above and below extend two long fins. Such a creature would necessarily be an awkward traveler, and so slow and lethargic is it, that I have seen a boat pull up to one that was rolling to and fro in the sea-way, and the fisherman deliberately thrust his gaff into the fish's mouth. Then, however, it awoke, and made as terrible a fight as any fish weighing five hundred pounds or more could, — tugging and hauling, and grinding its powerful fins against the frail dory in a manner that threatened the planks; but it was soon mastered and dragged in. In the Mediterranean, according to some naturalists, they are called moon-fishes, from their wonderful luminosity, as they gleam and glow in the water like the full moon; and, as their bodies scintillate like silver during the day and are covered by a thick gelatinous substance, it is not at all improbable that they form one of the most wonderful exhibitions beneath the sea. The skin, or hide, of the fish is put to a curious use by the children of the Maine fishermen, who cut pieces of the pure white gristle, and, winding them with cord, find the balls thus made excellent substitutes for rubber balls, as they bound and rebound when thrown upon the ground.

The great fin of the sunfish, resembling so much a piece of broken spar, is always spied by a tired or lazy bird, which quickly settles upon it, if the sea is quiet, and the fish not rolling. A few years ago, I was present when one of the largest of these fishes ever observed was captured, at the mouth of the St. John's River. The bar across the mouth of the river is less than ten feet in depth at low tide, and, in trying to swim in, the great fish fairly ran aground. The boats put out, and, by means of harpoons and ropes, it was finally secured and carried up the river. When mounted and upright, it measured nearly twelve feet from the tip of one fin to that of the other.

On the Gulf side of Florida, especially down among the coral reefs and keys that grow out from the great peninsula, the loggerhead and green



[illegible] ALIGHTING UPON A "LEATHER BACK."



SANDPIPERS ALIGHTING UPON A GIANT JELLY-FISH.

turtles are very common, and their capture forms a large business among the inhabitants of the various keys. A not uncommon visitor is the great leather turtle, that often weighs fifteen hundred pounds. In their movements the logger-head and leather turtle are much like the sunfish, being extremely heavy and slow. When not alarmed, they move along with great deliberation, and often evidently fall asleep, lying upon the surface, their backs presenting a resting-place to any tired bird that may come along.

Once, during a heavy gale from the east, a party of spongers in an open boat were driven off shore, and so fierce was the hurricane that their only hope was to keep the boat before the wind and run out into the Gulf. For four or five hours the headlong race was kept up; but finally the wind abated, and by early morning the sea was as smooth as glass, a peculiarity often noticed there after a gale. They had been carried far out of sight of land, and were well-nigh worn out, when one of the spongers exclaimed that they were nearing shore, and soon the entire party saw a familiar sight that seemed to signify a reef — a flamingo standing motionless in the water. As the boat drew near, the bird raised its graceful neck, straightened up, and stretched its wings as if to fly; then, seeing that they were not going to molest it, it resumed its position of security. To their astonishment, the men soon perceived that, instead of resting on a reef, the bird had alighted on a huge leather turtle that was fast asleep upon the water. Indeed, the flamingo was in distress, like themselves, having been blown off shore by the same storm, and it had evidently taken refuge on the sleeping turtle. The men did not attempt to dis-

turb it, and their last view as they pulled away to the east was of the flamingo attempting to lift one leg and go to sleep, an act which the undulating motion of the floating turtle rendered well-nigh impossible.

Birds have been seen to alight upon the back of a whale in northern waters when it was moving along at the surface, probably for the purpose of feeding upon the innumerable barnacles and crustaceans that often completely cover these great creatures. And seals and walruses are in like manner frequently made the bearers of feathered passengers.

It is seldom, however, that birds will venture to retain their position upon moving animals. But such an instance, and a remarkable one, has been observed at the Galapagos Islands, where nearly all the animals, birds, and reptiles are characteristic or peculiar to the Archipelago. Besides the great turtles that live here among the lava beds, feeding upon the cactus, are two species of lizards about four feet long. One lives on land, while the other is adapted for a life on the ocean, swimming out to sea in droves. The naturalists' name for the marine lizard is *Amblyrhynchus cristatus.* It is a dark-colored long reptile, with sharp serrations, or spines, extending the entire length of its back, and it lives among the sea-weed and in the crevices of the rocks facing the water on Albemarle Island. Individual specimens have been known to attain a length of nearly five feet. Their tails are flattened like those of the sea-snakes of the China Sea, and all four feet are partly webbed, so that they are perfectly adapted for their marine life. They dive with great ease; not to obtain fish, as might be supposed, but sea-weed *(Ulvæ),* for which they descend to the bottom, tearing it off with their teeth; and often, while swimming under water, they will crawl along the bottom with all the ease of a crab. Indeed, one has frequently been forcibly kept an hour under water without any sign of discomfort. In their excursions to sea, the lizards encounter several enemies,—one, the shark, that does not hesitate to seize them; and another, a gull, that hovers about them in evident malicious enjoyment. As soon as the lizards leave shore, the gulls, if they are about, join in the expedition, fluttering about the great reptiles and uttering piercing cries, as if to call them back or urge them on. Finally, a gull alights on the head of one helpless animal, which, by diving, eludes its tormentor for a moment; but as soon as it comes up, the watchful bird is hovering close by, and again alights on the rough head, perhaps to see if a fish or a crab has been brought up and can be stolen. Be that as it may, the gull utilizes the lizard as a roost, just as the birds use the basking-shark and the turtle, only it secures a ride in addition.

Many other similar companionships are to be found among the lower animals, but the instances here cited are especially remarkable.

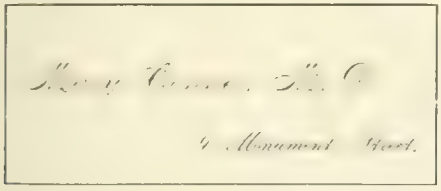


GULL RIDING UPON A SEA-LIZARD.

DOCTOR SOPHIA EDITH'S OFFICE-GIRL.

By Henry Lewis.

A LONG, narrow street; on one side, the high wall of a half-forgotten grave-yard, on the other, a row of dilapidated houses, and beyond — the sea. There were various names for this alley. A romantic party driving through it one sunny morning called it "Europe," because the crowded houses and graystone wall, the dirt and the picturesqueness, brought back to them a memory of European by-ways. The towns-people called it "Grave-yard alley." And "Doctor" Mary Conner's professional card, had she possessed one, would have read thus:



"Monument" street, you observe,— still suggestive of the locality, but not so dismal in language as Grave-yard alley.

There was nothing dismal, however, about the grave-yard. It lay in an open, sunny inclosure, where daisies and buttercups nodded through the summer till the golden-rod and asters came crowding in later. All the people buried there had fallen asleep years and years before; only living people came now, generally strangers — summer travelers, who brushed back the tangled grasses from the quaint inscriptions, or looked over the unsightliness of Monument street to the sea and the ships coming up the harbor.

Monument street was *there*, however, if nobody noticed it; and Monument street was wretchedly poor and ignorant. There were a number of people in the town from whom it might reasonably have expected a helping hand. There was the Sunday-school of St. Mark's Church close by; there was the City Missionary, and the Society for Associated Charities. But the first person who attempted to raise Monument street from its ignorance was Mary Conner, aged fourteen, possessor of a discouraged blue hood and a pair of brave blue eyes.

Mary Conner was the "oldest inhabitant" of the street, the inhabitants having a restless way of moving in and out at convenience — (generally "out," in the night, with the rent unpaid).

Pat Conner was the single exception to prove this rule. In the midst of the floating population, he alone remained stationary, and for fifteen years had regularly paid his seven dollars a month for the rooms over the corner grocery. The corner grocery was the spot where local news was collected and diffused. It represented Monument street's club-house and sewing-circle; and among the onions, laundry soap, clay pipes, and bacon, it was announced, one November morning, that "Pat Conner's Mary has got a place up-town with some kind of a doctor woman."

It was soon known, therefore, throughout the length of Monument street, that Mary Conner had become Dr. Sophia Edith's office-girl. The corner grocery was fond of a pleasant joke, and soon began to call the child "Doctor," first in playfulness, and lastly as a convenience to distinguish her from another Mary Conner in the same house. And Mary liked the title. She knew it was only a nickname, but nevertheless it had a meaning and a pleasant sound to her, and she grew more and more fond of being called "Doctor" Mary, as the days went by.

And it was not strange that six months of answering Doctor Sophia Edith's office-bell, six months of carrying notes and of waiting on aristocratic patients, should have had its influence on Mary Conner's mind. When the discouraged blue hood gave way to a neat spring hat, the brave eyes had gained an ambitious look,— a desire to rise and be somebody; in other words, to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of Doctor Sophia Edith, whom the child considered perfect in mind, manners, and methods. The only place for Mary to shine in was the alley, and the question in her mind was, how much "shining" and of what kind the alley would bear. Doctor Sophia Edith had patients and gave lectures, and helped people who had got past helping themselves. Mary longed also to have patients, and give lectures, and help people. To be sure, Monument street patients would pay nothing; it was barely possible the lectures would be unappreciated and unattended; but nevertheless Mary began her preparations. She listened outside the door on the doctor's lecture mornings, and "read up" such diseases as the mumps and the measles.

Sixteen beautiful young ladies came to Doctor Sophia Edith's physiology class every Thursday morning at ten. Doctor Sophia Edith talked to them about nerves and muscles, and they talked

to one another, after each lecture, about the last charity ball, and of having a large tintype taken of the class as soon as the course of lectures was finished. Of course, Mary could hope for no audience like this. It would be an impossibility for Monument street to come in seal-skin jackets, protected by silk umbrellas; and as for the tintype, Mary repressed a giggle at the thought of Monument street grouped in a picture. The child took her notes on scraps of brown wrapping-paper; the sixteen beautiful young ladies took theirs in russia-leather note-books. Aside from the materials used (and Mary's spelling, which was, of course, uncertain, at times), the notes were much alike. But Mary grew absent-minded and forgetful. The doctor, who never went out without charging her to write down every message or call, was one day met at the door with this list:

Miss Gibs tellufoned. Wants anuther box of those pills. Said you 'd know what kind.

Woman calld. Dident leave any name. Wanted to know if you charged just as much as the other doctors.

Miss Broun called and left her love.

Minuster called. Said he hopd youd take a class in Sunday-skool.

Gess I 'd better give my leckchur after Mikel Kelly moves away. He 's allus shure to make a row.

Someboddy tellufoned from the Orfun 'Sylum—wants you to come right out.

This last was urgent, and Doctor Sophia Edith hurried away without any comments on Michael Kelly, thereby giving Mary an opportunity to abstract her private note from the list.

IT was a May evening at the corner grocery. Pat Conner's Mary was again the subject of discussion.

"She 's a-goin' to tell us how to be a doctor—goin' to give us a whole lot of reseets an' resipes," came from behind the laundry soap and bacon.

"She are n't, either," shouted a woman at the door. "She 's a-goin' to 'mprove our c'ndishun; heard her say so myself."

"No such thing," interrupted Mr. Michael Kelly, who had disappointed Mary's hopes by not moving. "She says to me, this mornin', very perlite, 'Mr. Kelly,' says she, 'I 'm a-goin' to give a little talk on helth,' says she; and thereupon she invited me, because she wanted a gintleman to kape order and make things pleasant-like."

Pat Conner lent his front-room, and the street generally sent in chairs. Mary had arranged a small table, as much like Doctor Sophia Edith's as possible, with a bunch of early violets in a cracked match-safe, a glass of water, and a model of the human eye, which Mary had taken the liberty of keeping over night, instead of carrying it directly from Doctor Sophia's to the oculist's. She had her brown-paper notes on the table, and on the landing, just outside the door, sat one very sympathetic listener—the little lame girl Polly, who believed in "Doctor" Mary Conner as firmly as Mary Conner believed in Doctor Sophia Edith. If Polly had been born in a higher station, she would have been called a child full of poetry and graceful fancies. As it was, the alley jeered at her and called her "foolish Polly."

The audience was very mixed in color and nationality. There was one unpleasant-looking man, said to have "seven-years' consumption," and a troublesome woman who insisted that Mary should leave her lecture and go down-stairs to look at Mrs. Jim Murphy's sick hen. This demand was settled by the hen's coming up the stairs, of her own accord, in apparently good condition.

Mary had thought of calling her talk "A Glimpse of Physiology." She had even written down as her opening sentence these words:

"Such as are your habichual thoughts, such is the charukter of your minds." She glanced from the notes to the faces before her and lost courage. The room swam a little. Michael Kelly at the door was getting ready to say something funny. It was a desperate moment. Her eyes fell on the violets. The violets carried her back to Doctor Sophia Edith, and she remembered having heard the doctor say that nothing awed ignorance so much as knowledge. With a hasty sip from the glass, she took up her notes and said bravely, "I begin my talk on physi-o-l-o-g-y—by sayin' that such as are your habich-u-al thoughts, such is the char--uk-ter of your minds."

"Good land!" ejaculated old Mrs. Mulligan, who washed for the gentry, and was therefore not quite so much crushed as the others.

Mary continued—"The best econ-um-y of time is to be out in the open air. Therefore, my dear friends, you who are industrious and work in the open air are making the best econ-um-y of your time."

"And how about the men as works in the drains, 'Doctor'?"—interrupted old Mrs. Mulligan—"under the ground—a-takin' in all the bad air?——Mary Conner—go along with your econum-y!"

Mary went along,—hastily and disconnectedly:

"For consumption, take a great deal of horseback riding."

The man with the "seven-years' consumption" coughed, and Michael Kelly rose to ask if "Doctor" Mary Conner expected them to buy a horse for "'old Father Cary', as has jest coughed so bad-like, and if she would please to tell them what

that round glass thing on the table was." Mary drew the eye-model into a safer position, and taking up her notes, said, "First let me tell you that we all live in a bird-cage — yes, a bird-cage," continued Mary, the audience objecting. "The ribs which inclose the heart and lungs may be called a cage."

becoming a dangerous rival, with his beautiful ideas. She hurried on; "In our heads is the brain — it is also a telegraph office, and sends messages to all parts of the body"; here Jimmy Donahue opened his eyes. He was a messenger-boy at the Western Union. "We think with our brains,"



"Indade!" said Michael.

"This cage contains ourselves ——"

"And we are the canary-burrds," explained Michael, who had risen again to his feet and was being violently pulled down by his sister-in-law.

"Yis," said Michael, "and whin we die, the canary-burrd flies out uv the caige."

Mary's cheeks grew a little flushed. Michael was continued "Doctor" Mary, "we eat with our mouths, we swallow with our necks, and our hearts beat in our wrists and keep us alive."

"All fale of your wrists, ladies, and gintlemuns" — requested Michael, blandly. This request, being universally complied with, made an interruption, of course; and "Doctor" Mary, taking up the glass eye carefully, said, leaning forward as if to com-

municate something of great importance: "First, let me tell you that there is a drop of oil in the knee which keeps it from growing stiff. So, if you have a stiff knee, it would be well to oil it on the outside."

"With karosine?" asked Michael.

"Yes," said Mary, though she did not feel at all sure, and in order to prevent any further questioning, she added instantly: "Now I will show you this beautiful glass eye." The whole audience made a snatching movement forward. Mary motioned them back. "This eye," she said, "which is just like our own eyes, is worth dollars an' dollars. It belongs to a friend of Doctor Sophia Edith. If you break it, we'll all be sent to jail. While you 're lookin' at it, I will recite a beautiful piece of poetry."

Mary had a clear, sweet voice. As the eye was passed around, and Mary began her recitation, the noisy room grew quiet, like a child made happy with a new toy, and calmed by the pleasant sound of some nursery hymn.

She had spoken but two lines, however,

> "Tell me not in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream,"——

when Doctor Sophia Edith herself came up the narrow stair-way in search of Mary and the eye, the oculist having sent to her for it an hour before. Doctor Sophia Edith wore a gray bonnet, and a black jacket bordered with soft, gray fur. She was righteously angry in her thoughts with Mary, and generally disheartened, for the day had been a trying one. But on the stairs, close by the door, sat little Polly, who smiled a welcome, and said, with unexpected friendliness, as she touched the gray fur of the Doctor's cloak: "Come in, Dr. Pussy Willow. Mary would n't ask you to her lecture, 'cause she said you had n't time, and you would n't think she knew anything."

Through the crack in the door-way, at the moment, came a familiar voice—

> "Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
> Be a hero in the strife!"—

And, peeking through, the doctor saw at the end of the room, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, Mary, her office-girl, standing on a chair and gesticulating.

She noticed, too, that something was being passed around, but she could not get a sight of the object itself. A woman's voice said:

"And it 's no wonder it hurts when it 's hit; sure—it is as delicate as a chiny closet."

"It has been a beautiful lecture," sighed Polly contentedly, as the Doctor glanced down at her. "I call you 'Pussy Willow' 'cause you wear soft, gray things. Mary told me about them. I saw some real pussy willows once." The child was stroking the fur trimming. "Your clothes are like a pussy willow; but your face is like a Mayflower," she added.

Doctor Sophia Edith for a moment forgot her errand. Novel experiences were frequent in her profession; but this was the cream of novelties—to be called a Pussy Willow and a Mayflower all in one breath, and down in the depth of "Graveyard alley," where she heard her small office-girl calmly and sweetly repeating over the heads of these poor ignorant and miserable people,

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime."

Dr. Sparrow's delicate model of the human eye came in safety to Michael Kelly, and he, having spied Dr. Sophia Edith through the crack, softly slipped the model out to her at arms-length, and said:

"May be ye 'd like to look at it, Marm. But be very keerful; fer, ef you drop it, there 'll be the perlice upon us."

Doctor Sophia Edith whispered a word to Polly; slipped the eye into her pocket, and escaped. Down the stairs floated after her,

> "Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate,"——

interrupted by Michael's shouting jubilantly, "I say, 'Doctor' Mary Conner, there 's a woman 's run off with your eye!"

Mary went through her office-work next day like a person awaiting dismissal and disgrace. She did not know that Doctor Sophia Edith had a great love of poetry and a sincere appreciation for any attempt at scattering scientific knowledge. This love and appreciation were to outweigh a just displeasure. When Mary came in at night for her sentence, the doctor taking a bunch of Mayflowers from the table, said quietly:

"Mary, I expect you to be more faithful in the future, and you can take these flowers to the little lame girl, Polly."



THE WEARY PAGE.

WHOSE SCISSORS DID IT?

By Bessie Chandler.

'T was winter, and gay Jack Frost had flung
His sparkling jewels on the fields of snow,—
While over the way his icicles hung
From the edge of the roof, in an even row.

My little girl looked across the way,
At the frozen fringe which was hanging there;
And then in soft tones I heard her say:
"I wonder who banged that house's hair?"

THE COAST-GUARD.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailèd host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand.
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.



I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.

"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure on a Coast of Fire.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter XII.

A CATASTROPHE NOT ANTICIPATED.

Another day dawns upon the castaways, with again a bright glow showing in the sky; and Ned Gancy and Henry Chester, who have risen early, as they look out over the water, become witnesses of the curious behavior of another Fuegian fishing-bird — the cormorant.

One of these birds, seemingly regardless of their presence, has come close to the ledge where the boat is lying, and has there caught a fish. But instead of gobbling it up or tearing it to pieces, as might be expected, the captor lets it go again, not involuntarily, but, as soon appears, designedly. The fish, alive and apparently uninjured, makes away through the water; but only for a short distance, ere it is followed by the cormorant and caught afresh. Then it is dropped a second time, and a third time seized, and so on through a series of catchings and surrenderings, just like those of a cat playing with a mouse!

In this case, however, the cruel sport has a different termination, by the cormorant being deprived of the prey it seemed so sure of. Not through the efforts of the fish itself, which now, badly damaged, swims but feebly; nor do the gulls appropriate it, but a wingless biped — no other than Ned Gancy. "Chester, we shall have that fish for breakfast," he says, springing to his feet, and hastily stripping for a swim. Then, with a rush over the ledge, he plunges in, sending the cormorant off in affright, and taking possession of the prey it has left behind.

The fish proves to be a species of smelt, over two pounds in weight, and a welcome addition to their now greatly reduced larder.

As they have passed a restful night, all the members of the forlorn little party are up betimes; and soon the "doctor" is bestirring himself about their breakfast, in which the cormorant-caught fish is to play a conspicuous part.

The uprising sun reveals the landscape in a changed aspect, quite different from that seen at its setting, and even more surprisingly picturesque. The snowy mantle of Mount Darwin is no longer pure white, but of hues more attractive — a commingling of rose and gold — while the icicled cliffs on the opposite side of the cove, with the façades of the glaciers, show every tint of blue from pale sky to deep beryl, darkening to indigo and purple in the deep sea-water at their bases. It is, or might be called, the iridescence of a land with rocks all opals and trees all evergreens; for the dullest verdure here seems vivid by contrast with its icy and snowy surroundings.

"Oh, Mamma! is n't it glorious?" exclaims Leoline, as she looks around upon the wonderful landscape. "It beats Niagara! If I only had my box of colors, I 'd make a sketch of it."

To this burst of enthusiastic admiration, the mother responds with but a faint smile. The late danger, from which they have had such a narrow escape, still gravely affects her spirits; and she dreads its recurrence, despite all assurances to the contrary. For she knows they are but founded on hope, and that there may be other tribes of cruel and hostile savages to be encountered. Even Seagriff still appears apprehensive, else why should he be looking so anxiously out over the water? Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, pipe in mouth, he sends up wreathing curls of smoke among the branches of the winter's-bark overhead. But he is not smoking tranquilly, as is his wont; but in short, quick puffs, while the expression on his features, habitually firm, tells of troubled thought.

"What are you gazing at, Chips?" questions Captain Gancy, who has noticed his uneasy look.

"At that glasheer, Captin'. The big un derect in front of us."

"Well, what of it?"

"'Pears to me it bulges out beyond the line o' the clif more 'n we mout like it to. Please let me have a squint at it through the glass. My eyes aren't wuth much agin the dazzle o' that ice an' snow."

"By all means. Take the glass, if that will help you," says the Captain, handing him the binocular, but secretly wondering why he wishes to examine the glacier so minutely. The Captain can not understand what there is in the blue and frozen mass to be troubled about. But nothing further is said, he and all the rest remaining silent, so as not to interfere with Seagriff's observation. Not without apprehension, however, do they await the result, as the old sealer's words and manner indicate plainly that something is amiss. And their waiting is for a short while only. Almost on the

instant of getting the glacier within his field of view, Seagriff cries out:

"Jest as I surspected! The bend o' the ice air 'way out from the rocks, ten or fifteen fathoms, I should say!"

"Well, and if it is," rejoins the skipper, "what does that signify to us?"

"A mighty deal, Captin'. Thet air, surposin' it should snap off *jest now*. An' sech a thing would n't be unusuul. I wonder we have 'nt seed the like afore now, runnin' past so many glasheers ez we hev. Cewrus, too, our not comin' acrost a berg yet. I guess the ice 's not melted sufficient for 'em to break away."

But now an appetizing odor, more agreeable to their nostrils than the perfume of the fuchsias, or the aromatic fragrance of the winter's-bark, admonishes them of breakfast being served; the doctor likewise soon proclaiming it. And so for a time the glacier is forgotten.

But after the meal has been dispatched, the glacier again becomes the subject of discourse, as the old sealer once more begins to regard it through the glass with evident apprehension.

"It 'ud seem beyond the possibility of belief," he says, "thet them conglomerations uv ice, hard froze an' lookin' ez tight fixed ez a main-stay, for all thet, hev a downard slitherin' motion, jest like a stream o' water, tho' in coorse thousands, or millions o' times slower."

"Oh! that 's well understood," asserts the skipper, acquainted with the latest theory of glacier movement.

"So it may be, Captin'," pursues Seagriff; "but thar 's somethin' 'bout these breakin' off an' becomin' bergs ez aint so well understood, I reckin'; leastways not by l'arned men. An' the cause of it air well enough know'd 'mong the seal-fishers ez frequent these soun's an' channels."

"What is the cause, Chips?" asked young Gancy, like all the others, interested in the subject of conversation.

"Wall, it 's this, Mister Ned. The sea-water bein' warmer than the ice, melts the glasheer when thar 's high tide, an' the eend of it dips under; then at low tide,—bein', so to speak, *undermined*, an' not havin' the water to rest on,—it naterally sags down by its own weight, an' snaps off, ez ye 'll all easily understan'."

"Oh! we quite understand," is the universal response, every one satisfied with the old sealer's explanation as to the origin of icebergs.

"How I should like to see one launched, "exclaims Leoline, "that big one over there, for instance. It would make such a big plunge! Would n't it, Mr. Chips?"

"Yes, Miss, sech a plunge thet ef this child tho't thar was any likelihood of it comin' loose from its moorin's, while we 're hyar, he would n't be smokin' his pipe so contented. Jest look at thet boat!"

"The boat! what of her?" asks the skipper, in some apprehension, at length beginning to comprehend the cause of Seagriff's uneasiness.

"Wall, Captin', ef yon glasheer war to give off a berg, any sort of a big un, it mout be the means o' leavin' us 'ithout any boat at all."

"But how?"

"How? Why, by swampin', or smashin' the only one we 've got, the which——Thunder an' airthquakes! See yonner! The very thing we 're talkin' 'bout, I vow!"

No need for him to explain his words and excited exclamations. All know what has called them forth; the berg is snapping off. All see the breaking up and hear the crash, loud as the discharge of a ship's broadside or a peal of thunder, till at length, though tardily, they comprehend the danger, as their eyes rest on a stupendous roller, as high as any sea the *Calypso* had ever encountered, coming toward them across the strait.

"To the boat!" shouts Seagriff, making down the bank, with all the men after him. They reach the landing before the roller breaks upon it; but alas! to no purpose. Beach, to draw the boat up on, there is none; only the rough ledge of rocks, and the only way to raise it on this would be to lift it bodily out of the water, which can not be done. For all that—they clutch hold of it, with determined grip, around the edge of the bow. But their united strength will prove as nothing against that threatening swell. For the roller, entering the confined water of the cove, has increased in height, and comes on with more tempestuous surge.

Their effort proves futile, and nigh worse than futile to Henry Chester. For, as the boat is whisked out of their hands and swung up fathoms high, the English youth, heedless of Seagriff's shout "let go!" hangs on, bull-dog-like, and is carried up along with her!

The others have retreated up the slope, beyond reach of the wave which threatens to bear him off in its backward flow. Seeing his danger, all cry out in alarm; and the voice of Leoline is heard above, crying out to her mother:

"Oh! Henry is lost."

But no, Henry is not lost. Letting go before the boat comes down again, with a vigorous bound backward the agile youth heads the roller, getting well up the bank ere it washes over him. Wash over him it does, but only drenches him; for he has flung his arms around a barberry bush and holds it in firm embrace; so firm and fast that, when the water has surged back, he is still seen clinging to it—safe! But by the same subsidence

the boat is dashed away, the keel striking on some rocks with a harsh sound, which tells of damage, if not total destruction. Still, it floats, drifting outward, and for awhile all seems well with it. Believing it to be so, the two youths rush to the tent, and each snatching an oar from it, prepare to swim out and bring the boat back. But before they can enter the water, a voice tells them their



hope is vain, Captain Gancy himself calling out:

"It 's no use, boys! The gig 's got a hole in its bottom, and is going down. Look!"

They do look, and they see that the boat is doomed. Only for an instant are their eyes upon it, before it is seen no more, having "bilged" and gone under, leaving but bubbles to mark the place of its disappearance.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHANGE OF QUARTERS DETERMINED ON.

NO GREATER calamity than the loss of their boat could have overtaken the castaways, save losing life itself. It has made them castaways in the fullest sense of the word; almost as if left boatless on a desert isle in mid-ocean. Their situation is desperate, indeed, though for a time they scarce realize it. How can they, in so lovely a spot, teeming with animal life, and Nature, as it were, smiling around them? But the old sealer knows all that will soon be changed, experience reminding him that the brief, bright summer will ere long be succeeded by dark, dreary winter, with rain, sleet, and snow almost continuously. Then no food will be procurable, and to stay where they are would be to starve. Captain Gancy, also, recalls the attempts at colonizing Tierra del Fuego; notably that made by Sarmiento at Port Famine in the Magellan Straits, where his whole colony, men, women, and children — nearly three hundred souls — miserably perished by starvation; and where, too, the lamented missionary, Gardner, with all his companions, succumbed to a similar fate.* The Captain remembers reading, too, that these colonists had at the start ample store of provisions, with arms and ammunition to defend themselves, and renew their stores. If *they* could not maintain life in Tierra del Fuego, what chance is there for a party of castaways, without weapons, and otherwise unfitted for prolonged sojourn in a savage land? Even the natives, supplied with perfect implements for fishery and the chase, and skilled in their use, have often a hard, and at times an unsuccessful, struggle for existence. Darwin thus speaks of it:

"[illegible] stantly to change their place of residence, but return at intervals to the same spot. * * * At night, five or six of them, unprotected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks, and the women, winter and summer, either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair line jerk out small fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a dead whale discovered, it is a feast. Such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi. Nor are they exempt from famine, and, as a consequence, cannibalism, accompanied by parricide."

The old seal-fisher, familiar with these facts, keeps them to himself, though knowing the truth will in time reveal itself to all. They get an inkling of it that very day, when the "doctor," proceeding to cook dinner, reports upon the state of the larder, in which there is barely the wherewithal for another meal. Nearly everything brought away from the bark was in the gig, and is doubtless in it still — at the bottom of the sea. So the meal is eaten in a somewhat despondent mood.

They get into better spirits soon after, however, on finding that Nature has furnished them with an

* There is now a colony in the Straits of Magellan, not far from Port Famine, at Sandy Point — the "Punta de Arenas" of the old Spanish navigators. The colony is Chilian, and was established as a penal settlement, though it is now only nominally so. The population is about fourteen hundred.

ample store of provisions for the present, near at hand. Prospecting among the trees, they discover an edible fungus, known to sealers as the "beech-apple," from its being a parasite of the beech. It is about the size and shape of a small orange, and is of a bright yellow color. When ripe, it becomes honey-combed over the surface, and has a slightly sweetish taste, with an odor somewhat like that of a mushroom, to which it is allied. It can be eaten raw, and is so eaten by the Fuegian natives, with whom, for a portion of the year, it is the staple article of subsistence.

The castaways find large numbers of this valuable plant adhering to the birch-beeches,—more than enough for present needs; while two species of fruit are also available as food,—the berries of the *arbutus* and barberry.

Still, notwithstanding this plentitude of supply, the castaways make up their minds to abandon their present encampment, for a reason that becomes apparent, soon after they see themselves boatless.

"There 's no use in our stayin' longer hyar," says Seagriff, who first counsels a change of quarters. "Ef a vessel should chance to pass along outside, we could n't well be in a worse place fur signalin', or gettin' sighted by, her. We 'd hev but the ghost of a chance to be spied in sech a sercluded corner. Ther'fore, we ought to cl'ar out of it, an' camp somewhar on the edge o' the open water."

"In that I agree with you, Chips," responds the Captain, "and we may as well move at once."

"Thet 's true, sir, ef we *could* move at onct. But we can't—leastways not to-day."

"Why not?"

"It 's too nigh night; we would n't hev time to git to the outer shore," explained the carpenter.

"Why there 's an hour of daylight yet, or more!"

"Thet 's cl'ar enough, Captin'. But ef thar were two hours o' daylight, or twice thet, it would n't be enough."

"I don't understand you, Chips. The distance can't be more than two or three hundred yards."

"Belike, it are n't more. But for all that, it 'll take us the half of a day, ef not longer, to cover it."

"How so?" queried the skipper.

"Wal, the how is thet we can't go by the beach; thar bein' no beach. At the mouth o' the cove, it 's all cliff, right down to the water. I noticed thet as we war puttin' inter it. Not a strip o' strand at the bottom broad enough fur a seal to bask on. We 'll hev to track it up over the hills, an' thet 'll take no end o' time, an' plenty o' toilin', too;—ye 'll see, Captin'."

"I suppose, then, we must wait for morning," is the skipper's rejoinder, after becoming satisfied that no practicable path leads out of the cove, between land and water.

This constrains them to pass another night on the spot that has proved so disastrous, and, the morning after, to eat another meal upon it—the last they intend tasting there. A meager repast it is; but their appetites are now on keen edge, all the keener from their being stinted. For, by one of nature's perverse contrarieties, men feel hunger most when without the means of satisfying it; and



"THE DOCTOR."

most thirsty when no water can be had! It is the old story of distant skies looking brightest, and far-off fields showing greenest;—the very difficulty of obtaining a thing whetting the desire to possess it, as a child craves some toy, that it soon ceases to care for when once in its possession.

No such philosophic reflections occupy the thoughts of the castaways. All they think of, while at their scanty meal, is to get through with it as speedily as possible, and away from the scene of their disaster.

The breakfast over, the tent is taken down; the boat sail folded into the most portable form, with mast, oars, and everything made ready for overland transport. They have even apportioned the bundles, and are about to begin the up-hill climb, when, lo! the *Fuegians!*

Chapter XIV.

A Fuegian Fish-Hunt.

Yes, the savages are once more in sight,—a canoe full of them just appearing around the point of the cliff, closely followed by another, and another, till four are under view in front of the cove. They

are as yet far out on the sea-arm; but as they have come along it from the west, the castaways suppose them to be some of their late assailants, still persistently continuing the pursuit.

But no! Captain Gancy, quickly sighting through his binocular, declares them different; at least, in their array. For they are not all men, more than half being women and children; while no warlike insignia can be discerned,—neither white feathers nor chalked faces.

Seagriff, in turn taking the glass, further makes out that the men have fish-spears in their hands, and an implement he recognizes as a *fizgig*, while the heads of dogs appear over the gunwales of the canoes, nearly a dozen in each.

"It 's a fishin' party," he pronounces. "For all thet, we 'd best make a hide of it! thar 's no trustin' 'em, anyway so long as they think they hev the upper hand. A good thing our fire has gone out, else they 'd a-spied it afore this. An' lucky the bushes be in front, or they 'd see us now. Mebbe they 'll pass on along the arm, an'—— No! they 're turnin' in toward the cove!"

This can be told by the apparent shortening of the canoes, as they are brought head around toward the inlet.

Following the old sealer's advice, earnestly urged, all slip back among the trees, the low-hanging branches of which afford a screen for concealment like a closed curtain. The bundles are taken along, and the camp-ground is cleared of everything likely to betray its having been lately occupied by white people. All this they are enabled to do without being seen by the savages, a fringe of evergreens between the camp-ground and the water effectually masking their movements.

"But should n't we go farther up?" says the skipper, interrogating Seagriff. "Why not keep on over the hill?"

"No, Captin'; we must n't move from hyar. We could n't, 'ithout makin' sech a racket ez they 'd be sure to hear. Besides, thar 's bare spots above, whar they mout sight us from out on the water; an' ef they did, distance would n't sarve us a bit. The Feweegins kin climb up the steepest places, like squir'ls up a tree. Once seen by 'em, we 'd stan' no chance with 'em in a run. Ther'fore, we'd better abide quietly hyar. Mebbe, arter all, they may n't come ashore. 'T aint one o' thar landin'-places, or we 'd 'a' foun' traces of 'em. The trees would 'a' been barked all about.—Oh, I see what they 're up to now. A fish-hunt,—a surround wi' thar dogs. Thet 's thar bizness in the cove."

By this, the four canoes have arrived at the entrance to the inlet, and are forming in line across it at equal distances from one another, as if to bar the way against anything that may attempt to pass outward. Just such is their design; the fish being what they purpose enfilading.

At sight of them and the columns of ascending smoke, the pelicans and other fishing birds take flight, in a chorus of screams,—some to remain soaring overhead, others flying altogether out of sight. The water is left without a ripple, and so clear that the spectators on shore, from their elevated point of view, can see to its bottom, all around the shore where it is shallow. They now observe fish of several sorts swimming affrightedly to and fro; and see them as plainly as through the glass walls of an aquarium.

Soon the fish-hunters, having completed their "cordon" and dropped the dogs overboard, come on up the cove, the women plying the paddles, the men with javelins upraised, ready for darting. The little foxy dogs swim abreast of and between the canoes, driving the fish before them,—as sheep-dogs drive sheep,—one or another diving under at intervals, to intercept such as attempt to escape outward. For in the translucent water they can see the fish far ahead, and, trained to the work, they keep guard against a break from these through the inclosing line. Soon the fish are forced up to the inner end of the cove, where it is shoalest; and then the work of slaughter commences. The dusky fishermen, standing in the canoes and bending over, now to this side, now that, plunge down their spears and fizgigs, rarely failing to bring up a fish of one sort or another; the struggling victim shaken off into the bottom of the canoe, there gets its death-blow from the boys.

For nearly an hour the curious aquatic chase is carried on; not in silence, but amid a chorus of deafening noises,—the shouts of the savages and the barking and yelping of their dogs mingling with the shrieking of the sea-birds overhead. And thrice is the cove "drawn" by the canoes, which are taken back to its mouth, the line reformed, and the process repeated till a good supply of the fish best worth catching has been secured.

And now the spectators of the strange scene await with dread anticipation the approaching crisis. Will the savage fishermen come ashore, or go off without landing? In the former event, the castaways have small hope of remaining undiscovered. True, they are well concealed; not an inch of face or person is exposed; the captain and Seagriff alone are cautiously doing the vidette duty. Still, should the Fuegians come on shore, it must be at the ledge of rocks, the only landing-place, and but half a stone's throw from the spot where they are sheltering.

"The thing we 've most to be afeerd of is thar dogs," mutters Seagriff. "Ef they should land,

the little curs 'll be sure to scent us. An' — Sakes alive! What's that?"

The final exclamation, though involuntarily uttered aloud, is not heard, even by those standing beside him, for it is drowned by the noise that called it forth,—a thundering crash, succeeded by a loud crackling which continues for more than a minute of time. There is no mystery about it, however; it is but a falling tree,—the one behind which "the doctor" had been standing, his hands pressed against it for support. Yielding to curiosity, he had been peering around its trunk,—a disobedience that is costing him dear; for, as if in punishment, he has gone along with the tree, face foremost, and far down the slope.

As he is lost to sight in the cloud of dust that has puffed up around them, all believe him killed, crushed, buried amid the *debris* of shattered branches. But no! In a trice he is seen on his feet again coming out of the dust-cloud, no longer with a black skin, but chocolate-brown all over, woolly pate and clothing included, as though he had been for days buried in tan-bark!—sneezing, too, with a violence that is really comical.

He is a spectacle to make the most sober-sided laugh, were the occasion one for merriment; but his companions are too alarmed for that now, feeling sure of being discovered by the savages. How



A FUEGIAN FISH-HUNT.

can it be otherwise, after such a catastrophe — nature itself, as it were, betraying them?

Yet to their pleased surprise it proves otherwise; and on the dust settling down, they see the Fuegian fishermen still in their canoes, with not a face turned toward the land, none, at least, seeming to heed what has happened! But there is nothing strange in this apparent apathy, to one who knows the reason. In the weird forests of Tierra del Fuego there is many a tree standing,

to all appearance sound in trunk, branches, everything; yet rotten from bark to heart-wood, and ready to topple over at the slightest touch — even if but a gun be rested against it! As the fall of such trees is of common occurrence, the natives never gave a second thought to so common a phenomenon. The fishers in the canoes have not heeded it; while the sneezing of Cæsar has been unheard amid the noises made by themselves, their dogs, and the shrieking sea-birds.

In the end, this very thing by which the castaways feared betrayal proves their salvation; for the hunter-fishermen do land at length. But, luckily, they do not stay on shore for any great time; only long enough to make partition of their spoil and roughly clean the fish. By exceedingly good luck, also, the bits of fish thrown to them fully engage the attention of the dogs, which otherwise would have surely strayed inland, and so have come upon the party in hiding.

But perhaps the best instance of favoring fortune is the tree pushed down by the doctor; which has fallen over the ground of the abandoned camp, and has covered under a mass of rotten wood and dust all the place where the tent stood, the fire-hearth, half-consumed faggots, everything. But for this well-timed obliteration, the sharp-eyed savages could not have failed to note the traces of its recent occupancy. As it is, they have no suspicion either of that or of the proximity of those who have had possession of the ground before them, so much engrossed are they with the product of their fish-hunt, which has proved an unusually large catch.

Still, the apprehensions of the concealed spectators are not the less keen, and to them it is a period of dread, irksome suspense. But, fortunately, it lasts not much longer. To their unspeakable delight, they at length see the savages bundle back into their canoes, and, pushing off, paddle away out of the cove.

As the last boat-load of them disappears around the point of rocks, Captain Gancy, in grateful, prayerful voice, exclaims:

"Again we may thank the Lord for a merciful deliverance!"

Chapter XV.

A rough overland route.

When they are convinced that the canoes are gone for good, the castaways again prepare to set out on the journey so unexpectedly delayed. It is now noon, and it may be night ere they reach their destination. So says Seagriff; an assertion that seems strange, as he admits the distance may be but a few hundred yards.

They are about taking up their bundles to start, when a circumstance arises that causes further delay; this time, however, a voluntary and agreeable one. In a last glance toward the cove, ere turning their backs upon it, two flocks of gulls are seen, each squabbling about something that floats on the surface of the water. Something white, which proves to be a dead fish, or rather a couple of them, which have been overlooked by the hunter-fishermen. They are too large for the gulls to carry away; and a crowd of the birds are buffeting their wings in conflict above them.

"A bit of rare good luck for us!" cries young Gancy, dropping a pair of oars he has shouldered. "Come, Harry! we 'll go a-fishing, too."

The English youth takes the hint; and, without another word, both rush down to the water's edge, where, stripping off coats, shoes, and other *impedimenta*, they plunge in.

In a few seconds the fish are reached and secured, to the great grief and anger of the gulls, which, now screaming furiously, wheel around the heads of the swimmers until they are safe on shore with their prey.

Worth all their trouble is the spoil retrieved, as the fish prove to be a species of mullet, each of them over six pounds in weight.

Now assured of having something to eat at the end of their journey, they set out in much better spirits. But they make not many steps — if steps they can be called — before discovering the difficulties at which the old sealer has hinted. Steps, indeed! Their progress is more a sprawl than a walk; a continuous scramble over trunks of fallen trees, many so decayed as to give way underneath, letting them down to their armpits in a mass of sodden stuff, as soft as mud, and equally bedaubing. Even if disposed, they could no longer laugh at the cook's changed color, for each of the party now has much the same aspect.

But no place could be less incentive to laughter than that which they are in. The humid atmosphere around them has a cold, clammy feeling, and the light is no better than shadowy twilight. A weird, unearthly silence pervades it, only broken by the harsh twitter of a diminutive bird — a species of creeper — that keeps them company on the way, the dismal *woo-woo-a* of an owl, and, at intervals, the rattling call-note of the woodpecker. The last, though laugh-like in itself, is anything but provocative of mirth in those who listen to it, and who learn from Seagriff that it is a sound peculiar to the loneliest, gloomiest recesses of the Fuegian forests.

After toiling up the steep acclivity for nearly two hours, they arrive at a point where the tall timber ends. There are trees beyond, — beeches,

like the others, but so dwarfed and stunted as to better deserve the name of bushes. Bushes of low growth, but of ample spread; for in height, they are less than twenty inches, while their branches extend horizontally to even more than that number of feet! They are as thickly branched as the box-edging of a garden-walk, and so interwoven with several species of shrubs as to present a smooth, matted surface, seemingly that of the ground itself, under a close-cropped sward.

Mistaking it for this, the two young men, who are in the lead, glad at having escaped from the gloom of the forest with its many obstructions, gleefully strike out into what they believe to be open ground.

But they soon find their belief a delusion, and the path as difficult as ever. For now, it is over the tops of growing, instead of the trunks of fallen, trees. It is quite as impossible to make rapid progress here as it was in the forest; and every now and then the lads' feet break through and become entangled, their trousers are torn and their shins scratched by the thorns of the barberries.

The others, following, fare a little better, from being forewarned, and proceed with greater care. But all find it a troublesome task, calling for agility as well as caution; now a quick rush, as if over thin ice or a treacherous quagmire, must be made; anon, a trip-up and tumble causes many eccentric flounderings before the feet can be recovered.

Fortunately, the belt of lilliputian forest is of no great breadth; and beyond it, higher up, they get upon firmer ground, nearly bare of vegetation, which continues to the summit of the ridge.

Reaching this, at length, they have a scenic view of "Fireland" grander than any yet revealed to them. Mountains to the north, mountains to the south, east, and west; mountains piled on mountains all around, of every form and altitude. There are domes, cones, and pyramids; ridges with terraced sides and table-tops; peaks, spires, and castellated pinnacles, some of them having resemblance to artificial mason-work built, as it were, by Titans! In the midst of this picturesque conglomeration, and standing high above all, like a giant above ordinary men, is the grand snow-cone of Mount Darwin, on the opposite side of the arm, fit mate for Sarmiento, seen in the same range, north-westward. Intersecting the mountain-chains are deep, ravine-like valleys, some with sloping sides thickly wooded, others presenting façades of sheer cliffs, with rocks bare and black. Most of them are narrow, dark, and dismal, save when illumined by glaciers, from the glistening milky-white and beryl-blue surfaces of which the sun's rays are vividly reflected.

Valleys, I said, but strictly speaking they are not valleys at all, but chasms, the bottoms of which are arms of the sea, straits, sounds, channels, bays, inlets; many of them with water as deep as the ocean itself. Of every conceivable shape and trend are they; so ramifying, and communicating with one another, that Tierra del Fuego, long supposed to be a main-land, is, in point of fact, only an archipelago of islands, closely clustered together.

From their high point of observation on the ridge's crest, the castaways command a view also of a reach of water wider than the sea-arm immediately beneath them, of which, however, it is a continuation. It extends eastward as far as they can see, straight as an artificial canal, and so like one in other ways as to suggest the idea, or fancy, that it has been dug by the same Titans who did the masonwork on the mountains! It occupies the entire attention of Seagriff, who, looking along it toward the east, at length says:

"Thet 's the Beagle Channel; the way we were to hev gone but fur the swampin' of our boat. An' to think we 'd 'a' been runnin' 'long it now, 'nstead o' stannin' helpless hyar! Jest our luck!"

To his bitter reflection no one makes response. Captain Gancy is engrossed with his binocular, examining the shores of the sea-arm, while the others, fatigued by their long, arduous climb, are seated upon rocks at some distance off, resting.

After a time, the skipper, re-slinging his glass, makes known the result of his observation, saying:

"I can see nothing of the canoes anywhere. Probably they 've put into some other cove along shore to the westward. At all events, we may as well keep on down."

And down they go, the descent proving quicker and easier than the ascent. Not that the path is less steep, or beset with fewer obstructions; but their tumbles are now all in the right direction, with no backward slidings. Forward falls they have, and many; every now and then a wild upthrowing of arms ends with a fall at full length upon the face. They succeed, however, in reaching the water's edge again, without serious injury received by any, though all of them are as wet as if they had been swimming with their clothes on, and are looking forlorn, soiled and draggled.

At the place where they have now reached the beach, there is a slight curving indentation in the shore-line; not enough to be called a bay, nor to interfere with their chance of being seen by any ship that may pass along the arm. As this has been their reason for changing quarters, it might be supposed they would choose the most conspicuous point for their new encampment. But their choice is influenced by other considerations; chief of these being the fact that near the center

of the curve they find a spot altogether suited to their purpose — a grassy spot, high and dry, a little platform surrounded and sheltered by trees.

That they are not the first human beings to set foot on it is evinced by the skeleton of a wigwam found standing there; while on the beach below is a heap of shells recognizable as a "kitchen midden."* These evidences of former occupancy also proclaim it of old date. The floor of the wigwam is overgrown with grass and weeds; while the shell-heap is also covered with greenery, the growth upon it being wild celery and scurvy grass, both of which plants give promise of future utility. Like promise is there in another object near-at-hand: a bed of kelp, off shore, just opposite, marking a reef, the rocks of which are bare at ebb tide. From this, shell-fish may be taken, as they have been before; for the kelp-bed explains the presence of wigwam and "kitchen midden."

In addition to these advantages, the beech-apples and berries are as plentiful here as at the encampment in the cove, and still another species is found not far off. At the western extremity of the indentation, a slightly elevated ridge projects out into the water, treeless, but overgrown with bushes of low stature, which are thickly covered with what at a distance appear to be bunches of red blossoms, but on closer inspection prove to be berries — *cranberries*.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, there are other indications about the place which are not so pleasing. The wigwam tells of their still being in the territory of the hostile tribe from which they have so miraculously escaped.

"Ailikoleep!" is the exclamation of Seagriff, as soon as he sets eyes on it; "we 're in the country o' the rascally savagers yit!"

"How do you know that?" inquires the skipper.

"By the build o' thet wigwam, an' the bulk of it. Ez ye see, it's roun'-topped, wharas them o' the Tekineekers, an' other Feweegins, run up to a sharp p'int, besides bein' bigger an' roomier. Thar 's another sign, too, of its bein' Ailikoleep. They kiver thar wigwams wi' seal-skins, 'stead o' grass, which the Tekineekers use. Ef this hed been thatched wi' grass, we 'd see some o' the rubbish inside; an', moreover, the floor 'd be hollered out — which it 's not. Yes, the folks that squatted hyar hev been Ailikoleeps. But it 's no surprise to me, ez I heern some words pass 'mong the fishin' party, which show'd 'em to be thet same. Wal," he continues, more hopefully, "thar 's one good thing; they have n't set fut on this groun' fur a long while; which is some airnest o' thar hevin' gi'n the place up fur good. Those dead woods tell o' thar last doin's about hyar."

He points to some trees standing near, with most of the bark stripped from their trunks.

"They 've peeled 'em fur patchin' thar canoes; an', by the look of it, thet barkin was done more 'n three years ago."

All this does little to restore confidence. The fact of the fishing party having been Ailikoleeps is too sure evidence that danger is still near at hand. And such danger! They only need to recall the late attack — the fiendish aspect of the savages, with their furious shouts and gestures, the darting of javelins and hurling of stones — to fully realize what it is. With that fearful episode fresh in their memory, the castaways require no further counsel to make them cautious in their future movements.

However, they begin at once to repitch their tent, which is set up so as to be screened from view of any canoe passing along the sea-arm; and for their better accommodation, the wigwam is re-roofed, as it, too, is invisible from the water. Moreover, no fire is to be made during daylight, lest its smoke should betray them; and when kindled at night for cooking purposes, it must be done within the wood, whence not a glimmer of it may escape outward. And a lookout is to be constantly kept through the glass, by one or another taking it in turns; this is done not alone for enemies, but for friends — for that ship which they still hope may come along the Beagle Channel.

Chapter XVI.

By the "Kitchen Midden."

The programme determined on is carried out to the letter. But as the days pass, and no ship appears, their impatience becomes despondency — almost despair. Yet this is for the best, as it strengthens a resolution already half formed, but not finally decided upon. This is to build a boat. Nor, in this case, is necessity — mother of invention — the sole impelling influence. Other circumstances aid in suggesting the scheme, because they favor its execution. There is timber in plenty on the spot, needing only to be hewn into shape and put together. The oars, mast, and sail are already on hand; but, above all, here is a ship's-carpenter, capable of turning out any kind of craft, from a dinghy to the biggest of long-boats.

All these advantages taken into account, the task is set about without further hesitation, and hopefully. A great drawback, however, is their

* These shell-heaps, or "kitchen middens," are a feature of Fuegian scenery. They are usually found almost [illegible] shore level enough to land upon; but the beach opposite a bed of kelp is the place where the largest are met with. In such situations the skeletons of old wigwams are also encountered, as the Fuegians, on deserting them, always leave them standing, probably from some superstitious feeling.

being unprovided with proper tools. They have only a common wood-ax, hammer, auger, and their sailor-knives. The other tools were left in the gig, and went down with it.

Doing their best with those on hand, the ax is first brought into play, the negro being the one to wield it; and he promptly attacks the tree which Seagriff points out to be felled first.

of the trees are heart-decayed, without showing outward sign of it, the result of an ever-humid atmosphere. Aware of this, Chips tries each one by tapping it with the auger before the ax is laid to it.*

For days after, the chipping strokes of the ax, with the duller thuds of wood mallets on wedges, awaken echoes in the Fuegian forest such as may never have been heard there before. When



"NOW IT IS OVER THE TOPS OF GROWING, INSTEAD OF THE TRUNKS OF FALLEN, TREES."

It is a beech; one of those that have been barked. This circumstance is in their favor, and saves them time; for the barked trees having been long dead, their timber is now dry and seasoned, ready for working up at once. Still, caution is called for in selecting those to be cut down. Were they taken indiscriminately, much of Cæsar's labor might be thrown away; for, as has been said, many

felled, the trunks are cut to the proper length, and split into rough planks by means of wedges, and are afterward smoothed with the knives.

With such indifferent tools, the work is necessarily slow; and is still further retarded by another requirement, food, which meanwhile has to be procured. The supply, however, proves less precarious than was anticipated, the kelp-bed yield-

* Nearly all the larger trees in the Fuegian forests have the heartwood decayed, and are worthless as timber. Out of fifteen cut down by Captain King's surveying party, near Port Famine, more than half proved to be rotten at the heart.

ing an unlimited amount of shell-fish. Daily, at low water, the two youths swim out to it, and bring away a good number of limpets and mussels. And now and then a calf seal is clubbed, which affords a change of diet; some delicate morsels, too, parts of the young seal being equal to spring lamb. The scurvy-grass and wild celery, moreover, enable "the doctor" to turn out more than one variety of soup.

But for the continuing fear of a visit from the savages, and other anxieties about the future, their existence would be tolerable, if not enjoyable. Kind Nature here, as elsewhere, treats them to many a curious spectacle. One is afforded by the "steamer-duck,"* a bird of large size, specimens having been taken over three feet in length and weighing thirty pounds. It has an enormous head, with a hard, powerful beak for smashing open the shells of molluscs, which form its principal food. But its wings are so short and weak that flight in the air is denied it. Still, it uses them effectually in flapping, which, aided by the beating of its broad webbed feet, enables it to skim over the surface of the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour! In its progress, says Darwin, "it makes such a noise and splashing that the effect is exceedingly curious." The great naturalist further states that he is "nearly sure the steamer-duck moves its wings alternately, instead of both together, as other birds move theirs." It is needless to say that it is from this propulsion by its wings, like the paddles of a steam-vessel, that the bird has derived the name by which it is now best known.

Seals are observed every day; on one occasion a seal-mother giving a curious display of maternal solicitude in teaching her calf to swim. First taking hold of it by the flipper, and for a while supporting it above water, with a shove she sends the youngster adrift, leaving it to shift for itself. In a short time, the little creature becomes exhausted, when she takes a fresh grip on its flipper, and again supports it till it has recovered breath, after which there is another push-off, followed by a new attempt to swim, the same process being several times repeated to the end of the lesson.

A still rarer and more remarkable spectacle is furnished by a couple of whales. One calm, clear morning, with the water waveless and smooth as a mirror, two of these grand cetaceans are seen swimming along, one in the wake of the other, and so close in shore that they might almost be reached with the boat-hook. And while still near the edge of the water, one of them blows, sending aloft a spout that, returning in a shower of spray, falls upon the leaves with a pattering as of heavy rain!

Soon after, sheering off into mid-channel, and continuing their course, they blow again and again, each steam-like spray, with the sun upon it, showing like a silvery cloud, which hangs in the air for more than a minute ere becoming altogether dissipated.

The marine monsters have come along the arm from the west, and are proceeding eastward — no doubt making the traverse from ocean to ocean, in the same direction the castaways propose to go, if permitted to finish their boat. But will they be permitted? That is the ever-recurring question, and constant cause of uneasiness. Their anxiety about it becomes even keener, as the time passes, and their task draws nearer completion. For, although weeks have now elapsed since the departure of the fishing party, and nothing more has been seen of them or any other savages, nor have any fires been visible at night, nor any smoke by day — still the Fuegians may appear at any moment; and their fears on this score are not diminished by what Seagriff says, in giving the probable reason for their non-appearance:

"I guess they 've gone out seaward, along the west coast, seal-huntin'. The old seals ur tamer at this seezun then any other, an' easier stolen upon. But the year 's on the turn now, an' winter 's settin' in; therefur, we may look out any minute for the ugly critters comin' along. Ef we only hed the boat finished an' afloat! I wish she was in the water now!"

As all wish the same, there is no relaxation of effort to bring about the desired end. On the contrary, his words inspire them to renewed energy for hastening its accomplishment.

Alas, all to no purpose! One morning, just before daybreak, while on the lookout with his glass, Captain Gancy sees coming eastward, along the arm, a fleet of canoes crowded with people, to all appearance the same craft encountered in Whale Boat Sound.

Believing that they are the same, he cries out in a voice that quivers, despite his efforts to keep it firm: "There they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

* The [illegible] of Queen Charlotte Sound. The "steamer-duck" is a feature almost peculiar to the inland Fuegian waters and has always been a bird to be observed [illegible] Magellan goose [illegible]. There is another and smaller species, called the "flying steamer," [illegible]. It is called by naturalists [illegible]

(To be continued.)

An Alphabet Menagerie



A, was an Amiable Ape,
Who lived on an African Cape.
He climbed up the trees
On his elbows and knees -
And came down by the fire escape.



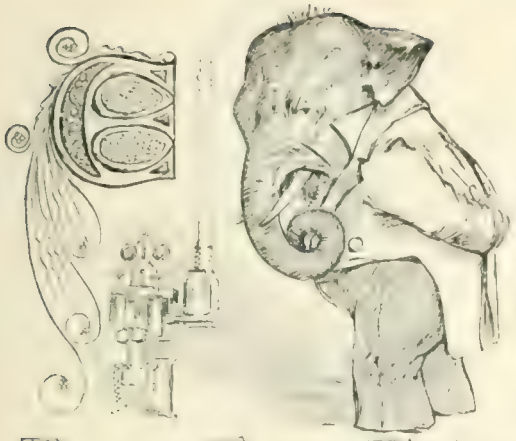
B, was a Bustling old Bear,
Who thought he must have a change of air;
So he went with a show,
Though it filled him with woe
To see people so rude as to stare.



C, was a Comical Cat
Who tried to make love to a rat.
She sang him a song
Both loving and long,
But he said "You can't fool me like that"!



D, was a Dainty old Dog,
Who every day drank an egg nog.
He took it he said,
To steady his head,
In case there should come up a fog!



E, was an Eminent Elephant
Who invented a thing called a
[Telephant
When they asked: "What's it for?
He replied: "Such a bore
To be pestered with questions,
[irrelevant!



F, was a Frivolous Fawn
Who gave a soiree on the
[lawn
He played on the flute
And sang to a lute
But the guests would do nothing
[but yawn



G, was a Greedy old Goat
Who ate up his master's best
[coat
He stood by with a leer
While they searched far and near
And remarked: "They seem rather
[afloat!"



H, was a Hopeful young Horse
Who was brought up on love
[without force
He had his own way
And they sugared his hay:
So he never was naughty of
[course!



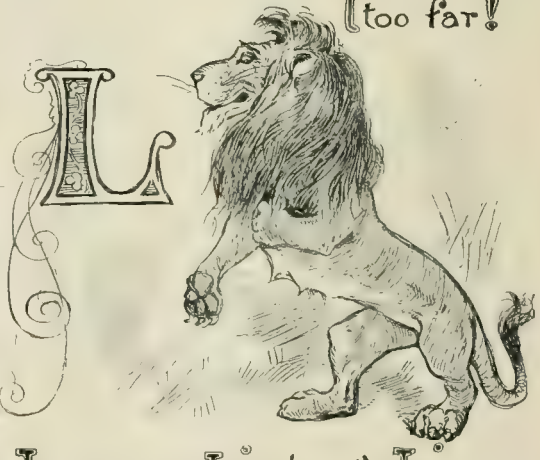
I, was an Idle Ichneumon
Who wanted to learn to play
[Schumann
But he found to his pains,
It took talent and brains;
And neither possessed this
Ichneumon.



J, was a Jaunty Jaguar,
Who once took a ride in a
[car;
But when asked for his fare,
Gave a growl and a stare,
And remarked: That is going
[too far!



K, was a Keen Kangaroo,
Who painted his children
"sky-blue."
When his wife said: My dear,
Don't you think they look queer?
He replied "I'm not sure but
[they do"



L, was a Lively old Lion,
Whose conduct no man could
rely on,
For he'd smile and look sweet
At the people he'd meet,
And be thinking which one
[he should fly on!





M, was a Merry young Mink,
Who went in to skate at a rink.
But he said that the ice
Was too hard to be nice,
And too smooth to allow him to think

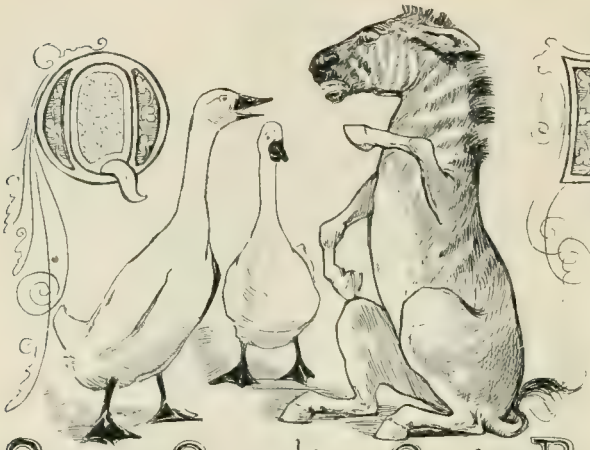
N, was a Naive Nylghau
Who would take his tea through a straw
When his Aunt said, "I think
'Twould be better to drink,"
He replied "You had better withdraw!"





O, was an Obese Old Ox
Who wanted to learn how to box
A teacher he hired
Who nearly expired
At the first of his terrible knocks!

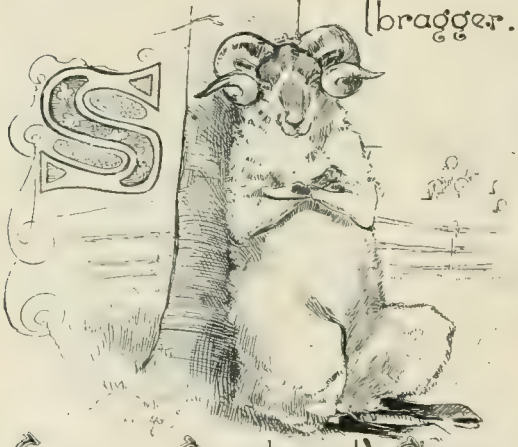
P, was a Prosy old Pig,
Who complained that his brain was too big.
He felt it, he said,
Inside of his head —
Which was certainly strange, for a pig!



Q, was a Quarrelsome Quagga
Who made a great bluster and [swagger
But what was quite queer
When danger was near
No trace could be found of the [bragger.



R, was a Rowdy young Rabbit
Who had a most terrible habit!
When he saw any food
Which appeared to him good
He would rise from his chair,
[and just grab it.



S, was a Senseless old Sheep
Who spent all his time half asleep.
He was thinking, he said,
When he nodded his head,
But his friends thought that tale [rather steep



T, was a Terrible Tiger,
Whose name was Abdullah [Meshigah.
For lunch he would eat
Forty two kinds of meat
And his postal address was
["The Niger".



U's a Unique Unicorn
Who tried to peek over his horn
He said he saw more
Than he e'er did before
But it made him feel rather
forlorn.



V. was a Verdant old Viper
Who let himself out as a piper
But so badly he played
That the dancers all said
They would wait till his talents
were riper





W's a Wan little Weasel,
Who spent all his days at his
easel.
His friends came to see
What they thought was a tree.
But he called it a "Study of
Teasel"



X, Y, and Z, were three creatures
With all sorts of fabulous
features.
They had talons, and claws,
And fiery jaws.
But their names have'nt
happened to reach us!

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

[INTRODUCTORY.—I have been asked by the editor of ST. NICHOLAS to prefix a little note of explanation to my analogue. It is not a "Repeat of History," as such; it is a bit of incident in which something that happens bears a parallel likeness to another thing that happened long ago. It was suggested by a visit I made, a summer or two since, with a young party, to an old block-house near the coast of Maine, a genuine relic of the Indian and colonial times. Cooper's novels were among the great delights of my girlhood. His "Pathfinder," in which the lovely Indian girl, Dew-of-June, saves the life of the heroine, Mabel Dunham, by warning her to seek shelter in the log-defense, (telling her, mysteriously, when all seemed safe in the forest-fort where she was staying with her father, the sergeant of the garrison,—"Block-house good; got no scalp"); the adventures that followed; the plots and rude retributive vengeance of Arrowhead; the fidelity of June coming to shut herself up with Mabel while her savage kindred were besieging the block; all these had fascinated me over and over again, and impressed on my mind a clear vision of the place and surroundings as described. So that when I stood in this other similar structure, and found its rough, primitive plan the very same,—and when certain little jokes and frights befel and amused us,—I thought how easily the same characteristics illustrated themselves, and even circumstances fell into significant resemblance, in the old, wild time and the new, cultivated one. The idea led me into the writing of this story. You who have read, or may now read, the "Pathfinder," will recognize the adaptation and application of names, as well as the spirit and action of the persons, in several cases in the present tale; as, indeed, they are partly pointed out as it goes along. The things unexplained I will leave you the pleasure of discovering for yourselves.

A. D. T. W.]

"JUNIA ROYD."

That was the way it sounded, and that was the way it had come to be spelled in Nonnusquam, as well as in other out-of-the-way new places to which the old family of the Rougheads had scattered and drifted. The girls in Mrs. Singlewell's school hardly knew whether to think it funny or pretentious when it was explained to them. It was ridiculous, anyway, that there should have been an "origin" to this village name, or that ancient spelling and present pronunciation should have anything to do with each other. They called it "Rough-head," and so applied it, in the school-girl derision that is so cruel, and that was directed by the common consent of a certain set toward this young girl, against whose admission among them they had scornfully objected that she was "only one of the aborigines."

Nonnusquam was known farther, but perhaps not better, as the seat of a superior school for girls, and as the summer residence of a few wealthy people who had bought estates and built houses among its lovely heights and along its water-borders, than as the quiet, honest, homely, uncultivated farm-settlement, which it began by being, and which it had continued to be up to the sudden advent and rush of city discoverers.

And Junia was a meek, modest, easily oppressed sort of girl,—on one side of her character. Strong points lay opposite and in balance, which we may find out, as the people from the great hubs found out the glory of the hills and waters in quiet Nonnusquam.

One of the brightest things ever said in satire was that concerning our grand old, noble, mean, persecuted and persecuting New England ancestry: "The first thing they did here was to fall upon their knees; the next was to fall upon the aborigines." That was very like what some of the city settlers and improvers had done in Nonnusquam. They had fallen down and worshiped before the magnificence of nature,—they had built their shrines there; then they had set foot of pride on the primeval human nature in whose rough simplicity was hid, perhaps, a grandeur also. It came hardest upon the "little ones," for despising whom there is a threatening; and it came most openly from the other little ones, than to cause whom to offend, by spirit or example, a millstone 'round the neck is better.

So Nonnusquam was divided into twain; yet there were shades in the differences, and crossings in the partings, that were delicate to adjudge.

Young people are indiscriminate; they could not see the difference between the Royds, or Rougheads, and the Polliwocks. They could not appreciate that Redman Royd, late owner of half the pasture-lands and intervales bought up by the new gentry, and still holding craftily certain interjacent coveted meadow-strips and wooded ridges,—a power in town-meeting and political convention,—a man with a blaze in his eye under his old straw hat for any too cool or level glance from beneath more stylish brim,—was more to be considered or accepted than Stadpole Polliwock or Evetson Newt. Consequently they could not ap-

preciate that Junia Royd could have privilege among them at the seminary or in their little social life above the small Polliwocks or Captain Newt's Saramandy.

"R-o-u-g-h-e-a-d, for *Royd!* That 's nonsense!" said Hester Moore.

"E-n-r-a-g-h-t, for *Darby!* That 's a fact," said Amabel Dernham "in a certain English family name. And there are plenty of others, almost as queer."

"E-n-r-a-g-e-d, hopping-mad! That 's the fact for me,—and for plenty of others in a certain American school," returned Hester.

"What 's the use?" asked placid Amabel.

"Oh, you 'll give in, and be as polite as a pink," charged Hester. "I know. You can't show your mind, ever."

"I can't *tread* on *any*thing," said Amabel. "The other side of my mind comes up then, and I show that."

"No need of treading," said the incipient woman of the world. "You can walk 'round things, or put them out of the window. But *you* 'll make right up to 'em, and cosset 'em; see if you don't."

So Junia Royd was (figuratively,) "walked 'round"; "put out of the window"; made to feel like a phantom. The girls, whenever it so suited them, behaved precisely as if she was n't there; rather, perhaps, as lacking the second sight themselves. For if they could have seen her in the spirit,—ah, that is the secret of all our sins against the second great Commandment!

There were a few little Eves whose souls were not strong against odors and colors of apples and plums which came from Squire Royd's garden, and were irresistible at lunch time. These little Eves would take and eat, though they must thereby make acquaintance with second-rate, which is always evil, as well as with first-rate, which is always good.

Then, also, there was Amabel Dernham.

Mrs. Singlewell was a woman of observation and instinct. She might find herself in a dilemma, but when she moved, she made the best move to be made. She put Junia Royd as desk-mate with Amabel Dernham. I will not say that Amabel did not at first feel secretly a little "put upon." Hester Moore came by within an hour and whispered, "Little Miss Muffet!" But that rather touched Miss Muffet's pride in the right place; and she stuck to her tuffet, and to its sharer, like a woman. A real, true woman; not a feminine creature, afraid of spiders.

Junia Royd was slight and dark; Amabel was large and fair; they looked together like a little deep-colored, velvet pansy, and a delicately superb one of white and gold. Junia bent her dusky head to her contrast and worshiped. The sunshiny contrast bloomed on serenely, and, by very sunshine and serenity, was gracious.

Amabel shared her Latin Lexicon with Junia; she showed her how to trace the derivations and disentangle the constructions. She explained "abstracts" and "criticisms" as school exercises; she reminded her of the order of lessons and the obligation of rules, until these became familiar to the new-comer. In short, she was just "as polite as a pink,"—or as a princess pansy.

Junia would lay a Jacqueminot or a Gloire de Dijon rose on Amabel's desk, coming early to school on purpose; Amabel would put the crimson flower in her blonde hair, or the golden-colored one against her breast-knot of brown or red; and one was pleased and the other was happy. But Junia never offered a pear or a peach at that shrine; she kept those for the sort to whom she would not cast pearls; the sort who would render stolid, narrow-eyed regard, and move grovelingly to her approach, for the sake of them. She gave simply what they came for, asking for no further sign in exchange. One does not care to caress that kind of animal; one would rather have a fence between than not.

And so, with all, she lived a phantom life among these girls; even with Amabel, not getting beyond the grace and the politeness,—the shy, sweet utterance of thanks, or the matter-of-course chirping over their lessons. If on one side there were—creatures—in their pen of exclusiveness, on the other there was but a bird on a bough. Any beautiful, realized friendship was the dream of her own heart. Amabel was claimed on all sides when desk hours were over; her way did not lie with Junia's; each drifted to her separate element and belonging between school-out and school-in. Junia made long romances to herself of what these intervals were like to the birds of the air; as for Amabel, she flitted away and forgot Junia altogether every day, from two in the afternoon till nine next morning, when she lighted again beside her.

Neal Royd was Junia's brother; she had a hard time with him, often, in these off hours. She worshiped him also,—and first and always; he was brother and sister and all to her; tyrant and scoffer, too, with his man-masterfulness and boy-cynicism. He had the hard, proud nature of Neal and Roughead; "Neal," in the old Celtic, stands for "chief." He was bitter against the "high-noses," and bitter with his sister because they snubbed her. He was contemptuous of the girl-noblesse; yet he would often crush June with scorn of her position with them,—that "she could not be anybody as well as anybody else." He would have been well content to carry the Royd rights level

with the "high-nose" assumptions. His contempt, therefore, was not absolute or successful.

He was especially mordacious against "Pester More." He had his own grudges against the name, belonging also to "Alexander the Great," her brother. "*He 'll* never weep for more worlds to conquer. The world 's all More, already, for small Shandy," quoth Neal Royd. He would give him both titles, the great and the small, in one sentence. "Small body and high strut,"—"big spread and little spunk," he said of him, and not untruly.

Hester Moore had turned her back upon Neal once, long ago, as only raw rudeness could have done, and left him *planté la*, in the face of bystanders, when he would have handed her a handkerchief that she had dropped; and Sandie had served him a mean trick, and never given him a chance to pay it off. It was up at the Little Wittaquee — the brook that feeds the Big Wittaquee before it runs past Nonnusquam. Neal was trout-fishing; he knew a place that few others knew, and he had just got a splendid fellow playing around his line, when "*ploomp!*" came a stone from right over his head into the pool; and "*ploomp! ploomp!*" another and another, breaking great circles in the still water, and scattering the fish, of course; besides (which was even worse), a voice jeeringly advertising the discovery of his secret. Starting to his feet, and facing about and upward, he saw small Shandy coolly looking over, not at him, but upon the farther water, as if simply bent upon his own amusement, and as if not knowing that "Neal was there."

Down went rod upon the bank, and up the rough steep went Neal, scrambling and grasping, making with swift vengeance for the petty foe, whom, even after the breathless ascent, he knew he could overtake in a fair run upon the level above. But lo! reaching the ridge, from which the down-like table spread away for half a mile toward another climb, there was Master Alexander upon his pony Bucephalus, putting four legs to their best against his two!

"Another time!" articulated Neal Royd, with deliberation, standing stock still in black wrath, not even raising a fist to shake impotently after the "meaching minnum." "Another time! If it is n't till we 're both men!"

And that was what, indeed, seemed most likely, since Sandie Moore was off the next day to Mount Desert, to meet a yachting party for his holidays, and at their end, at Exeter Academy again; and in the intermediate short space that he had been at Nonnusquam, had shown the small, conscious shrewdness of his sort in keeping well out of "the Rough-head's" way.

Neal Royd was not without his untrimmed points of human nature, though there was better blood in him than in Sandie Moore. He was an aborigine yet, in that he was the enemy of a girl, for her own offenses and those of her kin. A savage will ambush and will take scalps of women. Neal Royd thirsted for a chance or a contrivance to "pay off" to "Pester More" the interest, at least, upon the accumulating family debt. He was only fourteen; there was hope for better things in him, since he began with something generous enough to resent a meanness even more than a malice. It would be his turn now, though, if a way should show; and fair enough, if he served them in their own fashion. They, not he, had set it. "June would let a grasshopper kick her!"

All this has been historical introduction. We come now to the beginning of our "repeat."

A gypsy party at the old block-house. A straw ride to Mill Creek Landing; the steamer, touching at ten o'clock, for Penbassett; the lovely river sail, the quiet cove, the steep rocks, the cavern, the woody summit, the oak-glade in the farm-edge; above all, the real, true old-settlement block-house, that the colonists had taken refuge in, the Indians had invested, — with the bullet-holes in its timbers, the places charred and blackened by flames against its massive sides, the excavation beneath in solid ledge, and the tradition of an under-ground passage to the cavern by the river.

All Mrs. Singlewell's young ladies were to go; the great difficulty was male attendance. It was September, and the youths — "high-nose" — were just away at academy or college. The youths, — snub-nose, — even if they were to be asked, would hardly go, merely as "Polly-put-the-kettle-ons," and to be snubbed some more. One of the inconveniences of a small town, cleft in social twain, arose. Early harvest occupied the able-bodied men; corn and barley were of more consequence than a day's chore. Who should carry baskets up and down, fetch wood and water, and hang the kettle — for the picnic party?

Amabel Dernham thought "Mamma would let Zibbie go (Zibbie was short for Zorayda Brunhilda, — Z. B., — the magnificent Moorish and Teutonic prefixes to the plebeian Yankee of Spodge); "besides, it would be only fun to do it nearly all ourselves."

Hester Moore went unblushingly to Junia Royd, and invited her to invite her brother.

"You are the only one who has a brother at home," she said, with an air of conscious penalty-for-honor. "They would all go if they were here, of course; only Mrs. Singlewell's mother had to be sick at just the wrong time, — when they *were* here — and put us into the wrong time now."

Hester Moore had probably never spoken so many consecutive words to Junia before in their whole school year.

"I will tell him," said June, not without her own dignity, "if you mean it for a message; but very likely he will think it a wrong time for him to be in."

"Oh, I don't see why," said Hester, carelessly.

To Junia's amazement, Neal said that he would go. Then something in the set of his face startled her differently.

"O Neal!" she said, "don't! I mean — don't *do* anything!"

"Why, what do you suppose they want me for?" asked Neal. "I shall make myself of service — to the interests of society in general — in any way that I see chance for."

"O Neal! Don't look for chances! That 's just what I mean." June had heard the word too often, not to be apprehensive of it.

"You may be sure I wont waste time in looking, if I can *make* one," was all that Neal vouchsafed. "And I shall go."

Poor little June! With her awe of Neal's tremendousness, and her gentle dread of harm or pain to any, she shivered with vague imagination of little less than an upset canoe on the river in the pleasure-boating, or a block-house blown up, in good earnest, with dynamite! If she could only warn her Amabel,— or knew what to warn her of! From that moment, the gypsy party had only trembling and terrors for her; at all events, in the looking forward. When they were fairly embarked, the delights of the way asserted themselves, and absorbed her temporarily; in the pauses, or recurrences of thought, she remembered to look forward again, and the nameless dread began anew. Neal was so reckless of what he did, when the freak was on! She was sure there would be some disaster,— something to make them wish they had not gone.

Amabel, sitting between her and Hester Moore in the wagon, told Hester something that gave Junia a cold shudder at the outset.

"If I were superstitious, I 'd hardly dare be here," said the girl. "Old Sabina said such a queer thing this morning. She brought up my dress, this,"—touching the light cambric frills that lay about her in white freshness,—"into my room last night, and I spread it out so nicely on my lounge. Then I got out my ribbons and neckerchief, and put everything together just as it was to go; and this morning I tied up my flowers, evenly, and laid the bunch at the side, where it is now; and there I was, you see, all *but* me, just as straight and prim and complete. And old Sabina came in, and I showed her. I was doing my hair. 'See how nice it looks,' I said; and, do you think, she just gave a screech, and flew at it, and tossed everything apart, and flung the dress on a chair. 'For goodness' sake, Miss Amy, don't ever do a thing like that again! Don't streek out things you 're going to wear, and make 'em look like *that!* Why, my sister, that 's a widder, laid out jest a long frilled counterpin once, over two chairs, not to muss it while it aired; and it looked so *goshly*, mother made her take it away. And do you b'lieve, Miss Amy, 't war n't a week 'fore my brother David he come up dead, in a letter!'"

"Oh, don't!" cried Junia, excitedly; and Amabel, turning with the laugh on her lips, saw June as white as the dress.

"Why, do you mind such things?" she asked. "It sounded so funny!"

"So —'*goshly*,'" replied Junia, trying feebly to turn off her nervousness by the quotation.

"I don't see what she has to do with it," remarked Hester, remotely.

Junia, put in the third person, stayed put, and held herself aside. Put down? Easily quenched? These easily quenched persons are not always "down." There is a fine inward retreat, of which the putter-down may scarcely be capable even of supposing.

In this retreat Junia troubled herself afresh for Amabel. She was always with Hester Moore; and June was sure that Hester Moore would be that day like a tree in a thunder-storm, for whatever bolt should fall.

"If you would just keep with me, to-day,— some of the time,"—she entreated, and then shyly qualified, standing by Amabel upon the pier.

She had never asked for herself, or put herself in the way before. Amabel gave a glance of surprise.

"It is such a wild, great place," said June.

"We shall all be there," returned Amabel. "Of course, we shall be together."

Amabel had said truly; there were two sides to her mind, and she was sometimes a little vacillating in her action between them.

The bright little steamer, with its pretty lattices of white-painted rope, its striped awnings, its flying colors, came around a green promontory and glided to the landing. There was a warping in, close to the pier-head; a shock and tremble of the tall timbers as it swept suddenly against them; a flinging of the foot-plank; a hurrying on board; and instantly, like a flock of butterflies, the girls, in their white and dainty-colored dresses, and shady, veiled or feathered hats, had fluttered and settled, here and there, brightening up the decks with their motion and alighting.

Mrs. Singlewell was coming last,— Miss Fidelia

Posackley, the assistant, was just on board,—when a boy on a gray pony came galloping down the road, reining up just in time on the wharf, and waving a yellow envelope above his head, as he kept on at slackened speed toward the steamer.

"Mrs. Singlewell!" he shouted; and the lady took her foot from the plank and turned around.

"All aboard!" was called impatiently from the boat, and two men already held the gang-plank, ready to draw it in.

"A telegram!"

Mrs. Singlewell tore it open; there was only an instant for deciding anything; she passed down the gang-plank, dispatch in hand.

"It is from Fordstoke," she said to Miss Posackley. "My mother is ill again. I shall have to go on to Rigston, leaving you in charge at Penbasset. I am very sorry. I shall be very anxious."

Miss Fidelia assured her of all possible care. But Miss Fidelia Posackley was one of those who can only move between ruled lines of duty and precedent; and, by very adherence to them, go straight to grief—or stand and take it—when sudden deviation is demanded. They turn into pillars of salt instead of getting out of Sodom. Miss Posackley was invaluable in school routine; she was worse than nothing for an emergency. It was with a great misgiving, therefore, that Mrs. Singlewell saw her flock of butterflies flutter up the bank into the oak glades at Penbasset; Miss Fidelia, with her green lawn overdress, looped in two precisely similar, long-pointed festoons behind, walking among them like a solemnized Katydid. It was too late to have helped it; there would be no boat back that stopped at Nonnusquam till the one at six o'clock, which they were to take.

"Get them all together by half-past five," charged Mrs. Singlewell, at parting; "and let there be no going in canoes."

At those words, one dread was lifted from Junia Royd's imagination.

"Your 'sign' is read out now," said Hester Moore to Amabel. "It 's only the old lady that 's "come up" worse again in a telegram."

Junia would not have spoken so, or allowed herself that "only"; nevertheless, another weight—or, rather, a dim, grim sense of one—was eased within her mind.

She was able, with a released spring of enjoyment, to hasten up the cliff-path and over the beautiful oak-open, in the little party that instantly sought the famous old block-house. Another detachment took the shore-way along the rocks toward the traditionary cavern.

Junia had read with enthusiasm Cooper's fascinating stories of border life and forest warfare. The legends of Deerslayer and Pathfinder were realities to her in that realm where fancy shapes its facts and maps its territories. She had not more surely come to this actual spot, than she had gone through the wilderness, drifted upon the water, and dwelt in the lonely fort or on the rudely fortressed island, with Judith and Hetty and the young hunter,—the brave old sergeant, the captious Cap, Eau-douce, the honest scout, and Mabel Dunham. But to come here to-day was to make that strange join of things dreamy and things tangible which makes the visible seem a dream and the vision seem a substance. To say, "Right here those, or such, things have been," was to narrow down to touch and presence what she had before gone far away into wide thought-land to find and get conception of.

"Mabel Dunham!" All at once that came and fitted. Her very heroine was here,—Amabel. How strange that the name should happen so! Amabel Dernham. And herself,—why, she, little, dusky, insignificant, secretly worshiping friend,—what was she but the very Indian June of the wild-wood story?

She rehearsed it all to Neal, who walked up with her, and who knew the old tale by heart as well as she.

"And I 'm Neal Roughead,—Chief Arrowhead!" cried the boy.

"And if I knew what you 'd do to Amabel,—my Mabel,—I 'd go and tell her, as June did Mabel Dunham!" retorted quiet Junia, in a quick, low, angry tone.

"'T is n't your Amabel,—she 's well enough; it 's the rest of 'em. It 's that 'Pester' More!"

"She 's always with that Hester Moore; what happens to one will happen to the other."

"Let it, then. Good for her. Why is n't she sometimes with you?"

"What *is* it, Neal?" asked Junia, pleadingly.

"Don't know myself. Time enough when the time comes. Only you look out, and keep yourself in a clear place, and clear of 'Pester' More."

Junia was silent then, but her eyes, full of helpless trouble, would not leave her brother's; and somehow the trouble would not let her see the half-fun half hid in his, or that he was already amusing himself in advance with her.

"Sho, June! Don't work yourself up to concert pitch like that. You girls always suppose the end of the world, or nothing. I sha'n't tomahawk anybody. But I can scare their fish, or make 'em feel small, I guess, one way or another, before it 's been their turn much longer."

With that, June had to make much of the relief again, and go on with the others to the block-house. Neal stopped at the "big flat" with some baskets, and was to return to the pier for more.

Not all the girls had read "The Pathfinder": still fewer were acquainted with, or cared much for, the early history of Penbasset, in which this old block-house figured, as the other did in the novel. Miss Posackley dutifully enlarged to them upon the one; the girls who knew the enchanting fiction broke up the solid lecture with interpolations of the romance, and finally got the audience —all that was audience, and not restlessness and chatter — to themselves. June, knowing it all better than any, stood silent, and gazed intently about her, recognizing the points and landmarks of her dream. For one of these old block-houses was nearly a duplicate of another.

The heavy door of the structure had been long off its hinges; some of the great timbers leaned up against its side; an open space where its leaf had hung gave wide entrance into the dusty, empty, ancient interior. The narrow loops would else have let in little light. As it was,—low-raftered, deep, and heavily built,—there was enough of the shadow-charm of mystery for the young explorers, as they stepped across the great, rude, uncrumbled sill, and went peering in toward the far, dark corners.

"Such beams!" they exclaimed. "Whole trees! and big ones! And such bolts and clampings!"

"Here are the holes they fired their rifles from!"

"And here are bullet-holes at the edges, where the Indians tried to fire in!"

"But *this*, girls, is the trap-door — take care! Down here are the mysteries and the under-ground passage!"

"*I'm* going down!" cried Clip Hastings, always first, and often head-first.

"My dear!" remonstrated Miss Posackley, "it's five or six feet, and no steps!"

"No matter. Here I am!" replied Clip, from the cellar, into which she had swung herself while the words were spoken. And half a dozen others had followed before Miss Posackley could call up rule or precedent for determined opposition.



"AND I'M GLAD I GOT HERE — AFTER ALL."

"There! Stop, my dears! No more of you must go down!" she said, with out-stretched, hindering hands, to the others. "I can't see how they are to get back again, I 'm sure." And she fluttered to the brink, like a hen whose ducklings are in the water.

"'Round by the cavern!" called back Clip. "Good-bye!" Then the voices grew smothered under the solid floor, as the rebels groped away into the darkness.

"My dears! Young ladies! Really, this will not do!" called Miss Posackley. "Come back, instantly!"

Were they out of hearing? No answer — no sound of one — returned. How far did the excavation reach? And what might be there? Water, possibly! An old well! What might they grope or stumble into? Miss Posackley was in an agony.

The stillness, that had occurred so suddenly,

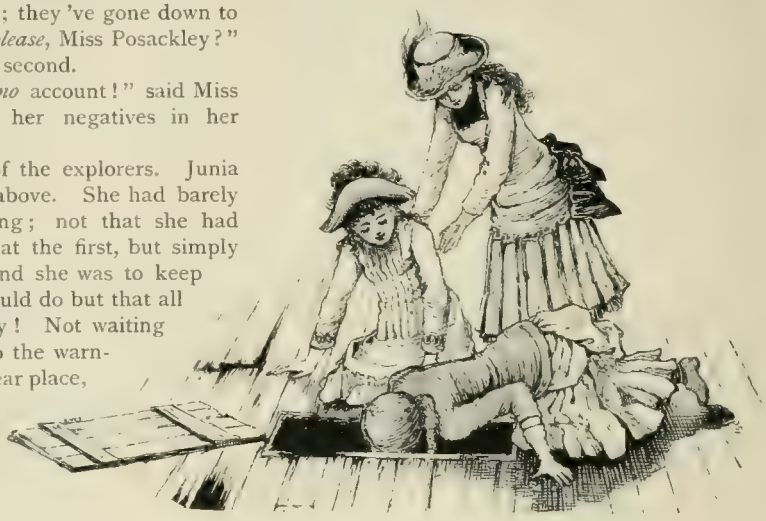
continued. Some of the girls were frightened; some eagerly excited.

"Oh, where do you think it goes to? Have they fallen into anything?" cried the first.

And "They 've found it; they 've gone down to the river! Let us go, too, *please*, Miss Posackley?" declared and besought the second.

"Not one of you; on *no* account!" said Miss Posackley, unsparing of her negatives in her vehemence.

Hester Moore was one of the explorers. Junia held Amabel by the arm, above. She had barely hindered her from following; not that she had really thought of danger, at the first, but simply that she saw Hester go, and she was to keep those two apart. If she could do but that all day long, not knowing why! Not waiting to know,—only clinging to the warning of Neal's words: "A clear place, and clear of 'Pester'!" There would be mischief, somehow; and this would be the only sure exemption from it.



Neal Royd is not the first who has been terrible by hint and mystification, while tolerably mystified himself as to fulfillment. He walked up at this moment from the kettle-hanging, and looked in at the open door. He was "behaving so well," the girls thought; not putting himself where he did not belong. But then, what could one strange boy do, among all of them? They were not at all in doubt of their veritable and sufficient terribleness,—these little women in their millinery and manners!



"O Master Royd!" exclaimed proper Miss Posackley. "They have gone down there—half a dozen of them. Where do you suppose that underground way leads? They seem to be quite out of hearing. I am very much concerned."

"They say," returned Neal, with great gravity and weight of manner, "that there 's a steep underground way to the river. But I should think it could n't be very safe; it must be very 'blind,' anyhow. I 'll see what I can find out."

And he dropped himself down into the blackness, where he stooped and peered about; then moved with apparent caution away from the opening, and out of sight.

"The place is as still as death," he called back from beneath. "It 's very curious."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Miss Posackley, in terror.

"If they only come out at the other end, it 'll be all right. But if they get down anywhere and can't get up again; or get stuck in the middle—I declare! here *is* a hole!"



"Miss Posackley," he said, returning to the trap, "I think you 'd better just step down here yourself." A queer little smothered sound interrupted him. "Hark! I thought I heard something. I really don't believe they can have got far. If you would just come down,—it is n't at all bad here,—and call to them,—they would n't mind me, you know,—it would be the best thing. And then you would have done all you could,

you see; and if you want me to, I 'll try the burrow."

"Oh, how *can* I?" faltered poor, shocked Miss Posackley, wringing her hands over the chasm.

"You 'll have to be quick, I 'm afraid," urged Neal, mercilessly solemn.

"Go back, young ladies," commanded Miss Posackley, to the rear squad, who huddled about her, divided between frightened faith and most diverted skepticism. "Go down to the big flat, and wait for me. Oh, how can I *ever?*"

"Oh, what a lark!" laughed out Kitty Sharrod, the minute she was outside, and turning short around to look in through the great doorway. "Can't she see it 's nothing but a lark all 'round? I 'd give a coach and horses to be down there! She called me just as I was over the edge. It just stopped at me,— my luck! She 's actually gone down!—How do you suppose she will come up again?" the girl added, slowly and sepulchrally, to her companions, who lingered, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"Come back and see it out! She wont mind, now she 's down, and thinks we did n't see her go.— Do take care, Miss Posackley! We *can't* go off and leave you there! You 'll want us to help you up again," shouted Kitty, leaning boldly down the trap.

A match flashed below; Neal held it right above Miss Posackley's head. Kitty Sharrod, gazing after its illumination, saw what Miss Posackley also saw,— a row of crouching figures, two or three feet apart, each with hands on knees, flat against the low, rough wall of the far side. From the motionless rank burst a sudden, laughing salute.

Miss Fidelia's position before them, alone, would have been like that of a general at a review. Only, she had to crouch also, which impaired the dignity, and made the tableau irresistible. The floor was not more than four and a half feet — instead of five or six — from the ground below.

Neal Royd struck a light again,— a whole card of matches.

"Wont they get it?" exclaimed Kitty Sharrod, in an excited whisper, clapping noiseless hands. "But I 'd give a Newport cottage to be there, and to see her face!"

HER NAME.

By Mrs. L. P. Wheeler.

In search, from A to Z, they passed,
And "Marguerita" chose at last,—
But thought it sounded far more sweet
To call the baby "Marguerite."
When Grandma saw the little pet,
She called her "darling Margaret."
Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie."
And Grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg."—
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg"!)
And now she 's simply "little Peg."

THE BROWNIES' BALLOON.

BY PALMER COX.



WHILE rambling through the forest shade,
A sudden halt some Brownies made;
For spread about on bush and ground
An old balloon at rest they found,
That while upon some flying trip
Had given aeronauts the slip,
And, falling here in foliage green,
Through all the summer lay unseen.
Awhile they walked around to stare
Upon the monster lying there,
And when they learned the use and plan
Of valves and ropes, the rogues began
To lay their schemes and name a night
When all could take an airy flight.
"We want," said one, "no tame affair,
Like some that rise with heated air,
And hardly clear the chimney-top
Before they lose their life and drop.
The bag with gas must be supplied,
That will insure a lengthy ride;
When we set sail 't is not to fly
Above a spire and call it high.
The boat, or basket, must be strong,
Designed to take the crowd along;
For that which leaves a part behind
Would hardly suit the Brownie mind.
The works that serve the town of Bray
With gas are scarce two miles away.
To-morrow night we 'll come and bear,
As best we can, this burden there;
And when inflated, fit to rise,
We 'll take a sail around the skies."

Next evening, as the scheme was planned,
The Brownies promptly were on hand;
For when some pleasure lies in view,
The absentees are always few.
But 't was no easy task to haul
The old balloon, car, ropes and all,
Across the rocks and fallen trees
And through the marshes to their knees.
But Brownies, persevering still,
Will keep their course through every ill,
And in the main, as history shows,
Succeed in aught they do propose.
And though it cost them rather dear,
In scratches there and tumbles here,

They worked until the wondrous feat
Of transportation was complete.

Then while some busy fingers played
Around the rents that branches made,
An extra coil of rope was tied
In long festoons around the side,
That all the party, young and old,
Might either find a seat or hold.
And while they worked, they chatted free
About the wonders they would see.
Said one: "As smoothly as a kite,
We 'll rise above the clouds to-night,
And may the question settle soon,
About the surface of the moon."
Now all was ready for the gas,
And soon the lank and tangled mass
Began to flop about and rise,
As though impatient for the skies;
Then was there work for every hand
That could be mustered in the band,
To keep the growing monster low
Until they stood prepared to go;
To this and that they made it fast,
Round stones and stakes the rope was cast;
But strong it grew, and stronger still,
As every wrinkle seemed to fill;
And when at last it bounded clear,
And started on its wild career,
A rooted stump and garden gate,
It carried off as special freight.



Though all the Brownies went, a part
Were not in proper shape to start;
Arrangements hardly were complete,
Some wanted room and more a seat,
While some in acrobatic style
Must put their trust in toes awhile.
But Brownies are not hard to please,
And soon they rested at their ease;
Some found support, both safe and strong,
Upon the gate that went along,
By some the stump was utilized,
And furnished seats they highly prized.

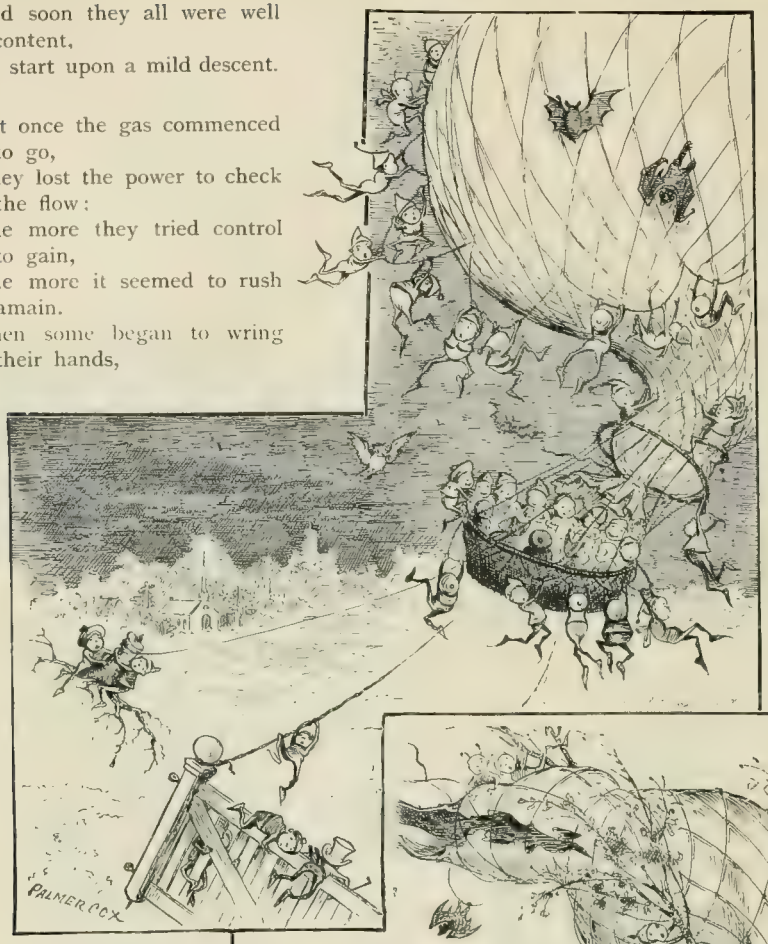
Now, as they rose, they ran afoul
Of screaming hawk and hooting owl,
And flitting bats that hooked their wings
At once around the ropes and strings,
As though content to there abide
And take the chances of the ride.

On passing through a heavy cloud,
One thus addressed the moistened crowd:

"Although the earth, from which we rise,
Now many miles below us lies,
To sharpest eye, strain as it may,
The moon looks just as far away."
"The earth is good enough for me!"
Another said, "with grassy lea,
And shady groves, of songsters full.—
Will some one give the valve a pull?"

And soon they all were well content,
To start upon a mild descent.

But once the gas commenced to go,
They lost the power to check the flow:
The more they tried control to gain,
The more it seemed to rush amain.
Then some began to wring their hands,



At cedar tops and branches green;
While still the stump behind them swung,
On this it caught, to that it hung,
And, as an anchor, played a part
They little thought of at the start.
At length, in spite of sweeping blast,
Some friendly branches held them fast:
And then, descending, safe and sound,
The daring Brownies reached the ground.
But in the tree-top on the hill
The old balloon is hanging still,
Relieving farmers on the plain
From placing scarecrows in their grain.

And more to volunteer commands;
While some were craning out to view
What part of earth their wreck would strew.
A marshy plain, a rocky shore,
Or ocean with its sullen roar.

It happened as they neared the ground,
A rushing gale was sweeping round,
That caught and carried them with speed
Across the forest and the mead.
Then lively catching might be seen



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter V.

The Stebbins farm was not a large one, and neither its house nor barn compared well with Deacon Farnham's; but there was a good deal to be done in and around them on a winter morning. Vosh was a busy boy, therefore, at the beginning of the day, and his mother was a busy woman, and it was not until an hour after breakfast, on the day following the events recorded in our last chapter, that she said to him: "Now, Lavaujer, I want you to drive me, in your new red cutter, to Benton Village, and if I can't find what I want there, I 'm goin' right on to Cobbleville."

Vosh had been thinking up a series of excuses for going over to the Farnham's, but he made no mention of them, and it was a credit to him that his new turn-out was so soon standing, all ready, by the front gate.

It was not a bad idea that his first long drive in it should be with his mother; but a number of surprises awaited him that day.

The first came in the fact that his mother was unaccountably silent, and that whenever she did open her lips she had something to say about economy. Then she talked a little of the wickedness and vanity of buying or wearing anything "just for show." City people, she freely declared, were doing that very thing all the while, and she was glad that no one could accuse her of it.

Vosh was quite sure that her remarks were sensible, but he could not help being rather glad, when they drove by Deacon Farnham's and he saw the girls at the window, that his cutter was of so bright a red and so remarkably well varnished.

Benton Village was down in the valley, and the sorrel colt covered the distance in so short a time that it seemed only the beginning of a ride. Mrs. Stebbins said as much, after she had bought some tea and sugar at one store and some raisins and coffee at another.

"They have n't what I want, Lavaujer. You can drive right along to Cobbleville. There never was better sleighin', not even when I was a girl."

That was a gracious admission for her to make, and Vosh put the colt to his very best speed along the well-traveled road to Cobbleville. And, all the way, Mrs. Stebbins was strangely silent.

"Where shall I pull up, mother?" asked Vosh, as they turned into the main street of the village.

"You can make your first stop at old Gillis's harness shop yonder. I want to look at some o' the things in his big show-case."

Vosh was out of that cutter and had his colt tied to the post in front of Gillis's in about half his usual time for hitching.

"Lavaujer," said his mother, as she paused on the sidewalk, "don't ever buy a thing just for show. You must n't let your vanity get the best of you."

Five minutes later, she was holding in her right hand a very useful string of sleigh-bells, and saying to him:

"Now, Lavaujer, if you 're ever drivin' along after dark, you wont be run into. Anybody 'll know you 're there by the jingle o' those bells. And I 'll feel safer about you."

Vosh thought he had not often seen less vanity in anything than there was in those bells, and he was thinking of going right out to put them on the sorrel, when his mother exclaimed:

"There! That 's what I 've been lookin' for. That red horse-blanket, with the blue border and the fringe. Jest tell me the price of it."

Singularly enough, it happened to be the best blanket in the shop, and she said to her son:

"I don't know but it 's too showy. But I s'pose we can't exactly help that. Anyhow, it wont do for you to let that colt of yours git warm with a hard run, and then catch cold when you hitch him. You must take care of him, and see that he has his blanket on. You 'll find it useful."

"Guess I will!" said Vosh, with a queer feeling that he ought to say something grateful and did n't know how. He was thinking about it, when his mother said to him:

"That headstall of yours is cracked and the check-rein might break some day. The rest of your harness 'll do for a while. But it 's always safe to have your colt's head-leather in good condition."

No doubt, and the sorrel colt was a different-looking animal when Vosh exchanged the head-gear and check-rein for the new rig that the careful Mrs. Stebbins bought for him.

"Now, Vosh, there is n't anything else I want in Cobbleville, but you may drive through the main street, and we 'll take a look at the town, as we have n't been here for a good while."

He unhitched the colt and sprang in after her. The new headstall, check-rein, and the bells were

already in their places. The brilliant blanket was spread across their laps, as they sat in the cutter. Vosh touched up the sorrel, and all the Cobbleville people who saw them dash up the street for half a mile, and back again, were compelled to admit that it was decidedly a neat turn-out.

"Now, Lavaujer," said his mother, "don't ever do anything jest for show. But I feel better satisfied to know that if you want to take Judith Farnham, or her sister, or Penelope, or Susie Hudson out a-sleighin', they wont need to feel badly over the cutter you invite 'em into."

They all had been talking of Vosh and his mother that morning at Deacon Farnham's, and it was plain that the good qualities of the Stebbins family were fully understood by their next-door neighbors. The boys hoped Vosh would come over in the course of the day, but he did not; and the next day was Saturday, and still he did not come. He was at work in his own barn, shelling corn for dear life, to let his mother know how fully he appreciated her generosity. He felt that it would take an immense deal of corn-shelling to express all he felt about the bells and the blanket, not to speak of the bright bits of new harness.

The next day was Sunday, and Deacon Farnham's entire household went to meeting, at Benton Village. Vosh was in the choir, as usual, and was covered with confusion when he accidentally started on the wrong stanza of the hymn they were singing, and so found himself "looked at" by the choir leader.

The next day, just after tea, Vosh came over "to have a word with Deacon Farnham," and he had an errand of some importance this time. Corry and Porter stood by, while he explained it, and before he had said many words they became deeply interested. He was just inside the kitchen-door, and Susie and Pen were sitting on the other side of the stove, paring apples.

"A man came by to-day from one of the lumber camps, 'way up among the mountains," said Vosh. "He was on his way to town for supplies and things. He says the road to Mink Lake 's in prime condition for a sleigh-ride."

"All the way?" asked the deacon, somewhat doubtfully.

"Every inch of it. I asked him. Now, why could n't we all go in for a mess of pickerel?"

"And a grand sleigh-ride," exclaimed Corry.

"And an old-fashioned winter picnic," added Aunt Sarah Farnham. "How would you like that, Susie?"

"A winter picnic? I never heard of such a thing. How do you manage it? I should like to see a winter picnic!"

"A picnic! A picnic!" shouted Pen. "Fishing through the ice, Susie, and—and—there are ever so many other things. Mother, can we go?"

Vosh Stebbins had spoken only about the pickerel, but the larger enterprise was what really had been upon his mind. And, before he went home, it had been thoroughly discussed, and an expedition to Mink Lake determined upon.

"Corry," said Port, after Vosh went away, "what sort of a place is Mink Lake?"

"It 's the prettiest lake in these parts, and a great place in summer. Just crowded with fish."

"Is it far?" queried Port.

"About eight or nine miles, through the woods, and around among the mountains. The road to it is one of the crookedest you ever saw. It 's apt to be snowed up in winter; but we have n't had any deep snow yet, and there are no big drifts," answered Corry.

"What kind of fish can be caught there? Trout?"

"Yes, there are trout, but there are more bass and pickerel and perch. You 're liable to be bothered with pumpkin-seeds in summer."

Port was silent. He wanted to ask about the pumpkins, and how the seeds could bother a fellow when he was fishing for trout. After a minute or two, he uttered one word:

"Pumpkin-seeds?"

"Hosts of them. They 're the meanest kind of fish. Bite, bite, bite, and you keep pulling 'em in, when all the while you want something bigger."

"Can't you eat them?" Port wanted to know.

"Yes, they 're good to fry, but they 're full of bones."

"They wont bite in winter, will they?"

"I hope not. But I 'm sure of one thing, Port. We 're in for a glorious time."

That was an exciting evening. Nobody seemed to wish to go to bed, and the semicircle around the fire-place talked, for more than two hours, about fishing and hunting. Deacon Farnham himself related some stories that Aunt Judith said she had n't heard him tell for more than a year. Porter and Susie had no stories to tell, but they could listen. The former went to bed, at last, with a vague feeling that he would rather go to Mink Lake. It was a good while before he fell asleep, and even then he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed he was trying to pull a fish, as large as a small whale, through a sort of auger-hole in some ice. He pulled so hard that he woke himself up; but he could roll over and go to sleep soundly, now that the fish was gone.

The house was astir early in the morning, and Deacon Farnham's long, low box-sleigh, drawn by his two big black horses, was at the door by the time they were through breakfast. Mrs. Farnham had decided not to go, because, as she said:

"It 's Judith's turn; and somebody must stay and keep house."

It had required some argument to persuade Aunt Judith that it was her duty to go, but she had taken hold of the preparations with a will. It was wonderful what an amount of wrapping-up she deemed needful for herself and all the rest.

"Why, Judith," said the deacon, "it's a good deal warmer up there in the woods than it is down here."

"I 've heard so, and may be it 's true; but I don't put any trust in the saying. I 've no wish to be frost-bitten before I get back," was her reply.

There was little to be feared from the frost, with all the buffalo-robes and blankets and shawls and cloaks that were piled into the sleigh.

When its passengers were in, they made quite a party. There was the deacon,—who insisted on driving,—and Aunt Judith, and Mrs. Stebbins, and Vosh, and Corry, and Susie Hudson and Porter, and Penelope, besides all the baskets of luncheon, the fishing-tackle, axes, and guns, in the sleigh, with Ponto all around outside of it.

"You can't shoot fish," said Susie.

"We may shoot something else," said Vosh. "There 's no telling. It 's a wild place."

"Susie," exclaimed Pen, "did n't we tell you that there are deer up at Mink Lake? Real deer?"

"Corry," whispered Port, "let 's get one before we come home."

"Father has his gun by him, all ready for deer, if we should see any," replied Corry; "but he wont let us take ours out till we reach the lake. He may get a shot at something, though, as he drives along."



CHASING THROUGH THE ICE FOR TICKEREL. (SEE PAGE 404.)

There was a sharp lookout for all kinds of wild animals, after the way began to wind among the piney woods, and through the desolate-looking "clearings" left by the choppers. The road was found even better than Vosh's news had reported it, and the black team pulled their merry load along quite easily.

The young folk soon got over the solemn feeling which came upon them when they found themselves actually in the great forest. It was delightful to shout and listen for echoes, and to sing and whistle, with the knowledge that there was not a

living person to hear them, except those in the sleigh.

It was about two hours after they left the farm-house, and Port had just remarked:

"Seems to me we 've been going up hill all the time," when Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"There it is! That's Mink Lake! It 'll be down hill all the way going home. See it?"

"Where?" said Port. "I don't see any lake. O yes, I do! It 's all ice and snow. Frozen clean over."

"And we have n't seen a single deer yet," said Susie, sorrowfully.

"You can see some now, then," replied Vosh, as he eagerly pointed forward. "See 'em, Port? Yonder!— on the ice!"

"I see them," shouted Pen. "One, two, three, four!"

"Those black *specks*?" said Susie.

There they were, indeed, and they were beginning to move rapidly across the ice; but they were so far away that Susie could just make out what they were. Even Ponto continued to plod along soberly behind the sleigh. He was too old a dog to excite himself over any such distant and unattainable game as that.

Deacon Farnham seemed to know exactly where to go, for he drove straight on, when nobody else could see any road, until he stopped in front of a very small and very rudely built house.

"Aunt Judith," asked Susie, "did anybody ever live here?"

"Live here, child? Why, that 's a chopper's shanty. And it 's for anybody who wants it, now they 've done with it."

That was so, but it was not for the mere human beings of the picnic party. The deacon took his horses from the sleigh and led them in through the rickety door. "They 're a little warm," he said, "but they wont catch cold in there. I 'll give 'em a good feed, Vosh, while you 're starting a fire. Get the guns and tackle out, Corry."

Vosh had had a hard struggle with himself that morning to leave his own horse and cutter at home, but his mother had settled it for him. She remarked:

"I 'd rather be in the big sleigh, with the folks, so I can hear what 's going on. So would Susie Hudson or Judith Farnham, I 'm sure, and so you 'd be lonely in your cutter. Besides, the little cutter itself would upset a dozen times an hour on those mountain roads."

He was ready with his axe now, and Porter Hudson opened his eyes with amazement to see how soon a great fire was blazing on the snow, a little distance from the shanty.

"What are we to get into?" asked Port.

"We dont want any shelter, when we 're on a winter picnic," said Aunt Judith. "We can eat our dinner in the sleigh."

They were not yet thinking of eating. The first business on hand was a trip to the lake. Vosh Stebbins took his axe with him, and he and the deacon each carried a long, wide board. Port managed not to ask what these were for, and he had not a great while to wait before he discovered.

"Vosh," said the deacon, "the ice must be pretty thick. Hope we sha' n't have to chop a hole."

"There 's one air-hole, away yonder. It does n't look too wide," suggested Vosh.

"I should n't wonder if it would do," assented Deacon Farnham.

"Susie," said Pen, "don't you know? That 's where all the fish come up to the top to get a breath of fresh air."

There was some truth in Pen's explanation, in spite of the laugh she got from Mrs. Stebbins. Susie said nothing, for she was intent at that moment. She thought she had never seen anything more strange or more beautiful than that little lake, all frozen, with the hills around it and the mountains beyond them. The broken slopes of the hills and mountains were covered with white snow, green pines, spruces, and hemlocks, and with the brownish gray of the other trees, the leaves of which had fallen from them. It was very wonderful and new to a young lady from the city.

"Almost half the lake," said Vosh, "is smooth enough to skate on. If I had thought of that, I would have brought my skates along."

It would have been worth their while. Mink Lake was what some people call a "pond," and was scarcely a mile wide by an irregular mile and a half long. There was an immense skating "rink" there now, in spite of the snow which covered a large part of it.

Susie was just about to ask some more questions, when her uncle shouted:

"This will do, Vosh. Bring along your slide."

That was the board he was carrying, and its use was plain now. The air-hole was an opening in the ice, not more than two feet across, but the ice was thin at the edges of it. A heavy man or a busy one might break through and find himself in a cold bath; but when those two "slides" were slipped along on either side of the hole, any one could walk out on one of them and drop in a hook and line safely enough.

"There, Susie," said Pen, "now we can keep our feet dry while we catch our fish."

"Now, folks!" exclaimed the deacon,—"Two at a time. We 'll take turns."

"Your turn 's good till you 've hooked a fish," said Vosh to Porter, as he handed him a line. "You and your uncle try first."

It seemed very easy, as it was nothing more

than to stand on a dry board and drop a line, with a baited hook at the end of it, through a hole in the ice. And the fish were not slow to respond.

"Father! father!" shouted Pen, in a few moments. "You 've hooked one!"

A sort of electric shock went through the entire "picnic," as the deacon jerked out a gleaming, struggling fish. But he did not seem delighted with his catch.

"Nothing but a perch! He's a pound and a quarter, though. Here, Mrs. Stebbins, take that other line and see what you can do," said the deacon.

Mrs. Stebbins had talked quite industriously all the way, and even after they went upon the ice, but she was silent the moment she took hold of the line. Just after it touched the water, Porter Hudson exclaimed:

"Corry! Corry!"

"Pull, Port! Pull! You 've a big fellow!"

"So have I," cried Mrs. Stebbins. "Deacon! Vosh! Come! help me!"

"Pen," said Susie, "could it pull her through the hole?"

"Why, Susie! —"

Pen's eyes and mouth were wide open, for both her cousin and Mrs. Stebbins were leaning back, and it seemed as if something down below was trying to jerk them through the ice.

"Wind it 'round your wrist, Port," said Corry. "Don't let go!"

"Well, Mother," said Vosh, as he took hold of her line, "I declare, you *have* hooked a good one, and no mistake. But I think I 'll have to pull it in for you."

It seemed to cost him hardly an effort to bring a great three-pound pickerel through the hole and sling it out upon the ice, saying, with a little pardonable pride:

"That 's better than a perch, Deacon."

"Shall I help you, Port?" asked Corry.

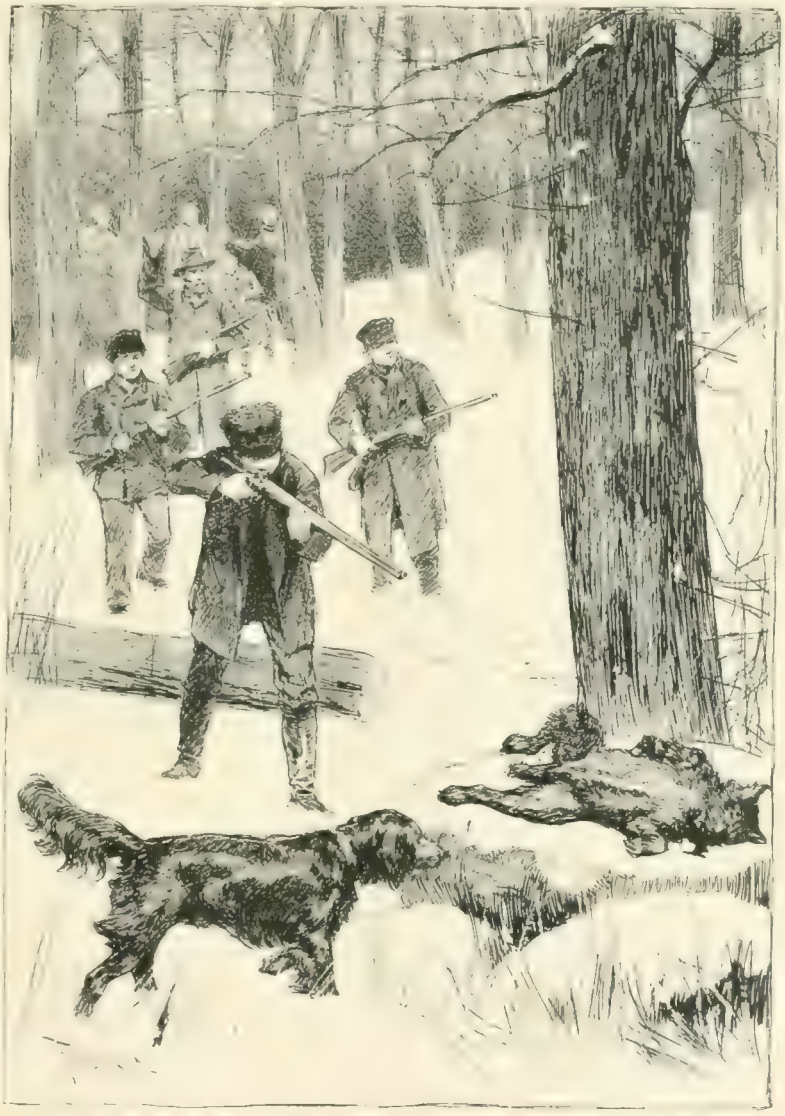
"No, sir-e-e-e! I 'll bring in my own fish."

"Hand over hand! Don't let him get away from you."

Port's blood was up, since he had seen the other pickerel landed, and he pulled with all his might.

"Now lift," said Vosh. "Don't let him rub his nose against the ice, or he 'll break loose. Don't lean over too far. That 's it."

It was an exciting moment, and Port followed the directions given him, although his heart was beat-



"VOSH SEIZED THE ROD AND FIRED THE SECOND BARREL OF HIS GUN."

ing quickly, and he thought he had never lifted anything quite so heavy as that fish. But as the gleaming burden appeared above water, his captor grew triumphant, and shouted:

"Up we come!"

"Hurrah for Port," said Aunt Judith. "The biggest one yet."

So it was, and a proud boy was Porter Hudson when Deacon Farnham declared that the great fish the lad had fought so hard for was "a seven-pound pickerel."

"Now, Aunt Judith, it 's your turn," said Port.

"Mine, Port? Why, what could I do with a creetur like that?"

"I 'll help you, if you get a big one. Here 's your line. You must try."

She had to be coaxed a little more; but she consented, and Susie took the other line. The fish were biting hungrily, for in less than a minute Aunt Judith gave a little scream and a jerk, and began to pull in her line. Then another little scream, and another jerk, and then:

"Perch!" exclaimed Aunt Judith. "I 'm glad it was n't a pickerel! Penelope, you can catch the rest of my fish for me. I 'll look on."

Susie's face grew almost pale, as she stood there with her line in her hand, waiting for something to pull on it.

"Do they nibble first, Vosh?"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before the line was suddenly jerked away from her. Vosh had just time to catch hold of the piece of wood that it was wound upon.

"I 've lost it! I 've lost it!" exclaimed Susie.

"No, you have n't; but he's running pretty well," said Vosh. "The line would have cut your fingers if you had tried to hold it."

Susie's soft, white hands were hardly suited to work of that sort, indeed, and they were already becoming a little cold. She was quite willing to pick up her muff and slip them into it while Vosh pulled in her pickerel for her. It was a fine one, too; only a little less in weight than Porter's.

Pen had now taken the line from Aunt Judith, and she dropped her hook in, very confidently.

"There is n't a scrap of bait on it," said Corry.

"Is n't there? I forgot that. Just wait a minute and then I 'll let you bait it for me."

Corry and the rest began to laugh, but Pen shouted again:

"Wait!— He 's nibbling! Now he 's biting! Oh, he's bit it!"

So he had, bait or no bait, and Pen was quite strong enough to pull up a very handsome perch, without help from anybody.

After that, Deacon Farnham and the boys had all the fishing to themselves. It was well there was enough of it to make it exciting, for it was wet, cold, chilly work. The fish were of several sorts and all sizes, and some of them rubbed themselves free against the icy edges of the hole in spite of all that could be done. But, before noon, there was a considerable heap of them lying on the ice, and the fun of catching them had lost a little of its power to keep the cold away.

Long before the fishermen decided that they had caught enough, however, Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith and the girls became tired of looking on, and set out across the ice toward the sleigh and the very attractive-looking fire. The latter had been well heaped up at first and was now blazing vigorously.

"We must have a good dinner for them," said Aunt Judith, as she turned away. "All the fish they can eat."

"You carry one," said Mrs. Stebbins. "I 'll take a couple more. The girls can help. We 'll fry 'em, and we 'll roast 'em in the ashes."

She tried to think of some other way, but she could not. She and Aunt Judith were excellent cooks, and knew just what to do with fresh fish and such a fire. It was by no means their first picnic, either, and the proper cooking utensils had *not* been left at home. Susie and Pen entered into the spirit of the affair with a good deal of enthusiasm, but they were quite contented to let the more experienced cooks do the cooking.

There was plenty to do, and when at last the fishermen gave up dropping lines through the air-hole, and came plodding slowly back across the ice, there was all the dinner they could reasonably ask for, hot and smoking and ready for them.

Each was dragging a goodly string of fish after him, and all brought hearty appetites to the tempting "spread!"

There was hot coffee to be drank out of tin cups, fish in two styles of cookery, crisply fried pork, roasted potatoes, bread and butter, and last of all was some cold meat that no one seemed to care for.

"Will there be any dessert?" asked Port.

"Aunt Judith has some mince pies warming on the log by the fire," said Pen.

"What a dinner for the woods!" exclaimed Susie.

"Woods?" said Corry, "why, the choppers have fresh fish and potatoes and coffee all the while, and sometimes they have venison."

"Game," said Port, "but no pie."

"Vosh," said Susie, "what has become of all those deer you were going to get?"

Just at that moment, they heard old Ponto barking away at a great rate, in the woods near by, and Vosh sprang up, exclaiming:

"He 's treed something!"

"Yes, he has," said the deacon. "Get your guns, boys. Load with buckshot."

"Mine 's loaded," said Vosh.

"Mine 'll be ready in a minute," said Corry. "Hurry, Port."

"Wait a minute," said the deacon. 'We all must have a share in the hunt."

It seemed to Susie and Pen that they could hardly wait for those two guns to be loaded, and Mrs. Stebbins exclaimed:

"Judith, I do hate a gun, but I 'm going with them."

"So am I," replied Aunt Judith.

Ponto must have shared in the general impatience, to judge by the noise he was making, and now there came another and a very curious sound from that direction.

"It 's a baby crying," said Pen.

"Or a cat —" began Port.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins. "I do believe the critter 's gone and treed a wild cat."

"You 're right," said the deacon. "I 'm sure it 's a wild cat."

They all kept together, as they waded through the snow to a spot about twenty rods into the woods, from which they could see old Ponto bounding hither and thither around the trunk of a tall maple tree, that stood by itself in the middle of an open space in the forest.

"There was no other tree handy for it to jump into," said Vosh. "And there it is."

"Where?" asked Aunt Judith.

"See it? Up there on that big, lower limb?"

"It 's forty feet from the ground," said the deacon. "Come on, boys. All the rest stay here."

"Oh, Pen," said Susie, "I do believe I 'm afraid. Will it jump?"

"They 'll shoot it, and Ponto will grab it when it falls," said Pen.

"No, he wont," said Corry. "That wild cat would soon beat off one dog. He 'd be too much for Ponto."

There was little doubt of that, for it was a wild cat of the very largest size. Not so dangerous an animal as the "panther," but a terrible foe, nevertheless.

It seemed even larger than it really was, as it drew itself up, on the long, bare limb of the tree, and looked savagely down upon its barking enemy.

It may be that the smell of the cookery, particularly of the fish, had tempted it so near the picnic. Thus Ponto had scented the cat, in turn, and had chased it into that solitary tree.

"Now, boys," said Deacon Farnham, "all around the tree. Fire as soon as you can after I do, but don't fire both barrels of your guns."

Porter Hudson knew he was not one bit scared, and wondered why he should shake so, when he tried to lift his gun and take aim. He was sure he could not shoot straight, and hoped that the shot would scatter well.

"Now, boys!"

"Bang!" went the deacon's gun, and the other three followed, almost on the instant. But the wild cat replied with an angry scream, and began to tear the bark of the limb with its sharp, strong claws.

A moment later, however, it suddenly gathered itself for a spring at the spot, nearly under it, where Ponto was barking. Alas for the great cat of the woods! Too many buckshot had struck it, and it fell short short of its mark, in the snow.

Vosh had been watching, and he was nearest. Hardly did the wounded animal reach the snow before Susie saw Vosh spring forward and fire the second barrel of his gun.

No more shots were required. Corry ran forward, and Porter after him, and the deacon followed, but Ponto was ahead of them all, and it would not do to fire at any risk of shooting the brave old dog. But there was no fight left in the wild cat by the time Ponto attacked it.

"Drop it, Ponto. Drop it," said the deacon; "I don't want that skin spoiled. It 's a fine one."

The wild cat was killed now without a doubt, however, and Vosh could carry it to the sleigh, and they could all go back and eat more pie, and talk about bears and wolves and panthers, till the two girls felt like looking around at the woods to see if any intruders of that sort were coming.

"We don't need any more fish," said Aunt Judith. "We 've more than enough for the whole neighborhood."

"Well, it looks some like a snow-storm," said the deacon. "We 'd best be packing up for home."

Even that was grand fun, but it seemed almost a pity to leave so good a fire behind, to burn itself out alone there, in the snow, with no merry party to sit around it and tell stories.

If the road had been "all up hill," coming to the lake, it was just as much all down hill, going home again, and the homeward ride was almost as good as any other part of the picnic.

They all thought so, until they reached the farmhouse and found what a fine supper Mrs. Farnham had prepared for them. And they all wondered, afterward, how it was possible that they should have been so ravenously hungry twice on the same day.

"Well, picnics always make people hungry," said Pen, which statement nobody else denied.

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks,

(*Author of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Comedies for Children."*)

II.

Giovanni of Florence, the Boy Cardinal.

(*Afterward Pope Leo X.*)

It was one of the wild carnival days of 1490. From the great gate of San Gallo to the quaint old bridge of the goldsmiths, the fair city of Florence blazed with light and rang with shout and song. A struggling mass of spectators surged about the noble palace of the Medici, as out through its open gate-way and up the broad street known as the Via Larga streamed the great carnival pageant of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the head of the house of Medici.

"Room for the noble Abbot of Passignano! room for My Lord Cardinal!" shouted a fresh young voice from the head of the grand staircase that led from the *loggia* of the palace to the great entrance-hall below.

"So; say'st thou thus, Giulio?" another boyish voice exclaimed. "Then will I, too, play the herald for thee. Room," he cried, "for the worthy Prior of Capua! room for the noble Knight of St. John!" And down the broad staircase, thronged with gallant costumes, brilliant banners, and gleaming lances, the two merry boys elbowed their way.

Boys? you ask. Yes, boys — both of them, for all their lofty and high-sounding titles. In those far-off days, when royalty married royalty at ten and twelve, and Lord High Admirals wore bib and tucker, there was nothing so very wonderful in a noble prior of eleven or a lord cardinal of thirteen.

"Well, well, my modest young Florentines," said Lorenzo, in his harsh but not unkindly voice, as he met the boys in the grand and splendidly decorated entrance-hall; "if ye do but make your ways in life with such determination as that, all offices must needs yield to you. A truce to tattle, though, my fair Giulio. Modesty best becomes the young. Remember, Giovanni's cardinalate has not yet been proclaimed, and 't is wisest to hold our tongues till we may wag them truthfully. But, come," he added in a livelier tone, "to horse, to horse! the Triumph waits for none. To-night be ye boys only. Ho, for fun and frolic; down with care and trouble!" And humming a glee from one of his own gay carnival songs, Lorenzo the Magnificent sprang to the back of his noble Barbary horse, Morello, and spurred forward to mingle in the glories of the pageant.

It was a wondrous display — this carnival pageant, or "Triumph," of the Medici. Great golden cars, richly decorated, and drawn by curious beasts, horses dressed in the skins of lions and tigers and elephants; shaggy buffaloes and timorous giraffes from the Medicean villa at Careggi; fantastic monsters made up of mingled men and boys and horses, with other surprising figures as riders; dragons and dwarfs, giants and genii; beautiful young girls and boys dressed in antique costumes to represent goddesses and divinities of the old mythologies; — these and many other attractions united in the glittering display which, accompanied by Lorenzo the Magnificent and his retinue of over five hundred persons, "mounted, masked, and bravely appareled," and gleaming in the light of four hundred flaring torches, traversed the streets of Florence, "singing in many voices all sorts of *canzones*, madrigals, and popular songs."

"By the stone nose of the *marzoccho*,† but this is more joyous than the droning tasks we left behind us at Pisa; is it not, my Giovanni?" gayly exclaimed the younger of the two boys as, glittering in a suit of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, he rode in advance of one of the great triumphal cars. "My faith," he continued, "what would good Fra Bartolommeo say could he see thee, his choicest pupil, masking in a violet velvet suit and a gold-brocaded vest?"

"I fear me, Giulio," replied his cousin Giovanni, a pleasant, brown-faced lad of nearly fourteen, "I fear me the good Fra would pull a long and chiding face at *both* our brave displays. You know how he *can* look when he takes us to task? And tall! Why, he seems always to grow as high as Giotto's tower there."

"Say, rather, like to the leaning tower in his own Pisa! for he seems as tall, and threatens to come down full as sure and heavily upon us poor unfortunates! Ah, yes, I know how he looks, Giovanni; he tries it upon me full often!" and Giulio's laugh of recollection was tempered with feeling memories.

Here an older boy, a brisk young fellow of sixteen, in a shining suit of silver and crimson brocade, rode toward them.

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† The *marzoccho* was the great stone lion of the Palazzo Vecchio — the City Hall of Florence.

"Messer Giovanni," he said, "what say'st thou to dropping out of the Triumph here by the Vecchio Palace? Then may we go back by the Via Pinti and see the *capannucci*."

Now, the *capannucci* was one of the peculiar carnival institutions of the Florentine boys of old, as dear to their hearts as is the election-night bonfire to our young New Yorker of to-day. A great tree would be dragged into the center of some broad street or square by a crowd of ready youngsters. There it would be set upright and propped or steadied by great faggots and pieces of wood. This base would then be fired, and as the blaze flamed from the faggots or crept up the tall tree-trunk, all the yelling boys danced in the flaring light. Then, when the *capannucci* fell with a great crash, the terrible young Florentine urchins never omitted to wage, over the charred trunk and the glowing embers, a furious rough-and-tumble fight.

Giovanni and Giulio, for all their high-sounding titles, welcomed exciting variety as readily as do any other active and wide-awake boys, and they assented gleefully to the young Buonarotti's suggestion.

"Quick, to the Via Pinti!" they cried, and yielding up their horses to the silver-liveried grooms who attended them, they turned from the pageant, and with their black visors, or half masks, partly drawn, they pushed their way through the crowds that surged under the great bell tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and thronged the gayly decorated street called the Via Pinti.

With a ready handful of *danarini* and *soldi*, small Florentine coins of that day, they easily satisfied the demands of the brown-skinned little street arabs who had laid great pieces of wood, called the *stili*, across the street, and would let none pass until they had yielded to their shrill demand of "Tribute, tribute! a *soldi* for tribute at the *stili* of San Marco!"

With laugh and shout and carnival jest, the three boys were struggling through the crowd toward the rising flame of a distant *capannucci*, when suddenly, with a swish and a thud, there came plump against the face of the young Giovanni one of the thin sugar eggs which, filled with red wine, were favorite carnival missiles. Like a flow of blood the red liquid streamed down the broad, brown cheek of the lad, and streaked his violet tunic. He looked around dismayed.

"Aha!" he cried, as, looking around, his quick eye detected the successful marksman in a group of laughing young fellows a few rods away. "'T was thou, was it? Revenge, revenge, my comrades!" and the three lads sent a well-directed volley of return shots that made the assailants duck and dodge for safety. Then ensued a very common carnival scene. The shots and counter-shots drew many lookers-on, and soon the watchers changed to actors. The crowd quickly separated into two parties, the air seemed full of the flying missiles, and, in the glare of the great torches that, held by iron rings, flamed from the corner of a noble palace, the carnival fight raged fast and furiously. In the hottest of the strife a cheer arose as the nimble Giulio, snatching a brilliant crimson scarf from the shoulders of a laughing flower-girl, captured, next, a long pikestaff from a masker of the opposite side. Tying the crimson scarf to the long pike-handle, he charged the enemy, crying, "Ho, forward all!" His supporters followed him with a resistless rush; another volley of carnival ammunition filled the air, and a shout of victory went up as their opponents broke before their charge and the excited crowd went surging up the street. Again a stand was made, again the missiles flew, and now, the candy bon-bons failing, the reckless combatants kept up the fight with street refuse,—dust and dirt, and even small stones.

It was in one of these hand-to-hand encounters that a tall and supple young fellow dashed from the opposing ranks and grappled with Giulio for the possession of the crimson standard. To and fro the boys swayed and tugged. In sheer defense the less sturdy Giulio struck out at his opponent's face, and down dropped the guarded disguise of the small black visor.

"Ho, an Albizzi!" Giulio exclaimed, as he recognized his antagonist. Then, as the long pikestaff was wrested from his grasp, he raised the well-known cry of his house, "*Palle, palle!* Medici to the rescue."*

"Ha, Medici—is it?" the young Albizzi cried, and, as Giovanni de Medici pressed to the aid of his cousin, Francesco Albizzi clutched at Giovanni's mask in turn and tore it from his face.

"Hollo!" shouted the scornful Albizzi. "We have uncovered the game! Look, boys, 't is Messer Giovanni himself! Hail to the young magnifico!" and, doffing his purple bonnet, as if in reverence to Giovanni, he struck the lad with it full on his broad, brown cheek.

His followers applauded his deed with a shout, but it was a weak and spiritless "brava!" for it was scarcely safe to make fun of the Medici in Florence then, and cowards, you know, always take the stronger side.

The supporters of the Medici hastened to wipe out the insult offered to their patron's son. They pressed forward to annihilate Albizzi's fast-lessening band, but the young Giovanni interfered.

"Nay, hold, friends," he said, "'t is but a carnival frolic, and 't is ended now. Messer Francesco did but speak in jest, and, sure, I bear no malice."

* The *Palle d'Oro*, or golden balls, were the arms of the house of Medici, and "*Palle, palle*" was their rallying cry.

But the hot-headed Albizzi, the son of a house that had ever been rivals and enemies of the Medici, would listen to no compromise.

"Ho, hark to the smooth-tongued Medici!" he cried. "Boys of Florence, will ye bow to this little magnifico? Your fathers were but boys when they struck for the liberties of Florence and drove *this* fellow's father, the lordly magnifico, like a whipped cur behind the doors of the sacristy, and scattered the blood of *that* boy's father on the very steps of the Reparata!" *

The young Giulio, when he heard this brutal allusion to the murder of his father, could restrain himself no longer; but, rushing at Francesco Albizzi, expended all his fierce young strength upon the older boy in wildly aimed and harmless blows.

Giovanni would have again interceded, but when he saw the vindictive young Albizzi draw a short dagger from his girdle, he felt that the time for words had passed. Springing to the relief of his cousin, he clutched Francesco's dagger-arm. There was a rallying of adherents on both sides; young faces grew hot with passion, and an angry street fight seemed certain.

But, hark! Across the strife comes the clash of galloping steel. There is a rush of hurrying feet, a glare of flaring torches, a glimmer of shining lances, and, around from the Via Larga, in a brilliant flash of color, swings the banner of Florence, the great white lily on the blood-red field. Fast behind it presses the well-known escutcheon of the seven golden balls, and the armed servants of the house of Medici sweep down upon the combatants.

"*Palle, palle!* Medici, ho, a Medici!" rings the shout of rescue. The flashing sword of young Messer Pietro, the elder brother of Giovanni, gleams in the torch-light, and the headstrong Albizzi and his fellow-rioters scatter like chaff before the onward rush of the paid soldiers of the house of Medici. Then, encompassed by a guard of bristling lances, liveried grooms, and torch-bearers, and followed by a crowd of shouting boys, masked revelers, and exultant retainers, the three lads hurried down the Via Larga; the great gates of the Palace of the Medici swung open to admit them, and the noise and riot of the carnival died away in the distance. Through the hall of arches and up the grand staircase the lads hastened to where, in the spacious *loggia*, or enclosed piazza, Lorenzo the Magnificent stood waiting to receive them.

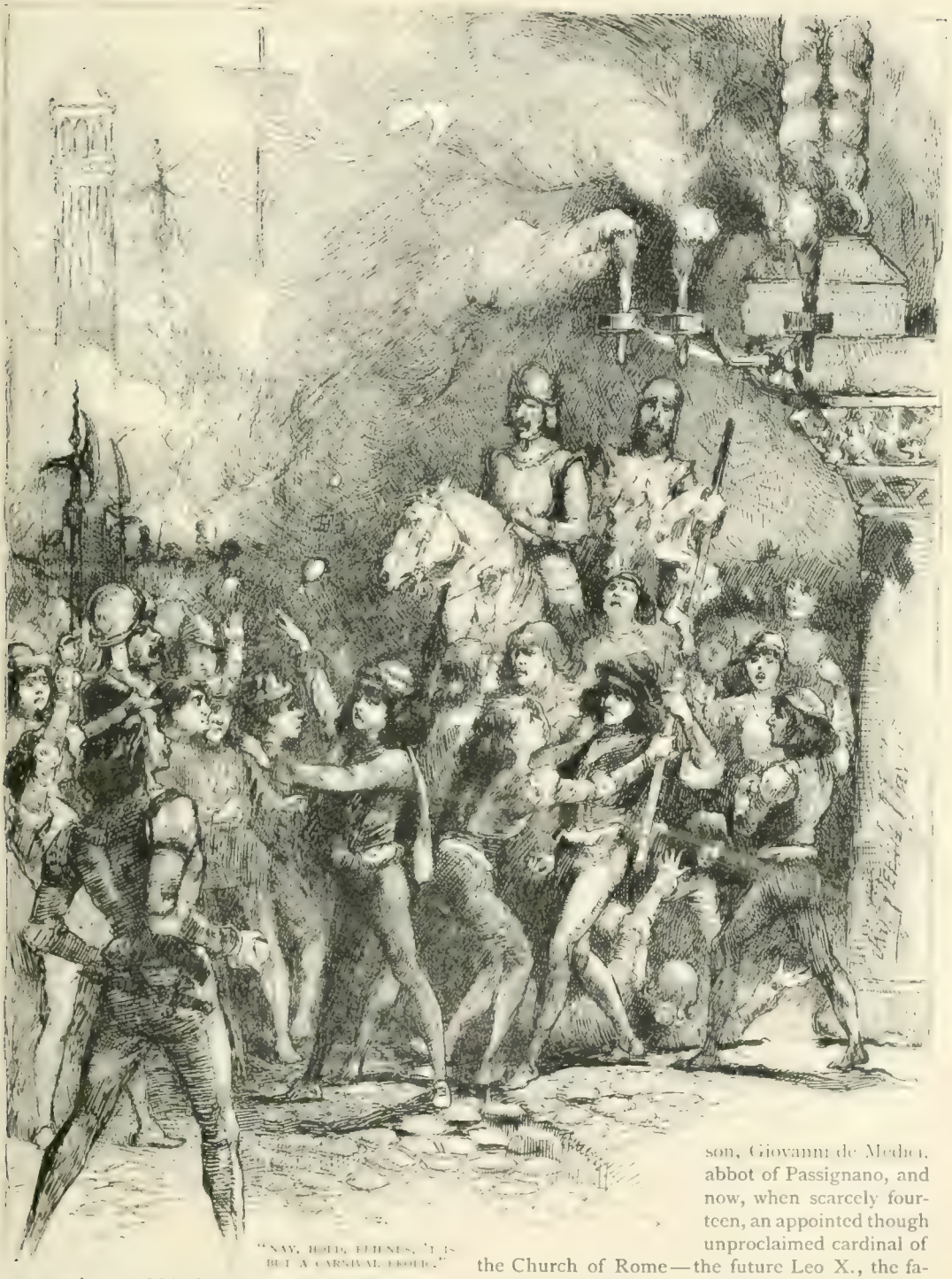
"Well, well, my breathless young citizens," he exclaimed; "what news and noise of strife is this I hear? Methinks you come to us in sad and sorry strait."

But his banter changed to solicitude as he noticed the troubled face of his son. "Who, then, is in fault, my Giovanni?" he asked. "'T was well for thee that Pietro sallied out in such hot haste; else, from all I hear, a son of the house of Medici might almost have been slain in a vile street brawl."

"Nay, hear, my father, I pray, the whole truth of the matter," Giovanni replied; and, as he relates, in presence of that brilliant and listening company, the story of the carnival fight as we already know it, let us, rather, read hastily the story of the great house of the Medici of Florence, whose princely head now stands before us — him whom the people call "*il gran magnifico*," Lorenzo the Magnificent, the father of the boy cardinal.

Four hundred years, and more, ago there lived in Florence a wealthy family known as the Medici. They were what we now call capitalists — merchants and bankers, with ventures in many a land and with banking-houses in sixteen of the leading cities of Europe. Success in trade brought them wealth, and wealth brought them power, until, from simple citizens of a small inland republic they advanced to a position of influence and importance beyond that of many a king and prince of their day. At the time of our sketch, the head of the house was Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, from his wealth, his power, and his splendid and liberal hospitality. All Florence submitted to his will, and though the fair city was still, in form, a republic, the wishes and words of Lorenzo were as law to his fellow-citizens. A man of wonderful tact and of great attainments, he was popular with young and old, rich and poor. From a glorious romp with the children, he would turn to a profound discussion with wise old philosophers or theologians, could devise means for loaning millions to the king of England, sack a city that had braved the power of Florence, or write the solemn hymns for the priests or the gay street songs for the people of his much-loved city. Princes and poets, painters and priests, politicians and philosophers, sat at his bountiful table in the splendid palace at the foot of the Via Larga, or walked in his wonderful gardens of San Marco; rode "a-hawking" from his beautiful villa at Careggi, or joined in the wild frolic of his gorgeous street pageants. Power such as his could procure or master anything, and we therefore need not wonder that the two boys whose acquaintance we have made had been pushed into prominence early. Look well at them again. The boy who, with face

* The Church of the Reparata, or Santa Maria Novella, in which Lorenzo was wounded and his brother Giuliano murdered, in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in 1478.



"NAY, HOLD, HELENUS, 'T IS BUT A CARNIVAL FROLIC."

upturned toward his father's kindly eyes, is telling the story of the street fight, is Lorenzo's second son, Giovanni de Medici, abbot of Passignano, and now, when scarcely fourteen, an appointed though unproclaimed cardinal of the Church of Rome — the future Leo X., the famous pope of Martin Luther's day. His companion is the young Giulio de Medici, nephew of Lorenzo,

and already, at thirteen, a prior and knight, and in future years that pope, Clement VII., of whom you may read in history as the unfortunate prisoner of San Angelo, the antagonist of bluff King Henry VIII. of England. And this other lad, this Buonarotti, who is he? A *protégé* of Lorenzo, the companion of his sons and a favored guest at his table, his name is to last through the ages more illustrious than that of all the Medici,— the wonderful Michael Angelo, the greatest of the artists.

"So, so," Lorenzo said, as Giovanni concluded his story; "the matter is graver than I thought. 'T is another yelp from the Albizzi kennel. The Signory must look to it. Young Messer Francesco's tongue wags too freely for the city's good. And back to Pisa must ye go, my lads, for it ill beseems such as you, to be ruffling it in any wild street brawl that these troublous malcontents may raise against us."

So, back to the quiet University of Pisa went the boys Giovanni and Giulio, to pursue their studies in "theology and ecclesiastical jurisprudence."

And spending his time thus, between his stately Florentine home, his noble old castle of an abbey at Passignano, and the University of Pisa, Giovanni's three years of probation were passed.

"Whither so fast, my Maddalena?" asked young Francesco Albizzi, stopping a dark-haired flower-girl, as on a bright March morning he rode into the city. "What 's astir, my dear, that thou and all the world seem crowding to meet me, here, at San Gallo's gate?"

"Thou, indeed?" and the flower-girl laughed a merry peal. "Why, brother of the mole and lord of all the bats, where hast thou been asleep not to know that to-day our young Messer Giovanni is to be proclaimed a cardinal?"

"So — the little Medici again?" exclaimed the wrathful Albizzi. "Bestia! Must he be always setting the city upside down? Where is 't to be, Maddalena?"

"Why, where but at the altar of Fiesole? But do not thou keep me longer," she said, breaking away from the indignant young patriot. "All Florence goes forth to meet the new cardinal at the bridge of Mugnone, and my flowers will sell well and rarely to-day. But, hark thee, Messer Francesco," she added, with warning finger, "we are all *palleschi** to-day, and 't were best for thee to swallow thy black words. See, yonder rides young Messer Pietro, and the Medici lances are ready and sharp for such as thou."

And, as Albizzi turned sullenly away, Maddalena disappeared in the crowd that, hurrying through San Gallo's gate, headed toward the flower-crowned hill of Fiesole. There, overlooking the "Beautiful City," stood the gray old monastery in which, on that eventful Sunday, the ninth of March, 1492, the young Giovanni was receiving the vestments.

Then, into the city, attended by the Archbishop of Florence and the civil magistrates, with a glittering retinue, and followed by "an immense multitude on horseback and on foot," with waving banners and shouts of joyous welcome, through the great gate of San Gallo, rode Giovanni de Medici, "on a barded mule housed with trappings of scarlet and gold," to the arched hall of the Palace of the Medici, where his father, sick and reclining on his litter, awaited his son's coming.

With many words of useful and practical advice as well as warm congratulations did the proud father receive the young cardinal, and then, from all the acclamations and illuminations, the joy, the fire-works, and the feasting that accompanied the ceremonies at Florence, Giovanni, on the twelfth of March, with a brilliant retinue, departed for his duties at Rome.

Thus far we have seen only the bright side of the picture — the carnival glories, the processions, the ceremonies, the cheers, the frolic, the feasting. Now comes the darker side; for if ever a boy was to be in trouble, worried, badgered, and disappointed, that boy was Cardinal Giovanni de Medici. For, like a sudden shock, with many an accompanying "portent" and "sign" that caused the superstitious Florentines to shake their heads in dismay, came the news that Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead. Still in the prime of life, with wealth and power and a host of followers, a mysterious disease laid hold upon him, and on the eighth of April, 1492, he died at his beautiful villa among the olive groves of Careggi, where the windows overlooked the fair valley of the Arno and the "Beautiful Florence" that he had ruled so long. From Rome to Florence, from Florence to Rome again, the young cardinal posted in anxious haste; as, following fast upon the death of his much-loved father came the sudden illness and death of his other patron and protector, Pope Innocent VIII. This occurred on July twenty-fifth, 1492, and soon again was Giovanni posting back to Florence, a fugitive from Rome, proscribed by the new pope, who was not friendly to the house of Medici.

But, in Florence, Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead, and in his place ruled his eldest son, Messer Pietro. Rash, headstrong, overbearing, vindictive, wavering, proud and imprudent, this wayward young man of twenty-one succeeded to a power he could not wield and to possessions he could not control. Enemies sprung up, old friends and sup-

* *Palleschi* was the name given to the adherents and retainers of the house of Medici.

porters dropped away, the people lost confidence, and when, by a final blunder, he unnecessarily surrendered to the King of France important Florentine fortresses and territory, the anger of his fellow-citizens broke out in fierce denunciation and open revolt.

So, in spite of the strong words and the brave front of the young Giovanni, in spite of the power of the once potent name of Medici and the remembrance of past favors to Florence, in which the great house had been so lavish,— the spirit of freedom, of resistance to tyranny, and of hatred, especially for the cowardly Pietro, flamed through the fair city by the Arno from San Gallo's gate to the goldsmith's bridge. The hoarse *boom — boom* — of the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio —" the old cow of the Vacca," as the Florentines called it — rang out above the hurrying throngs, and all who heard it knew that its measured toll heralded the downfall of the Medici. And full well, too, the boys of the now fallen house knew the meaning of that tolling bell. Its loud *boom — boom* — rang out "danger to Florence; rally, good men and true!" and, as its clang sounded over the city from gate to gate, every citizen, no matter what his occupation, answered the summons by snatching up the arms nearest at hand and hastening to the great square of the Vecchio.

Resistance was useless. "*Palle, palle*, Medici to the rescue!" had lost its old power to rally retainers and citizens to the support of the once proud house. The banners of the white lily and the golden balls no longer waved side by side, and on Sunday, the ninth of November, 1494, the young Giovanni, with his cousin Giulio, fled from his native city. As he hurried through San Gallo's massive gate, with that terrible bell still tolling the doom of his family, and the shouts of an aroused and determined people filling the air, he remembered the brilliance and enthusiasm of other passings through that well-known gate, and, with the words "Ungrateful, —ah, ungrateful," on his lips, he hastened to the villa at beautiful Careggi, where the defeated Pietro had taken temporary refuge.

But not long could the banished brothers remain at Careggi. The enraged Florentines still pursued them, and for two anxious weeks this young Giovanni, whose boyish days had been filled with pleasure and brightness, whose slightest wish had ever been gratified, remained concealed in the deepest recesses of the Apennines, declared a rebel and an outlaw, with a price upon his head.

Eighteen years passed away, and on the morning of the fourteenth of September, 1512, two riders, surrounded by a great escort of glittering lances and a retinue of heavy-armed foot-soldiers, entered the gate-way of the "Beautiful City." They were Giovanni de Medici and his faithful cousin returning to their native city, proudly and triumphantly, after eighteen years of exile. Boys no longer, but grave and stalwart men, Giovanni and Giulio rode through the familiar streets and past the old landmarks that they had never forgotten, to the foot of the Via Larga, where still stood the palace of the Medici. Since the year 1504, when the unfortunate Messer Pietro — unfortunate to the last — had been drowned on the disastrous retreat from Garigliano, the Cardinal Giovanni had stood as the head of the house of Medici. After six years of wandering and anxiety, he had risen to eminence and power at Rome. In all these eighteen years, he never gave up his hope of regaining his native city. Three times did the Medici seek to return to power; three times were they repulsed. At last, his time had come. Florence, torn by feud and discontent, with a Spanish army camped beyond her walls, opens her gates to the conquerors, and the Cardinal Giovanni rules as lord of Florence.

So the exile returned to position and power; so the fickle Florentines, who, in a fury of patriotism, had sacked the palace of Lorenzo, now once more shouted themselves hoarse for "*Palle* and the Medici!"

With Giovanni's later life we need not here concern ourselves, except to mention an item of interest to young Americans — that he was the firm friend of the American Indians when they were persecuted by their Spanish conquerors. "The best of all the Medici, save his father," so the historians report,— we may, as we read of him, remember the diligence, notwithstanding his love of pleasure, and the loyalty to the name and fortunes of a once powerful family, that marked the youthful years of Giovanni de Medici, the boy cardinal.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WIND-FLOWER, Wind-flower, why are you here?
This is a boisterous time of the year
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the road-sides in spring-raiment new;
For snow-flakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with the flowers of June.

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;
"Why?"—and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals: "Perhaps to teach you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
The first melting snow-drifts brought life to my veins;
The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
I am here with the Wind—because I am his child!"

WONG NING'S IDEAS.

AS EXPRESSED BY HIMSELF.

[WONG NING is no imaginary character. He is a real, flesh-and-blood Chinese boy, living in San Francisco, and much interested in the new and many-sided life going on about him. So we are glad to give you, in his own words, a few of his observations on American life and manners.

Our correspondent, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, who sends us Wong Ning's portrait, says in her letter, written from San Francisco: "Although the Chinese are so numerous here and so intimately connected with our domestic routine, they are reticent, and rarely speak of their native land, though greatly attached to its memories. In fact, the thoughts and expressions of home life that I have gleaned, are almost as unfamiliar to Californians as to Eastern people, because of this reticence. Wong Ning, or 'Charley,' as he likes to be called, is a very intelligent fellow with very sound ideas; and he sees many things in the way of customs and habits among Americans of which he disapproves as strongly as we disapprove of certain customs among the Chinese. Some of these 'ideas' are comical; some sensible. As it is a departure to look upon ourselves through Chinese eyes, I thought, perhaps, it might interest your readers; so I gathered together just a few of his expressions for your perusal. While following the idiom, I have not attempted to give the pronunciation, for it would interfere with the ideas and divest them of clearness. Besides, an intelligent Chinese does not indulge in the absurd, 'You heapee likee,' as the *littérateur* would have us believe; but takes great pride in talking as well as possible. I also send a photograph of Wong Ning.]

MY name Wong Ning. I born on home China, come to this country when thirteen years old, and been here now seven year.

Little boy have very hard time on home China. Have to get up and go to school at six o'clock,—very early that,—come home, get breakfast at eight o'clock, and lunch at twelve o'clock; then stay till six o'clock in the day. I no think American boy like that!

Little girl no go to school *at all!* Very funny, that! Have one big house, on home China, where all the girls go every day; learn to sew, make the pretty things, the flowers, the birds, everything! by the needle. Little girl no speak to the boy—no! never! on home China.

On home China every one like the mother very much; give everything to she. If a China boy no like the mother, no work hard for she, no send she everything—Oh! horrible! *very bad!* All the sons marry, bring home the wife to wait on she. Not like the wife so much as the mother, on home China.

The woman—the wife, the mother, the little girl—all work in the house—sew, cook, make the cloth, everything! When they make the dinner or the lunch, set the table very nice, put on everything; then run behind the curtain (no have any door on home China), and then the man—the father, the son, the little boy—all come in, sit down, eat the dinner; eat him all up. Pretty soon, by and by, the woman—the mother, the wife, the little girl—come quiet, lift up the curtain. If he all gone, can come eat; if no, can not come. *Yes! sure!*

This place not the same like on home China. Everything more different.

I go to school at night, learn to read and write; I think English very hard. I been work for the Jew family, the Irish family, and the Spanish family. I think my English get too much funny—

so many kinds of language. Now I work for the American family; like it more better.

I been here so long, and go to school so much, that I understand the English more better than China. *Very funny that!* When my cousin, at the wash-house, send me the letter to come take dinner with he, he have to write it in English, and the lady I work for, she laugh very much.



I get one letter this morning. (My American name, Charley.) Here the letter:

"Mr Chily you Please come to Kum Lee this evening to take dinder, because Lee chong go to home China this week Ah Foo and Ah Sing all come in to it soon as you can

"good by Wong Voo."

I know plenty stories about on home China. You ever hear about Kong-foo-too?—American call him Confucius—he very great man.

Maybe you like, I tell you one story. Kong-foo-too—he travel all over China. He live about two, three thousand year ago, *yes! sure!* He travel every city, teach Chinaman—that very good.

One city he no came,—that Canton,—one very big place inside three big walls. Kong-foo-too, or Confucius, he come to Canton, and try to come in the gate—very big gate.

One little boy there, seven years old. I think that little boy too smart. He making play of a little city, and building three little walls around it, all the same like Canton. He took up too much room, and talk too smart, so that Confucius can not get in.

He watch him a little while, then he say, "I guess Canton all right, this boy can teach Canton. I go some other place." *That very bad!* Next year that boy die—*very strange that!* So Canton never get any teaching, not from boy, not from Kong-foo-too. I think not very good for little boy to be too smart.

PEA-NUTS.

BY M. P. D.

DON'T you think smoke is pret-ty? One ver-y cold day, a poor lit-tle boy stood in the street look-ing at some smoke.

It came from a sort of tin box, with a lit-tle roof, and a door on one side. A man in a great-coat stood turn-ing a hand-le of the box, and at ev-er-y puff of the blue smoke, the boy said to him-self: "Oh! how good those pea-nuts must be! I would rath-er grind pea-nuts than grind an or-gan. I am go-ing to be a pea-nut man, when I grow up."

Soon a great big boy came a-long, and gave the man five cents. Then the man gave the big boy a nice pa-per of pea-nuts. This was ver-y nice for the man and the big boy, but it did not help the lit-tle boy at all. It on-ly made him wish that he was a big boy and could buy pea-nuts; but as he had n't any five cents, he could not get them. And they did look so good!

At last, an-oth-er boy came a-long, and he was a lit-tle boy too, but he had a warm ul-ster, but-toned up to his chin and but-toned down to his boots, and a lit-tle fur cap that came down o-ver his ears, and he was walk-ing a-long with his nurse. Mer-i-den Mel-born (this was the big name of the lit-tle boy) saw the oth-er lit-tle boy in the street, and he ran up to him and said: "What is your name?"

"Jim," said the boy.

"What are you do-ing?" said Mer-rie, while his nurse tried to take him a-way.

"I am look-ing at that pea-nut man," said Ja-mie. When Mer-rie heard that, he for-got all a-bout Jim, for he want-ed some pea-nuts. He took out his own lit-tle pock-et-book that San-ta Claus had sent that ver-y Christ-mas and he went up to the man, and he said: "I want some pea-nuts." Then he gave the man five cents, and the man gave him a pa-per of pea-nuts. And then he and his nurse went a-way, and the poor lit-tle boy, Jim, felt sor-ry to see them go a-way. For he had no mon-ey and no pea-nuts.

Mer-rie went on down the street with his nurse, then they stopped to look at some pict-ures in a win-dow, when, all at once, a pict-ure of a poor lit-tle boy made Mer-rie think of the lit-tle boy in the street and how he was look-ing at the pea-nut man. "I ought to give him some

pea-nuts," Mer-rie said to him-self, for he was a good boy, on-ly some-times he for-got; then he won-dered if it was too late, and he ran back a-long the street to find Jim and the pea-nut man. He found them just as he had left them, and he went up to Jim and put five pen-nies in-to Jim's lit-tle hand, and said: "You must get some pea-nuts, too," and then he ran off a-gain as fast as he could go. He soon met his nurse.



She had missed him, and she was a-fraid he would get lost. So she was ver-y glad to see him a gain. Then they walked home, and Mer-rie felt as hap-py as a king. And, just then, an-oth-er lit-tle boy was ver-y hap-py, too. He was start-ing off for home with a warm lit-tle pa-per of nice pea-nuts un-der his arm. It was the poor boy, Jim.

BY ROYAL AND EARL HILL.



THE Sun, while driving through the sky, now climbs the steepest hills,
And hitches Aries, or the Ram, into his chariot thills.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Sat.	4	Aries	12.12	
2	☽	5	Taurus	12.12	1st Sunday in Lent.
3	Mon.	6	"	12.12	☾ close to Saturn.
4	Tues.	7	"	12.12	Inauguration Day, 1793.
5	Wed.	8	Gemini	12.11	[the Twins.
6	Thur.	9	"	12.11	☾ between Procyon and
7	Fri.	10	Cancer	12.11	☾ near Jupiter and Mars.
8	Sat.	11	"	12.11	(9th) ☾ near Regulus.
9	☽	12	Leo	12.10	2d Sunday in Lent.
10	Mon.	13	"	12.10	Benjamin West, d. 1820.
11	Tues.	FULL	"	12.10	Charles Sumner, d. 1874.
12	Wed.	15	Virgo	12.10	☾ near Spica.
13	Thur.	16	"	12. 9	La Fontaine, d. 1695.
14	Fri.	17	"	12. 9	
15	Sat.	18	Libra	12. 9	Andrew Jackson, b. 1767.
16	☽	19	"	12. 9	3d Sunday in Lent.
17	Mon.	20	Ophiuch	12. 8	☾ near Antares.
18	Tues.	21	"	12. 8	
19	Wed.	22	Sagitt.	12. 8	
20	Thur.	23	"	12. 7	Sir Isaac Newton, d. 1727.
21	Fri.	24	"	12. 7	Robert Bruce, b. 1724.
22	Sat.	25	Capri.	12. 7	Rosa Bonheur, b. 1822.
23	☽	26	Aqua.	12. 6	4th Sunday in Lent.
24	Mon.	27	"	12. 6	Queen Elizabeth, d. 1603.
25	Tues.	28		12. 6	Joachim Murat, b. 1771.
26	Wed.	29		12. 6	[in America.
27	Thur.	NEW		12. 5	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
28	Fri.	1		12. 5	Raphael, b. 1483.
29	Sat.	2		12. 5	☾ near Venus.
30	☽	3	Taurus	12. 4	5th Sunday in Lent.
31	Mon.	4	"	12. 4	(30th) ☾ near Saturn.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

TOPS and marbles, both together,
Come with breezy, bright, March weather.
Spin them, spin them on the ground;
Snip them, snap them, all around.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST NICHOLAS for January.)*

MARCH 15th, 8.30 P.M.

Although VENUS is not very much brighter, it can be well seen in the west after sunset, as it does not set till about half-past nine. SATURN, though it has scarcely moved its position among the stars, is now far to the west from our south-mark, and with it *Taurus*, and the brilliant *Orion*, are all on their descending course. MARS is not quite so bright as in February; it has moved still a little *backward* to the west, among the stars, and is still nearer to JUPITER, who, nearly as bright as ever, has also moved *backward*, a little to the west, out of line with Castor and Pollux.

Sirius is now in the south-west, Procyon, in the *Little Dog*; and higher up, Castor and Pollux in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, are a little to the west of our point of observation. *Orion* is bending to the west. Betelguese marks his right shoulder; the bright star to the west of it is Bellatrix, and marks his left shoulder. Rigel is in his knee. Below the three stars that mark his Sword Belt are three others, not near so bright, that one can easily imagine to be his sword.

Regulus is now high in the south-east. This star is one of a group of six or seven, all in *Leo*, that plainly mark the form of a sickle in the sky. Regulus is at the end of the handle. Half way between Regulus and Procyon, and now exactly in the south, is a cluster of very small stars called Præsepe, or the Bee-hive. It can only be observed on very clear nights in the absence of the Moon; it is the principal or most interesting object that marks the constellation of *Cancer*, or *The Crab*, which is one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The star that stands so much alone in the south, between Sirius and Regulus, is called by the Arabs "Al Fard" ("the Solitary"). It is in the constellation *Hydra*, or "The Water Snake."

THE HARE AND THE CHIPMUNK.

"I 'M hurried to death," said the Hare, when the dogs were after him, to the Chipmunk, who begged that he would stop and crack a nut of gossip with him; "but if you will take my place, and let me have yours, so that I can overlook the country, I 'll stop and rest awhile."

"All right," said the Chipmunk, hopping down from the tree, with a nut in his mouth. "I 've always wished to see a March hare. But you 're not a very mad one, are you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Hare, grinning; "I 've all my wits about me, as you will presently perceive." And, at that moment, the dogs burst through the bushes, and pounced upon the poor Chipmunk, who exclaimed with his last breath: "What a fine thing it is to be smart! *That* gray Hare will never go down with sorrow to the grave."

* The names of planets are printed in CAPITALS,— those of constellations in italics.



"PUFF! Puff! Puff!" cried March, rushing in like a lion and roaring at the top of his voice. "I 'm no smoker, but I can blow a cloud as well as any one. You 've seen my advertisement, Mother Nature, and you *must* buy. March dust is worth more to you than to any one. I 'll give you good measure this time."

"Don't bluster so, March!" said Dame Nature. "I 'll take your dust, but though I knew the old proverb says 'A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' I can't pay a great price for it. December disappointed me last year, and, though January did his best, my garden, I 'm afraid, is not going to be quite what it should be. I should not be surprised if Green Pea sulked in her pod, and would not give me a single blossom. Corn has got his ears wide open, and Potato keeps his eyes peeled, I can tell you. I expect to have trouble with them all, when their time comes."

"Blow 'em up!" said March,—"that 's what I do!"

MARCH DUST.

"IT 's worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;
"Come, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! We 'll toss it on high!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! Who 'll buy, who 'll buy?"

In a cloud, in a whirl, the March dust flies
Through the bright, keen air,—'neath the cold, March skies;

And if you will listen, you 'll hear this song
That the March winds sing, as they hurry along:

"It 's worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;
"Quick, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! We 'll toss it on high!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! Who 'll buy, who 'll buy?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

STAND close, my friends, and do not let these gusty winds blow you away nor drown the sound of your Jack's voice!

March is a consequential fellow, full of noise and bellow; but he means well — that is, he means to go before long. Meantime, let us see how much we can make out of the thirty-one days he brings with him.

Now for a word about

WET METEORS.

A FEW months ago, some of you young folk astonished us all by your accounts of shooting-stars and their artless ways. But imagine my surprise at hearing the dear Little School-ma'am tell Deacon Green this very morning that rain and snow were meteors! At first, the Deacon and I thought the little lady was joking. Not a bit of it. She was giving us a scientific fact. In the first place, she explained that "meteor" came from a Greek word signifying "lofty — in the air"; and then she further said that, according to Appletons' American Cyclopædia ——

What did you say, you dear little girl with spectacles on? Ah, certainly. Thank you, very much. I quite agree with you that all the boys and girls interested in this subject can look for "meteors" in the cyclopædias — that is, if they can find the cyclopædias. I do not happen to have one by me just now.

HOW DO *YOU* SPELL IT?

SOMETIMES I hear the dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green arguing about words as they stroll by my pulpit, and one day they actually came to blows. But that was only because the Deacon asked why, if "foes" and "froze" and "rose" were right, a man could not be allowed to spell "blows" b-l-o-e-s or b-l-o-z-e or b-l-o-s-e, according to his fancy.

"Because you can not," said the dear Little School-ma'am. "It 's not spelled so in the dictionary."

Then you should have seen the Deacon. His eyes shone, and he stood before her an image of triumph.

"The dictionary!" he exclaimed. "Now I have you! Will you kindly spell me a dictionary word that means a short Turkish sword?"

"Saber?" asked the little lady, doubtfully. "Oh, I know — *cimeter* you mean."

"Exactly," assented the Deacon, with an expectant air. "Spell it."

"C-i-m-e-t-e-r," responded the Little School-ma'am, promptly.

"Wrong eight times!" exclaimed the Deacon. "I was studying out that very word this morning in my Worcester's Unabridged, and the word is spelled in that dictionary nine different ways — yes, and Worcester favors 'em all, too, after a fashion. Webster, too, almost says it is not material how you spell it, — as it is a foreign word."

The bright Little School-ma'am laughed merrily, glad that the Deacon had gained a point.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Nine different ways?"

The Deacon chuckled. "Verily!" he observed. "I know the list by heart. Yes, you can write the word nine different ways without offending Worcester — c-i-m-e-t-e-r — c-i-m-i-t-e-r — c-y-m-e-t-a-r — s-c-y-m-e-t-a-r — s-c-i-m-i-t-a-r — s-c-y-m-i-t-a-r — s-i-m-i-t-a-r — c-i-m-i-t-a-r — and — s-c-i-m-e-t-a-r. Ha! ha! The pen *is* mightier than the sword this time and no mistake."

"Yes, and there 's another proverb that fits the case," chirped the good-natured Little School-ma'am. "*It 's a poor sword that will not cut two ways.*"

"But this sword (which, by the way, ought to be spelled s-o-r-d, and done with it)," said the Deacon, "this sword cuts more than half a dozen ways. Look out, my dear, that you never give the word to a spelling-class of eight youngsters."

"And why not?" she asked.

"Why, because if following the dictionary is your rule, don't you see it 's very likely the children will all be wrong, and all be right, and all have to go up head?"

HEAVY BANKERS.

TALKING of words, I 'm told that in England a "banker" is not always a man connected specially with money banks, or one who handles large sums of money in a business way. In fact, he may be one who handles very little money indeed. Men who work in the English fens or bogs, digging in the soil or banking it up, have been called bankers.

Again, a banker need not be a man at all, nor a woman, nor a boy, nor a girl. A banker, I 'm informed, may be a kind of hard bench, or a sort of soft cushion, or a style of sailing vessel. Yet

I 'll warrant if any of you were to speak casually of going soon to see a heavy banker, meaning a vessel, or perhaps a stone bench on which masons cut and square their work, you 'd be asked straightway to beg him to subscribe to some good cause or worthy charity, or to help some poor youngster to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS.

Dear, dear, words are queer things; and, on account of yonder Red School-house, they really seem to grow quite near my pulpit.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

HERE is a true story, sent me by a well-known naturalist who loves to watch insects and study their interesting ways:

"One sultry morning last summer a wasp that had been flying about a newly mown hay-field



WHICH WILL WAKEN?

became drowsy and decided to take a nap. Looking about, he spied a tall dried spear of hay that had been left standing by the mowers. The little fellow, attracted by so breezy a resting-place, seized the stalk between his mandibles, swung off, and soon was snoring, if wasps do snore. Very soon after, a grasshopper came slowly climbing up the stalk past the sleeper, and settled himself a short distance above waspy's head, where for a long time he worked and wriggled, shaking the spear to and fro. Finally, he actually came out of his skin, and moved away, leaving only the empty shell, through which the wind blew and whistled, to tell his story. A little later, another grasshopper, in a wild, headlong flight, sprang into the air, and landed directly on the tip of the dry spear. This entered its shell, piercing it through and through. The spear bent almost to the ground under the blow, swayed from side to side, finally regaining its upright position, bearing aloft the impaled jumper — a dire warning to all others of its kind. Notwithstanding this commotion, the wasp slept on, its slender form swaying in the sunlight, until at last it started into wakefulness, bustling off with an 'I 'm-late' sort of movement that was very amusing. Meantime, the empty 'hopper shell looked up at the impaled brother with a rustle of sympathy that might easily have been mistaken for the genuine article."

FLORIDA BOYS, PLEASE ANSWER.

DEAR JACK IN THE PULPIT: I read last week in the *Transcript* that Florida fishermen have a novel way of destroying the sharks which sometimes come uncomfortably near their boats. Our paper said that the root of the dogwood is certain death to sharks, and that the Florida fishermen take advantage of the fact. Whenever a shark is in sight, they kill a small fish, and, after putting dogwood bark inside of it, throw it overboard. In a few moments the shark rises to the surface, quite dead,—a victim to the poisoned bait. Now I should like to hear more about this. I asked papa, and he said the best way would be for me to write to Florida. But how can I do that? I think he was joking. Anyway, I have decided to write to you, dear Jack. If you show my letter to the Florida boys, may be they will look into this matter and report the facts to you.

Your admiring young friend, L. C. D.

PORTLAND, Jan. 7, 1884.

A BIG PIECE OF WORK FOR BEES.

MY birds tell me that a bee-comb, nearly a yard long, was discovered last summer near Santa Anna, in California. This great piece of comb hung from a tree, and was nearly filled with honey. The bees were still busily at work upon it, and they seemed quite unconscious that they were doing anything extraordinary.

Have any of my children ever seen a piece of honey-comb as large as this? It is likely that many have found honey stored in hollow trees in large or small quantities; but have they ever seen the comb hanging in open sight from a sturdy limb of the forest?

Letters describing personal observations on this subject will be very acceptable to your Jack.

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT

ON THE

PRIZE DRAWINGS.

NEXT MONTH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

IN Mrs. Clement's article on Dürer, printed last month, a sentence about Martin Luther was quoted from Durer's diary, which misstated the date of Luther's death, giving it as 1521. Probably, a false report had come to Dürer, in some way, for Luther lived till 1546 — twenty-five years later.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sends me the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I was very much interested in reading about the durion tree, but my grandma has seen trees in California two hundred feet high. MARJORIE.

BALTIMORE, January, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your notice about the Christmas plays in the "Letter-box" of the January number, and supposing it would gratify the author, I take pleasure in informing him that "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls" was played with great success by the children connected with St. Luke's Sunday-School, Franklin Square, of this city, on the 28th of December last. I took the part of one of the three pretty girls. All the performers were under fifteen years of age. "The House of Santa Claus" was also played at the same entertainment. We played "False Sir Santa Claus" last year, and now look regularly for your welcome assistance every Christmas.

Your loving friend, ISABEL EMORY PRICE.

We have had many other reports of successful performances of Mr. Brooks's Christmas pot-pourri. We congratulate Isabel on being able to take the part of one of the three pretty girls.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California, but I am in New York now on a visit. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long while, and think there is no other magazine in the world like it. Every month when I have read it myself I send it to a little girl who lives far away in the country, and has few books to read; and she enjoys it so much. I am very glad to hear that Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whitney will write for the magazine in 1884. Their stories are always delightful. Your constant reader, "FANNIE."

"Fannie," in common with so many other girls, will be glad to see the first part of Mrs. Whitney's story, "Girl-Noblesse"— printed in this number.

Here is a most welcome letter, which has traveled ten thousand miles to reach us. And it is a pleasure to us to think of ST. NICHOLAS' having previously sped over every one of those ten thousand miles, by land and sea, to give joy to "Buttercup, Daisy, and Violet."

BOURKE, N. S. W., August, 1883.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Our Grandmamma takes you for us, and we all think you are the nicest magazine we have ever seen.

We are three Australian children, and live in Bourke. It is a small country town in New South Wales, about one hundred miles from the Queensland border. The river Darling runs through the town, and it is often navigable; just now it is too low for any steamers to come up from Adelaide. There is not any railway here. We get all our letters and magazines by the mail-coaches.

We have a very large, pure white cat. He is very amusing and quite deaf. He will play like a kitten, although he is nearly three years old. He also can pretend to be dead, so well that he has often frightened us.

We have a little half-caste girl called Topsy, who helps with the house-work. She is very clever and makes us all laugh: she says such funny things.

We all like copying those little pictures of cats, dressed up like people, they are so funny. Our kind Grandmamma has sent you to us for more than a year, and we always look forward to your coming with great pleasure.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. We must not take up too much of your space, as we hope to see our letter in your "Letter-box" in a few months. We are, your constant readers,

BUTTERCUP, DAISY, AND VIOLET.

Many thanks for your cordial letters, dear girls. We are glad to know that such a Buttercup, a Daisy, and a Violet are growing "all the year round" in your far-off country. And, by the time this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches you, we shall be welcoming again the pretty flowers that can claim you as their namesakes.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., January 3, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and like you better than any magazine I have ever taken.

I began to draw a picture for one of the poems printed with Deacon Green's offer in December, but did n't succeed, so I would n't send it.

I think the "Soap-bubble Party" is just splendid, and think of getting one up here.

We had a Christmas-tree, and before the presents were distributed we all sang the "Christmas carol" in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

I hope you will print this, if it is worthy of a place in your precious magazine. Your constant reader, EMMA T. S.

ORANGE, December 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my home in Southern California. I am ten years old, and have lived nearly all my life in an orange grove. Our home is the Yale Orange Grove. Besides oranges, we have lemons, limes, grapes, figs, melons, bananas, pears, nectarines, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, plums, and other things.

This afternoon we had a hard rain, and last night and this morning we saw snow on the mountains. Once we had a little snow here. One night we went to a concert, and our cats followed us all the way; and when we got to the concert one of them went home and the other stayed and went into the concert. She got into a man's coat-pocket, and he scared her out, and she stayed down town awhile. After that I took her home, and then she got sick and died. I think the concert killed her.

Your little friend, ELSIE CLARK.

ST. THOMAS, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have never fulfilled my intention until now. Your prized magazine is looked for all the month, and when I have received it I keep from reading it all through as long as I possibly can, so as not to get rid of the pleasure it gives me too soon. I am fifteen years old; and were it not for my school-mates, I would perhaps be lonesome as I have no sisters and but two brothers, who are over twenty-four. I enjoy the A. A. reports, too, and intend having a little chapter among my friends. But I shall never have anything to do with caterpillars, as I have too great an abhorrence for the poor ugly things. I am an American although living in Canada, and would like to live in the States again. I will not trouble you with a longer letter, so good-bye. LELAH B.

WHITE ROCK, ELKO CO., NEV., October, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years of age, and live in this far-off country. A kind friend sends us the ST. NICHOLAS, and you should see how eager we all are to look at it; we all think it very interesting, and like to read the nice stories and look at the pretty pictures. There are five children in the family: Aubrey, twelve years old; Bessie and Lay, twins, ten; Anita, six years. These are brothers and sisters; I am a cousin of their mamma's, and live with them. I think that some of your young readers would like to know how we live out here, and what we do to pass away the time. We are living at the head or mouth of a cañon, which is called Silver Creek Cañon. It is named Silver Creek Cañon, because the mountains on each side of the cañon contain many rich silver ledges. We children have each an interest in one of the mines; it is called the Peerless. Our house is a large log cottage, covered with hop-vines in summer, with four Balm of Gilead trees in front of it, which were brought from the mountains and planted here, for we have no trees in the valleys of this region unless they are planted by settlers; but in the mountains there are pines, cotton-wood, and all kinds of fir-trees. The air is so clear here that from our house we can see Paradise Mountain, one hundred miles distant. Our boys sometimes go prospecting with their father, and are quite successful; we enjoy ourselves looking through a magnifying-glass at the specimens they bring home, to find gold and silver on them; for gold is found

here also. We study at home, sometimes sew, sometimes read, and we go out and [illegible] We [illegible] pets, and [illegible] Sometimes we have [illegible] I must say good-bye.

Your little friend, Lucy C. A.

We are compelled to merely acknowledge many pleasant letters which we would be glad to print in the "Letter-box," if it were possible, and also many letters that have been sent in reply to the gutta-percha question. Our thanks are due especially to G. M. Lawton, Walter A. Mathews, Gertrude E. Hooper, Andrew C. Addicks, Herbert Roberts, Amy Angell Collier, Frederick William P., Carrie R. Murray, C. Hamlin Reeves, Miriam Oliver, Willie T. Nicoll, Carrie McC., E. D. McC., V. J., Gracie E. Wilson, Grace Nettleton, C. B. W., Kate M. Drew, Phœbe McNeal, Madeleine Miller, Helen W. Smith, Mary A. E., Hattie Reed [illegible], Lucy V., John F. Minaldi, Jessie A. Smith, "F. H.," Hilda Schoenthal, Jennie R., Lina Brooks, Maud Miller, Guy Smith, J. Mills Anderson, Jennie Hitchcock, May Hutton, Reginald [illegible]

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-FIFTH REPORT.

Many of our Chapters have been organized in connection with schools, and at the close of each school year comes a dispersion. Some of the members [illegible] graduate, and the Chapter finds itself crippled in the loss of its oldest and leading members. We have received many letters in such cases, asking whether a number less than four can be allowed to continue a Chapter.

We therefore wish now, before the close of the current academical year, to state distinctly and once for all, that while we require at least four to organize a Chapter, yet after it has once been organized and recognized by official certificate, it shall not be dropped from our roll so long as *one* active member shall remain; providing always that such chapter shall have shown its good faith by continuing a membership [illegible] from the receipt of its certificate. Do not be discouraged, then, if your comrades are removed and you are left entirely alone; so long as your own interest is alive, you shall be recognized as a Chapter, and shall retain the old number and all its privileges. We are happy to state, however, that most of our branches are steadily increasing rather than diminishing in numbers.

Correspondence.

We have been asked to call the attention of the Association to the matter of correspondence. Complaints are occasionally made of letters unanswered. The interchange of letters and specimens among distant Chapters is one of the most valuable features of our Society, and might be developed to a much greater degree than it is at present. We request all secretaries to send us the names and numbers of any Chapters that may fail to respond when addressed by mail. Such delinquents should be published, that others may not waste time and postage upon them. But we must always temper our disappointment with patience, remembering that many causes besides neglect may prevent us from getting a reply to our first letter. We may have written the address incorrectly or illegibly ourselves, or our letter or the answer to it may have been lost in the mails.

Red Cross Class.

The topic for the class in practical physiology for the month is "Muscles, fat, and fascia; skin;—Practical application: Wounds and their treatment."

The details of study are fully given in the class manual furnished free to all who desire to take the course, by Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, Mass., to whom all letters on this subject must be addressed. Tuition free. (See February St. Nicholas.)

New Chapters.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Letters.
[illegible]	Gibsburg, Ill. (B)	... 8	Chas. F. Gettemy.
551	Clinton, Iowa	... 6	Henry Towle, box 486.
[illegible]	Easton, Pa. (D)	... 10	A. Collins Ely.
553	Defiance, Ohio (A)	... 6	Emmet B. Fisher.
554	Phila., Pa. (Q)	... 6	J. Edgar McKee, 2020 Mt. Vernon St.
[illegible]	Olympia, W. T. (A)	... 6	Wood J. Doane.
[illegible]	Phila., Pa. (R)	... 6	P. T. Brown, 2206 Green St.
557	Phila., Pa. (S)	... 8	Miss Bessie P. Pearsall, 1704 Pine St.
[illegible]	Indianapolis, Ind. (C)	... 11	R. D. Robinson, 383 N. J. St.
[illegible]	Bath, N. Y. (A)	... 4	Percy E. Meserve.
[illegible]	Cambridge, N. J. (A)	... 8	G. Morrison Taylor, Riverside P. O., Burlington Co.
561	Cincinnati, O. (B)	... 7	J. A. Giebel, 21 Ohio Av.
562	Wilmington, Del. (C)	... 8	Albert E. Keigwin.
[illegible]	Ithaca, N. Y. (A)	... [illegible]	[illegible]
564	Santa Rosa, Cal. (A)	... 4	Wilber M. Swett.

Exchanges.

Eggs, blown through one hole, and bird skins.—J. Grafton Parker, 2238 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Carnelians, agates, and petrified wood.—Chas. Ennis, Lyons, N. Y.

Cinnabar, silver ore and galena, serpentine, mica, and black tourmaline, for limonite, ribbon jasper, and others.—Helen Montgomery, box 764, Wakefield, Mass.

75 cocoons for birds' eggs.—E. J. Putnam, 778 Olive Street, Cleveland, O.

Magnetic sand from Lake Michigan, and gypsum, for ores of any kind [illegible] J. H. Sawyer, Lodington, Mich.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and insects, for rare insects.—E. Hamilton, 96 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Notes.

65. *Vanessa Milberti.*—I have observed the larvæ of Milbert's butterfly feeding in great numbers upon the nettle, and stripping the plant of leaves. Two broods are reared in a season. The larvæ closely resemble *Antiopa*, but are only about half as large.—Frank H. Foster, Sec. 440.

66. *Dodecatheon Virginiana.*—In the August number, I noticed a sketch of one of the prettiest of our wild flowers. Thirty years ago, these charming spring flowers were found in great abundance and diversity in fresh clearings. They vary from the purest white to deep purple. They belong to the primrose family.—Constant Reader and Subscriber from the beginning of St. Nicholas.

67. *Violets.*—We have made some very interesting discoveries. We have found pure white and striped violets which are of the common blue species, but in some way affected by their surroundings; also, anemones having fourteen to eighteen rows of petals, making them appear like little roses; also, a wind-anemone with four petals in their proper places, and one farther down on the stalk; also, a mullein-stalk, over seven feet high.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec., Brooklyn.

68. *Leaf-impression.*—In grading for a railroad near here, there was found a rock containing, when broken, a fossil plant or plant-impression. It closely resembles a stalk of corn, both in leaf and fiber. It belongs to the carboniferous period. We think it is a reed. We wish to correspond with Chapters west and south.—Will Searight, Sec. 498, 23d and Liberty Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

69. *Puff-balls.*—Puff-balls, in the family of Gasteromycetes.

1. U. S. Species of Lycoperdon, by Chas. H. Peck, A. M., 1879. (The only special American work.)
2. Frie's System of Mycologicum. (Describes species of puff-balls, some of them found in U. S.)
3. Sweinitz's Synopsis of N. A. Fungi. (Contains some Gasteromycetes, or puff-balls.)
4. Berkeley's and Cook's Books on British Fungi, and Smith's Book on English Plants, contain species of fungi.

The first mentioned is sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Augustus Foerste.

70. *Books on Shells.*

1. For general use, I recommend Woodward's Manual of Mollusca, which is within the reach of all, and, besides illustrating the genera, affords excellent instruction for beginners.
2. Our N. A. Land and Fresh Water Species have been ably treated by Binney and Bland, most of whose works can be obtained at nominal cost by addressing Mr. Spencer F. Baird, Sec. of Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.
3. A small work on Common Sea Shells of California, published by Prof. Josiah Keep, of Alameda, Cal.—Harry E. Dore.

71. *Owls.*—In answer to a question in the January number, I think that owls do not move their eyes in their sockets. If you go

near a cage in which an owl is confined, and walk to and fro, he will move his head as you go.— Herbert Westwood.

"I see it stated in 'Facts and Phases of Animal Life' that owls can not move their eyes in their sockets, but they can turn their heads very far around so as look down their own backs."— E. B. Smyth.

[Similar answers from M. E. Goodrich and others.]

72. *Silk-worms — What they will eat* — Not being able to obtain white mulberry leaves, which are, I believe, the only mulberry leaves on which the *Bombyx mori* will thrive, I fed them on leaves of Osage-orange. At the time I was raising about 2000 larvæ. These leaves must be plucked sometime before, so as to allow them to wilt before giving them to the worms. This rule must be rigidly observed. I made an experiment to test it. I placed four healthy worms in a sieve by themselves, and fed them exclusively on fresh leaves. They grew wonderfully, and reached their largest size before the others; but as soon as they began to spin they grew sickly and weak, and after forming slight cocoons, died entangled in the silk. Most of those fed on wilted leaves spun well. If the question were simply, "What will silk-worms *eat?*" I might answer, with a good degree of accuracy, that they will eat every leaf that grows; but as I know you desire to know what they will *thrive* on, I highly recommend Osage-orange.— A Friend of the A. A.

[Similar answers from Frank L. Jones, M. D., who adds the scientific name of the Osage-orange (*bois larc, maclura aurantiaca*), and states that it grows in all parts of Colorado; also, answers from Mr. P. M. Floyd and others.]

73. *Flowers under a handkerchief.*— We came to a spot which Dr. Hammond covered with his handkerchief, and we guessed how many kinds of plants were growing under it. There were ten: a violet, a dandelion, an aster, a buttercup, a hepatica, a fern, a Michella vine, a daisy, a plantain, a veronica.— Emily S. Warren.

74. *Winter.*— I feel as keen delight in the approach of winter as I should if spring, with all her glories, were at the gate. For me, the vast white carpet, absolutely without a stain, the low-hanging sun, and the trees that respond to the winter wind, have peculiar charms. — Linwood M. Howe, Hallowell, Me.

75. *Streams drying up.*— The streams in this part of Maine seem to be gradually dwindling. Can this be owing to the destruction of our forests?—L. M. H.

76. *Cow Black-bird.*— I found four cow-birds' eggs in a nest with one egg of the Wilson's thrush. Has any one else found so many in one nest?— X.

77. *Night-hawk asleep.*— Last August, I saw, about seven o'clock one evening, what I took to be a dead bird lying on a stone wall by the road-side. It was half lying, half leaning, against a stone. I clambered up the bank to get it, making some noise. Just as I put out my hand to pick it up, with a great flap and rush by my face, the bird soared up into the air. As soon as it opened its wings, I knew it to be a night-hawk by the white spots on the under side of them, and by the peculiar cry it uttered.—Wm. Carter.

78. *Humming birds learn by experience* — A young lady watched some humming-birds taking nectar from the flowers of our abutilon. The full-grown birds pushed their bills in between the calyx and corolla, just as the bees I wrote of some months ago nipped a hole in the petunias, in order to get more easily at the nectar. But the most curious thing is, that the young birds tried to take their drink in the ordinary way, by going inside the bell of the flower, and it was only as they grew in wisdom and stature that they learned from their parents the shorter way. The young lady is quite confident that the smaller birds were not of a different kind, but the young of the larger birds.— C.

QUESTIONS.

Is it a common thing for flowers to change their color in different years? We have a rose that, formerly pale yellow, has changed first to pink and then to white.— Mary R. Ridgway.

How are pebbles formed? How many kinds of iron ore are found in America? What are the causes of earthquakes?— Chicago, E. *per* Frank W. Wentworth.

Are there galleries in the homes of ants? Do ants live through the winter? Explain the phenomenon of frogs raining down? What causes, and what is, the blue part of the flame next the gas-jet?— C. F. G.

What is attacus cynthia?— X.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to find something about sea-beans? Will not some one help me?— A. S. G.

What are the two red spots on the back of the "Rusty Vapor Moth?" I had one under the microscope, and the red spots moved and a black spot appeared and then disappeared.— F. V. Corregan

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

283. *Greenfield, Mass.*— We take with pleasure from the *Springfield Republican* the following encouraging notice of Chapter 283, Greenfield, Mass., and shall be grateful to all secretaries of other Chapters who will send us copies of papers that contain mention of their work:

"Principal Sanderson started a good deal of zeal among the high school pupils, some two years ago, in the study of natural history, and as a result the natural history society was organized. The work began in a small way in the collection of birds, plants, and minerals, until the foundation has been laid for a permanent museum. The Society now has one large case of stuffed birds, containing 150 well-preserved specimens. These are mostly native birds, caught and mounted by members of the Society. Several in this way have become quite expert taxidermists. In the list, however, are found some rare birds, including the beautiful 'Ruby Topaz' humming-bird, the 'Rosy Starling' and the 'Coppersmith' from India, while the horned owl and the blue kingfisher have been found in the neighboring woods. There are also some cases of insects, and any quantity of birds' eggs. The Society belongs to the Agassiz Association, and by exchanges has added to some of the departments. The local organization is made up of thirty-six members, who were ambitious enough, last fall, to hire of the town the old brick house near the high-school building, paying a rental of $150 a year. These youthful scientific investigators want encouragement from the citizens at large, and are going to ask the town, at its annual meeting, to contribute the rent of this building. It would seem that the voters could very properly encourage the young people in this way. As the natural history rooms are located close to the high-school building, it can very readily be made a beneficial adjunct to the public schools. Already the zoölogical classes have enjoyed the advantage of these rooms and their collections."

339. *Salt Lake City.*—We have taken two sails on Great Salt Lake. A small island was found, inhabited by gulls, pelicans, and cranes. It was covered with eggs and young birds. As we approached the island, the old birds flew up in clouds, making a noise that was almost deafening. The pelicans' nests were formed of sticks, and contained from two to four large white eggs each

Last month, five of the members went to Strawberry Valley. It is high up on the tops of the mountains, being between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea. The sides are thickly covered with firs, pines, etc., among which are many kinds of game. The hunters shot five deer. We saw quite a number of beaver-dams, and learned much about the habits of animals.

On the way home, we visited some curious warm springs. They flow from cone-shaped mounds, 20 or 30 feet high, formed of calcareous tufa. We saw one filled to within a few feet of the top, and the orifice, which was 25 feet in diameter, was almost perfectly round.

The following will show something of the progress we have made in our collections. The entomologist now has 1800 insects, the botanist has collected 325 species of plants, and the geologist has 170 minerals, 170 fossils, and 90 species of shells. Another member has 9 varieties of eggs, including pelicans' and gulls'.— Arthur G. Leonard.

395. *Montreal, Canada.*—We have a splendid cabinet, 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet deep, containing forty-eight drawers, twenty-two of which are allotted to the entomological section. Nineteen of these are already filled with insects. Our library promises to become a great success. We are trying to secure a room in the St. Antoine School for a museum and reading-room. We have had two very successful field-meetings, on one of which prizes were offered for the best collection made during the day. I expect to see the Montreal branch of the A. A. take a leading position among the scientific institutions of Canada. One of our most successful evenings was spent with the microscope, and I was fairly astonished to see how the attention of even the smallest boy was secured, and to note his horror on learning that the "lobster" under the glass was only a flea!— W. D. Shaw.

132. *Buffalo, B, N. Y.*— We have at present twenty-two active members. Our meetings are held once a week in the library of the Society of Natural Science. The aggregate of our collections is minerals, 2450; fossils, 1350; insects, 450; eggs, 165. We have sent you, as a New Year's token, a box of minerals and fossils which fairly represent our local geology.— Chas. W. Dobbins.

[For the beautiful specimens, please accept our hearty thanks.]

Merau, Tyrol.— Our Chapter is traveling in Europe, and in a week we hope to go to Italy. We have been working steadily, and during the summer have collected and pressed about 412 botanical specimens.— H. Ries, with Mrs. Richter, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Eng.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland.— We have formed a traveling Chapter of the A. A., with four members.— Kenneth Brown, Sec.
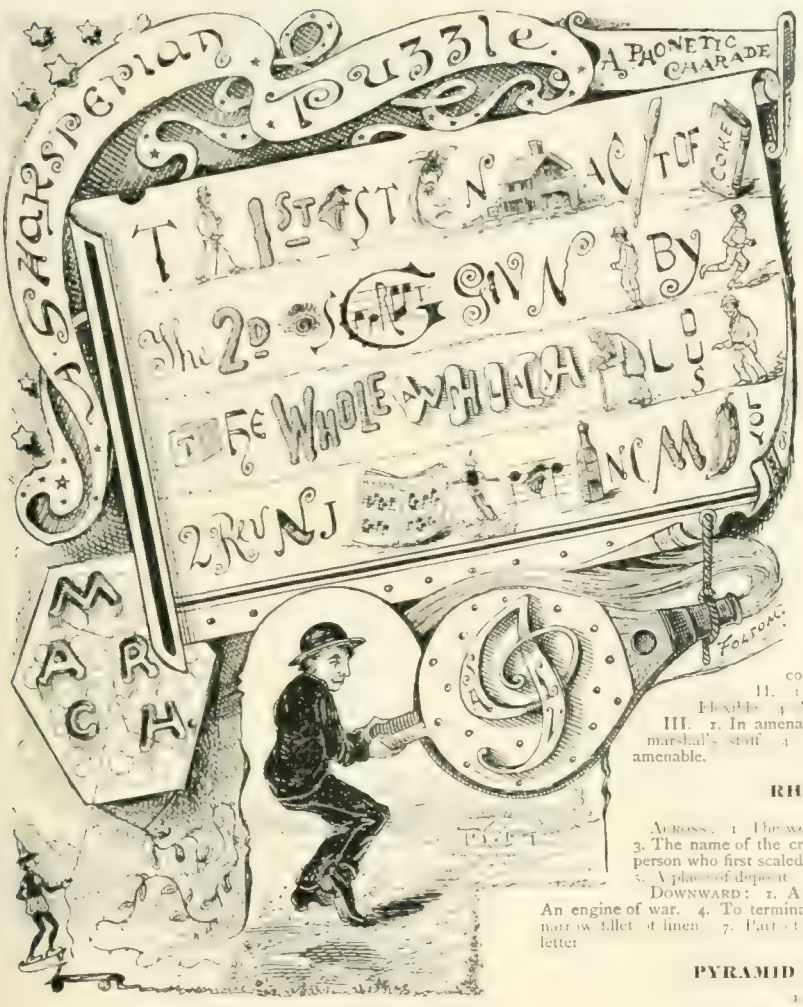
St. Paul, Minn.— We began our Chapter with six members, and in six months have increased to fifteen. We held a fair and cleared $14.08.— Philip C. Allen, St. Paul, C.

In closing our report for March, we must express our belief that our Association has never been so hard at work and, consequently, never so truly prosperous, as now. We beg all our young friends who have written us long and interesting letters, and have not yet seen extracts from them in print, to have patience, remembering that where there are 6370 hands to be shaken, it can not be done in a moment.

Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX



THE above picture should first be read as a rebus. The result will be a four-line charade. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The first and second parts of the word are defined phonetically. The one word which is the answer is the name of a Shakesperian play. The answer to the rebus on the bellows is a prominent exponent of the principal character of this play. G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a famous musical composer, who died in March, 1827; my finals name a queen, who died in the same month, but over two hundred years previous.

Cross-words: 1. To sew slightly. 2. Found in a studio. 3. Listlessness. 4. A precious stone. 5. A famous volcano. 6. A town of Servia near the city of Nissa. 7. Indefinite. 8. The world. 9. Lowbrainy "MARK LATTA."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-three letters, and am part of a poem by "H. H."

My 10–49–34–65–36 is a sharp instrument for cutting. My 69–18–85–12 is a nimbus. My 66–20–53–44–74–40 is powerful. My 47–70–[illegible] is the work of an artist. My [illegible] is the green coloring matter. My 26–61–45–90 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My [illegible] is a large snake of South America. My [illegible] is primary. My [illegible] is warmth. My [illegible] is used by a lawyer in a case. My [illegible] is the treatment by which a ship is tested. My [illegible] is the body of an old ship. My [illegible] is aversion. My 76–[illegible] is the reddish coating on iron exposed to moist air. My 77–[illegible] is to scatter. My [illegible] is the principal cause of [illegible]. My 82–39–60–50–78–11–80 is sometimes the last course of a dinner. My 5–37–87–26–83 is a wanderer.

"ANNIA HERBERT."

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

1

1 3

1 2 4 5

1 4 5

I. 1. Inamenable. 2. Ire. 3. The reverence. 4. A compound of metal. 5. In amenable.

II. 1. In amenable. 2. Kindled. 3. Flexible. 4. A useful article. 5. Incandescent.

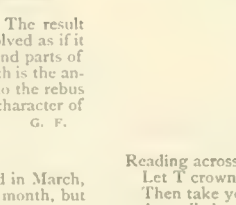
III. 1. In amenable. 2. A flying animal. 3. A marshal's staff. 4. The prevailing fashion. 5. In amenable. DYCIE.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. The weight of four grains. 2. Custom. 3. The name of the crown given by the Romans to the person who first scaled an enemy's walls. 4. Lukewarm. 5. A place of deposit.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. An engine of war. 4. To terminate or border. 5. Weary. 6. A narrow fillet of linen. 7. Part of the face. 8. To perform. 9. A letter. "A. POWDERS, JR."

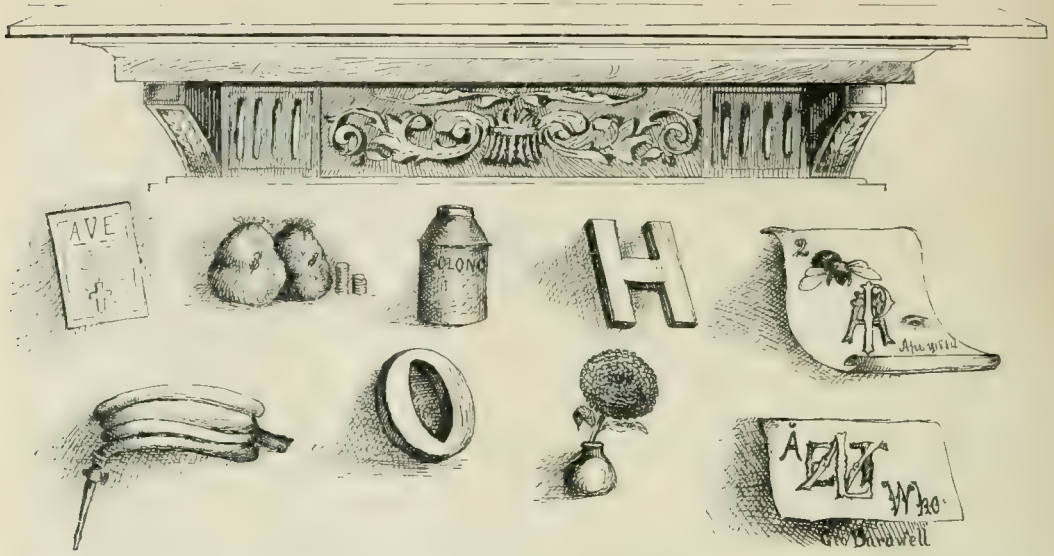
PYRAMID PUZZLE.



Reading across:

Let T crown the pyramid which here you view;
Then take yourself twice — I mean double U;
A small sharp report now take, I beseech;
Then take what a preacher takes when he would preach;
Of "income" to take the reverse is now meet;
Now, a volume made up of eight leaves to a sheet;
Next, take one who rivals yourself, if you dare;
Take of earnings divided your own proper share;
Now take a word meaning just, even, or right;
Last of all, you may name the chief one in a fight.
Take from one to nineteen, or from nineteen to one
(It makes not the least difference under the sun),
And at once you will see, as a kind of a border,
These six words, which are *** **** *** ** ** *****. C. C. D.

A LENTEN PUZZLE.



ARRANGE these ten articles upon the shelf in such a way that they may be read as a rebus. The sentence thus formed is a maxim from "Poor Richard's Almanac." G. W. B.

CHARADE.

My *first* it is dark but my *second* is bright
When in a cold *first* at its door you alight.
My *third* fills my *first* with dismay and affright;
But my *whole* cheers my *first* with its song of delight.
"THE WHOLE FAMILY."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lad-y.

1. Syncopate a dairy product from a mendicant, and leave a division in music. 2. Syncopate a measure of weight from small portions of territory, and leave cups for liquids. 3. Syncopate a number from made plump, and leave doomed. 4. Syncopate consumed from a stove, and leave a pronoun. 5. Syncopate a pronoun from cleansed, and leave to stuff. 6. Syncopate a fowl from pagans, and leaves warms.

Each of the syncopated words contains the same number of letters; when these words are placed one below another in the order here given, the central row of letters will spell the name of a German poet who died on March 22d, 1832. F. S. F.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M*r*h *r*s* n*v*r *i* g*o*.
"MARGERY MIDGET."

PI.

How sthoos ta het dim-yad nus, gouhh eh si ruse eh lashl veern ith het karm, ety sa ruse eh si, hatt eh lashl hosto gerhih hant eh how sima tub ta a shub. M. V.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." Answer to rebus, Edwin Booth.

ZIGZAG. Washington. Cross-words: 1. Ware. 2. rAnk. 3. maSk. 4. lasH. 5. spIn. 6. sNug. 7. Glow. 8. sTir. 9. blOt. 10. claN. —— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Neptune.

REVERSIBLE CROSSES. I. From 1 to 5, part; 2 to 5, girt; 3 to 5, loot; 4 to 5, edit. II. From 1 to 5, meet; 2 to 5, mart; 3 to 5, toot; 4 to 5, emit. —— CHARADE. Phan-tom.

ACROSTIC. From 5 to 8, Ossa; 9 to 12, Arno; 13 to 16, Horn. From 1 to 4, from 1 to 13, and from 16 to 4, Noah.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

A BIRD LETTER. 1. Canary. 2. Crow. 3. Hen. 4. Owl. 5. Robin. 6. Wren 7. Crane.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Nebuchadnezzar. 1. pi-N-ts. 2. dr-E-am. 3. sa-B-le. 4. mo-U-th. 5. du-C-al. 6. et-H-er (Peter). 7. ch-A-in. 8. pe-D-al. 9. bi-N-ds. 10. br-E-ad. 11. do-Z-er. 12. wi-Z-en. 13. Sp-A-in. 14. ca-R-ts.

BEHEADED RHYMES. I. Prelate. II. Trailed.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Astronomical. 2. Balladist. 3. Caravan. 4. Delegated. 5. European. 6. Fantastic.

DIAMOND. 1 S. 2. Led. 3 Laces. 4. Secular. 5. Delft. 6. Sat. 7. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Penny; finals, royal. Cross-words: 1. PouR. 2. EchO. 3 NavY. 4. NorA. 5. YawL.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Arthur Gride — Maggie T. Turrill — Clark and Lowell — Eddie and Oscar — Hugh and Cis — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Edith M. Van Dusen, 1 — Helen Ballantine, 1 — Willie Mossman, 2 — Georgie Denton, 2 — Alma Hoffman, 1 — Bessie Perault, 3 — Hannah Harwood Greene, 1 — M. M. 1 — Geo. P. Miller, 5 — Helen and Adelbert S. Hay, 2 — C. W. Woodward, 1 — Hattie K. Toles, 1 — James W. Fiske, 1 — Horace R. Parker, 7 — Blanche H and Annie L. 2 — Arthur, 3 — F and H. Davis, 8 — Manny Neuburger, 1 — "Mrs. Nickleby," 1 — Samuel Workman, 1 — Maude H. Bucknor, 7 — H. E. C. 2 — Bertha Feldwisch, 5 — William C. Marshall, 1 — Eva M. Shelow, 1 — Emma T. Screws, 1 — Ned V Shipsey, 3 — "Ed and Ben," 8 — Lilian V. Leach, 1 — Maude, Annie, and Carrie, 5 — Fin. I. S. 7 — R. K. Miller, 1 — Millie Kendall 4 — "Little Buttercup," 1 — Alice Close, 3 — Daisy Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 1 — Hans Veidt, 5 — Jessie E. Jenks, 1 — C. Chas. Ernst, Jr 1 — May Whitsit, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Mamie and Lillie Brown, 7 — Austin H Pease, 8 — Mrs. J. Frank Reeves, 1 — Maggie M Adelsberger, 2 — Lucia T. H. 2 — Alex. Laidlaw, 8 — Bessie Rogers and Co. 9 — Theo. Megaarden, 1 — Paul Reese, 6 — Charles Howard Williams, 3 — Mary P. Stockett, 5 — Olive Durant, 1 — Julia T. Nelson, 4 — Harry F. Whiting, 4 — W. T. and M. L. 7 — W. L. Keleher, 1 — Mary C Burnam, 7 — Mamie Hitchcock, 8 — Upton, 6 — Helen Hollister, 1 — T. S. Palmer, 8 — D. B. Shumway, 9 — Almeda H. Curtis, 1 — Millie White, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Jessie A. Platt, 8 — Amateur Editor, 1 — Maria Fagersten, 1 — Clara J. Child, 7 — Vessie Westover and Eva Roddin, 8 — Dorothy, 7.


SPRING

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A HERO OF LEXINGTON.

BY W. W. FINK.

"I HAD two bullets in my pouch,
Two charges in my horn,
When British red-coats gayly came
To Lexington that morn."

The veteran gravely said the words,
And paused, and silent grew;
But Johnny raised the lashes from
His wond'ring eyes of blue,

And cried: "Oh! grandpa, tell me all!
How many did you slay?
'T was glorious if each bullet killed
A Britisher that day!"

The veteran smiled upon the child;
"You think so now," said he;
"But the wreath of fame on Victory's brow
Is the badge of misery.

"Too well you know the story, dear,
To ask for its repeating;
How, back from Concord, came the foe
Toward Boston swift retreating.

"A proud young officer passed by,
And, standing near a wall,
I raised my rifle to my eye.
Resolved that he should fall.

"With steady nerve and earnest aim
I drew a bead; and then —
Well, then the proud young officer
Marched onward with his men! —

"One charge was in my powder-horn,
One in my rusty gun."
"And killed you not a single man?"
"Not one, my boy, not one!

"You 're angry, dear, and so was I,
For my patriot blood was hot;
But I 've thanked the Lord a thousand times
That He staid the deadly shot;

"For, when the war was o'er at last,
The man I tried to kill
Became my friend, — I see him now
Just coming 'round the hill!"

"Why, that is *father!*"—"Yes, my boy;
Run to the house and bring
My rifle, now, and let me prove
That war 's a cruel thing.

"You wished that I had killed him then —
Suppose I kill him now!"
— The child gazed on the veteran's face
And fiercely frowning brow;

And then, forgetting Lexington
And glory's glittering charms,
Turned traitor, and abruptly fled
To the red-coat's fondling arms.

FAIRY LODGE.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

If there is yet any faith in fairies, it is to be found among little girls,—the dear "maiden-kind," so ready to believe in "whatsoever things are lovely"; and it is to them that I wish to tell the story of Fairy Lodge.

"Is it true?" you ask. Yes, perfectly true, as far as the Lodge is concerned. As to the fairies, I can not certainly say that I have seen them.

On the level brow of a mountain, within a hundred miles of the office of ST. NICHOLAS, stands a lovely home—lovely, because love has done so much toward making it what it is; and love, aided by a creative faculty, can do marvelous things. The home has a fine forest around it, which, out of regard for the fairies, I suppose, is left much as nature would have kept it. There are many beautiful and interesting things in and around the home, gathered from foreign lands and from our own, and nothing has been left undone that could help to make the six children of the home wise and happy.

But the happiest thought of all was the building of Fairy Lodge.

There was the forest, to be sure; but what place was there for the dear, old-fashioned, household fairies? The home was too stately by far, and no fairy could be comfortable in a modern house; so there was built, first in the thought of the home, and afterward among the trees near by it, a log cabin, that must have seemed at least two hundred years old to the fairies when they first discovered it; and as they never stop their pranks to reason about time or place, I suppose they took possession at once without question.

There was this stipulation made (if the fairies ever listened to it), that they and the other household fairies—the six children—should occupy it jointly and harmoniously for purposes of work and play, and so it has been occupied to this day; and I have never heard of a collision between the two parties, though the children would be glad of any collision that would give them an opportunity of seeing the fairies. During the day the Lodge belongs to the children, but at night it is sacred to the use of the fairies; and, if any of you have a drop of fairy blood in your veins, you have only to peep through the little panes of the Lodge windows to witness some of the merriest midnight routs that ever were seen.

There was a great deal of pleasure got out of the building and the settling of the Lodge. I think the great chimney must have been built first, for that, when the logs are ablaze in it, forms the heart and lungs of the house. The fire-place almost fills one side of the "living-room," and all the old-time utensils are there,—the andirons, the crane, the tongs, the bake-kettle, and the iron tea-kettle, while the bellows hangs by the chimney-side.

There are no "modern antiques" in Fairy Lodge, and everything is a bit of history. The cupboard at one end of the fire-place is filled with rare old odds and ends from many a broken set of china. On the right of the fire-place stands the spinning-wheel, and the great arm-chair is drawn close to the braided rug before the fire. Then there are chests and dressers with brass corners and handles, and chairs, and tables with spindle legs; old-time mirrors, and a clock with a time-worn face; and, in a corner, stand the big wool-wheel, the swifts, and the reel.

There are interesting pictures on the log walls—miniatures of men with high, rolling collars, and of women with short waists and puffy sleeves; and there are documents of historic value, yellow with age and heavy with seals, in frames of tarnished gilt. There are books also, in which the "*s*'s are all *f*'s," as one of the six children said,—and psalm-books full of "quavers," "semi-quavers," and "demi-semi-quavers."

There is a kitchen, opening out of the "living-room," which has the modern innovation of a cook-stove. The two elder girls practiced cookery at the Lodge, and found it difficult to reach the best results with a tin bake-oven and a long-handled frying-pan. So the stove came in, and the fairies have made no sign of disapproval; but it is evident that they prefer to bake and brew for their midnight suppers at the great fire-place, for they never touch the row of cup custards, or the wedges of gold and silver cake that are set for them at the close of a five o'clock tea.

On those long and lovely days when there are guests at the home, the Lodge, as you may imagine, is a cozy retreat for the girls and their friends. There is the last recipe from the Cooking Club to be tried in the morning, and a tea at five o'clock. There is no hurry, for there is no

heavy work to be done before "company" comes. There is chatting and laughing on the "back stoop," and lounging and dreaming on the front porch, where sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree in utter content is only interrupted by sudden flights to the kitchen to see if the oven is hot, or if the cake is getting too brown. After the baking, there are dishes to wash, and the dish-towels to rinse and hang outside, and then there is nothing to do again except rest and read, until it is time to "set the table" for tea.

There is an old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the Lodge, which must be dear to the garden fairies. It is laid out in square "beds," with walks between, and there are grass-pinks and portulacca in the borders, with settings of marigold and larkspur, of corn-lily and peony and poppies, all entangled with vagrant sweet-pea and morning-glory; while, farther back, stand hollyhocks and sunflowers in a stately row. And the old-fashioned flowers have had the honor of going, each summer, with the flowers from the home conservatories, in thousands of bouquets, through the Flower Mission, to the city hospitals and the sick-rooms of the poor.

In one of the garden beds near the Lodge, stands a little apple-tree, watched over very tenderly by everybody in the home,—for there was a "planting of the apple-tree" one May-day, when the baby-girl was just one year old, and all the elder apple-trees wore pink and white that day, and the little girl wears the apple-blossom ever since as her own flower.

From November until May the fairies have full possession of the Lodge, and it is supposed that the frost-sprites, who drift down from the North during that season, make it their head-quarters; for often, of a winter's morning, there are traces on the window-panes of delicate and lovely lace-work, such as only frost-sprites know how to make. Their advance couriers work wonders of color with the maple and the sumach all over the mountain-side in October, and rattle the chestnuts down like hail; but on the first warm day in April, the sprites themselves vanish, lest their wings should melt in the sun.



For a last picture, we will go back to the day when the Lodge, finished and furnished, gathered its friends to the "hanging of the crane." There were many guests, honored and beloved, who had gathered the day before to assist in the dedication of the little church near by, and who remained, at the invitation of the young people, to the "house-warming" at Fairy Lodge. It was a happy, old-

time affair, where two of the young daughters from the home, assisted by four of their friends, stood in a stately row and "received." I have said stately, for the maidens were arrayed in the garments of their grandmothers,—the high, powdered coiffure, the gay brocades, and the silks that would "stand alone"; the yellow lace and kerchief, worn



"UNDER MY OWN VINE AND FIG TREE."

years before their present wearers were born; the simpler hood and gown of the Puritan girl, and the bridal dress and veil worn by the grandmother of one little maid fifty years before.

After the greetings of welcome, there was a genuine merry-making, and the guests were served by their young hostesses to a collation, which included baked beans, doughnuts, and pumpkin pie; and the young people were served to toasts and speeches by wise and reverend men who had assisted at many a state and college banquet, but whose heads were almost turned by this occasion; for who would not forget fifty years of his life and his degree to find himself a boy at home again, with the back-log blazing in the old fire-place, the kettle singing drowsily on the crane, and a row of apples roasting on the hearth?

In the midst of this wholly unconventional feast (for time, if not space, had been unceremoniously hustled out of doors), the head of the home rose to ask a question.

"Children, what is mamma's favorite motto?"

"The two F's,—'Faith and Fun,'" was the ready response.

"Yesterday, we dedicated a house to faith, and to-day we dedicate another to—*Fun!* Shall it be so?"

The answer was what might have been expected, and the hour that followed was quite in the line of the suggestion, but at the last was tempered into something that had less of fun and more of faith in it, when all joined hands and sang—the old voices and the young—dear "Auld Lang Syne," and then passed out through the little flower-garden, leaving the Lodge to the fairies.



INTERIOR OF FAIRY LODGE.

How shall I close without describing the fairy fete that took place that night! I think it is really a greater disappointment to me than to you that I am unable to do so, for I am afraid that many of you have already begun to be unbelievers in one



THE HOUSEKEEPER OF "FAIRY LODGE" ENTERTAINS HER FANCY GUESTS.

side of my story, while to me Nature has a living personality that easily takes form, and I think I am getting my "second-sight."

Indeed, I am almost ready to declare that on Hallow-Eve next, after walking backward around the Lodge three times, unwinding a ball of wool that has never been dyed, and then throwing the ball over the chimney-top, I shall be able to see the fairies holding high carnival inside; — in which case I promise to tell you all about it.



HOW BRIGHT BENSON GOT HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

By Rev. C. R. Talbot.

Brightman Benson came out of the little weather-beaten red house that stands on the rising ground overlooking the Cove, and walked slowly down toward the beach, reading a newspaper as he went. Suddenly, he stopped short and stood for a moment, staring at a paragraph that had caught his eye. Then, with an air of vexation, he crushed the paper angrily together and thrust it into his pocket, starting on again at a quicker pace and presently turning off upon the narrow wharf that ran out from the beach into deep water. He went out to the end of the wharf and sat down upon the cap-log, dropping his chin into his hands and gazing down moodily into the water.

"What be ye doin', Bright? Anybuddy 'd think your best friend 'd jest gone down for the third time right 'fore your eyes."

A minute later, the speaker had come quietly up behind him, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The latter recognized his voice at once. Everybody knew everybody else's voice at Lobster Cove,—at least, everybody knew Uncle Silas Watson's. Bright answered, without looking up.

"If my best friend was out there," said he, rather ungraciously, "I should n't be sitting here watching the place where he went down."

"Wall, now, if ye have n't ennythin' better to do than mopin' 'round in this way, I want ye. I 've got to go down an' empty my traps. The smack 'll be in termorrer from Deer Island, an' my car aint harf full yet. I 'll give ye ninety cents. Thet 's fair wages for four or five hours' work. I could git Tink Potter, but you 're wuth two o' him at an oar. What d' ye say?"

Bright rose up from his seat and stood a moment with his hands in his pockets, still looking into the water. Suddenly he turned about almost fiercely. "Uncle Sile," he demanded, "do I look like a person of sound body and healthy constitution?"

The old lobsterman looked back at him with a kind of thoughtful curiosity, presently letting his glance run down the stout, well-built figure of the lad to his very feet, and then back again until it rested once more upon his manly, sun-burned face. "Sound body an' healthy constitootion?" repeated he. "Humph! Who ever saw one o' your folks thet war n't! Ye 're not worryin' 'bout y'r health, air ye, Bright? Why, boy, you 've got a hunderd years ter live yet, ef ye take keer o' y'rself. The Bensons 'r a long-lived race, I tell ye. They come to *stay*, they did!"

Bright nodded quickly at this, as if it were no

more than he had expected, and then went straight on: "Well, how about my mental abilities? Do you think you could say that they were fair, and that I had any natural aptitude for study and habits of application and persistent effort?" He pronounced the words as if he were quoting them from a book — as, indeed, was the case.

Uncle Silas scratched his chin. "I dunno 's I 'm a judge o' mental 'bilities," said he, diffidently. "I was brought up on the water, an' my eddication don't extend much 'bove high-water mark. But I 've heerd my gal, Hetty, say more 'n once thet you were the smartest scholar in school, 'n' what a pity 't was thet you could n't go to collige."

"College!" There was an odd sort of contempt in the way Bright took up the word. "*I* don't want to go to *college!* — at least, not to any of those land-lubber concerns. I want to go to the Naval School at Annapolis!" As he finished, he stooped down, and taking a good-sized lump of iron-stone from a heap of ballast that had been thrown out upon the wharf, he sent it spinning into the air, catching it as it came down again as easily as though it had been a regulation ball. And when he looked at his companion, it was out of the corner of his eye. He was almost afraid of being laughed at.

Uncle Sile was regarding him not with amusement, however, but with increased interest. Nobody at Lobster Cove had ever aspired to anything like this. The command of a factory smack, or, at most, of one of the big smacks that came once a week to take the larger lobsters down to Portland or Boston, was the grandest ambition that any Lobster Cove boy had ever been known to entertain. And yet, as he looked now at the fine young fellow before him, the old man acknowledged that there was an element of consistency in the scheme.

"Juniper!" he observed, solemnly, "ef ye *could* git in, Bright, the Guvverment would n't be any loser by the transaction, that 's sartain! Why, you 're a better sailor this minute than harf the navy chaps arter they 're put on to the retired list. I see one on 'em las' summer down t' South Saint George. He came 'round inspectin' light houses. I see him jump ashore one day with a boat's painter, an' I 'll be painted plum-color ef he did n't make *four harf hitches* 'round a post with it." Uncle Sile threw back his head at the recollection, and discharged into the air a volley of peculiar sounds that were, on the whole, quite as well calculated to provoke mirth as to express



"WHY, BOY, YOU 'VE A HUNDRED YEARS TO LIVE YET. LEAVE TAKE CARE O' YE'RSELF"

it. He immediately recovered his soberness, however, and returned to the subject.

"You 'd hev to write to the member o' Congress from this deestrict f'r *that*, would n't ye?"

"That is just what I did do," responded poor Bright, bitterly. "And precious little good it did me!"

"Did n't he answer it?" asked Uncle Sile.

"Yes, he answered it." Bright hesitated a moment; and then, willing to taste of the consolation which almost always comes from the narration of one's wrongs, he plunged into the rest of the story. "He answered it, and told me there was to be a preliminary examination at B—— last Wednesday, and I could come up and try that if I liked. I did like, and I went. There were four other fellows besides me; and a puny-looking set they were. I give you my word, Uncle Sile, I could have taken all four of 'em and knocked their heads together just as easily as I can swim. They would have *rung*, too, I warrant you. And when it came to the mental examination, I *know* I was better 'n any of 'em. There was one fellow—his name was Cushman — who just made an everlasting noodle of himself. He 'd have done a deal better if he 'd kept still altogether. When we got through, I looked at them all, and I said to myself, 'Well, if any of *you* beat me at this thing, I shall never get over blushing for myself.' I thought I was sure of the appointment. They told us an announcement would be made in the papers within a day or two, and the one that was appointed would get notice, and could then go on to Annapolis for the regular examination. And what do you think? This morning's paper says that Congressman Lorrimer has appointed Cushman. The paper says he is the son of Mr. Rodolphus Cushman, the B—— millionaire. I suppose that was why he got the appointment. He don't know a marline-spike from a belayin'-pin, and he never will!"

Bright threw down the lump of iron-stone, which had all the while remained in his hand, with an air of complete disgust.

"I vow, it 's an eternal shame!" Uncle Silas exclaimed, sympathetically. "An' it 's jest what might 'a' ben expected, too. Thet 'xamination was a sham from beginnin' to end. They did n't *mean* t' give ye the app'intment."

"No," said Bright. "They meant Cushman should have it all the while. If I had had a rich father and influential friends, I might have stood some chance. But having no money and no friends at all—" The lad stopped short and looked down upon the ground, his eyes suddenly filling with bitter tears. And, indeed, there was no need for him to finish his sentence. It all went without saying,—the slights, the injustice, the disappointment that a poor, friendless fellow, such as he, might always expect in such a pursuit.

"Yes," continued Uncle Sile, nodding vehemently "It 's all a piece of p'litic'l *shycainery*. Talk 'bout y'r 'civil sarvice reform'! They 'd better begin at the House o' Ripresent'tives with their reformin'. They 're ready enough t' put a 'civil sarvice' plank inter their platforms, an' they allus plant their feet squarely on it when they make their speeches; but arter 'lection 's over, they split it up f'r kindlin' mighty quick, I guess. Nobody ever hears of it ag'in." Uncle Silas was an ardent politician, and had frequently, before this, delivered himself at great length upon this very subject up at Gideon Trowbridge's grocery-store. "Well, then," he asked, finally, "what ye goin' t' do about it, Bright?"

"Do?" repeated Bright, who had turned around and was looking down into the water again. "Well, I' m not going to drown myself." And with a resolute change of manner he whirled about. "In the first place, I guess I 'll do just what the apostle Peter did when things looked dark. I 'll 'go a-fishing.' Or, rather, I 'll go a-lobstering. Come on! Where 's your dory? We 'll go and empty the traps."

"Well," chimed in the old man, as they walked off together, "I 'm not sure but that 's the best thing you kin do, arter all. I tell ye what, this cannin' lobsters is gettin' t' be a smashin' big business. There 's *one consarn* owns twenty-three factories 'tween Casco Bay an' the Bay o' Fundy." This was another subject upon which Uncle Sile could wax eloquent at a moment's notice. "A boy might do worse, Bright, than stay here an' grow up with it. They say solderers 're gettin' fifteen an' eighteen dollars a week down ter Green's Landin'."

Poor Bright shut his teeth hard, and listened as patiently as he could. Alas, alas! Was this the waking from his dream of naval glory?—a life-long future spent in cracking lobsters or soldering cans, in a coast of Maine lobster factory. Poor Bright, indeed!

But whatever was to be the future career of Brightman Benson, he was not destined to begin it within the unsavory walls of a lobster factory. For, a few days later, he heard that Captain Bruce Gardner wanted a boy to go with him in his sloop, the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and Bright promptly applied for the position, and got it. Nor was there in this case any violation of the principles of civil service reform. Captain Bruce wanted an active, industrious boy, and one who knew something about lobsters and smacks. And although there were three other candidates for the place, his selection of Bright was made purely on the ground of superior merit.

All through the summer, and into the month of September, Bright sailed with Captain Bruce in the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and, in more senses than one, he did his duty like a man. He grew browner and stronger and a better sailor every day, but he never grew more contented. There was something

in him that would not *let* him settle down and be satisfied with such a life as this. He felt that he was made for something better; and something better, sooner or later, he meant to be. Meanwhile, there was nothing for him just now but to follow still the apostle's rule, and do with all his might the thing that came to his hand. And so, while the lobster season lasted, he stuck to the "Elizabeth and Jane" and laid carefully away all the money that he earned.

The lobstermen of the Maine coast are famous politicians. They have a good deal of time, first and last, for talking politics; and they do not fail to improve it. Captain Bruce Gardner was no exception to the rule. Not that he talked with Bright very much. He never got any encouragement to do so. But he found plenty of others to talk with, in his cruisings to and fro among the different lobster-fishing grounds; and when at last the fall election came around, he arranged his trips so as to be home at Lobster Cove for election day. They arrived at the Cove the night before, and Captain Bruce told Bright he could have the next thirty-six hours for a holiday. So Bright dressed himself up and went ashore to spend the night with his aunt, Mrs. Alvinah Pond. who lived up on the hill in the little red house.

The next morning, however, the Captain came to him, with something of an apologetic air, and said that he had work for him, after all. He wanted him to take the "Elizabeth and Jane" down to Egg Island and bring up a gang of ship-carpenters, who were at work there. There were over twenty of them, all Lobster Cove men, and they were to have come up on the steamer the night before, so as to be at home to vote. But something had happened to the steamer, so that she had missed her trip, and there was no way for the men to get home unless they were sent for. It was well known how they would have voted; and it had been suddenly discovered that their votes were of the utmost importance. A dispatch had come down from B—— that morning, saying that the vote in the district would be an extremely close one, and that a score of votes might decide it. Lobster Cove must do its duty. Captain Bruce explained all this to Bright. And then, with a wink, he concluded: "Ye see, Bright, for sartain reasons I'm partic'larly anxious that our Congressman, Lorrimer, should get in agin. I'm bound to do my outermost, an' I 'm goin' to let 'em have my sloop to go down for the men. *I* can't go. I 've got to stay right here all day. But it 'll be all right."—He winked again.—"I 'll see that you git ten dollars out o' the gin'ral fund for your day's work. Gid Trowbridge's boy 'll go with you to tend jib-sheet."

Bright had thrown up his head a little when Captain Bruce mentioned the money. "Cap'n," said he, "I 'll go. Of course, I 'll go. But I don't go for the money, and I wont take it. I 'll go because it 's my business to go. I suppose I 'm to start right away. I 'll see Tom Trowbridge myself, if you like."

Five minutes before he started, as he was pulling the "Elizabeth and Jane" around to the head of the wharf, Uncle Silas Watson came down.

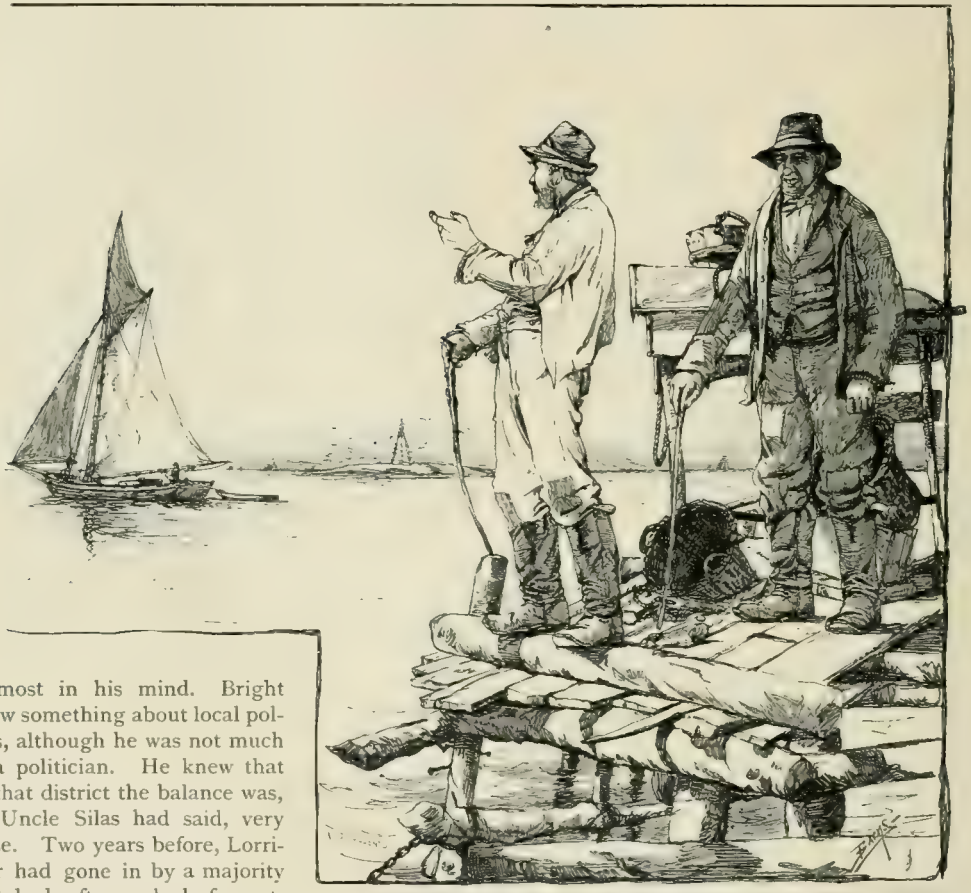
"Juniper, but this is lucky for you, Bright! Who 'd 'a' thought 't would be *you* 't was t' go down arter those fellers? Ef they get up here, they 'll vote for Lorrimer, every mother's son on 'em. An' twenty votes may elect him. *You* don't want *thet*, Bright,—no more 'n some others on us. You have n't forgot how he treated you 'bout that app'intment. Besides,"—here he put his hand to his mouth as though the wind was blowing, and spoke in a solemn whisper,—"they say up town thet Cushman could n't pass th' examination, arter all,—he 's near-sighted, or weak-eyed, or somethin',—an' we've put our heads together, up at Trowbridge's, an' made up our minds that ef Lennox, the other man, is 'lected, we 'll make him app'int *you*." The old man paused a moment and looked at Bright, giving him at the same time a nudge with his elbow. "How 'd ye like that, Bright? Eh?" Then Captain Bruce was seen coming down the wharf, and Uncle Silas went on rapidly, without waiting for any answer: "Ye onderstand, Bright? Th' polls close at six o'clock. Ef they don't git here 'fore that, they can't vote. You 've got it all in y'r own hands. A word to the wise, ye know." He gave Bright another significant nudge; and then, as Captain Bruce drew near, he began talking in an entirely different tone about a big lobster that had been trapped down at South Saint George the week before, and that weighed twenty-seven pounds.

Uncle Silas lent his hand to help get up the "Elizabeth and Jane's" mainsail, and a few minutes later the sloop's bow was shoved off, and she moved slowly away from the wharf. Captain Bruce stood on the cap-log and yelled out his orders and instructions as long as he could be heard. "You get the men up here *some*how, Bright, ef ye stand the old boat on eend an' jerk the mast clean out. She 'll be paid for, I reckon. Ye wont have much wind this mornin', but there 'll be plenty of it this arft'noon, or I miss my guess. Now, remember,—*you get 'em here!*" He shook his finger at the departing smack; and then he and Uncle Silas went back to the town-house together, each of them chuckling silently at his own thoughts.

Egg Island lies a long way southward and eastward from Lobster Cove, four hours' sail, at least, as the wind was now. Three short tacks and a

long one took the "Elizabeth and Jane" out of the Cove and well by Broomcorn Point, and then it was simply squaring away, with the wind, what there was of it, nearly astern, for a long run down the bay.

Bright had enough of time to think that morning, and enough to think about. It was not Captain Bruce's final directions, but the last words that Uncle Silas Watson had said to him that were uppermost in his mind. Bright knew something about local politics, although he was not much of a politician. He knew that in that district the balance was, as Uncle Silas had said, very close. Two years before, Lorrimer had gone in by a majority that had, after a deal of counting and re-counting on the part of the opposition, been finally reduced to less than a dozen votes. Men were looking out sharply everywhere, calculating every chance and straining every nerve. Those twenty-odd votes from Egg Island might be the votes to decide the matter. And if they were, Lorrimer would get his reëlection. It was certain that the ship-carpenters, for reasons connected with their business, would vote for him to a man. Here, then, was Bright's chance to pay Mr. Congressman Lorrimer what he owed him. The boy might have given up his dream of an appointment to the Naval School, but he had not gotten over the disappointment that his failure had caused him, and for that failure he had always held the distinguished Representative responsible. And now the time had come when he could take his revenge. Bright stood there at the helm and turned this thought over in his mind, and it can not be denied that it was very sweet to him. He tightened his grasp upon the tiller, with a sudden sense of power.



"NOW, REMEMBER,—YOU GET 'EM HERE!" CALLED CAPTAIN BRUCE, SHAKING HIS FINGER AT THE DEPARTING SMACK

All at once, by a very simple combination of circumstances, he found the political fate of the member of Congress in his very hands,—he, the poor, friendless fellow who, three months before, had been despised and rejected because of his poverty and friendlessness. He had but to delay a little the course of the "Elizabeth and Jane" by some slight neglect or accident—*that* could be managed, he well knew, with perfect ease,—and the thing was done. Yes, it cannot be denied that the thought was a pleasant one to Brightman Ben-

son. He dwelt upon it; he reveled in it; he laid his plans for its execution in a dozen different ways again and again, always picturing to himself at the last the disappointed Congressman reading in the morning paper with rage and mortification the news of his defeat, just as, three months before, Bright himself had read the news of *his* defeat.

And then there was another thought that followed this and was in harmony with it. Uncle Silas had said something about the other candidate, too, and that if he were elected the appointment to the Academy might after all be obtained. Bright knew what this meant, also. He knew that appointments to positions of all kinds were constantly given in just this way, in return for services rendered at election time. And he felt sure that such a service as this that was expected of him, if it were successful, could hardly be refused its reward. It was too important, and too much would depend upon its being kept secret. And, although, when long ago he had read the news of Cushman's appointment, he thought he had given up all hope of attaining the object of his ambition, yet now he knew that it was not so. Deep down in his heart he had always kept a forlorn, unreasonable hope that something might happen that would give him the appointment after all. And now, thinking over all that he had heard that morning, he brought that hope forth again, and cherished it and encouraged it until it became as strong and as dear to him as ever.

Nevertheless, the "Elizabeth and Jane," as skillfully handled as any lobster-smack ever was, made the very best of the moderate breeze that blew; and at one o'clock by her skipper's old silver watch, she came up to the wind and dropped her anchor in Egg Island basin. There was no time to lose, and Bright, leaving Tom Trowbridge in charge, went ashore at once. The carpenters were at work over on the other side of the island, and he had half a mile to walk. When he got there, he found that they had given up all hope of getting home and were hard at work. And the job, which they were at just at that time, was such that it could not be left, for an hour at least. They seemed to think that on the whole, perhaps, it would hardly be worth while to try to go. But Bright, hanging his head a moment as if he had had an impulse that he was ashamed of, threw it back suddenly and told them what Captain Bruce had said about the news from town. They *must* go. The result of the election might depend upon their votes. When they heard this, they debated the matter half a minute longer and then, with a cheer of decision, resolved to go at any cost. They could be ready, so said Lon Baker, the head of the gang, shortly after two o'clock. The wind was freshening, and hauling a bit, too. They ought easily to get back to Lobster Cove by five o'clock. So Bright went back to the sloop and waited.

It was after half-past two, however, when they appeared, and then it seemed as though they would never get off. Bright was dreadfully nervous, and out of sorts. He felt now that it was a matter of some doubt whether they would be able, even if he did his best, to get back to Lobster Cove in time. And one would have thought that, considering everything, he would have been glad of any delay. It would only make the carrying out of Uncle Silas's proposal all the easier; possibly it would do away with the necessity of carrying it out at all. Indeed, Bright had thought of all this. And he had thought, too, that he was glad they were late. Yet he fidgeted constantly while he was waiting; and when at last they appeared, he did his best to hurry them on board. The truth was that the boy was in the most unsettled and unsatisfactory state of mind he had ever been in, in his life. He did not know what he did want. He had not, as yet, at all made up his mind to do the wrong thing, and yet he was by no means resolved not to do it. And when, presently, having run out of the basin, he hauled aft his sheet and headed the sloop, with the wind almost dead ahead, for the south-west point of Frost's Island, he actually had not the slightest idea what he meant to do himself. That was the whole truth of the matter; and no wonder he was ugly Meanwhile, he put off the moment of decision, and gave the "Elizabeth and Jane" her head exactly as though he meant to do his best as a swift sailor.

The instant they got outside the basin, it was evident that there was already rather more wind than they cared for. The little vessel, close-hauled as she was, bent over before it like a piece of paper; and she labored heavily without making very rapid progress. Lon Baker came to Bright almost immediately, and spoke to him with an uneasy laugh.

"I b'lieve, Bright, 't would 'a' been better, arter all, if we 'd reefed her 'fore we started."

"Who said anything about reefing before we started?" Bright snapped out the words so fiercely, one would have thought he had been accused of something. As a matter of fact, he had thought of putting a reef in the mainsail while he had been waiting for the men to come down. But immediately he had dismissed the thought. He had not been able yet to do anything that looked like not doing his best to get home in time.

"Nobody said anything about it," answered Lon; "but, I swan, I wish they had." He grasped the companion-way to steady himself as the sloop

for a moment seemed to bend deeper than ever before the wind. "Don't ye think we 'd better reef her now, Bright?"

"No," said Bright, surlily. "I don't think we 'd better reef her now."

"But she can't stand this, you know—not a great while. The wind 's risin' every minute."

"She 's *got* to stand it!" was the grim response.

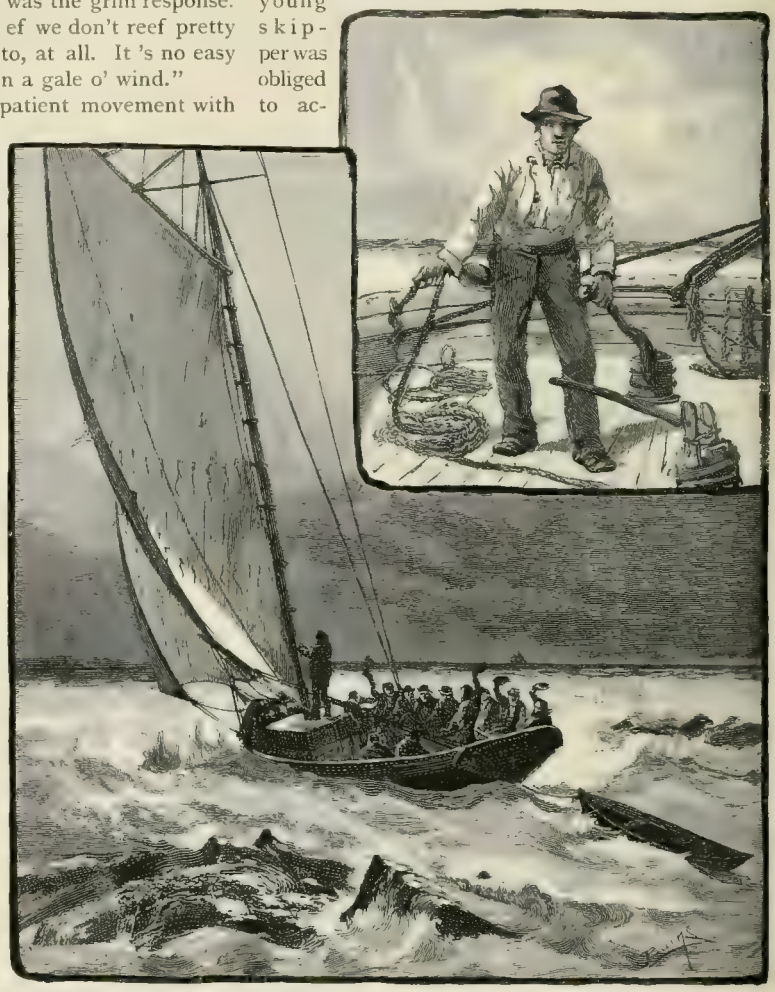
"But," Lon persisted, "ef we don't reef pretty soon, we may not be able to, at all. It 's no easy job, reefin' a sail like that in a gale o' wind."

Bright made a quick, impatient movement with his hand, as if he was waving aside some one who was tempting him.

"It 's no use talking, Lon Baker. We 're making no great headway now; and a single foot less sail means not getting into Lobster Cove till after dark. I came down here to take you men home to vote, and it 's my business to get you there in time." He paused a moment, watching a big wave that was coming down upon them, and easing the boat a little to avoid shipping it. "If it 's too wet for any of you on deck, you can go below. I s'pose you 'll acknowledge that in order to get home we must get around Frost's Island *somehow*. And it 'll take us three-quarters of an hour, even at the rate we 're going. After we do get by, we shall have the wind freer and it 'll be easier sailing."

After that, Lon walked away forward, and Bright stood wondering at himself. He knew that there was now the best reason in the world for reefing. But he knew, too, that, as he had said, to reef was to give up all chance of getting home in time. And he shook his head as he thought of that. He still could not bring himself to take any step that looked like delaying. And besides, he was not the lad to be frightened by a capful of wind, more or less. If worst came to worst, he could slack his sheet at any time and run away from it. The sloop could carry all sail easy enough before the wind. As for getting to Lobster Cove in time,—well, he did not know yet whether he *would* do it or not, but he *could* do it if he chose, he and the "Elizabeth and Jane" together. And he would like to see the gale that would frighten him out of it.

Twenty minutes later, however, the audacious young skipper was obliged to acknowledge that he could not have things altogether his own way. It became evident, then, that the vessel could not stand up any longer under full sail, on her present course. He must either reef her or keep her away. He debated the alternative a single half minute with himself. To reef, he felt certain now, was to give up the game altogether. It would take an hour and a half to get around the island, with half the sloop's sail taken off. And yet, to keep away and go to leeward of the island,



"THE MEN SUDDENLY WAVED THEIR HATS AND GAVE A CHEER."

would not that take longer yet? There was a long ledge of rocks, known as "The Broken Back," which ran out directly southward from the other corner of the island. Over this reef it was impossible to pass, and yet to go around it he must turn back far out of his way. Even from their point of starting this would have been the longer way home; now it was far the longer. Only there was one fact, of which Bright himself of all on board was probably the only one aware, that at high water (and it was high water at three o'clock to-day) a vessel of light draft, if one knew how to do it, might be run in close to shore and pass through *inside* the ledge, saving miles of circuit by the maneuver. Bright thought of all this in that single half minute. And the thought flashed across his mind, too, that if still he should decide to do what Uncle Silas had proposed to him, nothing would be easier than to run the smack ashore at the point he had in mind. The next instant he called out in a defiant voice to Tom Trowbridge, to ease off the jib-sheet; and, slackening the main-sheet himself, in another moment the sloop was sweeping along with a far more rapid and yet, at the same time, far easier movement before the wind.

Several of the men gathered about him and inquired the meaning of the change. He told them curtly that it was their only chance of getting home in time. "But it will take all the afternoon now to run out around 'Broken Back,'" one of them protested.

"I don't mean to run out around Broken Back, at all," was Bright's answer. And that was all they got out of him.

Ten minutes after this, the sheet was hauled aft again, and they stood in under the lofty shore of the island. Bright still would answer no questions. He was not in the mood for it. But they saw now what he meant to do; and they looked at the long ledge of rocks, thrusting up their black heads everywhere across the path, and said to each other that it could not be done. But Bright Benson knew that it *could* be done. He and Captain Bruce had done it with the "Elizabeth and Jane" four weeks before, on just such a tide as was now running. At one single point, he knew there was water enough to carry the sloop over. And he knew as well that a single, almost imperceptible motion of the helm to port would bury the vessel's keel in the sand, and Captain Bruce would look in vain that night for his twenty-two voters from Egg Island.

Bright stood as motionless as a statue, the end of the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other. It seemed to him just then as though he were somehow *outside* of it all; that the water, the rocks, the strip of sand, the "Elizabeth and Jane," and even his very self were all part of a dreadful scene upon which he himself was looking — looking with bated breath and straining eyes, and wondering what he himself would do. Then, all at once, they were in the midst of the narrow passage, gliding swiftly along. He gripped the tiller with all his force and looked straight ahead. He had no fear for his eye and his hand themselves. He knew *they* could be trusted — the one to see the way and the other to guide the vessel steadily through it. If only he could leave them to do their work themselves. But it was *himself* that he feared and distrusted. That, at any instant, *he*, suddenly possessed by the evil spirit that had been hovering about him all the day, should interfere with the hand and arm that could themselves be trusted, — that was what he feared. And great drops of sweat gathered on his brow in that short season of suspense.

Then, all in another instant, the little vessel glided swiftly out from the passage and left the Broken Back behind her. The men suddenly waved their hats and gave a cheer; and Bright Benson swung his own hat and shouted, too, louder than any of them. But it was not for the same reason. They little knew in what peril he had been all this while, and through what awful dangers his very manhood had so narrowly and yet safely passed. No wonder he swung his cap for joy and shouted above them all. He knew at that instant what it was to have saved one's self to one's self. He realized the mean thing he would have been if he had sold himself.

It was all plain sailing after that, and there was no longer any doubt about their getting home in time. With the wind fairly abeam now, and just enough of it to drive the sloop to her utmost, they sped away for Lobster Cove; and at just twenty-five minutes of six by the town-house clock, they filed into the voting-room and deposited their twenty-two votes for Congressman Lorrimer. Bright Benson was not there to see it, but Uncle Silas Watson was; and his soul was filled with wonder and chagrin. He posted off at once down to the shore. Bright was putting the stops on the sloop's jib, as the old man came up, and whistling "Hail Columbia" at the top of his whistle.

"Juniper, Bright!" Uncle Silas exclaimed. "What in Passamaquoddy does this mean! I thought ye knew what ye was 'bout. What hev ye be'n doin' all day?"

Bright looked up at the old man with a sly smile. "Uncle Sile," said he, "I've been doing a little civil service reform on my own account."

Uncle Silas stared at him a moment in dumb amazement. Then he turned and went up street again without another word.

Bright followed him with his eyes, the smile on his face slowly fading again into a serious expression. "I need n't be bragging to myself, though," muttered he. "If ever a fellow came near selling himself out, I did to-day. If I had done that thing, I never should have been a *man*, if I 'd lived a thousand years. I thank God I did n't do it!" He spoke with all sincerity and reverence. And he added presently, before he began to whistle again, "If those twenty-two votes will elect Lorrimer, he 's welcome to 'em. If I were a man I would n't have sold him *my* vote for a dozen appointments to the Naval School."

But as it turned out, those twenty-two votes did not elect Lorrimer, although they helped to do it. The returns, when they were all in, showed that the astute politicians of the district had not counted noses quite right, after all, and that Congressman, more fortunate than before, Lorrimer was reëlected by a majority of several hundred.

A week after this — the "Elizabeth and Jane" being again at Lobster Cove — Bright found a letter for him in the post-office, which was signed "P. C. Lorrimer," and which requested him to call at that gentleman's residence, at B——, at the earliest possible moment.

He did not know what to make of the summons; but he obeyed it. He was ushered at once into the presence of the Congressman, and the instant he saw him, he mentally begged the honorable gentleman's pardon. Such a kindly, noble-looking man as this could not be the hard-hearted and depraved individual that Bright had conceived him. Mr. Lorrimer motioned him to a seat, and although he was very courteous, did not waste any words.

"So you are Brightman Benson, are you?" said he. "I received a letter from you a while ago in regard to a vacancy in the Naval Academy, and I heard good reports of you at the examination that was held here in town. I sent for you to tell you that Cushman has resigned the appointment, and that it is yours if you choose to accept it. Here is your formal appointment." He held out a paper. Then he added, with a smile: "I also heard good reports of your doings on election day. You did a good stroke of work for me on that day."

Bright had advanced a step, perfectly dizzy with surprise and delight, to take the paper. But at these last words he halted and dropped his hand again.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he faltered. "But was that — was that the reason you gave me the appointment? — because I got those men up from Egg Island? Then, I must tell you, sir," — there was a great lump in Bright's throat, and it was like throwing the whole world away to say it, but he had not mastered himself a week ago for nothing, — "that I did n't do that for your sake at all. I did it for my own sake. And if ever a fellow was tempted to do differently, *I* was that day." He paused a moment, shaking his head; then he stepped forward and laid the paper on the table, saying: "No, sir; I can't take it! It would only be selling myself out, after all."

The expression on Mr. Lorrimer's face, as he listened, changed rapidly from that of amusement to wonder; and then, as he seemed to comprehend what was passing in the boy's mind, it became at last very grave and gentle.

"My young friend," said he, "if you will look at the date of the letter there, you will see that it was written before the election. I appointed you because, from all I could hear, I thought you deserved it. I am quite certain that you do, now. And I assure you, I am glad to make *one* appointment, at least, on the ground of *merit*. You will have to go to Annapolis for your examination, though, on the twenty-second of this month. Do you think you can pass it?"

"You may crack my back for a lobster, if I don't!" exclaimed Bright, hardly knowing what he said. A kind of hysterical joy had suddenly taken full possession of him, and he felt as though he *must* say or do something extravagant and ridiculous. Then, as he took the paper, he added: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel as if I 'd like to wrap myself in the American flag and sing Yankee Doodle Dandy at the top of my voice."


A Modern Artist.
By Margaret Johnson.
so Japanese!



FOURTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"WHAT in the world have *I* chosen?" exclaimed Geoff, as he drew out a manuscript in his turn and read the queer name.

"A story that will just suit you, I think. The hero is an Indian, and a brave one, as you will see. I learned the little tale from an old woman who lived in the valley of the Connecticut, which the Indians called the Long River of Pines."

With this very short preface, Aunt Elinor began to read, in her best manner, the story of—

ONAWANDAH.

Long ago, when hostile Indians haunted the great forests, and every settlement had its fort for the protection of the inhabitants, in one of the towns on the Connecticut River lived Parson Bain and his little son and daughter. The wife and mother was dead; but an old servant took care of them, and did her best to make Reuben and Eunice good children. Her direst threat, when they were naughty, was, "The Indians will come and fetch you, if you don't behave." So they grew up in great fear of the red men. Even the friendly Indians, who sometimes came for food or powder, were regarded with suspicion by the people. No man went to work without his gun near by. On Sundays, when they trudged to the rude meeting-house, all carried the trusty rifle on the shoulder, and while the pastor preached, a sentinel mounted guard at the door, to give warning if canoes came down the river or a dark face peered from the wood.

One autumn night, when the first heavy rains were falling and a cold wind whistled through the valley, a knock came at the minister's door and, opening it, he found an Indian boy, ragged, hungry, and foot-sore, who begged for food and shelter. In his broken way, he told how he had fallen ill and been left to die by enemies who had taken him from his own people, months before; how he had wandered for days till almost sinking; and that he had come now to ask for help, led by the hospitable light in the parsonage window.

"Send him away, Master, or harm will come of it. He is a spy, and we shall all be scalped by the murdering Injuns who are waiting in the wood," said old Becky, harshly; while little Eunice hid in the old servant's ample skirts, and twelve-year-old Reuben laid his hand on his cross-bow, ready to defend his sister if need be.

But the good man drew the poor lad in, saying, with his friendly smile: "Shall not a Christian be as hospitable as a godless savage? Come in, child, and be fed; you sorely need rest and shelter."

Leaving his face to express the gratitude he had no words to tell, the boy sat by the comfortable fire and ate like a famished wolf, while Becky muttered her forebodings and the children eyed the dark youth at a safe distance. Something in his pinched face, wounded foot, and eyes full of dumb pain and patience, touched the little girl's tender heart, and, yielding to a pitiful impulse, she brought her own basin of new milk and, setting it beside the stranger, ran to hide behind her father, suddenly remembering that this was one of the dreaded Indians.

"That was well done, little daughter. Thou shalt love thine enemies, and share thy bread with the needy. See, he is smiling; that pleased him, and he wishes us to be his friends."

But Eunice ventured no more that night, and

quaked in her little bed at the thought of the strange boy sleeping on a blanket before the fire below. Reuben hid his fears better, and resolved to watch while others slept; but was off as soon as his curly head touched the pillow, and dreamed of tomahawks and war-whoops till morning.

Next day, neighbors came to see the waif, and one and all advised sending him away as soon as possible, since he was doubtless a spy, as Becky said, and would bring trouble of some sort.

"When he is well, he may go whithersoever he will; but while he is too lame to walk, weak with hunger, and worn out with weariness, I will harbor him. He can not feign suffering and starvation like this. I shall do my duty, and leave the consequences to the Lord," answered the parson, with such pious firmness that the neighbors said no more.

But they kept a close watch upon Onawandah, when he went among them, silent and submissive, but with the proud air of a captive prince, and sometimes a fierce flash in his black eyes when the other lads taunted him with his red skin. He was very lame for weeks, and could only sit in the sun, weaving pretty baskets for Eunice, and shaping bows and arrows for Reuben. The children were soon his friends, for with them he was always gentle, trying in his soft language and expressive gestures to show his good will and gratitude; for they defended him against their ruder playmates, and, following their father's example, trusted and cherished the homeless youth.

When he was able to walk, he taught the boy to shoot and trap the wild creatures of the wood, to find fish where others failed, and to guide himself in the wilderness by star and sun, wind and water. To Eunice he brought little offerings of bark and feathers; taught her to make moccasins of skin, belts of shells, or pouches gay with porcupine quills and colored grass. He would not work for old Becky—who plainly showed her distrust—saying: "A brave does not grind corn and bring wood; that is squaw's work. Onawandah will hunt and fish and fight for you, but no more." And even the request of the parson could not win obedience in this, though the boy would have died for the good man.

"We can not tame an eagle as we can a barnyard fowl. Let him remember only kindness of us, and so we turn a foe into a friend," said Parson Bain, stroking the sleek, dark head, that always bowed before him, with a docile reverence shown to no other living creature.

Winter came, and the settlers fared hardly through the long months, when the drifts rose to the eaves of their low cabins, and the stores, carefully harvested, failed to supply even their simple wants. But the minister's family never lacked wild meat, for Onawandah proved himself a better hunter than any man in the town, and the boy of sixteen led the way on his snow-shoes when they went to track a bear to its den, chase the deer for miles, or shoot the wolves that howled about their homes in the winter nights.

But he never joined in their games, and sat apart when the young folk made merry, as if he scorned such childish pastimes and longed to be a man in all things. Why he stayed when he was well again, no one could tell, unless he waited for spring to make his way to his own people. But Reuben and Eunice rejoiced to keep him; for while he taught them many things, he was their pupil also, learning English rapidly, and proving himself a very affectionate and devoted friend and servant, in his own quiet way.

"Be of good cheer, little daughter; I shall be gone but three days, and our brave Onawandah will guard you well," said the parson, one April morning, as he mounted his horse to visit a distant settlement, where the bitter winter had brought sickness and death to more than one household.

The boy showed his white teeth in a bright smile as he stood beside the children, while Becky croaked, with a shake of the head:

"I hope you may n't find you 've warmed a viper in your bosom, Master."

Two days later, it seemed as if Becky was a true prophet, and that the confiding minister *had* been terribly deceived; for Onawandah went away to hunt, and, that night, the awful war-whoop woke the sleeping villagers to find their houses burning, while the hidden Indians shot at them by the light of the fires kindled by dusky scouts. In terror and confusion the whites flew to the fort; and, while the men fought bravely, the women held blankets to catch arrows and bullets, or bound up the hurts of their defenders.

It was all over by daylight, and the red men sped away up the river, with several prisoners, and such booty as they could plunder from the deserted houses. Not till all fear of a return of their enemies was over, did the poor people venture to leave the fort and seek their ruined homes. Then it was discovered that Becky and the parson's children were gone, and great was the bewailing, for the good man was much beloved by all his flock.

Suddenly the smothered voice of Becky was heard by a party of visitors, calling dolefully:

"I am here, betwixt the beds. Pull me out, neighbors, for I am half dead with fright and smothering."

The old woman was quickly extricated from her hiding-place, and with much energy declared that

she had seen Onawandah, disguised with war-paint, among the Indians, and that he had torn away the children from her arms before she could fly from the house.

"He chose his time well, when they were defenseless, dear lambs! Spite of all my warnings, Master trusted him, and this is the thanks we get. Oh, my poor master! How can I tell him this heavy news?"

There was no need to tell it; for, as Becky sat moaning and beating her breast on the fireless hearth, and the sympathizing neighbors stood about her, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the parson came down the hilly road like one riding for his life. He had seen the smoke afar off, guessed the sad truth, and hurried on, to find his home in ruins and to learn by his first glance at the faces around him that his children were gone.

When he had heard all there was to tell, he sat down upon his door-stone with his head in his hands, praying for strength to bear a grief too deep for words. The wounded and weary men tried to comfort him with hope, and the women wept with him as they hugged their own babies closer to the hearts that ached for the lost children. Suddenly a stir went through the mournful group, as Onawandah came from the wood with a young deer upon his shoulders, and amazement in his face as he saw the desolation before him. Dropping his burden, he stood an instant looking with eyes that kindled fiercely; then he came bounding toward them, undaunted by the hatred, suspicion, and surprise plainly written on the countenances before him. He missed his playmates, and asked but one question:

"The boy? the little squaw?—where gone?"

His answer was a rough one, for the men seized him and poured forth the tale, heaping reproaches upon him for such treachery and ingratitude. He bore it all in proud silence till they pointed to the poor father whose dumb sorrow was more eloquent than all their wrath. Onawandah looked at him, and the fire died out of his eyes as if quenched by the tears he would not shed. Shaking off the hands that held him, he went to his good friend, saying with passionate earnestness:

"Onawandah is *not* traitor! Onawandah remembers. Onawandah grateful! You believe?"

The poor parson looked up at him, and could not doubt his truth; for genuine love and sorrow ennobled the dark face, and he had never known the boy to lie.

"I believe and trust you still, but others will not. Go, you are no longer safe here, and I have no home to offer you," said the parson, sadly, feeling that he cared for none, unless his children were restored to him.

"Onawandah has no fear. He goes; but he comes again to bring the boy, the little squaw."

Few words, but they were so solemnly spoken that the most unbelieving were impressed; for the youth laid one hand on the gray head bowed before him, and lifted the other toward heaven, as if calling the Great Spirit to hear his vow.

A relenting murmur went through the crowd, but the boy paid no heed, as he turned away, and with no arms but his hunting knife and bow, no food but such as he could find, no guide but the sun by day, the stars by night, plunged into the pathless forest and was gone.

Then the people drew a long breath, and muttered to one another:

"He will never do it, yet he is a brave lad for his years."

"Only a shift to get off with a whole skin, I warrant you. These varlets are as cunning as foxes," added Becky, sourly.

The parson alone believed and hoped, though weeks and months went by, and his children did not come.

Meantime, Reuben and Eunice were far away in an Indian camp, resting as best they could, after the long journey that followed that dreadful night. Their captors were not cruel to them, for Reuben was a stout fellow and, thanks to Onawandah, could hold his own with the boys who would have tormented him if he had been feeble or cowardly. Eunice also was a hardy creature for her years, and when her first fright and fatigue were over, made herself useful in many ways among the squaws, who did not let the pretty child suffer greatly; though she was neglected, because they knew no better.

Life in a wigwam was not a life of ease, and fortunately the children were accustomed to simple habits and the hardships that all endured in those early times. But they mourned for home till their young faces were pathetic with the longing, and their pillows of dry leaves were often wet with tears in the night. Their clothes grew ragged, their hair unkempt, their faces tanned by sun and wind. Scanty food and exposure to all weathers tried the strength of their bodies, and uncertainty as to their fate saddened their spirits; yet they bore up bravely, and said their prayers faithfully, feeling sure that God would bring them home to father in His own good time.

One day, when Reuben was snaring birds in the wood,—for the Indians had no fear of such young children venturing to escape,—he heard the cry of a quail, and followed it deeper and deeper into the forest, till it ceased, and, with a sudden rustle, Onawandah rose up from the brakes, his finger on

his lips to prevent any exclamation that might betray him to other ears and eyes.

"I come for you and little Laraka,"—(the name he gave Eunice, meaning "Wild Rose.") "I take you home. Not know me yet. Go and wait."

He spoke low and fast; but the joy in his face told how glad he was to find the boy after his long search, and Reuben clung to him, trying not to disgrace himself by crying like a girl, in his surprise and delight.

Lying hidden in the tall brakes they talked in whispers, while one told of the capture, and the other of a plan of escape; for, though a friendly tribe, these Indians were not Onawandah's people, and they must not suspect that he knew the children, else they might be separated at once.

"Little squaw betray me. You watch her. Tell her not to cry out, not speak me any time. When I say come, we go,—fast,—in the night. Not ready yet."

These were the orders Reuben received, and, when he could compose himself, he went back to the wigwams, leaving his friend in the wood, while he told the good news to Eunice, and prepared her for the part she must play.

Fear had taught her self-control, and the poor child stood the test well, working off her relief and rapture by pounding corn in the stone mortar till her little hands were blistered, and her arms ached for hours afterward.

Not till the next day did Onawandah make his appearance, and then he came limping into the village, weary, lame, and half starved after his long wandering in the wilderness. He was kindly welcomed, and his story believed, for he told only the first part, and said nothing of his life among the white men. He hardly glanced at the children



"SUDDENLY HE ROSE, AND IN HIS OWN MUSICAL LANGUAGE PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT." (PAGE 447.)

when they were pointed out to him by their captors, and scowled at poor Eunice, who forgot her part in her joy, and smiled as she met the dark eyes that till now had always looked kindly at her. A touch from Reuben warned her, and she was glad to hide her confusion by shaking her long hair over her face, as if afraid of the stranger.

Onawandah took no further notice of them, but seemed to be very lame with the old wound in his foot, which prevented his being obliged to hunt with the men. He was resting and slowly gathering strength for the hard task he had set himself, while he waited for a safe time to save the children.

They understood, but the suspense proved too much for little Eunice, and she pined with impatience to be gone. She lost appetite and color, and cast such appealing glances at Onawandah, that he could not seem quite indifferent, and gave her a soft word now and then, or did such acts of kindness as he could perform unsuspected. When she lay awake at night thinking of home, a cricket would chirp outside the wigwam, and a hand slip in a leaf full of berries, or a bark-cup of fresh water for the feverish little mouth. Sometimes it was only a caress or a whisper of encouragement, that re-assured the childish heart, and sent her to sleep with a comfortable sense of love and protection, like a sheltering wing over a motherless bird.

Reuben stood it better, and entered heartily into the excitement of the plot, for he had grown tall and strong in these trying months, and felt that he must prove himself a man to sustain and defend his sister. Quietly he put away each day a bit of dried meat, a handful of parched corn, or a well-sharpened arrowhead, as provision for the journey; while Onawandah seemed to be amusing himself with making moccasins and a little vest of deer-skin for an Indian child about the age of Eunice.

At last, in the early autumn, all the men went off on the war-path, leaving only boys and women behind. Then Onawandah's eyes began to kindle, and Reuben's heart to beat fast, for both felt that their time for escape had come.

All was ready, and one moonless night the signal was given. A cricket chirped shrilly outside the tent where the children slept with one old squaw. A strong hand cut the skin beside their bed of fir boughs, and two trembling creatures crept out to follow the tall shadow that flitted noiselessly before them into the darkness of the wood. Not a broken twig, a careless step, or a whispered word betrayed them, and they vanished as swiftly and silently as hunted deer flying for their lives.

Till dawn they hurried on, Onawandah carrying Eunice, whose strength soon failed, and Reuben manfully shouldering the hatchet and the pouch of food. At sunrise they hid in a thicket by a spring and rested, while waiting for the friendly night to come again. Then they pushed on, and fear gave wings to their feet, so that by another morning they were far enough away to venture to travel more slowly and sleep at night.

If the children had learned to love and trust the Indian boy in happier times, they adored him now, and came to regard him as an earthly Providence, so faithful, brave, and tender was he; so forgetful of himself, so bent on saving them. He never seemed to sleep, ate the poorest morsels, or went without any food when provision failed; let no danger daunt him, no hardship wring complaint from him; but went on through the wild forest, led by guides invisible to them, till they began to hope that home was near.

Twice he saved their lives. Once, when he went in search of food, leaving Reuben to guard his sister, the children, being very hungry, ignorantly ate some poisonous berries which looked like wild cherries, and were deliciously sweet. The boy generously gave most of them to Eunice, and soon was terror-stricken to see her grow pale and cold and deathly ill. Not knowing what to do, he could only rub her hands and call wildly for Onawandah.

The name echoed through the silent wood, and, though far away, the keen ear of the Indian heard it, his fleet feet brought him back in time, and his knowledge of wild roots and herbs made it possible to save the child when no other help was at hand.

"Make fire. Keep warm. I soon come," he said, after hearing the story and examining Eunice, who could only lift her eyes to him, full of childish confidence and patience.

Then he was off again, scouring the woods like a hound on the scent, searching everywhere for the precious little herb that would counteract the poison. Any one watching him would have thought him crazy as he rushed hither and thither, tearing up the leaves, creeping on his hands and knees that it might not escape him, and when he found it, springing up with a cry that startled the birds, and carried hope to poor Reuben, who was trying to forget his own pain in his anxiety for Eunice, whom he thought dying.

"Eat, eat, while I make drink. All safe now," cried Onawandah, as he came leaping toward them with his hands full of green leaves, and his dark face shining with joy.

The boy was soon relieved, but for hours they hung over the girl, who suffered sadly, till she grew unconscious and lay as if dead. Reuben's courage failed then, and he cried bitterly, thinking how hard it would be to leave the dear little creature under the pines and go home alone to father. Even Onawandah lost hope for a while, and sat like a bronze statue of despair, with his eyes fixed on his Wild Rose, who seemed fading away too soon.

Suddenly he rose, stretched his arms to the west, where the sun was setting splendidly, and in his own musical language prayed to the Great Spirit. The Christian boy fell upon his knees, feeling that the only help was in the Father who saw and heard them even in the wilderness. Both were comforted, and when they turned to Eunice there was a faint tinge of color on the pale cheeks, as if the evening red kissed her, the look of pain was gone, and she slept quietly without the moans that had made their hearts ache before.

"He hears! he hears!" cried Onawandah, and for the first time Reuben saw tears in his keen eyes, as the Indian boy turned his face to the sky full of a gratitude that no words were sweet enough to tell.

All night, Eunice lay peacefully sleeping, and the moon lighted Onawandah's lonely watch, for the boy Reuben was worn out with suspense, and slept beside his sister.

In the morning she was safe, and great was the rejoicing; but for two days the little invalid was not allowed to continue the journey, much as they longed to hurry on. It was a pretty sight, the bed of hemlock boughs spread under a green tent of woven branches, and on the pillow of moss the pale child watching the flicker of sunshine through the leaves, listening to the babble of a brook close by, or sleeping tranquilly, lulled by the murmur of the pines. Patient, loving, and grateful, it was a pleasure to serve her, and both the lads were faithful nurses. Onawandah cooked birds for her to eat, and made a pleasant drink of the wild raspberry leaves to quench her thirst. Reuben snared rabbits, that she might have nourishing food, and longed to shoot a deer for provision, that she might not suffer hunger again on their journey. This boyish desire led him deeper into the wood than it was wise for him to go alone, for it was near night-fall, and wild creatures haunted the forest in those days. The fire, which Onawandah kept constantly burning, guarded their little camp where Eunice lay; but Reuben, with no weapon but his bow and hunting knife, was beyond this protection when he at last gave up his vain hunt and turned homeward. Suddenly, the sound of stealthy steps startled him, but he could see nothing through the dusk at first, and hurried on, fearing that some treacherous Indian was following him. Then he remembered his sister, and resolved not to betray her resting-place if he could help it, for he had learned courage of Onawandah, and longed to be as brave and generous as his dusky hero.

So he paused to watch and wait, and soon saw the gleam of two fiery eyes, not behind, but above him, in a tree. Then he knew that it was an "Indian devil," as they called a species of fierce wild-cat that lurked in the thickets and sprang on its prey like a small tiger.

"If I could only kill it alone, how proud Onawandah would be of me," thought Reuben, burning for the good opinion of his friend.

It would have been wiser to hurry on and give the beast no time to spring; but the boy was over bold, and, fitting an arrow to the string, aimed at the bright eye-ball and let fly. A sharp snarl showed that some harm was done, and, rather daunted by the savage sound, Reuben raced away, meaning to come back next day for the prize he hoped he had secured.

But soon he heard the creature bounding after him, and he uttered one ringing shout for help, feeling too late that he had been foolhardy. Fortunately he was nearer camp than he thought. Onawandah heard him and was there in time to receive the wild-cat, as, mad with the pain of the wound, it sprung at Reuben. There was no time for words, and the boy could only watch in breathless interest and anxiety the fight which went on between the brute and the Indian.

It was sharp but short, for Onawandah had his knife, and as soon as he could get the snarling, struggling beast down, he killed it with a skillful stroke. But not before it had torn and bitten him more dangerously than he knew; for the dusk hid the wounds, and excitement kept him from feeling them at first. Reuben thanked him heartily, and accepted his few words of warning with grateful docility; then both hurried back to Eunice, who till next day knew nothing of her brother's danger.

Onawandah made light of his scratches, as he called them, got their supper, and sent Reuben early to bed, for to-morrow they were to start again.

Excited by his adventure, the boy slept lightly, and waking in the night, saw by the flicker of the fire Onawandah binding up a deep wound in his breast with wet moss and his own belt. A stifled groan betrayed how much he suffered; but when Reuben went to him, he would accept no help, said it was nothing, and sent him back to bed, preferring to endure the pain in stern silence, with true Indian pride and courage.

Next morning, they set out and pushed on as fast as Eunice's strength allowed. But it was evident that Onawandah suffered much, though he would not rest, forbade the children to speak of his wounds, and pressed on with feverish haste, as if he feared that his strength might not hold out. Reuben watched him anxiously, for there was a look in his face that troubled the boy and filled him with alarm, as well as with remorse and love. Eunice would not let him carry her as before, but trudged bravely behind him, though her feet ached and her breath often failed as she tried to keep up; and both children did all they could to comfort and sustain their friend, who seemed glad to give his life for them.

In three days they reached the river, and, as if Heaven helped them in their greatest need, found a canoe, left by some hunter, near the shore. In they sprang, and let the swift current bear them along, Eunice kneeling in the bow like a little figure-head of Hope, Reuben steering with his paddle, and Onawandah sitting with arms tightly

folded over his breast, as if to control the sharp anguish of the neglected wound. He knew that it was past help now, and only cared to see the children safe; then, worn out but happy, he was proud to die, having paid his debt to the good parson, and proved that he was not a liar nor a traitor.

Hour after hour they floated down the great river, looking eagerly for signs of home, and when at last they entered the familiar valley, while the little girl cried for joy, and the boy paddled as he had never done before, Onawandah sat erect with his haggard eyes fixed on the dim distance, and sang his death-song in a clear, strong voice — though every breath was pain, — bent on dying like a brave, without complaint or fear.

At last they saw the smoke from the cabins on the hill-side and, hastily mooring the canoe, all sprung out, eager to be at home after their long and perilous wandering. But as his foot touched the land, Onawandah felt that he could do no more, and stretching his arms toward the parsonage, the windows of which glimmered as hospitably as they had done when he first saw them, he said, with a pathetic sort of triumph in his broken voice: "Go. I can not.—Tell the good father, Onawandah not lie, not forget. He keep his promise."

Then he dropped upon the grass and lay as if dead, while Reuben, bidding Eunice keep watch, ran as fast as his tired legs could carry him to tell the tale and bring help.

The little girl did her part tenderly, carrying water in her hands to wet the white lips, tearing up her ragged skirt to lay fresh bandages on the wound that had been bleeding the brave boy's life away, and, sitting by him, gathered his head into her arms, begging him to wait till father came.

But poor Onawandah had waited too long; now he could only look up into the dear, loving, little face bent over him, and whisper wistfully: "Wild Rose will remember Onawandah?" as the light went out of his eyes, and his last breath was a smile for her.

When the parson and his people came hurrying up full of wonder, joy, and good-will, they found Eunice weeping bitterly, and the Indian boy lying like a young warrior smiling at death.

"Ah, my neighbors, the savage has taught us a lesson we never can forget. Let us imitate his virtues, and do honor to his memory," said the pastor, as he held his little daughter close and looked down at the pathetic figure at his feet, whose silence was more eloquent than any words.

All felt it, and even old Becky had a remorseful sigh for the boy who had kept his word so well and given back her darlings safe.

They buried him where he lay; and for years the lonely mound under the great oak was kept green by loving hands. Wild roses bloomed there, and the murmur of the Long River of Pines was a fit lullaby for faithful Onawandah.

THE PLAYTHING OF AN EMPRESS.

By H. Maria George.

The boys and girls who read St. Nicholas know something about the many beautiful and curious things which can be made from snow and ice. Those of them who live in the Northern States have doubtless many a time half frozen their hands while constructing a snow-fort or a snow-house, laying a skating-rink, or carving a snow-image; while some, perhaps, were fortunate enough to have seen, last winter and the year before, in Montreal, the first ice palaces ever built in America. At all events, most of you have heard about these wonderful buildings.

Off in Russia, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Washington was a boy, reigned Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia. She was the niece of Peter the Great, but a very different sort of a character. Stern, busy Peter would never have thought of building an ice-palace. He improved his time in constructing more substantial edifices. But Anna loved pleasure and novelty, and frittered away her time in doing foolish things. She thought not so much of making her subjects happy as of enjoying life herself. Poor Anna Ivanovna! there have been many rulers like her.

The winter of 1739 and 1740 was a very severe one. All over Europe the cold was excessive. The ice in the river Neva formed to several feet in thickness. Throughout Russia there was much suffering. People died of cold and starvation; wolves crept into many villages and fell upon the inhabitants. But at St. Petersburg there was nothing but joy and festivity. The days and the

nights were given to pleasure. One night the whole capital would be out upon the river, which was turned into a vast skating and riding park. Here and there great bonfires blazed like beacon lights, while, dressed in their sables and their ermine and their minever, the queen and her ladies and her nobles enjoyed their sports like children. The next day all would be changed as though by the wand of an enchanter. The frozen river bristled with bayonets and was gay with splendid trappings and tossing plumes. A military review and sham battle was taking place. Here and there rushed the glittering squadrons containing thousands of armed men. Great cannons and mortars were frequently discharged, and an immense fortress of ice and snow, built upon the Neva, was attacked and defended according to all the rules of war.

These vanities were capped by the construction of the ice-palace. As I have said, the Empress was very fond of carrying out curious and extravagant plans, and so it was not strange that she should make up her mind to build a palace the like of which no monarch had ever thought of building. So she set to work to think how she could possibly build a house which should be the most wonderful house on earth. She thought of gold and she thought of silver. She thought of the beautiful malachite. She thought of



INSIDE THE ICE-PALACE AT NIGHT.

ivory, of ebony, and of every stone that is known to man. None of these seemed to please her fancy. But one day she looked from her window, and she saw what seemed to her a vast and heavenly cathedral of sparkling ice-crystals, which the exquisite skill of the frost's fingers had formed on the window-panes. "I have it," said the Empress, delighted, "I shall have a palace of ice. Everything within and without shall be made of nothing but glittering ice." Within a very short time, a design was furnished to the Empress by an architect whose name is a pure Russian one, but which you can easily pronounce by dividing it into syllables—Alexis Dan-il-o-vitch Tat-ish-chev. It was the original intention of the projectors to build the palace upon the Neva itself, so as to be as near as possible to the supply of the building material. They accordingly began the erection upon the frozen river toward the last of December, 1739, but were forced to relinquish their proposed plan by the yielding of the ice under the rising walls. In consequence of this failure, a site was selected upon the land between the fortress of the admiralty and the winter palace of the Empress; and the work was begun anew, with the advantage of the experience in ice-building gained by the unsuccessful attempt already made.

In the construction of the work the simplest means were used. First, the purest and most transparent ice was selected. This was cut into large blocks, squared with rule and compass, and carved with all the regular architectural embellishments. No cement was used. Each block when ready was raised to its destined place by cranes and pulleys, and just before it was let down upon the block which was to support it, water was poured between the two, the upper block was immediately lowered, and as the water froze almost instantly, in that intensely cold climate, the two blocks became literally one. In fact, the whole building appeared to be, and really was, a single mass of ice. The effect it produced must have been infinitely more beautiful than if it had been of the most costly marble; its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, twenty-one feet high, and with walls three feet in thickness. At each corner of the palace was a pyramid of the same height as the roof, of course built of ice, and around the whole was a low palisade of the same material. The actual length of the front view, including the pyramids, was one hundred and fourteen feet.

The palace was built in the usual style of Russian architecture. The *façade* was plain, being merely divided into compartments by pilasters. There was a window in each division, which was painted in imitation of green marble. The window-panes were formed of slabs of ice, as transparent and smooth as sheets of plate glass. At night, when the palace was lighted, the windows were curtained by canvas screens, on which grotesque figures were painted. Owing to the transparency of the whole material, the general effect of the illumination must have been fine, the whole palace seemingly being filled with a delicate pearly light. The central division projected, and appeared to be a door, but was, in fact, a large window, and was illuminated like the others. Surmounting the *façade* of the building was an ornamental balustrade, and at each end of the sloping roof was a huge chimney. The entrance was at the rear. At each side of the door stood ice-imitations of orange-trees, in leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched on the branches.

In front of the building there was an ice-elephant, as large as life, and upon his back a figure of a man, made of ice, and dressed like a Persian. Two other men-figures of ice, one of which held a spear in its grasp, stood directly in front of the animal. The elephant was hollow, and was made to throw water through his trunk to the height of twenty-five feet. This was accomplished by means of tubes leading from the foss of the admiralty fortress, near by. Burning naphtha was substituted for water at night. In order to increase the naturalness of this part of the exhibition, there was placed within the figure a man who from time to time blew through certain pipes, making a noise like the roaring of an elephant.

The Empress ordered six cannon and two mortars to be set up on each side of the front gateway, to guard her beautiful fancy. It makes us shake our heads when we read that these cannon and mortars were likewise of ice. And even the heads of her councillors and wise men shook, and they said one to another: "What will our old eyes be asked to see next?" But the Empress laughed, for she knew that so long as the sun kept to his old path in the heavens, her palace would be secure. But to prove to her friends that the work was good, she bade them place a quarter of a pound of powder and an iron cannon ball weighing five pounds in one of the ice cannon. Every one tremblingly waited for a terrible explosion, but none came. The cannon remained intact, and the ball was thrown to some distance, passing through a board two inches thick, which was placed about sixty paces off. Everybody was wild with astonishment, and at night the Empress illuminated the palace brilliantly, and gave a great ball. And as the light shone out for miles, and men saw the fairy-like grandeur of the scene, they said that—next to the Empress Anna—Master Jack Frost was the most wonderful ruler in the world.

The inside of this great "plaything" was more wonderful than the exterior. There were only three rooms,—a spacious and handsome vestibule, which extended through the middle, and a room on each side.

One of these apartments was the royal chamber. In it was a dressing-table fully set out with a looking-glass and all sorts of powder and essence boxes, jars, bottles, a watch, and a pair of candlesticks and candles, all fashioned of ice. In the evening these candles were smeared with naphtha and set in a blaze without melting. A great ice mirror was hung against the wall. On the other side of the room was the bedstead, with bed, pillows, counterpane, and curtains, deftly wrought in ice. A large fire-place was on the right, with an elegantly carved mantel, and within it, upon the curious andirons, were placed logs of ice which were occasionally smeared with naphtha and ignited.

The other principal room was alternately termed the dining-room and the drawing-room. An elaborately constructed ice-table extended through the apartment. On each side were settees or sofas handsomely carved. In three of the corners were large statues; in the other was a handsome time-piece, provided with wheels of ice, which were visible through the transparent case. All the other parts of the palace were fitted up in a corresponding manner.

The construction of this work did not occupy quite a fortnight, so many and so expert were the builders. When it was finished, the public were allowed an unrestricted passage through every part of the building, all confusion being obviated by surrounding the entrance with a wooden railing, and stationing police officers, who allowed only a certain number of persons to pass in at one time. Whenever the Empress and her court banqueted or danced at the palace, as they often did in the bright winter days and the cold winter nights, the visits of the populace were, of course, suspended.

But even in the latitude of "St. Petersburg" ice is not always strong and lasting; and Anna's ice-palace, though a contemporary writer said of it that it merited to be placed among the stars, had a brief duration. For about three months, or as long as the excessive cold weather lasted, so long did this beautiful edifice stand. Finally, under the warm sunshine of the last of March, it began to give way toward the southern side, and soon gradually disappeared. It is said that it was not altogether useless in its destruction, as the large blocks of the walls were taken to fill the ice-cellars of the imperial palace. But this was a very poor return, indeed, for the original outlay.



MEDITATION.



BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?
Say, gossip, say!
As you come back with tired wing
Adown the airy way."

"*So high above the trees I flew,*
High, gossips, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?
True, gossip, true?"
"*O yes, the winds will be at peace,*
The sun will shine on you!

"*So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,*
Call, gossips, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossips all!"

Celia Thaxter.

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY. II.

By Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney.

"Out, no ladies!" said Miss Posackley, in her most assured official voice. But the attitude neutralized it too absurdly. The doubled-up young ladies tittered all along the line.

"Master Neal Royd, put out those matches, please. And light no more. They are most dangerous."

"And disillusionizing," said a low voice somewhere in the dimness, as the little blaze expired beneath Neal's boot.

"This will all be laid before Mrs. Singlewell," said Miss Posackley, just as if she had been at full height upon the platform at the top of the long school-room. "At present, you have to go up as you came down. Master Royd, you will go before, if you please. Miss Hastings, you led the way; lead back again."

There came a scrambling, with laughs and outcries. Neal Royd was in the trap-way, head up, ready to spring forth.

"Oh! *oh!* I've lost—I've dropped something, Miss Posackley. I *must* look!" sounded suddenly in distress. It was Hester Moore's voice. "Just let me have a match one minute!"

"On no account," replied Miss Posackley. "Go up, Master Neal. Go up, young ladies. This is very ex-traordinary!" she concluded; but she gasped the word out, with a distressed puff between the syllables, quite irrelevantly.

"She meant ex-hausting," whispered Kitty Sharrod. "There'll have to be more ex-hoisting before they all get out. And she's bound to come up last! For shame, girls!" she cried aloud. "Make haste!"

"Hush, Kitty Sharrod!—O dear, I *can't* find it. Don't tread all around, girls!"

"Is it your handkerchief, Miss Moore? I may be able to pick it up for you presently," Neal Royd said, most suavely, giving his hands to Clip Hastings, who, short but springy, came lightly, with that aid, to the upper floor again.

Hester Moore suddenly hushed up, herself.

"Have you found it? What was it?" they asked her, as they crowded forward from below.

"Never mind; it's all right now," said Hester, gruffly.

"She's found she never lost it. That always makes people cross," said little Lucy Payne, while Neal reached down and lifted her from the arms of Sue Merriman, who held her up to him.

Neal gave a keen glance, sidewise, at Hester's face, when she grappled with the other edge of the trap, and struggled up heavily, and with much pushing from her comrades, through the aperture, scrambling ignominiously out on hands and knees.

"She *has n't* found it. And it 's no handkerchief. And she 's in some scrape," he said to himself.

"O Hester! have n't you lost something else? Where 's that lovely ——"

"In my pocket, silly! Do be quiet!" interrupted Hester, pushing Lucy Payne aside, and making sullenly for the door.

"Hester! Hetty! She 's missing the greatest fun of all," said mischievous Clip Hastings, in a low tone,—"the seeing Miss Fidelia emerge. What *will* she do with her dignity?"

"I'll take care of Miss Fidelia and her dignity," said Neal Royd. "Though, perhaps, that is quite as much your own business." There was a chivalrous indignation in the boy's tone. "Girls never know when a joke or a torment has gone far enough," he thought.

He jumped down through the trap as the last of Miss Posackley's charge gained foot-hold above, and then he dropped on all fours in the dust and rubbish, putting his head down, and his shoulders up, to the full stretch of his strong-braced arms.

"Step on my back, Miss Posackley. June, reach Miss Posackley your hands."

And Miss Posackley, who had a neat, small, light-booted foot, and nothing lumbering in her measured motions, first spread a little scarf she carried across the young Raleigh's coat, and then stepped with a truly Elizabethan air upon the offered support, and so, with not too ungainly struggle, up into the main room.

"I am exceedingly obliged, and really quite ashamed," she said, turning to Neal as he sprang out again and handed her the silken strip, with a quiet "Thank you" of his own, proceeding to dust his knees with his handkerchief. "But why—not, of course, that any of us should expect such aid from you—did you only think of it for me?"

"Perhaps because my jacket is n't for everybody's dust," he said. "Some people use you gently; and some tread upon you as if they meant it. It 's your own fault if you can't guess the difference beforehand."

From that moment Miss Posackley had a respect for Neal Royd, and put a friendly confidence in him.

"No more going into the block-house, young

ladies, without express permission," was Miss Fidelia's general order, as she came out and headed her flock once more, taking the way down to the big rock.

The kettle was filled and hung; the fire laid; the baskets and parcels all placed comfortably at hand. Neal struck a match and touched it to the brush and pine chips, and a blaze went up. Then he judiciously withdrew himself in his former unpretentious manner, and sauntered off toward the block-house. He had more matches in his pocket, and he was not included in the forbiddance to the "young ladies." Ten minutes later, he sauntered back again to Miss Posackley and her party, to see if anything were wanted. He had something else in another pocket,—a dainty little golden chatelaine watch.

"June," said Hester Moore, a little while after dinner was over; "just ask your brother for some matches, will you?"

June looked up with a triple amaze, at the allocution, the name, and the request. "What for?" she asked.

"Oh, we shall go into the cavern presently, and I want some for myself. I wont be caught again, as I was in the old block-house. I did n't half see that either. We went right down into that miserable hole. See here, June! Mabel and I are determined we will see it again, whether or no. You come, too, that 's a good child. You know all about it. But now, just get the matches. I 'll do as much for you any time."

"I do not think I shall need you to," said June, rather coolly. "And I don't believe Neal will let us have any matches. And we had better not disobey Miss Posackley. I 'll ask Neal, though." And she went off at once, and did it.

Neal laughed.

"Cunning, is n't she? In a small way. But I guess I 'm her match — though I 've got no matches for her. She might set the *cavern* on fire, eh?"

"You 're quite right, Chiefie; only I thought I had better give her your own answer."

"Well, that 's it; only you need n't tell her the whole of it. I say, June, what do you suppose she lost down there? What did she have — did n't you notice? — that she might lose? That she might be *afraid* to lose — or tell of, if she had lost it?"

Something flashed suddenly across June's mind.

"Why! she had a lovely chatelaine watch, just like ——"

"That?"

"Chiefie! Where did you get it? Why, it is *Gracie's!*" she exclaimed, when she had taken the trinket into her hand, and glanced at it on each side. "See, there is the monogram 'G. V.' She would n't let us look at it closely; I thought it was her sister's. She was crazy to wear Grace Vanderbroke's when it first came; I used to hear her teasing for it. It was at the jeweler's to be regulated, when Grace was sent for; she begged leave to get it and keep it for her till she came back; but she said Blanche Hardy would do that;" June went on, with girlish ambiguity of pronouns. "Then Hester was provoked, and said it did n't matter — other people had chatelaine watches; she could borrow one from her own home if she wanted to; her mother and her sister — who is engaged — both had them; she only wanted to do her a kindness. And then to-day — oh! when she half showed it, she *did* make us think, if she did n't say out and out, that it was her sister's. And Blanche Hardy went yesterday with *her* sister, the bride, to Lake Rinklepin. Oh, Neal! She must have — borrowed it — out of Blanche's trunk!"

"All right. Now let her whistle for her matches — and her chances! I 'll go and put it back where I found it. It was safe enough. 'Block-house good. Got no scalp.'"

"Don't be horrid, Neal. If you would only help her out of it — think! It would be — it would be being a real Chiefie to do that."

"I 'm only a chief in the rough, Junie. And 'set a chief to help a thief!' There 's no such saying as that, even in the New Testament!" And Neal strode off.

He had two or three strokes of revenge to choose from. He could walk up innocently to Miss Posackley before them all, and give into her charge what he had found, which would bring the whole disclosure down upon Pester More's head; or he could let her worry all day, and spoil her good time, reserving to himself the alternative of showing mercy at the last, and shaming her of her own meannesses, or of still finishing her off with the public exposure which she deserved. Or, again, he could put the thing back where he had found it, as he had said; leaving it and her to take the "chances," the probabilities of which he had his own ideas about.

He rejected the first and most summary method; for the rest, he postponed the matter. An Indian chief postpones the tomahawk; he understands the fine torture of suspense.

June was too tender for that, even with her foe. She could say nothing about Neal; she must leave him to manage his own affairs; but she did go to Miss Posackley — believing that her brother would do as he had said, and that the watch would have to be found over again in the block-house cellar — and asked her if "Miss Dernham and

Miss Moore and I" could go up there again, "just for a few minutes."

Miss Posackley refused. It would be a precedent for all the rest. They had all seen it; that must now be enough.

"No more block-house to-day, my dear. I have quite made up my mind on that point. It is growing late, besides; and we are going to the cavern."

"Glad of it!" was Hester Moore's comment. They all *would* come tumbling after. Amabel, I want *you*. There are lovely rock-mosses up on the steep knoll." And she turned off, without further notice of Junia, who had done her the kindness. Amabel followed, longing for rock-mosses, but demurring about cows.

"Cows don't go up the side of a house," retorted Hester. "And the fences are beyond it, too."

The rock-knoll rose from the extremity of the low, natural bank-wall which separated the block-house level on the front from the terrace below, the verge of which was the broad "big flat," and whence descended again, in abrupt declivity, the real precipice in the face of which, upon the river-brink, was the traditional cave. The knoll jutted, like a steep headland, over into an adjoining meadow on its farther side; on the right, its ridge, bushy with sweet-fern and brambles, trended gradually to the plane of the fortress field. Toward the block-house, these wild growths gave a cover nearly all the way. Elsewhere, all was visible upon this plane to those upon the flat below.

A walled-in lane led from the left upper corner of the block-house field, between the meadow and some corn-land, up to the high, wooded pastures; at its head, a stout, heavy "pair of bars" stretched across. Up this lane Neal Royd was walking, whistling, having mended Zibbie's fire and filled her kettle for her dish-washing.

"I guess it 'll keep that girl flock to the lower lot faster than any commandment," he said to himself, as he came and leaned for a moment upon the bars. Out beyond, some seven or eight cows were quietly feeding.

Royd let down the bars and stood there watching the cows.

"They can't get farther than the block-house flat," he said again. "There 'll be a red-skin blockade, sure enough; Pester More wont dare run that blockade, either. I like to see that laws are kept. I was to be useful; I 'll be as useful as I can."

He had no notion that Hester Moore and Amabel were at the very moment on that side of the terrace wall, hurrying along the sheltered dip of ground toward the block-house. He only meant they should not find it possible to get there. When he turned and walked down the lane again, they were already within the ancient wooden walls.

The cows had seen him,—had lifted their heads at his coaxing "Co! co!"—and with their kinely instinct, were heading slowly toward the opened way, possibly anticipating a pan of salt.

Neal made straight for the big flat and the descent to the cavern. On the picnic ground he overtook June, lingering there alone. She had been helping Zibbie gather up the fragments; Zibbie had now gone down to the pier, her arms laden with baskets.

"Where 's the crowd?" Neal asked his sister. "What 's left you out?"

"The crowd is in the cavern, and on the shore, and all along," she replied. "I waited with Amabel. She went with Hester Moore to get mosses on the knoll."

"Whe-ew!" whistled Neal, taking in the situation, and glancing up behind them. Nothing was moving on the knoll, but great red, horned creatures, wending their way down and deploying themselves around the block-house. Yes, another creature, too, which he had not seen in his reconnaissance at the bar place!

A grand old sachem of the herd and two young braves of steers had been in the wood edge, and had followed the gentle mothers down. The big horns and massive brute forehead of the patriarch were rearing with a proud, investigating toss, as he came magnificently through the lane-way.

The block-house was nearer the bank-wall than to the upper field and the lane by nearly three-fourths of the whole distance.

"What is it, Neal? What do you mean?" cried June, hurriedly.

"They 're well caught in their own trap," he answered. "Now let 'em stay awhile. You come along down." And he picked up an armful of baskets and turned to descend the cliff pathway.

Now, June knew that they were in the block-house, though she had spoken truly in saying that they had left her to go upon the knoll. She, too, grasped the situation; she discerned what Neal had suspected and had done.

"You — mean — boy!" she exclaimed, in bitter, forceful indignation. There is nothing so keen, so cutting, *cruel*, as the two-edged sword which smites at once an offender and the offended, loving heart.

If she had not said that, Neal would have looked around, at least, to know if she were following; as it was, he kept his head quite straight away from her and marched on, disappearing down the rapid slope. June gave one swiftly measuring gaze upward, and then sprang to the low wall, scaled it,—scarce knowing where the tips of feet and

fingers clung,—and flew along the ground to the block-house. She felt sure they were in the cellar and would not see. She rounded the building in a flash, and darted in at the open door.

"Amabel! Hester!" she called. "Come, quick! There are cattle in the field! Hurry! hurry! They 're standing still and feeding; you can get out; only make haste!"

The bull was at the lane foot; he paused there, with his stately air of survey; he gave a low snort of question; he sniffed, as if suspecting something for his interference.

June stood in the door-way, watching; calling eagerly again to her companions, who lingered,—Hester divided between the distress of her loss and her fear of the cattle.

"Girls! come! He 's moving!"

That masculine pronoun sent them up with a struggle. Hester clambered out of the trap, pushed up by Amabel; then, was actually on the point of rushing forth, leaving Amabel to her own unaided effort.

"Shame! stop!" cried Junia, in a voice that her school-fellow never — she herself scarcely ever till to-day — had known for hers. "Take hold of her other hand!"

June already had Amabel by one hand; and Hester, constrained doubly,—for she could not have confronted the creatures alone,—obeyed. Meantime, the *Bos* (is that what "boss" comes from?), seeing and hearing and moving with something more of purpose, was tramping down toward the open door-way. The three girls saw him so, as they turned, and not twenty paces from the entrance.

"Oh, we can't!" cried Amabel.

"He 'll come in!" shrieked Hester.

"Go up the ladder," said June; and remarked as in a dream, as she said it, how that other June and Mabel Dunham had gone up that very ladder, into that very loft, long before, in the old time in the story. It was as if it had stood there a hundred years, waiting for them to come back and live their terrors over again together.

Hester and Mabel hurried up; June came last. Then the great animal actually walked in upon the floor below, and raised his voice in a mutter that trembled along the timbers under their feet.

Hester cried. Amabel shook with fright. June went over to a loop-hole that looked toward the flat. "There is no danger," she said, quietly, and reached out through the narrow aperture, waving her white handkerchief.

Amabel looked at her watch. "It is a quarter to five now," she said, "and this is slow, too."

There was nobody in sight. The flat was cleared, and they were all down upon the shore, hidden and unseeing beneath the high, overhanging rocks.

June absolutely smiled. "Block-house good; got no scalp," she quoted. "They 'll soon come up, and miss us. And there 'll be Mrs. Singlewell's wise half hour."

She picked up a strip of old split board that lay near, pulled her handkerchief fast into a cleft at its end, and thrust it far out through the opening.

"Chiefie will take care," June said again.

She spoke his name proudly and tenderly, sorry in her heart for her quick bitterness, and sure of how sorry he would be for any trouble to her.

"The worst that could happen would be for him to have to go up to the farm, and us to get belated. But we know the Ronnquists, and they 'll take care of us, somehow.— It 's so like the story, Mabel!" she added, with a loving movement toward the girl, that might have been the gentle grace of the Tuscarora June herself.

This half comforted Hester. If she could only have one more search,—properly, with a light,—and if then they could only get to Nonnusquam before Blanche Hardy, the next day! Blanche Hardy was so "awfully" true,—so hard on any little slip or quibble. She began to feel quite bold with the reaction; and to her small nature the rebound from fear was impulse to some safe insolence. She stamped upon the floor, below which the great beast was tramping. She even went to the upper trap-way and through the opening began to unfurl her parasol, with which she had been groping in the cellar.

"Pester More!" cried June, using involuntarily and most appropriately Neal's sobriquet, "do you know what you 're about? That cardinal-red thing!"

"He can't touch us now," said the girl. "You said so."

"*Us!*" ejaculated June, contemptuously. "Somebody else has got to come, I suppose you know." And she took the sunshade unceremoniously into her own keeping.

Miss Posackley's little conductor's whistle sounded just before the half hour. The prisoners could see from the loop-holes the gathering from different directions, as the stragglers came in sight along the rocks, and drew toward the pier.

The bull was pawing and snorting; occasionally a growling bellow broke forth, quite audible to the river; and the three girls saw many a quick start and turn, and a general air of huddling and questioning among their companions, as they hurried down the plank-way and pressed around Miss Posackley, with glances backward, and pointings, and gestures of wonder, if not of apprehension.

Miss Posackley looked tranquil. "Down in the meadow, probably," she was saying; "there is certainly nothing in sight."

But all at once there was a greater stir; a looking everywhere. There came a calling of voices.

June worked her heavy flag-staff up and down, with difficulty. Then a dozen fingers pointed to the block-house and the white signal. Then Miss Posackley began to flurry and agitate. There were no provisional orders for a thing like this. She was off her tramway.

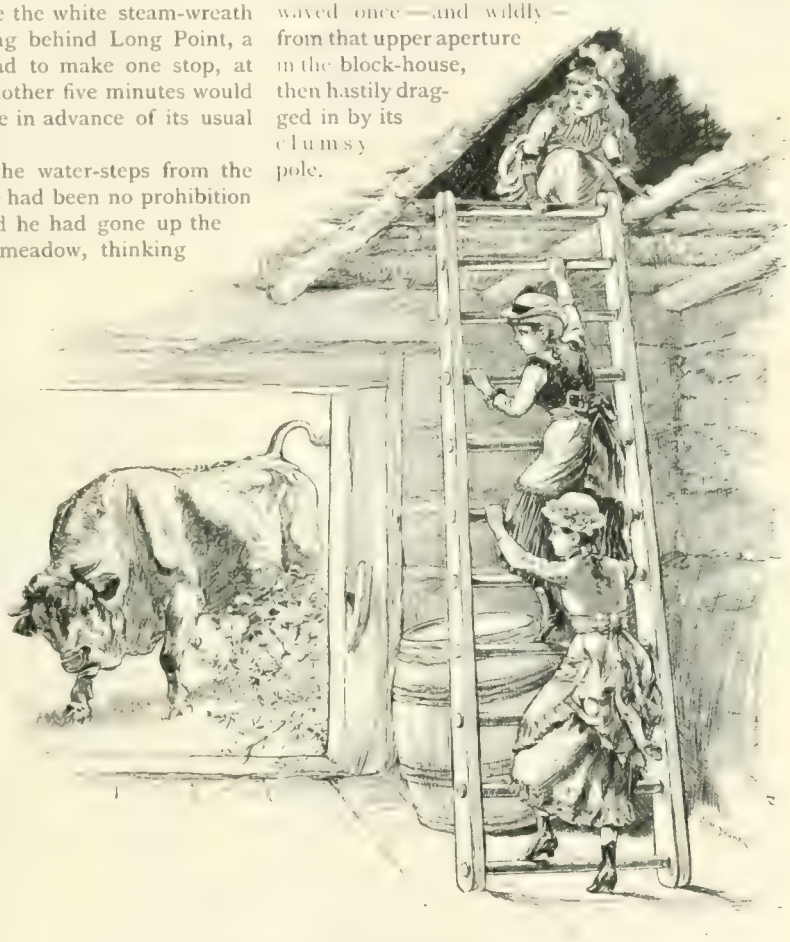
They could already see the white steam-wreath of the boat stealing along behind Long Point, a mile or so below. It had to make one stop, at Burt's Landing; then another five minutes would bring it up. It was a little in advance of its usual time to-night.

Neal Royd came up the water-steps from the river to the wharf. There had been no prohibition against his canoeing, and he had gone up the little creek beyond the meadow, thinking to reach the back-lying farm-house by the shortest way, and bring down help to get the cattle up again. Since the pasture-autocrat had appeared upon the scene, the conditions were changed. The girls were safe in the block-house, but to release them another hand — and one used to the management of the herd — might be needed. From the upland path into which he struck on leaving his canoe, and by which, in a few minutes' walk, he gained the ridge, he had looked across and perceived, as he supposed, the whole herd, returned meanwhile into its proper pasture, taking its slow, afternoon way along the dips and windings in the direction of the twilight home-going. Brush copses and swells of land prevented his being certain of individuals or of the entire number; but the open level about the block-house was in full view, and was quite empty of intruders.

He had crossed to the head of the lane, a little beyond which he had been walking while on the ridge, had taken one more survey downward, put up the bars again, and gone back to his boating, relieved of further responsibility.

Rowing down under the woody banks of the creek, and again, while beneath the cliffs upon the river, he heard, with some misgiving of uncertainty, that low roar, muffled in the distance. Was it in the distance of the pasture?

Springing up the pier-steps, he saw the excited, restless groups; the roar now came distinctly, and pronounced and heavy; the handkerchief-flag was waved once — and wildly — from that upper aperture in the block-house, then hastily dragged in by its clumsy pole.



THE THREE GIRLS CLAMBERED TO THE LADDER

Junia was missing from among the school-girls. Neal saw that with quick eyes, before he had seemed to look at all. And the fact that she was missing spurred him to instant action. He ran up the long side incline of the roadway, and leaped the wall into the block-house field.

June's voice came clear and shrill from the loop-hole.

"Keep away, Neal! He 's angry now. Don't come alone. We 're safe up here; only bring somebody soon!"

Neal leaped the wall again, and ran down to Miss Fidelia.

"You had better leave this to me, Miss Posackley," he said. "Let Zibbie stay, to look after the young ladies. I 'll get some one from the farm, if I can't do better. There 's a train up from Hopegood's at seven; Ben Ronnquist will take us over; let somebody meet us at the Corners. Or, if we should miss that, Mrs. Ronnquist will keep the girls safe till morning. You need n't be the least uneasy. The old block-house is good for a worse siege, and you see they know what they 're about! I 'll run no risk."

Miss Posackley vibrated, rotated. Her bonnet whirled like a weather-vane between the opposite quarters of her alarmed anxieties. From the block-house came the horrible brute voice; from the advancing steamer the warning shriek of its arrival.

"Go on, girls!" Neal shouted, without ceremony, to the hesitating damsels. "Go on board at once. Come here, Zibbie."

By the pure force of his decision he had his way; Miss Posackley's young ladies turned, with shuddering submission, to the gang-plank. Miss Posackley gave one or two more spasmodic spins, and followed. She took in the wisdom of her forced conclusion gradually, as she calmed. By the time she reported herself at Nonnusquam, she had innocently adopted it as her own. "It was the only thing to be done," she said. And the next day, when all was safe, and Mrs. Singlewell had returned to hear the story, the subject had so grown upon her that she covered herself with quiet glory.

"It was no time to hesitate," she explained. "If there had been a minute more of excitement, we all might have been left."

"You acted most wisely and promptly, Miss Posackley," said Mrs. Singlewell, amazed at the fact in her own mind. "But there is never any knowing," she said to herself, "what latent energies a great emergency may draw forth."

Miss Posackley took the commendation with a meek pleasure. She had had no idea of falsifying; she simply had not seen herself as a weather-vane.

There is not very much more to be told of this little analogy of adventure and character.

Neal, left alone in command, considered briefly, then ordered his campaign. He did not like to leave the girls alone with their formidable neighbor and their own nerves, safe though they were from actual danger; nor would Zibbie consent to be "left around loose with that old ring-in-the-nose." He approached the block-house on the lower side, and called up to the loop-hole:

"June! Fling out a scarf, or something; red, if you have it."

June poked out Hester's cardinal sunshade.

"This?" she asked.

"Just the ticket. Drop it!"

"But oh, Chiefie! Please take care! Don't be venturesome!"

"Don't worry nor weep, June. The harbor bar is n't moaning." And with the ambiguous comfort of this allusion he seized the red parasol and made swift way around the field to the head of the lane, let down the bars again, and came through walking toward the block-house. He watched his moment when the creature faced toward him, and then unfurled the parasol, and waved it defiantly.

"Auld Hornie" thought, perhaps, it was a girl-enemy; at any rate, he took the bait and challenge, and made furiously for the insolent bit of color.

Neal rushed up the narrow way, well ahead of him, through the bars, and along by the wall, for a sufficient distance; then he jumped into the corn-field, and thence back into the lane; and he had the bars up while the bull was still following his roundabout track, and raging at its doublings and interceptions. And, in a moment more, Neal returned, demurely holding over his head the red sunshade, somewhat damaged by its flight across two fences, to find the block-house garrison just cautiously and timidly emerging from its shelter.

He gave the parasol to his sister, without apology, and ignoring ownership.

"Come along, now; we 've no time to lose," he said, and led the way to the rough cart-road, and up its rutty ascent toward the farm-buildings, visible half a mile off upon the hill.

As they walked, he made opportunity to come into line with, but scarcely alongside, Miss Hester Moore. He drew something from his pocket, which he held out to her, at a fair arm's length, —as if he had another dangerous creature to deal with.

"You may as well have this back." he said. "Two mean things don't make a smart one."

Hester clutched the trinket eagerly, then flamed at him.

"*Two* mean things! Then *you* let in those cattle!"

"Well, I did. But that was n't the mean thing I meant." And he left her, scorning to explain himself, or to rebuke her further.

"A regular meanie can't be made to be ashamed," he said to June afterward. "I give it up."

Ben Ronnquist, when he had heard from Neal the particulars of their having been left behind by the boat, hitched his horse to the broad-seated

family wagon, which was to take them to the cars. Hester and Amabel were helped in first. A small boy was to go with the team, to bring it back; and there was also Zibbie, to ride in front with Neal.

"I wonder if there 's room in here for June?" Hester asked, disfavoringly, from behind, when she and Amabel were seated.

"Well, I guess there 'd better be!" said Neal Roughead, in a short, strong way.

Whether she took a cue at last from this utterance, or whether with her, as with Miss Posackley, the things that had been beyond her began to come to her by degrees, at least in so far as to reveal to her certain probabilities of a knowledge that might be power, Miss Moore sat awhile in the darkness, silent; and she spoke at length in quite different fashion.

"We 've seen a good deal of each other to-day, June. We 'll get together rather more after this, I think."

"Will we?" responded simple June. "It 's only people that belong that get together, I think. To-day was an accident."

After they were in the cars, Amabel came and took a place by June. There was plenty of room; Hester, Zibbie, and Neal had each a whole seat.

"Don't you think, Junie, that people who want to, get to 'belong'? I 'd like to 'belong' to people like you and Neal."

"Neal is a dear chiefie," responded gentle June.

("Arrowhead great chief," had said the Tuscarora woman in the story.)

When Blanche Hardy heard of June's behavior at the block-house, she came to her,—not with sudden patronizing, or conscious compliment of approval, but with the warm impulse of like to like.

She stopped where June was standing, laid a hand lightly on her shoulder and another on her arm, leaning toward her as if drawn.

"You were courageous to do that," she said. "And *generous*."

June flushed brightly, but answered simply:

"I was not afraid. And how could I do anything else?"



"NEAL RUSHED AHEAD THROUGH THE PASS"

Then Blanche Hardy leaned closer and kissed her. "You could n't, I know," she said.

Now Blanche Hardy, from pure height of character and its noble presence and showing, was the real queen of the school,—not by any means merely of a little artificial clique.

From that day June went — naturally and as one "belonging"—up higher. Blanche Hardy became her fast and intimate friend. Nobody, any more, could snub or condescend to her. She was of a peerage above clan or coterie. Yet she remained in all sweet loyalty and non-pretense as aboriginal as ever.

Amabel, loving and seeking June also, was won to her own true place among those who "belonged" through the longing to *be*.

It is only the half, or spurious, attainment, like half faith, or cant, that holds itself within marked and excluding lines; the true noblesse is as catholic as the household of God's saints.

In Cooper's story, the miscreant Muir had died. All deaths are not by tomahawking. There is a deeper decease by very miscreancy itself. I have nothing further to mention concerning Miss Pester More.

It is human nature that repeats itself in young or old, in wild or civilized; history and romance are but the facts and pictures of it.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



"MAMMA said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandmother 's ready to come to tea.'
I knew I must n't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was Grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I 'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I had n't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she 's loving you all the while.

"I did n't make a speck of a noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to Heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I did n't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother dear it 's time for tea.'



She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face.'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 't was only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure on Tierra del Fuego.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter XVII.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

"There they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

At these words of grave import from Captain Gancy, work is instantly suspended, the boat-builders dropping their tools, as though they burned the hands that grasped them.

For some minutes the alarm runs high, all thinking their last hour is at hand. How can they think otherwise, with their eyes bent on those black objects, which, though but as specks in the far distance, grow bigger while they stand gazing at them, and which they know to be canoes full of cannibal savages? For they have no doubt that the approaching natives are the Ailikolips. The old Ailikolip wigwam, and the fact that the party that so lately visited the cove were of this tribe, make it evident that this is Ailikolip cruising ground; while the canoes now approaching seem to correspond in number with those of the party that assailed them. If they be the same, and if they should come on shore by the kitchen midden,—then small hope of more boat-building, and, as is only too likely, small hope of life for the builders.

One chance alone now prevents them from yielding to utter despair — the savages *may* pass on without landing. In that case, the castaways can not be seen, nor will their presence there be suspected. With scrupulous adherence to their original plan, they have taken care that nothing of their encampment shall be visible from the water; tent, boat-timbers — everything — are screened on the water side by a thick curtain of evergreens. Their fire is always out during the day, and so there is no tell-tale smoke.

Soon Captain Gancy observes what further allays apprehension. With the glass still at his eye, he makes out the savages to be of both sexes and all ages — even infants being among them, in the laps of, or strapped to, their mothers. Nor can he see any warlike insignia — nothing white — the color that in all other countries is emblematic of peace, but which, by strange contrariety, in Tierra del Fuego is the sure symbol of war!

The people in the canoes, whoever they may be, are evidently on a peaceful expedition; possibly they are some tribe or community on its way to winter quarters. And they *may* not be Ailikolips after all; or, at all events, not the former assailants of Whale Boat Sound.

These tranquilizing reflections occur while the Fuegians are yet far off. When first sighted, they were on the opposite side of the arm, closely hugging the land, the water in mid-channel being rough. But, as they come nearer, they are seen to change course and head diagonally across for the southern side, which looks as if they intended to land, and very probably, by the old wigwam. Doubtless some of them may have once lived in it and eaten of the mollusks, the shells of which are piled upon the kitchen midden.

The castaways note this movement with returning alarm, now almost sure that an encounter is inevitable. But again are they gratified at seeing the canoes turn broadside toward them, with bows set sharp for the southern shore, and soon pass from sight.

Their disappearance is caused by the projecting spit, behind which they have paddled, when closing in upon the land.

For what purpose have they put in there? That is the question now asked of one another by the boat-builders. They know that, on the other side of the promontory, there is a deep bay or sound, running far inland; how far they can not tell, having given it only careless glances while gathering cranberries. Probably the Fuegians have gone up it, and that may be the last of them. But what if they have landed on the other side of the spit, to stay there? In this case, they will surely at some time come around, if but to despoil the kelp-bed of its shell-fish treasures.

All is conjecture now, with continuing apprehension and suspense. To put an end to the latter, the two youths, alike impatient and impetuous, propose a reconnaissance — to go to the cranberry ridge and take a peep over it.

"No!" objects Seagriff, restraining them. "Ef the savagers are ashore on t' other side, an' should catch sight o' ye, yer chances for gettin' back hyar would n't be worth counting on. They can run faster than chased foxes, and over any sort o' ground. Therfur, it 's best fer ye to abide hyar till we see what 's to come of it."

So counseled, they remain, and for hours after

nothing more is seen either of the canoes or of their owners, although constant watch is kept for them. Confidence is again in the ascendant, as they now begin to believe that the savages have a wintering place somewhere up the large inlet, and are gone to it, may be to remain for months. If they will stay but a week, all will be well; as by that time the boat will be finished, launched, and away.



HENRY CHESTER.

Confidence of brief duration, dispelled almost as soon as conceived! The canoes again appear on the open water at the point of the promontory, making around it, evidently intending to run between the kelp-bed and the shore, and probably to land by the shell-heap! With the castaways it is a moment of dismay. No longer is there room for doubt; the danger is sure and near. All the men arm themselves, as best they can, with boat-hook, ax, mallet, or other carpentering tool, resolved on defending themselves to the death.

But now a new surprise and puzzle greets them. As the canoes, one after another, appear around the point, they are seen to be no longer crowded; but each seems to have lost nearly half its crew! And of those remaining nearly all are women and children—old women, too, with but the younger of the girls and boys! A few aged men are among them, but none of the middle-aged or able-bodied of either sex. Where are these? and for what have they left the canoes? About this there is no time for conjecture. In less than five minutes after their re-appearance, the paddled craft are brought to shore by the shell-heap, and all—men, women, children, and dogs—scramble out of them. The dogs are foremost, and are first to find that the place is already in possession. The keen-scented Fuegian canines, with an instinctive antipathy to white people, immediately on setting paw upon land, rush up to the camp and surround it, ferociously barking and making a threatening show of teeth; and it is only by vigorously brandishing the boat-hook that they can be kept off.

Their owners, too, are soon around the camp; as they come within sight of its occupants, one after another crying out in surprise:

"*Akifka akinish!*" ("White man!")

The castaways now see themselves begirt by an array of savage creatures—such as they have never seen before, though they have had dealings with uncivilized beings in many lands. Two score ugly old women, wrinkled and blear-eyed, and with tangled hair hanging over their faces, and with them a number of old men, stoop-shouldered, and of wizard aspect. Even the boys and girls have an impish, unearthly look, like the dwarfs that figure on the stage in a Christmas pantomime! But neither old nor young show fear, or any sign of it. On the contrary, on every face is an impudent expression—threatening and aggressive—while the hoarse, guttural sounds given out by them seem less like articulate speech than like the chattering of apes. Indeed, some of the old men appear more like monkeys than human beings, reminding Captain Gancy of the time when he was once beset in a South African *kloof*, or ravine, by a troop of barking and gibbering dog-faced baboons.

For a time, all is turmoil and confusion, with doubting fear on the part of the white people, who can not tell what is to be the issue. Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have retired into the tent, while the men stand by its entrance, prepared to defend it. They make no demonstration of hostility, however, but keep their weapons as much as possible out of sight, and as calmly as possible await the action of the savages. To show distrust might give offense, and court attack,—no trifling matter, notwithstanding the age and apparent imbecility of the savages. Seagriff knows, if the others do not, that the oldest and feeblest of them—woman or man—would prove a formidable antagonist; and, against so many, he and his four men companions would stand but a poor chance. Luckily, he recalls a word or two of their language which may conciliate them; and, as soon as he has an opportunity of making himself heard, he cries out in a friendly tone:

"*Arré! Cholid!*" ("Brothers! Sisters!")

His appeal has the effect intended, or seems to have. With exclamations of astonishment at hearing an *akifka akinish* address them in their own tongue, the expression of their faces becomes less fierce, and they desist from menacing gest-

ures. One of the men, the oldest, and for this reason having chief authority, draws near and commences to pat Seagriff on the chest and back alternately, all the while giving utterances to a gurgling, "chucking" noise that sounds somewhat like the cluck of a hen when feeding her chicks!

Having finished with the old sealer, who has reciprocated his quaint mode of salutation, he extends it to the other three whites, one after the other. But as he sees the "doctor," who, at the moment, has stepped from within the wigwam, where he had been unperceived, there is a sudden revulsion of feeling among the savages,—a return to hostility,—the antipathy of all Fuegians to the African negro being proverbially bitter. Strange and unaccountable is this prejudice against the negro by a people almost the lowest in humanity's scale.

"*Ical shiloké! Uftucla!*" ("Kill the black dog!") they cry out in spiteful chorus, half a dozen of them making a dash at him.

Seagriff throws himself in front, to shield him from their fury; and, with arms uplifted, appealingly calls out:

"*Ical shiloké—zapello!*" ("The black dog is but a slave.")

At this, the old man makes a sign, as if saying the *zapello* is not worth their anger, and they retire, but reluctantly, like wolves forced from their prey. Then, as if by way of appeasing their spite, they go stalking about the camp, picking up and secreting such articles as tempt their cupidity.

Fortunately, few things of any value have been left exposed, the tools and other highly prized chattels having been stowed away inside the tent. Luckily, also, they had hastily carried into it some dried fungus and fish cured by the smoking process, intended for boat stores. But Cæsar's outside larder suffers to depletion. In a trice it is emptied—not a scrap being left by the prowling pilferers. And everything, as soon as appropriated, is eaten raw, just as it is found—seal's-flesh, shell-fish, beech apples, berries, everything!

Hunger—ravenous, unappeasable hunger—seems to pervade the whole crew; no doubt the fact that the weather has been for a long time very stormy has interfered with their fishing, and otherwise hindered their procuring food. Like all savages, the Fuegian is improvident,—more so even than some of the brute creation—and rarely lays up store for the future, and hence is often in terrible straits, at the very point of starvation. Clearly, it is so with those just landed; and, having eaten up everything eatable that they can lay their hands on, there is a scattering off amongst the trees in quest of their most reliable food staple—the beech apple. Some go gathering mussels and limpets along the strand, while the more robust of the women, under the direction of the old men, proceed to the construction of wigwams. Half a score of these are set up, long branches broken from the trees furnishing the rib-poles, which are roofed over with old seal-skins taken out of the canoes. In a wonderfully short time they are finished, almost as quickly as the pitching of a soldier's tent. When ready for occupation, fires are kindled in them, around which the wretched creatures crouch and shiver, regardless of smoke thick and bitter enough to drive a badger from its hole. It is this that makes them blear-eyed, and even uglier than Nature intended them to be. But the night is now near beginning, a chill, raw evening, with snow falling, and they can better bear smoke than cold. Nor are they any longer hungry. Their search for shell-fish and fungus has been rewarded with success, and they have eaten gluttonously of both.

Meanwhile, our friends the castaways have been left to themselves, for the time undisturbed, save by the dogs, which give them almost continuous trouble. The skulking curs, led by one of their kind, form a ring around the camp, deafening the ears of its occupants with their angry baying and barking. Strangely enough, as if sharing the antipathy of their owners, they seem specially hostile to the "doctor," more furiously demonstrating their antagonism to him than to any of the others! The poor fellow is kept constantly on the alert, to save his shins from their sharp teeth.

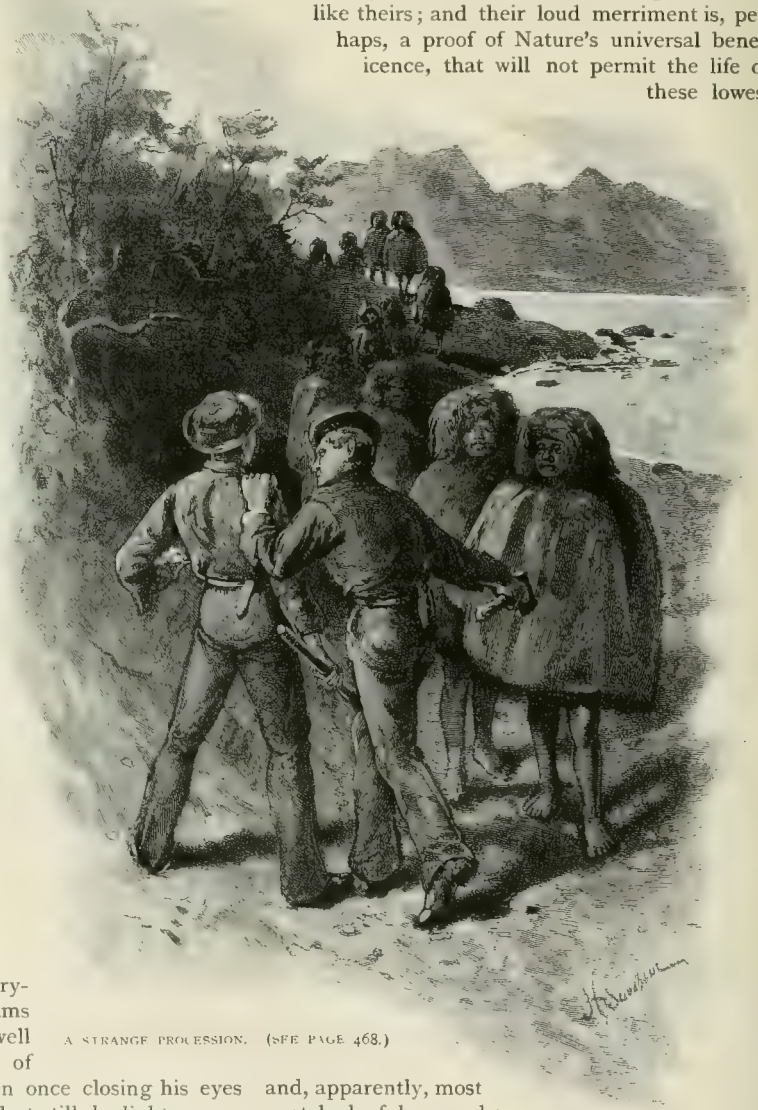
Late in the evening, the old chief, whom the others call Annaqua ("the arrow"), pays the camp a visit, professing great friendship, and again going through the patting and "chucking" process as before. But his professions ill correspond with his acts, as the aged sinner is actually detected stealing the knife of Seagriff himself—and from his person, too!—a feat worthy the most accomplished master of legerdemain, the knife being adroitly abstracted from its sheath on the old sealer's hip during the superfluous exchange of salutations! Fortunately, the theft is discovered by young Chester, who is standing near by, and the thief caught in the very act. On the stolen article being taken from under the pilferer's shoulder-patch of seal-skin, where he had dexterously secreted it, he breaks out into a laugh, pretending to pass it off as a joke. In this sense the castaways are pleased to interpret it, or to make show of so interpreting it, for the sake of keeping on friendly terms with him. Indeed, but that the knife is a serviceable tool, almost essential to them, he would be permitted to retain it; and, by way of smoothing matters over, a brass button is given him instead, with which he goes on his way rejoicing.

"The old shark would steal the horns off a goat, ef they warn't well fixed in," is Seagriff's

remark, as he stands looking after their departing visitor. "Howsoever, let 's hope they may be content wi' stealin', and not take to downright robbery, or worse. We 'll hev to keep watch all night, anyway, ez thar 's no tellin' what they may be up to. *They* never sleep. They 're perfect weasels."

And all night, watch is kept, with a large fire ablaze, there being now no reason for letting it go out. Two of the party act as sentinels at a time, another pair taking their place. But indeed, throughout most of the night, all are wakeful, slumber being denied them by the barking of the dogs, and yelling of the savages, who, making good Seagriff's words, seem as though sleep were a luxury they had no wish to indulge in. And something seems to have made them merry, also. Out of their wigwams issue sounds of boisterous hilarity, as though they were celebrating some grand festival, with now and then a peal of laughter that might have proceeded from the lungs of a stentor. Disproportionate as is the great strength of a Fuegian to his little body, his voice is even more so; this is powerful beyond belief, and so loud as to be audible at almost incredible distances! Such a racket as these wild merry-makers within the wigwams are keeping up might well prevent the most weary of civilized mortals from even once closing his eyes in sleep. And the uproar lasts till daylight.

But what the cause of their merriment may be, or what it means, or how they can be merry at all under such circumstances, is to the castaways who listen anxiously to their hoarse clamor, a psychological puzzle defying explanation. Huddled together like pigs in a pen, and surely less comfortable in the midst of the choking smoke, contentment even would seem an utter impossibility. That there should exist such an emotion as joyfulness among them, is a fact which greatly astonishes Ned Gancy and young Chester. Yet there can be no doubt that they are contented for the time, and even happy, if that word can ever be truly applied to creatures in a savage condition like theirs; and their loud merriment is, perhaps, a proof of Nature's universal beneficence, that will not permit the life of these lowest and, apparently, most wretched of human beings to be all misery! Far more miserable than they, that night,—or, at least, far more burdened with the *sense* of misery,—are those whom fate has cast into the power of these savage creatures, and who are obliged to listen to their howlings and hyena-like laughter.



A STRANGE PROCESSION. (SEE PAGE 468.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

FUEGIAN FOOD-PROVIDING.

To the castaways every hour of that night is one of fear and agonizing suspense. Not so much from apprehension of immediate, as of future danger. With the occupants of the wigwam in such good humor, it is not likely that they can be contemplating an attack at present. But when those who are absent return — what then? This is the fear now uppermost in the minds of Captain Gancy's little party.

Nor does morning do aught to dispel their anxiety; on the contrary, it is intensified by the behavior of the savages, who are again in a sour temper after their night's carouse. For, having eaten up all their gatherings of yesterday, they are again hungry. Young and old, there are nearly a hundred of them, all ravenous gluttons, to say nothing of the swarm of curs requiring to be fed.

By earliest daylight they come crowding around the camp, as though they expected to find something eatable there. Disappointed in their hope, they grin and chatter, showing their teeth like the dogs. More especially are their menaces directed toward the "doctor"; and the poor fellow is frightened to a death-like pallor, notwithstanding his sable skin. He takes refuge within the tent — still a sacred precinct — and does not dare to venture out again. To propitiate them, presents are made — the last things that can well be parted with. To Annaqua is given a pipe, with some tobacco, while the most importunate and seemingly most important of the women have, each, a trifle bestowed on them.

The gifts restore their good humor, or at least make them contented for the time; and having obtained all that can be given them, they scatter away over the ground, going about their business of the day.

The wherewithal for breakfast is, of course, their first consideration, and this they find along the strand and around the edge of the woods, though more sparingly than in their search yesterday. Only enough is obtained to afford them a stinted repast — a mere luncheon. But the kelp-bed is still to be explored, and for this they must wait until the tide begins to ebb.

Meanwhile, they do not remain idle, another resource engaging them — a feat for which the Fuegian native has obtained a world-wide celebrity — namely, diving for sea-eggs. A difficult, dangerous industry it is, and just on this account committed to the women, who alone engage in it.

Having dispatched their poor breakfast, half a dozen of the younger and stronger women take to the canoes, — two in each, — and paddle out to a part of the water where they hope to find the sea-urchins.*

Arriving there, she who is to do the diving prepares for it by attaching a little wicker-basket to her hip, her companion being intrusted to keep the canoe in place, a task which is no easy one in water so rough as that of the sea-arm chances to be now.

Everything ready, the diver drops over, head foremost, as fearlessly as would a water-spaniel, and is out of sight for two or three minutes; then the crow-black head is seen bobbing up again, and swimming back to the canoe with a hand-over-hand stroke, dog-fashion, the egg-gatherer lays hold of the rail to rest herself, while she gives up the contents of her basket.

Having remained above water just long enough to recover breath, down she goes a second time, to stay under for minutes, as before. And this performance is repeated again and again, till at length, utterly exhausted, she climbs back into the canoe, and the other ties on the basket and takes her turn at diving.

Thus, for hours, the sub-marine egg-gatherers continue at their arduous, perilous task; and, having finished it, they come paddling back to the shore.

And on landing, they make straight for the wigwams, and seat themselves by a fire, — almost in it, — leaving the spoil to be brought up by others.

Then follows the "festival" of *chabucl-lithlé* (sea-eggs), as they call it, these being their favorite diet. But, in the present case, the "festival" does not prove satisfactory, as the diving has yielded a poor return, and others of the savages therefore prepare to explore the kelp-bed. the reef being now above water.

Presently, enough of it is bare to afford footing; and off go the shell-gatherers in their canoes, taking the dogs along with them. For these are starving, too, and must forage for themselves. This they do most effectually, running hither and thither over the reef, stopping now and then to detach a mussel or limpet from its beard-fastening to the rock, crunch the shell between their teeth, and swallow the contents.

The Fuegian dogs are also trained to procure food for their masters, in a manner which one of them is now seen to put into practice. On the more outlying ledges, some sea-fowl, themselves seeking food, still linger fearlessly. Engrossed in their grubbing, they fail to note that an enemy is

* The "sea-eggs" are a species of the family Echinida. Diving for them by the Fuegian women is one of their most painful and dangerous ways of procuring food, as they often have to follow it when the sea is rough, and in coldest weather.

near,—a little cock-eared cur, that has swum up to the ledge, and, without bark or yelp, is stealthily crawling toward it. Taking advantage of every coigne of concealment, the dog creeps on till, at length, with a bound, like a cat springing at a sparrow, it seizes the great sea-bird, and kills it in a trice, as a fox would a pheasant.

The shell-gatherers remain on the reef till the rising water forces them to quit. But their industry meets with less reward than was anticipated, and they return to the shore all out of sorts and enraged at the white people, whom they now look upon in the light of trespassers; for they know that to them is due the scarcity of bivalves among the kelp, where they had expected to reap a plentiful harvest. Proof of its having been already garnered is seen in a heap of recently emptied shells lying under the trees near by,—a little kitchen midden of itself.

Luckily the Fuegians have found enough to satisfy their immediate wants, so neither on that day nor the next do they make further display of violence, though always maintaining a sullen demeanor. Indeed it is at all times difficult to avoid quarreling with them, and doubtful how long the patched up truce may continue. The very children are aggressive and exacting, and ever ready to resent reproof, even when caught in the act of pilfering—a frequent occurrence. Any tool or utensil left in their way would soon be a lost chattel, as the little thieves know they have the approval of their elders.

So, apart from their anxieties about the future, the white people find it a time of present trouble. They, too, must provide themselves with food, and their opportunities have become narrowed,—are almost gone. They might have starved ere this, but for their prudent forethought in having secreted a stock in the tent. They do not dare to have a meal cooked during daylight, as some of the savages are always on the alert to snatch at anything eatable with bold, open hand. Only in the midnight hours, when the Fuegians are in their wigwams, has the "doctor" a chance to give the cured fish a hurried broil over the fire.

It is needless to say that all work on the boat is suspended. In the face of their great fear, with a future so dark and doubtful, the builders have neither the courage nor heart to carry on their work. It is too much a question whether it may ever be resumed!

Chapter XIX.

An Odd Renewal of Acquaintance.

For three days the castaways lead a wretched life, in never ceasing anxiety,—for three nights, too, since all the savages are rarely asleep at any one time. Some of them are certain to be awake, and making night hideous with unearthly noises—and, having discovered this to be the time when the whites do their cooking, there are always one or two skulking about the camp-fire, on the lookout for a morsel. The dogs are never away from it.

When will this horrid existence end? and how? Some change is sure to come when the absent members of the tribe return. Should they prove to be those encountered in Whale Boat Sound, the question would be too easily answered. But it is now known that, although Ailikolips, they can not be the same. The cause of their absence has also been discovered by the ever alert ears of Seagriff. The savages had heard of a stranded whale in some sound or channel only to be reached over-



CAPTAIN GANCY.

land, and thither are they gone to secure the grand booty of blubber.

The distance is no doubt considerable, and the path difficult, for the morning of a fourth day has dawned, and still they are not back. Nor can anything be seen of them upon the shore of the inlet, which is constantly watched by one or more of the women, stationed upon the cranberry ridge.

On this morning the savages seem more restless and surly than ever; for they are hungrier than ever, and nearly famishing. They have picked the kelp-reef clean, leaving not a mussel nor limpet on it; they have explored the ribbon of beach as far as it extends, and stripped the trees of their fungus parasites till none remain. And now they go straying about, seeming like hungry wolves, ready

to spring at and tear to pieces anything that may chance in their way.

By this time the old men, with most of the women, have drawn together in a clump, and are evidently holding council on some subject of general interest — intense interest, too, as can be told by their earnest speechifying, and the gesticulation that accompanies it. Without comprehending a word that is said, Seagriff knows too well what they are talking about. All that he sees portends a danger that he shrinks from declaring to his companions. They will doubtless learn it soon enough.

And now he hears words that are known to him, "*ical-akinish*," and "*shiloké*"; hears them repeated again and again. It is the black man, the "doctor," who is doomed!

The negro himself appears to have a suspicion of it, as he is trembling in every fiber of his frame. He need not fear dying, if the others are to live. Rather than surrender him for such sacrifice, they will die with him in his defense.

All are now convinced that the crisis, long apprehended, has come; and, with their weapons in hand, stand ready to meet it. Still, the savages appear to disagree, as the debate is prolonged. Can it be that, after all, there is mercy in their breasts? Something like it surely stirs Annaqua, who seems endeavoring to dissuade the others from carrying out the purpose of which most are in favor. Perhaps the gifts bestowed on him have won the old man's friendship; at all events, he appears to be pleading delay. Ever and anon he points in the direction of the cranberry ridge, as though urging them to wait for those gone after the whale; and once he pronounces a word, on hearing which Henry Chester gives a start, then earnestly listens for its repetition. It is — as he first thought — "*Eleparu*."

"Did you hear that?" asks the young Englishman in eager haste.

"Hear what?" demands Ned Gancy, to whom the question is addressed.

"That word '*Eleparu*.' The old fellow has spoken it twice!" says Henry.

"Well, and if he has?" queries Ned.

"You remember our affair at Portsmouth with those three queer creatures and the wharf-rats?"

"Of course I do. Why do you ask?"

"One of them, the man, was named Eleparu," answers Chester; adding, "The girl called him so, and the boy too."

"I did n't hear that name."

"No?" says Henry; "then it must have been before you came up."

"Yes," answers young Gancy, "for the officer who took them away called the man York, the boy, Jemmy, and the girl, Fuegia."

"That 's so. But how did she ever come to be named *Fuegia*?"

"That does seem odd; just now ——"

"Hark! Hear that? the old fellow has just said 'Ocushlu!' That 's the name the other two gave the girl. Whatever can it mean?"

But now, the youth's hurried dialogue is brought to an abrupt end. Annaqua has been out-voted, his authority set at naught, and the council broken up. The triumphant majority is advancing toward the camp, with an air of fierce resolve; women as well as men armed with clubs, flint-bladed daggers, and stones clutched in their closed fists. In vain is it now for Seagriff to call out: "Brothers! Sisters!" The savages can no longer be cajoled by words of flattery or friendship; and he knows it. So do the others, all of whom are now standing on the defensive. Even Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have armed themselves, and come out of the tent, determined to take part in the life-and-death conflict that seems inevitable. The sailor's wife and daughter both have braved danger ere now, and, though never one like this, they will meet it undaunted.

It is at the ultimate moment that they make appearance and, seeing them for the first time, the savage assailants halt, hesitatingly, — not through fear, but rather with bewilderment at the unexpected apparition. It moves them not to pity, however, nor begets within them one throb of merciful feeling. Instead, the Fuegian hags but seem more embittered at seeing persons of their own sex so superior to them, and, recovering from their surprise, they clamorously urge the commencement of the attack.

Never have the castaways been so near to death with such attendant horrors. So near to it do they feel, that Captain Gancy groans, under his breath:

"Our end is come!"

But not yet is it come. Once more is the Almighty Hand opportunely extended to protect them. A shout interrupts the attack — a joyous shout from one of the women watchers, who now, having forsaken her post, is seen coming down the slope of the spit at a run, frantically waving her arms and vociferating:

"*Cabrelua! cabrelua!*" ("They come! they come!")

The savages, desisting from their murderous intent, stand with eyes turned toward the ridge, on the crest of which appears a crowd of moving forms that look like anything but human beings. On their way to the beach, they are forced into single file by the narrowness of the path, and become strung out like the links of a long chain. But not even when they come nearer and are better seen,

do they any more resemble human beings. They have something like human heads, but these are without necks and indeed sunken between the shoulders, which last are of enormous breadth and continued into thick, armless bodies, with short, slender legs below!

As they advance along the beach at a slow pace, in weird, ogre-like procession, the white people are for a time entirely mystified as to what they may be. Nor can it be told until they are close up. Then it is seen that they *are* human beings after all—Fuegian savages, each having the head thrust through a flitch of whale blubber that falls, poncho-fashion, over the shoulders, draping down nearly to the knees!

The one in the lead makes no stop until within a few yards of the party of whites, when, seeing the two youths who are in front, he stares wonderingly at them, for some moments, and then from his lips leaps an ejaculation of wild surprise, followed by the words:

"Portsmout'! Inglan'!"

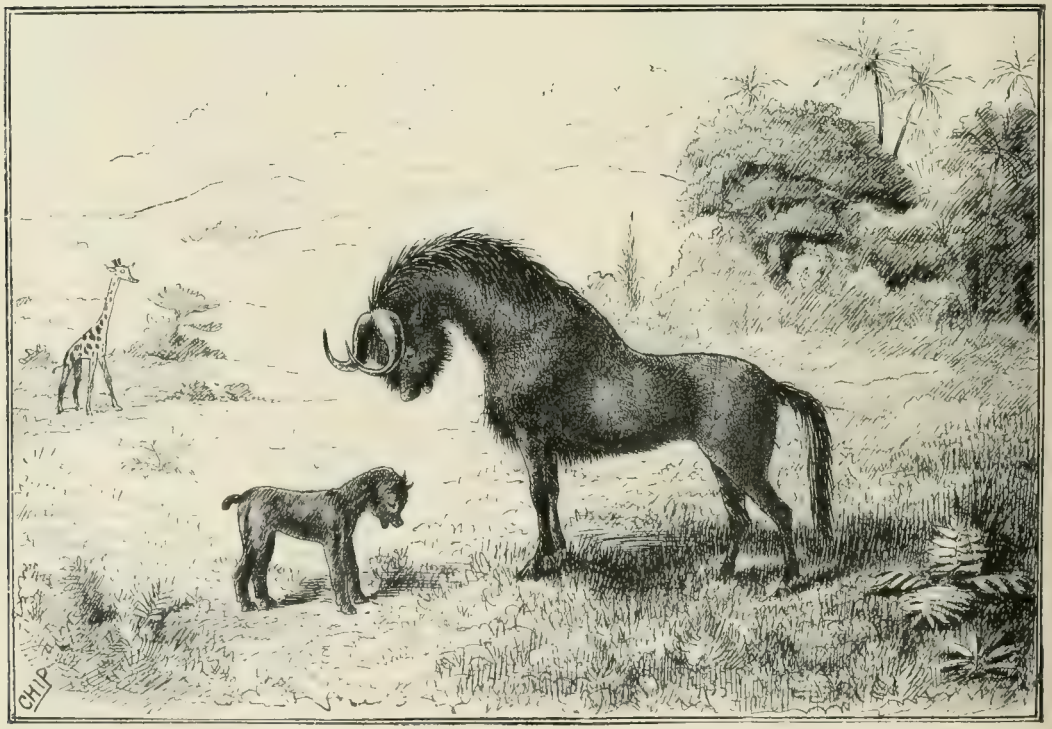
Then, hastily divesting himself of his blubber-mantle, and shouting back to some one in the rear, he is instantly joined by a woman, who in turn cries out:

"Yes, Portsmout'! The *Ailwalk' akifka!*" ("The white boys.")

"Eleparu! Ocushlu!" exclaims Henry Chester, all amazement; Ned Gancy, equally astonished, simultaneously crying out:

"York! Fuegia!"

(To be concluded.)



THE GNU BABY.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

Author of "The Face of the Earth," "Geography for Children," etc.

III.

HARRY OF MONMOUTH: THE BOY GENERAL.

[Afterward King Henry V. of England.]

A. D. 1402.

A TAPESTRIED chamber in the gray old pile known as Berkhampstead Castle. The bright sunlight of an early English spring streaming through the latticed window plays upon the golden head of a fair young maid of ten, who, in a quaint costume of gold-striped taffeta and crimson velvet, looks in evident dismay upon the antics of three merry boys circling around her, as she sits in a carved and high-backed oaken chair. In trim suits of crimson, green, and russet velvet, with curious hanging sleeves and long, pointed shoes, they range themselves before the trembling little maiden, while the eldest lad, a handsome, lithe, and active young fellow of fourteen, sings in lively and rollicking strain:

"O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarara, tarara, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarara, tarara, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark shore—
A frosty and crusty old Blunderbore—
With ships and knights a sailing o'er,
To carry Philippa to Elsinore!"

And then with a rousing shout the three boys swooped down upon the beleaguered little damsel and dragged her off to the dim, stone staircase that led to the square tower of the keep.

"Have done, have done, Harry," pleaded the little girl as she escaped from her captors. "Master Lionel, thou surely shouldst defend a princess in distress."

"Ay, Princess, but our tutor, Master Rothwell, says that I am to obey my Liege and Prince, and him alone," protested gay young Lionel, "and sure he bade me play the trumpeter of King Erik."

"A plague on King Erik," cried Philippa, seeking refuge behind the high-backed chair. "I wish I had ne'er heard of him and his kingdom of Denmark. O, Harry! Nurse Joanna tells me that they do eat but frozen turnips and salted beef in his dreadful country, and that the queen mother, Margaret, wears a gambison† and hauberk‡ like to a belted knight."

"Why, of course she does," assented the mischievous Harry; and, drawing a solemn face, he added, "yes—and she eats a little girl, boiled with lentils, every saint's day as a penance. That's why they want an English wife for Erik, for, seest thou, there are so many saint's days that there are not left in Denmark wee damsels enough for the queen's penance."

But the sight of pretty Philippa's woful tears staid her brother's teasing.

"There, there," he said, soothingly; "never mind my fun, Philippa. This Erik is not so bad a knight I'll warrant me, and when thou art Queen of Denmark, why, I shall be King of England, and my trumpeter, Sir Lionel here, shall sound a gallant defiance as I come

'Sailing the sea to Denmark shore
With spure and bowmen a hundred score,
If ever this frosty old Blunderbore
Foul treateth Philippa at Elsinore,'

and thus will we gallop away with the rescued Queen," he added, as seizing Philippa in his arms he dashed around the room followed by his companions. But while the four were celebrating, in a wild dance of "all hands around," the fancied rescue of the misused queen, the tapestry parted and Sir Hugh de Waterton, the governor of the King's children, entered.

"My lord Prince," he said, "the King thy father craves thy presence in the council-room."

"So, I am summoned," said the Prince; "good Sir Hugh, I will to the King at once. That means 'good-by,' Sis; for to-morrow I am off to the Welsh wars to dance with the lords-marchers and Owen Glendower, to a far different strain. Yield not to these leaguering Danes, Philippa, but if thou dost, when I am back from the Welsh wars, I'll hie me over sea

'With golden nobles in goodly store
To ransom Philippa at Elsinore,'"

and, kissing his sister fondly, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, parted the heavy arras and descended to the council-room.

And now the scene changes. Months have passed since that jolly romp in the old castle, among the hills of Hertfordshire, and under a wet and angry sky we stand within the King's tent, glad to escape from the driving storm.

To young Lionel Langley, as he peeped through the outer curtains of the tent and watched the floods of rain, it seemed as if all the mountains in the shires

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† A stuffed doublet worn under armor.

‡ A coat of mail formed of small steel rings interwoven.

of Breccon and Radnor had turned themselves into water-spouts to drench and drown the camp of the English invaders, as it lay soaked and shivering there in the marches* of Wales. King Henry's tent, we learn from an old chronicle, was "picchid on a fayre playne," but Lionel thought it anything but fair as he turned from the dismal prospect.

"Rain, rain, rain," he grumbled, throwing himself down by the side of stout Humfrey Wallys, archer in the King's guard; "why doth it always rain in this fateful country? Why can it not blow over? Why,—why must we stay cooped up under these soaking tent-tops, with ne'er a sight of fun or fighting?"

"Ah, why, why, why?" said the good-natured archer, "'t is ever why? with thee, Sir Questioner. But, if thou be riddling, ask us something easier. Why doth a cow lie down? Why is it fool's fun to give alms to a blind man? How many calves' tails doth it take to reach to the moon?"

"H'm," grunted Lionel, "thy riddles be as stale as Michaelmas mutton. I can answer them all."

"So—canst thou, young shuttle-brain?" cried the archer, "then, by the mass, thou shalt. Answer now, answer," he demanded, as he tripped up young Lionel's feet and pinned him to the ground with a pikestaff, "answer, or I will wash thy knowing face in yonder puddle,—Why doth a cow lie down?"

"Faith, because she can not sit," lazily answered Lionel.

"Hear the lad! He doth know it, really. Well—why is it not wise to give alms to a blind man?" demanded Humfrey.

"Because," responded the boy, "even if thou didst, he would be glad could he see thee hanged—as would I also!"

"Thou young knave! Now—how many calves' tails will it take to reach to the moon?"

"Oh, Humfrey, ease up thy pikestaff, man; I can barely fetch my breath—how many? Why, one,—if it be long enough," and, wriggling from his captor, the nimble Lionel tripped him up in turn, and, in sheer delight at his discomfiture, turned a back somersault and landed almost on the toes of two unhelmeted knights, who came from the inner pavilion of the royal tent.

"Why, how now, young tumble-foot—dost thou take this for a mummer's booth, that thou dost play thy pranks so closely to thy betters?" a quick voice demanded, and in much shame and confusion Lionel withdrew himself hastily from the royal feet of his "most dread sovereign and lord," King Henry the Fourth, of England.

"Pardon, my Liege," he stammered, "I did but think to stretch my stiffened legs."

"So; thou art tent-weary too," said the King; and then asked "and where learn'dst thou that hand-spring?"

"So please your Majesty, from my lord Prince," the boy replied.

"Ay, that thou didst, I'll warrant me," said the King, good-humoredly. "In aught of prank or play, or tumbler's trick, 't is safe to look to young Harry of Monmouth as our page's sponsor. But where lags the lad, think you, my lord?" he asked, turning to his companion, the Earl of Westmoreland. "We should, methinks, have had post from him ere this."

"'T is this fearful weather stays the news, your Majesty," replied the Earl. "No courserman could pass the Berwyn and Plinlimmon hills in so wild a storm."

"Ay, wild indeed," said the King, peering out through the parted curtains. "I am fain almost to believe these men of Wales who vaunt that the false Glendower is a black necromancer, who can call to his aid the dread demons of the air. Hark to that blast," he added, as a great gust of wind shook the royal tent, "'t is like a knight's defiance, and, like true knights, let us answer it. Hollo, young Lionel, be thou warder of thy King, and sound an answering blast."

Lionel, who was blest with the strong lungs of healthy boyhood, grasped the trumpet, and a defiant peal rang through the royal tent. But it was an unequal contest, for instantly, as chronicles old Capgrave, "there blew suddenly so much wynd, and so impetuous, with a gret rain, that the Kyng's tent was felled, and a spere cast so violently, that, an the Kyng had not been armed, he had been ded of the strok."

From all sides came the rush of help, and the King and his attendants were soon rescued, unharmed, from the fallen pavilion. But Humfrey, the stout old archer, muttered as he rubbed his well-thumped pate, "Good sooth, 't is, truly, the art magic of Glendower himself. It payeth not to trifle with malignant spirits. Give me to front an honest foe, and not these hidden demons of the wind."

As if satisfied with its victory over a mortal king, the fury of the storm abated, and that afternoon Lionel entered the royal presence with the announcement, "Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the noble Prince of Wales! a courier waits without."

"Bid him enter," said the King, and, all bespattered and dripping from his ride through the tempest, the courier entered and, dropping on his knee, presented the King a writing from the prince.

"At last!" said Henry, as he hastily scanned the note, "a rift in these gloomy clouds. Break we our camp, my lord Westmoreland, and back

* The "marches": — Frontiers or boundaries of a country. The nobles who held fiefs or castles in such border lands were called "the lords-marchers."

to Hereford town. We do but spend our strength to little use awaiting a wily foe in these flooded plains. This billet tells me that Sir Harry Percy and my lord of Worcester, with Our Son The Prince, have cooped up the rebels in the Castle of Conway, and that Glendower himself is in the Snowden Hills. As for thee, young Sir Harlequin," he added, turning to Lionel, "if thou wouldst try thy mettle in other ways than in tumbler's tricks and in defiance of the wind, thou mayst go with Sir Walter Blount to thy tutor, the Prince, and the Welsh wars in the north."

Next day, the camp was broken up, and, in high spirits, Lionel, with the small company of knights and archers detached for service in the north, left the southern marches for the camp of the prince.

It was the year of grace 1402. Henry of Lancaster, usurping the crown and power of the unfortunate King Richard II., ruled now as Henry IV., "by the grace of God, King of England and of France and Lord of Ireland." But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and, king though he was — "Most Excellent, Most Dread, and Most Sovereign Lord," as his subjects addressed him — he was lord and sovereign over a troubled and distracted realm. Scotland, thronging the Lowlands, poured her bonnets and pikes across the northern border; France, an ever-watchful enemy, menaced the slender possessions in Calais and Aquitaine; traitors at home plotted against the life of the King; and the men of Wales, rallying to the standard of their countryman, Owen Glendower, who styled himself the Prince of Wales, forced the English to unequal and disadvantageous battle among their hills and valleys. So the journey of Lionel to the north was a careful and cautious one; and, constantly on their guard against ambushes, surprises, and sudden assaults, the little band of archers and men-at-arms among whom he rode pushed their watchful way toward the Vale of Conway. They were just skirting the easterly base of the Snowden Hills, where, four thousand feet above them, the rugged mountain-peaks look down upon the broad and beautiful Vale of Conway, when a noise of crackling branches ahead startled the wary archer, Wallys, and he said to Lionel:

"Look to thine arms, lad; there may be danger here. But no," he added, as the "view halloo" of the hunters rose in air, "'t is but the merry chase. Hold here, and let us see the sport."

Almost as he spoke, there burst from the thicket, not a hundred yards away, a splendid red deer, whose spreading antlers proclaimed him to be a "stag of twelve" or "stag royal." Fast after him dashed the excited hunters; but, leading them all, spurred a sturdy young fellow of eager fifteen — tall and slender, but quick and active in every movement, as he yielded himself to the free action of his horse and cheered on the hounds. The excitement was contagious, and Lionel, spite of the caution of his friend the archer, could not restrain himself. His "view halloo" was shouted with boyish impetuosity as, fast at the heels of the other young hunter, he spurred his willing horse. But now the deer turned to the right and made for a distant thicket, and Lionel saw the young hunter spring from his lagging steed, and, with a stout cord reeled around his arm, dash after the stag afoot, while hounds and hunters panted far behind.

It was a splendid race of boy and beast. The lad's quick feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, every spring bringing him nearer and nearer to his noble prey. There is a final spurt; the coil of cord flies from the hunter's arm, as his quick fling sends it straight in air; the noose settles over the broad antlers of the buck; the youth draws back with a sudden but steady jerk, and the defeated deer drops to earth, a doomed and panting captive.

"There is but one lad in all England can do that," cried enthusiastic Lionel, as with a loud huzza, he spurred toward the spot so as to be "in at the death."

"Lend me thy knife, page," the boy hunter demanded, as Lionel leaped from his horse, "mine hath leaped from my belt into that pool there."

Flash! gleamed the sharp steel in air; and, kneeling on the body of the dying stag, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the fleetest and most fearless of England's youthful hunters, looked up into Lionel's admiring face.

"Hey,—O!" he cried. "Sure, 't is Lionel Langley! Why, how far'st thou, lad, and how cam'st thou here?"

"I come, my lord," Lionel replied, "with Sir Walter Blount's following of squires and archers, whom his Majesty, the King, hath sent to thy succor."

"Ye are right welcome all," said Prince Harry, "and ye come in good stead, for sure we need your aid. But wind this horn of mine, Lionel, and call in the hunt." And as Lionel's notes sounded loud and clear, the rest of the chase galloped up, and soon the combined trains rode on to the English camp in the Vale of Conway.

There, in the train of Prince Harry, Lionel passed the winter and spring; while his young leader, then scarce sixteen, led his hardy troops, a miniature army of scarce three thousand men, up and down the eastern marches of Wales, scouring the country from Conway Castle to Harlech Hold, and from the Irish Sea to Snowden and to Shrewsbury gates. The battles fought were little more than forays, skirmishes,—and the retaliations of fire and sword, now in English fields and now on

Welsh borders; but it was a good "school of the soldier," in which Lionel learned the art of war, and Harry of Monmouth bore himself right gallantly.

But greater troubles were brewing, and braver deeds in store. On a fair July morning in the year 1403, Lionel, who now served the Prince as squire

him are fled Sir Herbert Tressell, and the squires and archers of my lord of Worcester's train."

Now, the Earl of Worcester was the "tutor" or guardian of the Prince, a trusted noble of the house of Percy, and appointed by the King to have the oversight or guidance of young Harry; and his sudden flight from camp greatly surprised the Prince.



"THE YOUTH DRAWS BACK WITH A SUDDEN BUT STEADY JERK."

of the body, entering his pavilion hastily, said, in much excitement:

"My lord, my lord, the Earl of Worcester has gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the Prince. "What dost thou mean? Gone? When — where — how?"

"None know, my lord," Lionel replied. "This morning his pavilion was found deserted, and with

"My lord Prince," said Sir Walter Blount, entering as hastily as had Lionel, "here is a courier from the worshipful constable of Chester, with secret tidings that the Percies are in arms against my lord the King."

"The Percies up, and my lord of Worcester fled?" exclaimed the Prince. "This bodes no good for us. Quick, get thee to horse, Lionel.

Speed like the wind to Shrewsbury. Get thee fair escort from my lord of Warwick, and then on to the King at Burton." And in less than ten minutes, Lionel was a-horse, bearing the Prince's billet that told the doleful news of the new rebellion, spurring fast to Shrewsbury and the King.

Before three days had passed, the whole great plot was known, and men shook their heads in dismay and doubt at the tidings that the great houses of Percy and of Mortimer, rebelling against the King for both real and fancied grievances, had made a solemn league with the Welsh rebel, Owen Glendower, to dethrone King Henry, whom the Percies themselves had helped to the throne. A fast-growing army, led by the brave Sir Harry Percy,—whom men called Hotspur, from his mighty valor and his impetuous temper,—and by the Earl of Douglas, most valiant of the Scottish knights, was even now marching upon Shrewsbury to raise the standard of revolt.

"Hotspur a rebel? Worcester a traitor?" exclaimed the King in amazement, as he read Lionel's tidings. "Whom may we trust if these be false?"

But Henry the Fourth of England was not one to delay in action, nor to "cry over spilled milk." His first surprise over, he sent a fleet courier to London announcing the rebellion to his council, but bravely assuring them "for their consolation that he was powerful enough to conquer all his enemies." Then he gave orders to break the camp at Burton and march on Shrewsbury direct; and, early next morning, Lionel was spurring back to his boy general, Prince Harry, with orders from the King to meet him at once with all his following at Bridgenorth Castle.

So, down from the east marches of Wales to Bridgenorth towers came Prince Harry speedily, with his little army of trusty knights and squires, stalwart archers and men-at-arms,—hardy fighters all, trained to service in the forays of the rude Welsh wars, in which, too, their gallant young commander himself had learned coolness, caution, strategy, and unshrinking valor—the chief attributes of successful leadership.

Where Bridgenorth town stands upon the sloping banks of Severn, "like to old Jerusalem for pleasant situation," as the pilgrim travelers reported, there rallied in those bright summer days of 1403 a hastily summoned army for the "putting down of the rebel Percies." With waving banners and with gleaming lances, with the clank of heavy armor and ponderous engines of war, with the royal standard borne by Sir Walter Blount and his squires, out through the "one mighty gate" of Bridgenorth Castle passed the princely leaders, marshaling their army of fourteen thousand men across the broad plain of Salop toward the towers and battlements of the beleaguered town of Shrewsbury.

The King himself led the right wing, and young Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the left. So rapidly did the royal captains move, that the impetuous Hotspur, camped under the walls of the stout old castle, only knew of their near approach when, on the morning of July 20, he saw upon the crest of a neighboring hill the waving banners of King Henry's host. The gates of Shrewsbury opened to the King, and across the walls of the ancient town royalist and rebel faced each other, armed for bloody fight.

Lionel's young heart beat high as he watched the warlike preparations, and, glancing across to where near Haughmond Abbey floated the rebel standard, he found himself humming one of the rough old war tunes he had learned in Wales:

"O, we hope to do thee a gleeful thing
With a rope, a ladder, and eke a ring;
On a gallows high shalt thou swing full free
And thus shall the ending of traitors be."

"Nay, nay, Lionel, be not so sure of that," said the Prince, as he, too, caught up the spirited air. "Who faces Hotspur and the Douglas, as must we, will be wise not to talk rope and gallows till he sees the end of the affair. But come to the base-court. I 'll play thee a rare game of—hark, though," he said, as a loud trumpet-peal sounded beyond the walls, "there goeth the rebel defiance at the north gate. Come, attend me to the King's quarters, Lionel." And hastening across the inner court of the castle, the two lads entered the great guard-room just as the warders ushered into the King's presence the knights who, in accordance with the laws of battle, bore to the King the defiance of his enemies.

"Henry of Hereford and Lancaster!" said the herald, flinging a steel gauntlet on the floor with a ringing clash, "there lieth my lord of Percy's gage! thus doth he defy thee to battle!"

The Prince, Harry, with the flush of excitement on his fair young face, sprang from his father's side and picked up the gage of battle. "This shall be my duty," he said, and then the herald read before the King the paper containing the manifesto or "defiance" of the Percies.

In spirited articles the missive accused the King of many wrongs and oppressions, each article closing with the sentence, "Wherefore, thou art forsworn and false," while the following hot and ringing words concluded the curious paper—"For the which cause, we defy thee, thy fautores,* and com-

* Favorers, or abettors.

plices, as common traytoures and destroyers of the realme and the invadours, oppressors, and confounders of the verie true and right heires to the crown of England, which thynge we intende with our handes to prove this daie, Almighty God helping us."

The King took the paper from the herald's hand and simply said:

"Withdraw, Sir Herald, and assure your lord that we will reply to him with the sword, and prove in battle his quarrel to be false and traitorous and feigned."

And then the herald withdrew, courteously escorted; but it is said that King Henry, saddened at the thought of the valiant English blood that must be shed, sent, soon after, gentle words and offers of pardon to the Percies if they would return to their allegiance—all of which the Earl of Worcester, envious of the King, misreported to his generous but hot-headed nephew, Sir Harry Percy. So wrong a message did the false Earl give, that both Hotspur and the Douglas flamed with rage, and without waiting for Owen Glendower's forces and the expected reënforcements from the North, gave orders for instant battle, thus hastening the conflict before they were really ready. "The more haste, the less speed" is a strong old adage, boys, that holds good both in peace and war, and bitterly was it repented of on that "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury."

So, out through the north gate of Shrewsbury, on a Friday afternoon, swept the army of the King, fourteen thousand strong, and, back from the Abbey foregate and the Severn's banks dropped the Percies' host, thirteen thousand banded English, Scotch, and Welsh. In a space of open, rolling country known as Hateley Field—fit name for a place of battle between former friends—three miles from Shrewsbury town, the rival armies pitched their tents, drew their battle lines, and waited for the dawn.

It is the morning of Saturday, the twenty-second of July, 1403. Both camps are astir, and in the gray light that precedes the dawn the preparation for battle is made. The sun lights up the alder-covered hills, the trumpet sounds to arms, the standards sway, the burnished armor gleams and rings as knights and squires fall into their appointed places; the cloth-yard shafts are fitted to the archers' bows, and then, up from a sloping field, sweet with the odor of the pea-blossoms that cover it, there comes in loud defiance the well-known war-cry of the Percies,—"*Esperance, esperance!* Percy, ho, a Percy!" and Hotspur with his Northumbrian archers sweeps to the attack amidst a terrible flight of arrows and of spears.

"Play up, sir trumpeter!" shouted Harry of Monmouth, rising in his stirrups. "Play up your answering blast. Shake out our standard free. Now, forward all! Death to traitors! St. George—St. George for England!"

"St. George for England!" came the answering echo from King Henry's line; "*Esperance*, Percy!" sounded again from the rebel ranks, and "in a place called Bullfield," both armies closed in conflict.

"So furiously, the armies joined," runs the old chronicle; "the arrows fell as fall the leaves on the ground after a frosty night at the approach of winter. There was no room for the arrows to reach the ground; every one struck a mortal man." The first attack was against the King's own ranks. Hotspur, with his Northumbrian arrows, and Douglas, with his Highland spears, pressed hotly upon them, while Worcester's Cheshire archers from a slope near by sent their whizzing messengers straight into the King's lines. Though answering valiantly, the terrible assault was too severe for the King's men. They wavered, staggered, swayed, and broke—a ringing cheer went up from the enemy, when, just at the critical moment, with an "indignant onset," Harry of Monmouth dashed to his father's aid. His resistless rush changed the tide of battle, and the King's line was saved.

A sorry record is the story of that fearful fight. For three long hours the battle raged from Haughmond Abbey on to Berwick Bridge, and ere the noon of that bloody day, twelve thousand valiant Englishmen fell on the fatal field. The great historian Hume tells us that "We shall scarcely find any battle in those ages where the shock was more terrible and more constant."

The fire of passion and of fight spread even to the youngest page and squire, and as Lionel pressed close after the "gilded helmet and the three-plumed crest" of his brilliant young Prince, his face flamed with the excitement of the battle-hour. Again and again he saw the King unhorsed and fighting desperately for his crown and life; again and again he saw the fiery Hotspur and Douglas, the Scot, charge furiously on the King they had sworn to kill. Backward and forward the tide of battle rolls; now royalist, now rebel seems the victor. Hark! What shout is that?

"The King, the King is down!"

And where Hotspur and the Douglas fight around the hillock now known as the "King's Croft," Lionel misses the golden crest, he misses the royal banner of England:

"Sir Walter Blount is killed! the standard is lost!" is now the sorry cry.

But now the Prince and his hardy Welsh fighters charge to the rescue, and Lionel gave a cry of

terror as he saw a whizzing arrow tear into the face of his beloved Prince. Young Harry reeled with his hurt, and Lionel with other gentlemen of the guard caught him in their arms. There was confusion and dismay.

"The Prince is hurt!" cried Lionel, and almost as an echo rose those other shouts: —

"The King is slain!"

"Long live the Percy!"

"Back, to the rear, my lord!" pleaded Lionel, as he wiped the blood from the fair young face of the Prince.

"Back, back, my lord Prince. Back to my tent," urged the Earl of Westmoreland, and "Back, back, while there is yet safety," said the other knights, as the tide of battle surged toward the bleeding Prince.

"Stand off!" cried young Harry, springing to his feet. "Stand off, my lords! Far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my arms by flight. If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle?"

And just then another shout arose — a joyous, ringing cry:

"Ho, the King lives! the standard is safe! St. George for England!" And the brave young Harry, turning to his guard, said:

"What, my lords? to be carried back before the victory? Lead me, I implore you, to the very face of the foe."

Then, as the royal standard waved once more aloft, he burst with his followers into the thick of the fight, his unyielding valor giving new strength to all.

And now the end is near. An archer's arrow, with unerring aim, pierces the valiant Hotspur, and he falls dead upon the field.

"Harry Percy is dead! Victory, victory! St. George and victory!" rings the cry from thousands of the loyal troops, and, like a whirlwind, a panic of fear seizes the rebel ranks. Douglas is a prisoner; the Earl of Worcester surrenders; the rout is general.

"Then fled thei that myte fle," says the chronicle, or, as Hall, another of the old chroniclers, records, "The Scots fled, the Welshmen ran, the traitors were overcome; then neither woods hindered, nor hills stopped the fearful hearts of them that were vanquished."

So ended the "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury," a fitting prelude to that bloody era of strife known as the Wars of the Roses, which, commencing in the sad reign of the son of this boy general, Harry of Monmouth, was to stain England with the blood of Englishmen through fifty years.

And now, the dust and roar of battle die away, and we find ourselves amidst the Christmastide revels in royal Windsor, where, in one of the lordly apartments, our friend Lionel, like a right courtly young squire, is paying dutious attentions to his liege lady, the fair Princess Philippa. As we draw near the pair, we catch the words of the Princess, now a mature and stately young damsel of twelve, as she says to Lionel, who, gorgeous in a suit of motley velvet, listens respectfully —

"And let me tell thee, Master Lionel, that, from all I can make of good Master Lucke's tedious Latin letters, King Erik is a right noble prince, and a husband meet and fit for a Princess of England."

"O, ho! sits the wind in that quarter?" a gay voice exclaims, and Prince Harry comes to his sister's side. "Well, here be I in a pretty mess. Was I not prepared to deny in council, before all the lords, this petition of King Erik for our Princess, — ay, and to back it up with my stout bowmen from the marches? Beshrew me, Sis, but since when didst thou shift to so fair a taste for — what was it? frozen turnips and salted beef? And — how is the queen mother's appetite?"

But with a dignified little shrug, the Princess disdains her brother's banter, and the merry Prince goes on to say:

"Well, I must use my ready bows and lances somewhere, and if not to right the wrongs of the fair Philippa against this frosty and crusty — pardon me, your Highness, this *right noble* King Erik of Denmark, — then against that other 'most dread and sovereign lord, Owen, Prince of Wales,' as he doth style himself. To-morrow will this betrothal be signed; and then, Lionel, hey for the southern marches and the hills and heaths of Wales!"

So, amidst siege and skirmish and fierce assault the winter passed away, and grew to spring again; and so well and vigilantly did this boy leader defend the borders of his principality against the forays of Glendower's troops, that we find the gentry of the county of Hereford petitioning the King to publicly thank "our dear and honored lord and Prince, your son," for his "defence and governance of this your county of Hereford." And, out of all the vigilance and worry, the dash and danger of this exciting life, Harry of Monmouth was learning those lessons of patience, fortitude, coolness, self-denial and valor that enabled him, when barely twenty-eight, to win the mighty fight at Agincourt, and to gain the proud title of Henry the Victorious. For war, despite its horrors and terrors, has ever been a great and absorbing game, in which he who is most skillful, most cautious, and most fearless, makes the winning moves.

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince!" came the message from one hard-riding courserman, as his foam-flecked steed dashed through the great gate of the castle of Hereford. "My lord of Warwick hath met your Welsh rebels near the Red Castle by Llyn Du, and hath routed them with much loss." But a few days later, came another horseman, with the words: "Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince! Sir William Newport hath been set upon at Craig y Dorth by your rebels of Wales, 'with myty hand,' and so sore was his strait that he hath fled into Monmouth town, while many gallant gentlemen and archers lie dead of their hurt, by the great stones of Treleg."

"Sir William routed?" exclaimed the Prince, "'t is ours, then, to succor him. Lionel, summon Lord Talbot." That sturdy old fighter was soon at hand. "Fare we to Monmouth straight, my lord," said the Prince. "Here is sorry news, but we will right the day."

Very speedily the little army of the Prince was on the move along the lovely valley of the Wye; and, on the tenth of March, 1405, they were lodged within the red walls of that same great castle of Monmouth, "in the which," says the old chronicle, "it pleased God to give life to the noble King Henry V, who of the same is called Harry of Monmouth."

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince," came the report of the scouts; "the false traitor, Glendower, with your rebels of Glamorgan and Usk, of Netherwent and Overwent, have lodged themselves, to the number of eight thousand, in your town of Grosmont, scarce six miles away."

Eight thousand strong! and Prince Harry had with him barely five thousand men. But with the morning sun the order "Banners advance!" was given, and the fearless young general of seventeen drew his little army to the smoking ruins of the wasted town of Grosmont. "Is it wise, my lord



HARRY OF MONMOUTH AT THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

Prince," cautioned Lord Talbot, "to pit ourselves bodily against so strong a power? They be eight thousand strong and count us nearly two to one."

"Very true, my lord," said the intrepid Prince, "but victory lieth not in a multitude of people, but in the power of God. Let us help to prove it here, and by the aid of Heaven and our good right arms, may we this day win the unequal fight!"

"Amen!" said Lord Talbot, "none welcome the day and duty more than I."

The armies of the rival Princes of Wales stood face to face, and short, but stubborn and bloody, was the conflict. Victory rested with the little army of Prince Harry, and, before the sun went down, Glendower and his routed forces were in full retreat.

Following up his victory with quick and determined action, the boy general hurried at the heels of Glendower's broken ranks, and on Sunday, the fifteenth of March, 1405, faced them again under the old towers of the Castle of Usk. Swift and sudden fell his attack. The Welsh ranks broke before the fury of his onset, and, with over fifteen hundred lost in killed or prisoners, with his brother Tudor slain and his son Gruffyd a captive in the hands of the English, Owen Glendower fled with the remnant of his defeated army into the grim fastnesses of the Black Hills of Brecon.

It was a sad day for Wales, for it broke the power and sway of their remarkable and patriotic leader, Glendower, and made them, ere long, vassals of the English crown. But the bells of London rang loud and merrily when, three days after the fight, a rapid courserman spurred through the city gates, bearing to the council a copy of the modest letter in which the young general announced his victory to his "most redoubted and most sovereign lord and father," the King.

Lionel, close in attendance on his much-loved leader, followed him through all the troubles and triumphs of the Welsh wars; and followed him, "well and bravely appareled," when, in May, 1406, the King, with a brilliant company of lords and ladies, gathered at the port of Lynn to bid farewell to the young Princess Philippa, as she sailed with the Danish ambassadors, "in great state," over the sea, "to be joyned in wedlok" to King Erik of Denmark.

And here we must leave our gallant young Prince. A boy no longer, his story is now that of a wise and vigorous young manhood, which, in prince and king, bore out the promise of his boyish days. Dying at thirty-five — still a young man — he closed a career that stands on record as a notable one in the annals of the world.

But when you come to read in Shakespeare's matchless verse the plays of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V.," do not, in your delight over his splendid word-pictures, permit yourself to place too strong a belief in his portrait of young "Prince Hal" and his escapes and follies and wild carousals with fat old Falstaff and his boon companions. For the facts of history now prove the great poet mistaken; and "Prince Hal," though full of life and spirit, fond of pleasure and mischief, and, sometimes, of rough and thoughtless fun, stands on record as a valiant, high-minded, clear-hearted and conscientious lad. "And when we reflect," says one of his biographers, "to what a high station he had been called whilst yet a boy; with what important commissions he had been intrusted; how much fortune seems to have done to spoil him by pride and vain-glory from his earliest youth, this page of our national records seems to set him high among the princes of the world; not so much as an undaunted warrior and triumphant hero, as the conqueror of himself, the example of a chastened, modest spirit, of filial reverence, and of a single mind bent on his duty."

The conqueror of himself! It was this that gave him grace to say, when crowned King of England in Westminster, "The first act of my reign shall be to pardon all who have offended me; and I pray God that if He foresees I am like to be any other than a just and good king, He may be pleased to take me from the world rather than seat me on a throne to live a public calamity to my country." It was this that gave him his magnificent courage at Agincourt, where, with barely six thousand Englishmen, he faced and utterly routed a French host of nearly sixty thousand men; it was this that, in the midst of the gorgeous pageant which welcomed him at London as the hero of Agincourt, made him refuse to let his battle-bruised helmet and his dinted armor be displayed as trophies of his valor. It was this that kept him brave, modest, and high-minded through all the glories and successes of his short but eventful life, that made him the idol of the people and one of the most brilliant figures in the crowded pages of English history.

It is not given to us, boys and girls, to be royal in name, but we may be royal in nature, as was Harry of Monmouth, the Boy General, the chivalrous young English Prince.

FIRST STEPS.

By Elizabeth C. Kinney.

HUSH! the baby stands alone —
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step — just one —
Wavers, stops, — quick, catch her!
Courage! Life's first step will cost:
Now again she 's trying —
One, two, — there! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more —
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first steps she reckons:

One, two, three — Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly —
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased, — then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;
Now she 's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her —
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning —
Pulls so — Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she 's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss —
Brave again as ever,
See, the plucky little miss
Makes her best endeavor;
Walks right off — the darling pet —
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter VI.

One of the first things learned by Susie and Porter Hudson, on their arrival at the farm-house, had been that the reason why Corry and Pen were not attending school was because the teacher was ill.

And the very next morning after the picnic, word came to the farm-houses, throughout the valley, that the school had begun again.

Some little plans of Vosh's, in which his horse and cutter had a part, were upset completely by the teacher's recovery, but the consequences were even more severe at Deacon Farnham's. Corry and Pen were compelled to leave their cousins to take care of themselves, every day, till after school hours. But for Susie, with her two aunts to care for her, the time passed pleasantly enough, for she had a dozen kinds of knitting to learn, and there were a good many books in the house.

As for Porter, he did not spend an hour in the house that he could find a use for out-of-doors. He went with the deacon to the cattle-yard and the stables, and he learned more about horses, and cows, and oxen, than he had supposed there was to learn.

On Sunday they all went to meeting at Benton Village, and it seemed to Susie Hudson that all she heard, excepting what the minister said in his sermon, was about "the donation."

"Tell me just what it is, Pen," she said to her cousin, in the sleigh, on their way home. "I've heard about a donation, often enough, but I never saw one."

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed Pen, in great surprise. "Why, a donation is — a donation. That's all. It's a kind of a picnic at the minister's house. Everybody comes, and they all bring something for him and his wife."

"Shall we all go?"

"Of course we will."

Susie learned a great deal more about it during the next two days. For Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to be cooking for that "donation" as if for a famine.

"I've done my best," said Mrs. Stebbins to Vosh, while she was putting her contribution into his cutter for transportation; "but Sarah Farnham and Judith can beat me. Their oven will hold three times as much as mine will."

An old-fashioned, up-country "donation party" can not be altogether an evening affair. Some of the good people have far to come and go, and some of them have heavy loads to bring. So they generally begin to assemble before the middle of the afternoon.

Susie had seen the minister's house several times. It stood in the edge of the village, with an immense barn behind it, and it looked almost like another large barn, painted very white, and with ever so many windows.

The crowd that came on the appointed day would have been very uncomfortable in a small house.

When the sleigh-load from Deacon Farnham's got there, there was already a long line of teams hitched at the road-side, in front of the house, in addition to many others that had found shed and stable accommodations in the vicinity.

As for Elder Evans's own barn,— hay, straw, and provender of all sorts, formed a regular part of his annual "donation." Load after load had come in and had been stowed away, after a fashion that spoke well for either the elder's popularity or the success of the hay crop.

There was no intention of letting the good man freeze to death, either, in a country where wood was to be had almost for the chopping. His wood-pile was a sight to see, as early as an hour before supper-time, and everybody knew there was more wood to come.

Corry conducted Porter through the house. The sitting-room, back of the parlor, was a large one, but it was almost filled with tables, of all sorts and sizes, and these were covered with a feast of such liberal abundance that Porter exclaimed in astonishment at it.

Corry did not stop here, however, but led his cousin into the kitchen, and an odd place it was. More than a dozen busy ladies were trying to get at the cook stove, all at the same time, and half as many more were helping Vosh Stebbins "keep track of things," as the parcels were handed in at the side door and stowed about in all directions.

"That makes four bushels of onions," Port heard Vosh say, as he and Corry entered the room. "They 're wholesome — but then!"

"Only one barrel of flour," said a tall woman, standing near him. "But there are ten bushels of wheat."

"Three bags of meal and twenty sacks of corn. Fifteen bushels of turnips. Twenty of potatoes.

One dressed pig. A "side" of beef. Two dozen chickens——"

"Sam Jones has just driven in with another load of wood."

"And Mr. Beans, the miller at Cobbleville, has sent more buckwheat flour than they could use if they made up their minds to live on flap-jacks only."

"Five muskrat skins."

"Two kegs of butter."

"Hold," said Vosh, "till I get down the groceries. What 'll he do with so many tallow dips! And here come more dried apples and doughnuts!"

It was indeed a remarkable collection, and Porter began to understand how an "up-country minister" got his supplies.

"Port," said Corry, a little while after that, "let 's go for our supper. We want to be ready for the fun."

"What will that be?" asked Port.

"Oh, you 'll see," was the reply.

Susie had been making a dreadful mistake, at that very moment; for she had asked old Mrs. Jordan, the minister's mother-in-law, if they ever had any dancing at donation parties. She told Port, afterward, that the old lady looked at her with an expression of horror, and said:

"Dancing, child? Sakes alive!"

The house was swarming with young people as well as old, and the leader of the Benton church choir had great difficulty in getting them all into proper mood for singing.

By the time the hymns were concluded, Vosh Stebbins had returned from the kitchen, with his list completed and ready for the minister, and Port heard him say something to another young man, older than himself, but no taller, about "those charades."

Susie Hudson had never heard of one-half the games that followed the charades. There were "forfeits" of several kinds, "anagrams," and various indoor sports, and finally the parlor was given up to a royal game of blind-man's-buff.

It was grand fun for the young people, and Susie enjoyed it exceedingly. But already the pleasant gathering at the minister's house began to break up. Some of the families who had far to go had already set out for their homes, and it was well understood that not even the village people and near neighbors would stay later than ten o'clock. For Elder Evans and his family would be tired enough to be pleased at once more having their house to themselves.

There was a great deal of merry talk in the big Farnham sleigh all the way home. The older people were in joyous spirits over the success of the party, and Pen had something to say about everybody she had seen.

Chapter VII.

There had been several light and fleecy snow-storms since the arrival of the "city cousins" at the farm-house, but Aunt Judith had felt called upon to remark, at frequent intervals:

"Winter nowadays is n't at all what it used to be."

"We 'll have more snow yet," said the deacon, "never fear."

"More snow?" replied Aunt Judith; "but don't you remember how this place used to be snowed in for days and days, so that you could n't get to the village at all till the roads were cut out?"

And in the afternoon of the very next day, which happened to be Wednesday, a sort of haze was seen creeping over the north-eastern sky. It seemed to drift down from somewhere among the mountains, and at three o'clock the snow began to fall.

"Boys," said the deacon, when they came home from school, "we 're going to have a snow-fall this time,—one of the real old-fashioned sort. We must get out the shovels and keep the paths open."

It hardly seemed necessary to do any shoveling yet, but the white flakes fell faster and faster, hour after hour, and night came on earlier than usual.

"Now, Port," said Corry, "we 'll lay in all the wood we 'll need for to-morrow and next day. Everything will be snowed under."

Well, I 'd like to see that?" said Port.

So would Susie, and she and Pen watched the storm from the sitting-room windows; while even Aunt Judith came and stood beside them and declared:

"There, now!—That 's something like!"

And Mrs. Farnham remarked, in a tone of exultation: "Did you ever see anything like that in the city, Susie!"

"Never, Aunt Sarah. It 's the grandest snow-storm I ever saw," said Susie.

There was very little wind as yet, and the fluttering flakes lay still where they fell.

"All the snow that could n't get down all these weeks is coming now," said Pen. "There 's ever so much of it. I like snow."

More and more of it, and the men and boys came in from the barns, after supper, as white as so many polar bears, to stamp and laugh and be brushed, till the color of their clothes could be seen.

Then the wind began to rise, and the whole family felt like gathering closely around the fire-place, and the flames poured up the wide chimney as if they were ready to fight the storm.

The boys cracked nuts and popped corn and played checkers. The deacon read his newspaper.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith plied their knitting. Susie showed Pen how to crochet a tidy. It was very cozy and comfortable, but all the while they could hear blast after blast, as they came howling around the house and hurled the snow fiercely against the windows.



"THE LITTLE MADE A SCREEN DASH FORWARD, DOWN A STEEP IN LINE."

"Is n't it grand!" said Corry, at last.—"But we 'll have some shoveling to do in the morning."

"Indeed, we will!" said Port, "and you 'll have a good time getting to school."

"School? If this keeps on all night, there wont be any school to-morrow, nor the next day, either."

It did keep on all night, and the blinding drifts were whirling before the wind with a gustier sweep than ever, when the farm-house people peered out at them, next morning. Every shovel that could be furnished with a pair of hands had to be at work early, and the task before the boys had an almost impossible look about it.

The cattle and sheep and horses and poultry all had been carefully sheltered. There was a drift nearly ten feet high between the house and the pig-pen, and one still higher was piled up over the gate leading into the barn-yard.

Before the two drifts could be conquered, it was breakfast-time for human beings, and there was

never a morning when coffee and hot cakes seemed more perfectly appropriate.

While the human workers were busy at the breakfast-table, the snow and wind did not rest at all, but kept right on, doing their best to restore the damaged drifts.

"Susie," said Port, "does n't this make you think of Lapland?"

"Yes, and of Greenland and Siberia, too."

The barn was reached during the day and all the quadrupeds and bipeds were found, safe and hungry, and were carefully fed.

"We shan't get into the woods again, very soon," said Corry, and there was a thoughtful look on Susie's face, as she replied: "Why, we could n't even get to Mrs. Stebbin's house, could we?"

"Well, Vosh is a worker," said the deacon. "We can't get over there to-day, but we will to-morrow."

Far on into the night the great northern gusts blew steadily, but toward morning, the storm decided that it had done enough, and it began to subside. Now and then, it again aroused itself as if it still had a drift or two to finish, but at sunrise all the valley was still and calm and wonderfully white.

"This will be a working-day, I guess," said the deacon, "but all the paths we make will stay made."

There was some comfort in that, for all those they had made before had to be shoveled out again.

The deacon insisted on digging out every gate so thoroughly that it would swing wide open, and the paths were made wide and clean, walled high on either side with tremendous banks of snow. But the workers were weary before they could open the front gates.

Susie was watching them from the window, and Pen was in the front yard, vigorously punching a snow-bank with a small shovel, when Aunt Judith suddenly exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! There 's something a-stirring in the road! What can it be? There 's something moving out there in the snow!"

Susie almost held her breath, for there was surely a commotion in the great drift, a few rods beyond the gate. The boys saw it, too, and they and the deacon and the hired man began to shout, as if shouting would help a creature buried in a snow drift.

"There he comes!—No, he 's under again!"

"He 'll be smothered!"

Susie was watching the commotion in the snow as she had never watched anything before, and just then a fleecy head came out on this side of the high drift.

"Aunt Judith? Aunt Sarah?" she called suddenly. "It 's Vosh Stebbins!"

"Hurrah, boys!" There was nothing at all doleful in that ringing shout which Vosh sent toward the house, the moment he got the snow out of his mouth. "Have you any snow here at your house? We have more than we want. We 'll let you have loads of it, for nothing."

"Come on, Vosh," said the deacon; "come on in and warm yourself."

Both the boys were brushing the snow from him as soon as he got to the gate, and all the women folk went to the door to welcome him. Aunt Judith talked as fast as his own mother could have spoken, and insisted on his sitting down before the fire-place while she brought him a cup of coffee and a glass of currant-wine, and a piece of pie, and then she said she would make him some pepper-tea.

"Now, Mrs. Farnham," said Vosh, "I 'm not damaged at all."

"And your mother?"

"Never was better, but she was worried about you, and I said I 'd come over and see. Susie, did you know it had been snowing a little, out-of-doors?"

"How *did* you ever get through?" answered that young lady.

"I just burrowed, most of the way, like a woodchuck," said Vosh.

"You can't go back by the same hole," chuckled Corry.

"I can if it 's there. But I must n't stay long. Mother 'll be afraid I 'm lost in the drift."

And after a few minutes of merry talk, they all gathered at the front gate to see him plunge in again.

"He 'll get through," said the deacon; "there 's the making of a man in Vosh."

They were all tired enough to go to bed early; but the first rays of daylight, next morning, saw them all rushing out again. Port felt a little stiff and sore, but he determined to do his part at road-breaking.

Just after breakfast, the wide gate was swung open, and the deacon's hired man came down the lane, driving the black team at a sharp trot, with the wood-sleigh behind them.

Faster,—faster,—through the gate and out into the snow, with a chorus of shouts to urge them on.

There was work for men and boys, as well as horses, and the snow-shovels were plied rapidly behind the plunging team. Porter Hudson quickly understood that a great length of road could be opened in that way, if all the farmers turned out to do it. And public opinion would have gone pretty sharply against any man who shirked his share of this important work.

They were now pushing their way toward the village, and already could catch glimpses of other

"gangs," as Vosh called them, here and there down the road. In some places, where the snow was not so deep, they made "turn-outs" wide enough for loaded sleighs to pass each other.

When Tuesday night came, "the roads were open"; and the severe frost of that night was followed by a crisp and bracing morning, with a crust over the great snow-fall strong enough to bear the weight of a man almost anywhere.

"Hurrah!" shouted Corry, as he climbed a drift and walked away toward the open field beyond, "we 'll have some fun now."

"Boys," shouted Vosh, from the front gate, "the mill pond was flooded yesterday, and it 's frozen over now. There are acres and acres of the best skating you ever heard of. Smooth as a pane of glass."

There was a shout then that brought Aunt Judith and Susie to the window, and Porter was saying to himself:

"Well, I am glad we brought along our skates, after all. There 'll be a chance to use them."

CHAPTER VIII.

VOSH STEBBINS came home from school very early that afternoon, and his "chores" were attended to in a great hurry.

After that, his mother's mind was stirred to the curiosity point by an unusual amount of hammering out in the barn. He was a mechanical genius, and he had more than once astonished her by the results of his hammering. When, however, she asked him what he was up to, all she could get from him was:

"I tell you what, Mother, I 'm going to show them a new wrinkle. Wait till morning. 'T is n't quite ready yet."

The Benton boys and girls had not learned to say "coasting." They all called it "sliding down hill"; but the country they lived in had been planned expressly for this sport.

Not more than a mile east of Deacon Farnham's, the land sloped down gently, for more than a mile, to the very edge of the village, and on to the borders of the little river and the mill pond. Of course, all that slope was not in one field; but all the low and broken fences were now snowed under, and it was easy to take the top rails from the two or three high fences, so as to leave wide gaps. With very little trouble, therefore, the boys prepared for their coasting-ground a clear, slippery descent. The hollows were all drifted full, and there was a good road on one side by which to ascend the hill. All this had been duly explained to Susie and Port by Corry, and their great affliction seemed to be that they only had one sled among them.

Next morning, after breakfast, they all crowded to the door, as Corry called out:

"Hullo, Vosh. Going to slide down hill in a cutter?"

There he was at the gate,—sorrel colt, sleigh, red blanket, bells, and all, and dragging behind the sleigh an odd-looking vehicle.

"In a cutter? No; but you would n't have the girls walk up hill after every slide, would you? Just take a look at my sled back there!"

"Why, Vosh," said Corry, "it 's your old pair of bobs, with a box rigged on them. What 's that in front?"

"That 's my rudder. That steers it. The hind bob must follow the front one. Can't help it, if it tries."

Pen and Susie were off like a flash to get ready.

The whole country looked icy, and glittered beautifully white in the clear frosty sunshine as they set off. When they reached the coasting-ground, they found it in perfect condition, and a score of sleds, with twice as many boys, were already shooting down it. The descent of that long slope was something to wonder at, but the climbing back again was another thing altogether. It was easy enough for Vosh, however, to make a bargain with one of his boy friends to do his driving for him, and to have the cutter ready for them at the bottom of the hill.

They were on the very upper level now. Vosh helped the girls out of the cutter, and at once started it off, telling the driver:

"Go right on into Benton. That 's where we 're coming."

The "pair of bobs" had been the running-gear of a small wood-sleigh, built for one horse to pull around among the woods. They were light, but strong, and the "box" was well supplied with blankets. When the girls were in it, and the gay red spread from the cutter was thrown in front of them, the "ripper," as the boys called it, put on quite a holiday appearance.

"We 're going, Susie," exclaimed Pen. "Hold your breath!—we 're going!"

They were starting, sure enough, and Susie felt that she was turning a little pale; but they moved slowly at first, for the grade was very slight at the spot where they were.

"Now, girls!" cried Vosh.

The "ripper" made a sudden dash forward, down a steeper incline. Faster, faster,—and there was no need to tell the young lady passengers to hold their breath. That seemed the most natural thing to do.

There never was a more slippery crust, and the "ripper" almost seemed to know it.

Faster! Faster! Shooting down the steep

slopes, and spinning across the level reaches, and all the while there was Vosh Stebbins, bracing himself firmly as he clung to the arms of his "rudder."

It was well he could steer so perfectly, for the gaps in the fences were none too wide, after all, — and if he and his cargo should happen to miss one of these, and be dashed against a fence! It was altogether too dreadful to think of; but, luckily, there was no time to think of it.

The cargo had great confidence in their "engineer and pilot," as Port had called him before starting, and their faith even increased after they shot through the first gap.

The wind whistled by their ears. The country on either side was but a streak of white. Nobody could guess how fast they were going now.

"There 's the village," gasped Port.

"The river!" whispered Pen.

"Oh, Vosh" —— began Susie, as they shot into what she saw was a road lined with streaks of houses and fences.

Before she could think of another word, they were out on the ice of the little stream, and a skillful twist of the rudder sent them down it, instead of across. In a moment more, they were slipping smoothly along over the wind-swept surface of the frozen mill pond, and the "ripper" had lost so much of its impetus that there was no difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still.

"There," said Vosh, as he held out his hand to help Susie alight, "that 's the longest slide down hill that anybody ever took in Benton Valley. Nobody 'll beat that in a hurry."

"I don't think they will," she said, and Pen added, inquiringly:

"We 're not scared a bit, Vosh. We 'll agree to make the same trip again, if you say so?"

That was what the sorrel colt was coming down the road for, and they were speedily on their way up the hill, in the swift sleigh, — more envied than ever.

And it was not until dinner-time that Vosh drove his passengers back to the farm-house.

CHAPTER IX.

VOSH STEBBINS came over to the farm-house after supper, and he met Deacon Farnham at the gate. There was nothing unaccountable in that; but the boys heard him say, just as he was following the deacon into the house:

"No, we wont need any snow-shoes. But I 'll take mine along."

"Port," said Corry, "something 's up. Hark!——"

"Yes, Deacon; Sile Hathaway says the storm has driven a whole herd down this way."

"I 've known it happen so, more 'n once," was the deacon's reply.

"Port," whispered Corry, as if it were a secret, "I know now. We 're to have a deer-hunt on the crust of the snow."

A minute later, Vosh was on the stoop with them. Then he was in the house. Then the whole affair burst out like a sudden storm.

Deacon Farnham did not say much, but there was a flush on his face and a light in his eyes that made him look ten years younger. Vosh went home early, but it was all arranged before he left the house.

The Saturday morning breakfast was eaten before daylight, and it was hardly over before they heard Vosh at the door.

There was not much time to talk, so ready was everything and everybody; but it did seem to Port as if Vosh Stebbins's hand-sled, long as it was, was a small vehicle for bringing home all the deer they were to kill.

"The lunch-basket and the snow-shoes half fill it now," he said to himself.

Vosh had secured for that day's work the services of an experienced dog, — one, moreover, that seemed to know him and to be disposed to obey his orders, but that paid small attention to the advances of any other person.

"Is Jack a deer-hound?" asked Port.

"Not quite," said Vosh. "He 's only a half-breed, but he 's run down a good many deer. He knows all about it."

Jack was a tall, strong, long-legged animal, with lop ears and a sulky face, but there was much more of the "hunter" in his appearance than in that of old Ponto. His conduct was also more business-like, for Ponto had slid all the way to the bottom of several deep hollows before he learned the wisdom of plodding along with the rest instead of searching the woods for rabbits. "Rabbits!" the very mention of those little animals made the boys look at each other, as if to ask: "Did you ever hunt anything so small as a rabbit?"

The snow in the woods was deep, but there were few drifts, and the crust was hard except close to the trunks of the trees and under the heavier pines and hemlocks. Walking was easy, and they pushed straight on through the forest.

They were three miles from the farm-house before they saw any game. Off, then, went the dogs, and the boys were taken a little by surprise when the deacon said:

"Vosh, you 'd better stay here, while Corry and Port walk off to the right there, about thirty or forty rods. I 'll strike to the left, as far as the edge of the big ravine. If they 've really started a deer, he may come along there."

Away he went and away went the boys. Porter Hudson was hardly able to speak, so exciting was the suspense; but, in a moment more, he heard Jack's bark coming nearer and nearer, ahead of him. Almost at the same moment he heard the crack of his uncle's rifle. He saw Corry spring to his feet, while Vosh Stebbins darted away to the left, as if he thought he might be needed there.

"What can it be? I don't see a single thing. No—yes—there he goes! Straight for Corry. Why does n't Vosh stop?"

The deer in sight was a fine buck, with antlers which afterward proved it to be two years old, and it was easier for Corry to hit it "on the run" than to hit a white rabbit. He fired both barrels, too, and he shouted to Port; but there was no glory to be won by the city boy this time. Corry had aimed too well and the buck had been too near, and it was hardly necessary for the dogs to pull down their game.

"Corry, hear that!" said Port. "It 's Vosh's gun. What 's the matter?"

"There goes his second barrel. Run! Your gun 's loaded," replied his cousin.

It was "all in a minute," and Port darted away with a strong impression that something strange had happened.

Corry must have thought so, too, for he loaded his gun very rapidly.

Something strange had indeed happened.

Deacon Farnham had walked on rapidly toward the "deep ravine," after leaving the boys. He had known that forest ever since he was a lad, and had killed more than one deer in that vicinity. He had not gone far, keeping his eyes sharply about him, when he suddenly stopped short and raised his rifle. It looked as if he were aiming at a clump of sumach bushes, and Port, or even Corry, would probably have said they saw nothing there. Vosh, perhaps, or any hunter of more experience, would have said:

"See its antlers! Just above the thick bush! It 's gazing, now. It 'll be off in a jiffy."

The deacon saw those antlers, and could judge fairly well of the body below them. He could not correctly determine its exact position, however, and so, instead of hitting the deer in the chest or side, the bullet grazed its shoulder and struck its right hip. And then, the magnificent buck could not run at all; but he could still fight, desperately. There was danger in the sharp and branching horns, as Deacon Farnham discovered when he so rashly plunged in among the bushes.

Danger from a deer?

Yes, indeed. Danger of being gored by those great natural weapons. Instead of being able to use his hunting-knife, the deacon found himself dodging actively behind trees and fending off with his empty rifle the furious charges of his furious assailant, until Vosh came to his assistance.

It was well that Vosh came when he did, and that his gun was loaded. Two charges of buckshot were fired at very short range, and the deacon was safe.

"You were just in time, Vosh," he said, panting for breath.

"I 'm glad I was!" said Vosh, earnestly.

Port came running up just then, and he was all eyes and ears, although his help was not needed.

"It 's a grand one! And we 've another over yonder!"

"Have you?" exclaimed his uncle. "Vosh, will you take charge of it? I 'll see to this one as soon as I can; and I think we 've all the game we want for one day."

"Why, uncle, it 's only noon. We might hunt some more, might n't we?" said Port.

"Well, we might; but it 'll be late enough when we get home. We 've work before us, Port, and it 's time we had some lunch, anyhow."

They were all quite ready for that, but the boys began to discover, soon afterward, that deer-hunting was not all play. It was easy enough to cut down branches of trees and lay them on the sled and fasten them together. Then it was not a terrible lift for all four of them to raise a dead deer and lay it on the branches. The tug of war came afterward, as they hauled that sled homeward over the crust. Several times it broke through, and then there was no end of floundering in the snow and tugging and lifting before they again got it a-going. Then, once it broke from them, and slid away down a deep, steep hollow, landing its cargo, all in a heap, at the bottom. There was no use for the snow-shoes, but they had to be fished for in the snow, when the sled broke through. Altogether, it was a weary journey, but they all worked at it, until at last they hauled the sled out into the half-made road to Mink Lake. After that they got on better, but they were thoroughly fatigued hunters when they reached the farm-house, and the day was gone.

There were eager faces at the windows, that of Mrs. Stebbins among them. There were shrill shouts from Pen on the front stoop. Then there was an excited little gathering at the kitchen door, when the sled was drawn in front of it.

Pen clapped her little hands in a gale of excitement, but Susie exclaimed:

"Poor things!"

She could not help feeling sorry for those two beautiful creatures on the sled.

"They look so innocent—so helpless," she said. But her uncle replied:

"Innocent? Helpless? That big buck was

near to making an end of me when Vosh came up and shot it. It 's your game, Mrs. Stebbins."

He forgot to mention that the fight with the buck was all his own fault, for he began it; but there was venison steak in abundance at table, and Corry was justified in declaring:

"It 's great sport to hunt deer, but I 'd rather eat venison than drag it home."

CHAPTER X.

CORRY FARNHAM and Vosh Stebbins had each of them a great deal to do, both at morning and evening, and had thus far been compelled to neglect the tempting attractions of the mill pond and the river. Their Saturdays had been otherwise employed, ever since the "thaw and freeze"; and that splendid skating-ground had lain neglected.

The majority of the village boys, old enough to own skates, had been almost as busy, and the glittering surface of the ice was as smooth as ever.

Porter Hudson had looked at it more than once, and on the day after the grand deer-hunt he said to Susie: "Don't let 's say a word about it to any one. Put your skates under your shawl and take a walk to the village with me. I 'll wrap mine up like a bundle."

"Why, Port, what for?"

"Don't you see, Susie, we 'll be out there with the rest one of these days; and we have n't been on our skates since we were at the rink last winter. I 'm not sure I could stand on mine."

"Nor I. We *must* practice. I 'll be ready soon!" replies Susie

So it came to pass that day, that while Pen and her brother and Vosh were safely shut up in the Benton school-house, their two friends were on the river, quite a distance above the pond.

"We can skate as well as ever. Don't let anybody know, and we 'll surprise 'em," said Port.

Vosh had had a sort of surprise in his own mind, and it came out, only a few evenings later, when Aunt Judith was compelled to exclaim, at the supper table:

"Skating party on the ice? Who ever heard tell of such a thing! After dark, too!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corry, gravely, "the skating 's to be done on the ice. All over it. There 'll be the biggest bonfires you ever saw, and there 'll be good moonlight, too."

There was a little discussion of the matter, of course, but the deacon settled it.

"I used to think there was n't anything much better than a skate by moonlight. It wont pay to hitch up a team, but I 'll walk over with you. Let 's all go."

After supper, Port whispered to Susie:

"Hide your skates. I 'll let 'em see mine. They don't know I can stand on 'em."

Corry was right about the moon, and the evening was wonderfully clear and bright.

There were a number of merry skaters already at work, and there were groups of spectators, here and there; for the fires made the scene well worth coming to look at.

"Susie," said Vosh, "how I do wish you knew how to skate!"

"Let me see how you can do it. I 'll look on a little while."

She felt almost conscience-smitten about her intended fun; but she kept her secret until all the boys had strapped on their skates, and she heard Vosh say to Port:

"Can you get up alone? Shall I help you?"

"No, I guess not. Can you cut a figure eight? This way? Come on, Vosh; catch me if you can!"

"Corry," exclaimed Pen, "Port can skate! See him go!"

"I declare," remarked the deacon, "so he can! ——"

"So can Vosh," said Mrs. Stebbins. "And no city boy is going to beat him, either."

Vosh's effort to find out if that were true had already carried him so far away, that, the moment Corry followed him, Susie felt safe to say:

"Now, Uncle Joshua, if you will help me buckle my skates ——"

She was in such a fever to get them on, that she hardly heard the storm of remarks from Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith; but the deacon seemed to take an understanding interest in the matter, and he was already on his knees on the ice, hastening to fasten her skates.

"Can you really skate, Susie?" he asked.

"I 'll show you in a minute. Please do hurry, before either of them suspect anything!"

"O Susie," said Pen, mournfully, "I do wish I could!"

"You must learn some day ——" said Susie.

"Susie," exclaimed Aunt Judith, "wait for somebody to go with you. You might tumble down."

"No, no! Go now, Susie," said her uncle. "Off with you!"

She was really a very graceful skater, and her aunts looked on with admiration as well as a good deal of astonishment, while she made a few whirls near by to assure herself that the skates were on rightly. Then away she glided over the ice, and the first intimation of her skill that Vosh Stebbins had, was when the form of a young lady fluttered swiftly past, between him and the glare of the great central bonfire. Her face was turned the other way, and he looked back at her, exclaiming:

"What a fine skater! Who can she be?"

"I know," said Port Hudson, close at hand, and waiting for his share of the joke. "She 's a girl from the city, who is spending the winter with some relatives of mine. Come on, I 'm going after her. Think you can keep up? Come on, Vosh."

Away went Porter, just as his friend felt a great hot flush come into his face, and dashed after them, saying to himself: "If I 'm not stupid! Why, it 's Susie Hudson!"

He felt as if his honor were at stake, and he never skated so well as then. The fires on the bank seemed to flit by him as he followed that solitary girl skater around the glittering, icy reaches of the mill pond. It looked so like a race that almost everybody else paused to watch, and some even cheered. Deacon Farnham himself shouted: "Hurrah for Susie!" and Pen danced up and down.

"It 's just wonderful," said Aunt Judith, "to see her go off that way, the very first time."

"I guess it is n't quite the first skatin' she ever did," said Mrs. Stebbins, "but Vosh 'll catch her. See 'f he don't."

She was right. Just as Susie reached the head of the pond and made a quick turn into the winding channel of the river, Vosh came swinging along at her side, and for a little distance he did not speak a word to her.

"Vosh," she said, at last, "I wish you 'd teach me to skate."

A ringing laugh was the only answer, for a moment, and then he remarked, innocently:

"The ice is smoother up this way, but I must n't let you get too far from the folks. You 'll get too tired, skating back again."

On they went, while all the people they had left behind them, except their own, were inquiring of one another the name of the young lady that had so astonished them.

Oddly enough, the Benton girls had omitted skating from their list of accomplishments, by a kind of common consent; and Susie's bit of fun had a surprise in it for others besides Vosh and her aunts. It was quite likely she would have imitators thereafter, for she made an unexpected sensation that evening.

Port also had surprised Corry and the Benton boys, although some of them were every way his equals on the ice.

Chapter XI.

Every week, since Porter and Susie Hudson had been at the farm-house, one or both of them had had letters to read. Those with a city postmark were apt to be rather brief and business-like, but the smaller envelopes which came from further south were sure to have more in them.

"Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Susie, one afternoon, as she finished reading one of these, "Mother says that she 's as well as ever. Now, spring is coming ——"

"Susie," said Aunt Judith, "you sit right down and write to her that the snow is three feet deep on a level, and that she must n't dream of coming north till May."

"Spring 'll come sooner in the city, Aunt Judith. And oh, I do so want to see her!"

The city cousins had indeed had a good time of it; but the sun was climbing higher in the sky, and spring drew nearer daily. The increasing warmth steadily settled the snow-drifts, in spite of the bitter nights and the strength with which Winter kept his hold upon all that north country.

At last "the sap began to run," and Deacon Farnham prepared for his sugar harvest among the maple-trees on the south-lying hillside.

It was a sunny, snow-melting sort of a day, but no real thaw had started yet, and the crust was firm enough for them to walk on, from tree to tree, while they were tapping those which the deacon selected.

The boys had work enough to do, carrying from the sleigh the wooden troughs, and placing them where they would catch the steady drip, drip, drip, from the sap-tubes.

"They 'll fill quickly," said the deacon. "We must bring up some kettles as soon as we can."

The hired man and Vosh were engaged upon that part of the work already, and the girls went back to see how it was done.

"It 's easy enough," said Pen, but she did not try to lift one of the huge iron kettles.

Two strong, forked stakes were driven, about six feet apart, and a very stout pole laid across them, resting in the forks. A kettle was swung upon this cross-pole, and then all was ready for building a fire under the kettle.

Sugar-making, as Deacon Farnham conducted it, was not a matter to be finished in a day; but the weather continued favorable, and the deacon had to hire an extra hand, and even then a good deal of "syrup" was sent all the way to the house to be made into sugar.

Within the next few days a thaw set in, and it was hard work to finish up the sugaring. The snow in the valley and on south-lying hill-sides went first, and all the roads and hollows streamed with torrents of water. The ice in the mill pond cracked and lifted, day after day, till the flood broke it up and carried it over the dam. The river swelled till it burst its frosty fetters, and then for a while there was danger of its bursting everything

else, and carrying bridges, dam and all, away down stream. The freshet was a grand thing to look at, and Vosh took the deacon's black team and drove the whole household down to see it.

More letters came, and soon they were all from the city.

"Susie dear," said Aunt Sarah, mournfully, "I s'pose we *must* get ready to say good-bye to you before long."

That was what the letters meant, and Aunt Judith had to say to Pen:

"It is n't time to cry. They are not gone yet."

"I know they 're not,—but they 're going!" was Pen's disconsolate answer, as she began to sob.

Mrs. Stebbins and Vosh heard the news before night, and they both came over after tea. Vosh was inclined to be silent for awhile, but at last he ventured to ask: "Susie, have you and Port had a good time this winter?"

"Delightful! We 're both really grateful, too, to you and your mother."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins, "I don't see what we 've done. It 's been a very improvin' time for Vosh, I 'm sure."

Port and Corry had a great deal to talk about, and it was plain that the whole household were sorry spring was coming, now that they realized with what a complete "breaking-up" the winter was to close.

It was only a few days later, in a pleasant home in the city, that Susie and her brother were earnestly recounting their experiences to a lady and gentleman who seemed quite willing to listen.

"I know all about it, my dears; I was born there," said the lady, at last.

"And so was Father!" said Port.

"Well, Mother dear," exclaimed Susie, "*is* there anything more delightful than winter in the country?"

THE END.

MAGIC BUTTONS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"—
Thus sang Isabelle, Bessie, and Kate,
And each hoped the rich man would be her fate.

Button by button, till Belle's row was done;
How her face brightened!—The rich man had won!
"And perhaps he 'll be even a prince," said she,
"And we 'll live in a palace far over the sea!"

Poor Bessie, alas! had buttons four;
Though she counted again, she could make no more;
None under the collar, where one might hide:—
"You 'll have to marry a thief!" they cried.

"Merchant, chief," so counted Kate;
Was a swarthy savage to be her mate?
But, no!—three buttons on either pocket,
And still another beneath her locket,

Four on one sleeve, and two on the other:
She 's to marry a doctor, as did her mother.
"Oh, dear," sighed Kate; "but" (turning toward Bess)
"That 's better than wedding a thief, I guess!"

But sorrowful Bess was nowhere seen;
Kate looked at Isabelle.—What could it mean?
"She was vexed," said Belle, "at the way it came out,
And she 's in the house, crying,—I have n't a doubt."

Then, hearing a step, they turned their eyes,
And there stood Bessie, to their surprise,
In her Sunday gown, of pale sky-blue,
With its buttons of silver, bright and new!

"I *could n't* marry a thief," said Bess,
"And so I went in to change my dress;
Just wait a minute,—I 'm almost through,—
I 'm to marry a rich man, as well as you."

"Dear me," cried Belle, in sudden grief,
"By my new dress *I* should marry a thief!
There 's a dozen buttons,—I know that well;
Oh! how are we ever going to tell?"

"It 's all a humbug!" said Kate, at last,
Her faith in the magic vanishing fast;—
"I tell you, a charm can never come true
That depends on an extra button or two!"

Hoop Song

By Bare Hill.



Trundle-undle-undle
Round and round and round!
Go the hoops, in little troops
Rolling on the ground.

Rumble-umble-umble!
Ever up and down,
The litte girls with flying curls
Drive them through the town.





TSANG TSAN AND THE MAN-EATER.

By John R. Coryell.



"Now, my son," said Tsang Tsan's father, one morning, "be sure you take the path across the fields. It 's the longest way, but it 's the safest."

"Yes, sir," replied Tsang, dutifully.

"And try not to fall asleep on the way," added his eldest brother, gravely; "for the cows would be sure then to go by the grove, because that is the way they usually go."

"I 'll keep awake," said Tsang, a little impatiently, but respectfully, too, for in China the eldest brother is held next to the parents in consideration.

Tsang was then lifted up and placed astride of one of the cows, which at once started off at a leisurely pace, followed by its fellows in straggling but solemn order. There was a short struggle at the path which turned toward the distant grove, but after a few sharp blows with his switch, and a few vigorous pulls at the thong fastened in the nose-ring, Tsang came off victorious and made his cow take the new path. The other cows, after a few moments of surprised indecision, followed the one which Tsang was riding.

Little Tsang's cows were not the comely, mild-eyed creatures we see in our country; they were water-buffalo cows, with very large bodies, small, fierce, red eyes, long, semi-circular flat horns, and almost hairless, dirty-gray colored hides. Each had a ring in its nose and a tough thong was tied to the ring and wound about the horns of all but the cow ridden by Tsang. But for the nose-ring

and thong the buffaloes would have been unmanageable, for they are as different in temper as in looks from our gentle cows.

A very odd picture Tsang made as he sat astride of the buffalo, for its back was so broad that the little boy's legs were almost at right angles with his body. But he could readily change his position and sit with both feet on one side. It required no great skill to ride the broad-backed, slow-moving creature, and Tsang was so accustomed to it that he gave no more thought to himself than if he had been in a chair. And practice had made him expert at riding the buffaloes.

So secure was he, in fact, that he acted more as if he were on the ground than on buffalo-back, and the elder brother's warning was not at all unnecessary, for it was no unusual thing for Tsang to compensate himself for rising at daybreak by half-reclining upon the buffalo's back and taking little naps, as often as the animal stood still.

This morning, however, he took measures to drive away drowsiness, as he had no desire to be carried through the grove where a most unwelcome visitor was supposed to be lurking. It was very seldom that tigers were seen in that portion of China, but occasionally they had been seen, and now, for the first time in Tsang's short life, one had come into the neighborhood.

For two weeks it had spread terror through the surrounding country, not merely by giving occasional glimpses of its great striped body, but by carrying off two children and a man; for, unfortunately, it was a man-eater, and would have no other food when the human kind was available. All of the terrible creature's depredations had been in or near the grove, and, therefore, for more than a week that vicinity had been deserted by those who lived there, and avoided by those who did not.

It was not strange then that Tsang's father wished him to go by the longer but safer road. He



"POOR TSANG!" HE COULD ONLY SCREAM." (See page 492.)

would even have kept Tsang at home if he had been able to afford it; but he was not, and he needed all the money that could be earned by his buffaloes in the work at farmer Yu's rice-fields, where they helped in the plowing and irrigating.

Tsang, himself, was not particularly afraid of the tiger. This was not because Tsang was brave, but because he was a boy. He had not yet seen the tiger, nor had any of his friends, and consequently it was not very real to him; and, unless it was real, how could he be afraid of it?

During the two hours' ride to farmer Yu's, Tsang amused himself by practicing on a rude bamboo flute, trying to catch some of the airs most familiar to him, and succeeding so poorly that it was well he had no other hearers than the dull buffaloes. It was a wonder that even they bore it as patiently as they did, though Tsang was fully convinced that he was making exceedingly sweet music.

Tsang stayed all day at Farmer Yu's; and while the buffaloes were plodding wearily around the short circle, pumping water from the canal into the rice-fields so as to cover the seeds with water, the farm-hands talked of nothing but the tiger,— how monstrous and how fierce he was, and how a whole company of soldiers had been ordered to come and kill him.

One of the hands told how he had been near when the man was seized and carried off by the tiger, as a cat might carry off a mouse. He said the tiger was as big as six dogs, was covered with black and white stripes, and had a mouth so big that it could hold — well, it could take in Tsang's head. Whereupon little Tsang shuddered from head to foot, and uneasily wished the man had thought of some other way of describing the terrible mouth.

But the man, who saw what an effect he had produced, went on adding to Tsang's discomfort by telling of the tiger's long, white teeth and terrible roar, until Tsang began to look forward with dread to the approach of night, when he would be obliged to go home again.

"He never leaves the grove, does he?" faltered Tsang.

"At first he did n't," said the man who had been describing the tiger; "but since everybody has kept away from the grove for so long, he must have become very hungry, and there 's no knowing where he may be now."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Farmer Yu, sharply, for he saw how frightened Tsang was. "The tiger wont leave the grove; so have no fear, my boy."

But Tsang did have fear, and tried to find somebody who lived in the direction of his home, when, after the evening meal, he gathered his buffaloes together. Nobody was going his way, however, and it was with very different feelings from those he had had in the morning that he mounted his slow-moving animal and started for home, by the road over which he had come.

There was very little probability that he would fall asleep now, for his mind was full of visions of gaping mouths, bristling with gleaming white teeth; and, do what he would, he could not help comparing the opening between the dreadful jaws with the size of his head. And behind every clump of bushes he fancied he saw black and white stripes.

The further he got from Farmer Yu's, the more real his fancies seemed to him, until, at last, he was in such a tremor of fear that every note he blew on his flute was a tremolo; for, as American boys keep up their courage in lonely places at dusk by whistling, so Tsang was trying to cheer himself by playing on his flute. A final wailing, quavering note so worked upon his nerves, however, that with a sob and a shudder he thrust the unlucky instrument into his belt and clambered to his feet on the buffalo's back, the better to look about him; as if he expected to find that the wail from his flute had, in reality, come from the tiger, concealed not far away.

He could see nothing, however, and, after a few moments, resumed his sitting posture. Never before had Tsang examined the landscape so carefully, or been so anxious to reach home. He whipped and worried his buffalo to make it move more quickly; but the tired animal not only refused to quicken its movements, but Tsang thought it even went more slowly. Certainly, it resented his goading, for it snorted savagely, and its little red eyes glowed redder still.

Tsang, however, cared nothing for its anger, nor for the fact that all the other cows seemed to sympathize with it. He only thought of the tiger, and its mouth, and teeth, and stripes, and he raised his whip to strike again, when his eye was caught by a slight waving in a clump of tall grass, a short distance ahead of him.

Here was something real, at last. Tsang stared wildly at the spot, and held his breath from fear. In his imagination he was already half devoured. A half-choked scream broke from his lips, and he frantically pulled at the thong to turn his buffalo around. But the buffalo, too, had seen the waving grass, for she tossed her head with a half snort, half bellow, and stood pawing the earth, totally disregarding Tsang's efforts to turn her. The other cows followed her example, and all had their eyes fixed on the clump of grass.

Poor Tsang! He had nothing but voice left now,— all his strength was gone,— and he could only scream. That, however, he did, and right lustily too, until the grass waved suddenly with

more violence and out from it shot the very striped creature of Tsang's imagination. That spectacle froze Tsang's voice, and left him with open mouth and staring eyes.

Then there was a sudden rush, a cloud of dust, and a horrible mingling of hoarse bellows and loud, cat-like yells.

Where was Tsang? He did not know; he was not on the buffalo — he was somewhere — he was waiting. His eyes were shut tight, but his ears were open and rang with the terrible sounds that filled the air. He thought that he felt the hot breath of the tiger on his face — and then consciousness left him.

A little later, a small boy sat in the dust, staring about him; a half dozen buffaloes were grazing in the ditch, and a great bulk of yellow and black stripes lay not far away.

The small boy was Tsang. He was not a bit dead; he was not hurt, nor even scratched; and, in fact, nothing at all was wrong with him. The buffaloes were his, and the huge yellow and black object was his — if he wanted it. It was what was left of the tiger, which, in looking for one thing, had found another. Instead of small boy it had found buffalo, and the buffalo had treated the tiger as the tiger had intended to treat the small boy — had killed it.

Tsang was very much astonished to find himself alive. How it had all happened, he did not know. He could not comprehend that his excited imagination had made him feel the breath of the tiger, and therefore he was firmly convinced that he had been in the very clutch of that creature.

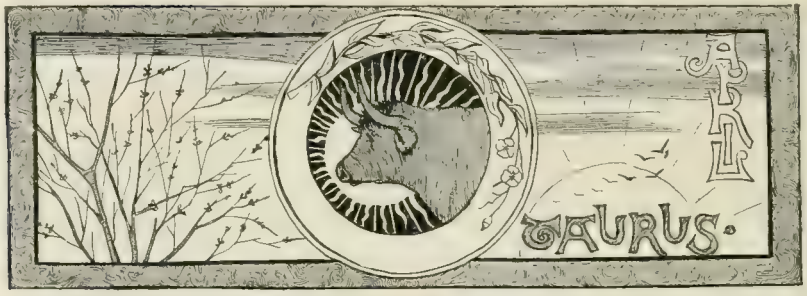
That was the story he told at home, and that was what they all believed. What was left of the tiger-skin was saved, and the possession of it made Tsang a hero for the rest of his life.

"NOON, NOON!"



NOON NOON!
LAUGH, AND STOP THE BABY'S TEARS
DANCE, AND DRIVE AWAY HIS FEARS!
KISS, AND STOP THE SWELLING OF IT.
—BABY FELL AND BUMPED HIS HEAD
AND ALL THE CLOCKS ARE TELLING OF IT.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



TAURUS the Bull attracts the Sun,
Who sitting on his horn,
In triumph rides, and swiftly on
His April course is borne.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Tues.	5	Gemini	12. 4	April fool's Day.
2	Wed.	6	"	12. 3	Venus near the Pleiades.
3	Thur.	7	Cancer	12 3	☾ near Jupiter.
4	Fri.	8	"	12. 3	☾ near Mars.
5	Sat.	9	Leo	12. 2	Plato d. 347 B. C.
6	☽	10	"	12. 2	Palm Sunday. [1770.
7	Mon.	11	"	12. 2	William Wordsworth b.
8	Tues.	12	Virgo	12. 2	Adelina Patti b. 1843.
9	Wed.	13	"	12. 1	☾ near Spica. [America.
10	Thur.	FULL	"	12. 1	☾ eclipsed, visible in
11	Fri.	15	Libra	12. 1	Good Friday.
12	Sat.	16	"	12. 1	Venus near Saturn.
13	☽	17	Scorpio	12.	Easter Sunday.
14	Mon.	18	Ophiuch	12.	[1805.
15	Tues.	19	Sagitt.	12.	Pres't Johnson inaug'd
16	Wed.	20	"	12.	Shakespeare b. 1564.
17	Thur.	21	"	12.	Ben. Franklin, d. 1790.
18	Fri.	22	Capri.	11.59	Abernethy d. 1831.
19	Sat.	23	Aqua.	11.59	Battle of Lexington 1775.
20	☽	24	"	11.59	Low Sunday.
21	Mon.	25	"	11.59	Reginald Heber b. 1783.
22	Tues.	26	Pisces	11.58	Henry VII. of Eng. d.
23	Wed.	27		11.58	Shakespeare d. 1616. [1509.
24	Thur.	28		11.58	[in America
25	Fri.	NEW		11.58	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
26	Sat.	1		11.58	☾ near Saturn (27th)
27	☽	2		11.57	2d Sunday after Easter.
28	Mon.	3	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Venus.
29	Tues.	4	Gemini	11.57	U. S. Grant b. 1822.
30	Wed.	5	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

FLYING, skying, ever trying
To get higher in the air;
Kites are playing, soaring, swaying
In the April sky so fair.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST NICHOLAS for January.)*

APRIL 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, though far from being at her brightest, is now a brilliant object in the south-west. At the beginning of the month notice how near she is to the Pleiades, and drawing near to SATURN, whose position she passes on the 13th, but a little higher up. SATURN and Aldebaran are now near each other, and make a pretty picture up in the sky. You can now compare their relative brightness; but if VENUS was at her brightest, she would almost put the others out. SATURN is at one end of the ≻ of the Hyades. MARS has scarcely moved from the place he occupied in March; he is just half-way between Regulus and the Twin Stars. He is now so far from the earth that he is not nearly so bright as he was in February. JUPITER has now started on his forward course to the eastward, and has moved almost to the very spot he occupied in February, in line with Castor and Pollux.

Orion and *Canis Major* (the *Great Dog*) are setting. Regulus is exactly south at 23 minutes past 8 o'clock. Another star is now visible in the south-east. It is Spica, the principal star in the constellation *Virgo* or *The Virgin*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. In the east is the star Arcturus, the next brightest in the northern heavens to Sirius. It is the principal star in *Boötes, the Herdsman*. Capella is now in the west.

Let us now notice a few of the stars toward the north. We supppse you know the North Star. Nearly overhead, a little to the east, is the constellation of *Ursa Major*, the *Great Bear*, of which the Dipper, formed by seven bright stars, is the principal object. The two stars in the Dipper farthest from the handle are called the Pointers, because they always point toward the North Star. From the Dipper draw a line through the North Star, and there in the *Milky Way*, low down in the north, are five stars in the form of a ⋚. These are in the constellation *Cassiopeia*, often called the Lady in her Chair. The two stars low down in the north-east are the eyes of the constellation *Draco (The Dragon)*.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

"NOW is your time!" said Mrs. Mouse to the young Mice. "The old Cat and the Kittens have gone for a walk. Out of your holes, every one of you, and forage for your suppers. 'When the Cat 's away the Mice will play.'"

One greedy little Mouse lingered too long over the cheese, and the Cat coming in and seeing him, crouched all ready for a spring. "Oh dear!" said the little Mouse, "if I had remembered that 'Enough is as good as a feast, this Cat would not be likely to make a supper of me." But just then a happy thought struck the little Mouse. "Oh, Mistress Puss!" he cried, "your three little Kittens have lost their mittens!" and as Puss looked around to box their ears, the little Mouse jumped into his hole, crying out "APRIL FOOL!"

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"WELL, I 've come," sobbed April; "but I have not one single flower for you, dear mother; I 've had bad luck. Just think what an easy time Sister May has of it; she gets all my flowers these days. And as for March, nothing is expected of him but to blow and bluster; while every one thinks I ought to come with my hands full of flowers, and all sorts of little warm airs."

"Oh! never mind, April," said Mother Nature, kindly, "I love you; you help me along amazingly, and you are ever so much sweeter than July and August, who sometimes burn my poor garden dreadfully. I don't like to have you unhappy, my dear, but I don't know what I should do without your tears."

"Well," said April, brightening up suddenly and fairly smiling, "that makes me feel ever so much better, and I will go right to work and see what I can do for the Arbutus."

WHEN SPRING BEGAN.

By [illegible]

WHILE roaming in the woods one day
I asked the question, half in play,
Who can tell when Spring began?"
Straightway the answer came, "*I* can!"
And Robin Redbreast cocked his head.
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That any one with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming *must* depend on me.
When I come, then will come the Spring,
And that 's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Well, I declare!"
A Squirrel chuckled, high in air.
"That 's too droll — that you should bring,
Instead of being brought by, Spring.
I hadn't meant to boast, but now
The cause of truth will not allow
My silence; so I 'll merely state
That Spring for me must *always* wait.
The thing admits not of a doubt:
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars! For pure conceit,"
Began the Brook, "you two do beat
All I have heard. As if 't were true
Spring never came at all till you
Were born, and can't come when you 're dead!
I 'm sorry, sir, you 've been misled,
But I can set you right. I know
Spring comes when I begin to flow.
When my ice melts, and not till then,
Spring dares to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneered the Breeze, in high disdain,
"You 're wrong as they are, it is plain.
When I first came, my dear sir,
I found you naught but ice and snow.
'T was my warm breath, you thankless thing,
That broke your bands and brought the Spring
The Robins and the Squirrels all
Came only when they knew I called.
In fact, I may assert with truth
I am the Spring itself, in sooth.
Spring 's here because I 'm here, and when
I leave, you 'll have no Spring again."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AN APRIL STORY.

I 'LL tell you something quaint and queer
That came to pass in a by-gone year:
A dainty, beautiful, smiling maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
Was met one day by a big, green "feller,"
All cotton and whalebone, by name Umbrella;
When he up, and said: "Ahem! I 'm afraid
You 're out of place here, my pretty maid!
It 's going to rain, as you plainly see,
And soon there will be great call for me."

Then raising herself from a curtsy low,
She answered: "'T was shining a moment ago,
It really seems that you always try
To come along when it 's bright and dry."

"And *you*," he retorted, "'most every hour
Pop in, and ruin my prettiest shower."

"Perhaps I do," said this pretty maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
"Perhaps I do, for I like to be fair—
You 'll admit," she cried, "that I have you there!"

"It 's my turn, now." he cried in jest,—
But his fun was cloudy and grim at best.—
"That Sun of yours, you 'll admit, no doubt,
Is not to be found unless he is out."

"And *you*," she answered, with merry frown,
"To friend and foe must, at last, come down."

Well, so they parleyed, and teased, and chaffed:
While the weather, by turns, bemoaned and laughed;
Till at last the matter was settled aright
By each of them vowing no more to fight.

"We 'll ever be friends," said Miss Sunshade;
"Yes, ever," he echoed, "my pretty maid!"

And so, to this day, in April weather,
The two go tripping along together.

THE AGES OF ANIMALS.

HAS any one ever heard of a dog over fourteen years of age? of a horse older than thirty years? or a mule older than fifty? or a sheep past nine summers? I am told that these respective ages are sometimes passed, but I am not sure of it, and I consequently ask for information based on personal knowledge. Look into the matter for me, my chicks. There are stories of elephants living to be one hundred and fifty years old, and of whales half the age of the venerable Methusaleh; but we have to take these stories on faith, if at all. Jack wishes to hear now from those who *know*.

MORE ABOUT "JERICHO ROSES."

CHICAGO, January 7, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: All of our home-circle were glad to see the paper on "Jericho Roses" by Mr. Tait, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS. Thinking that some of your little friends may have been as much interested in reading it as were our little ones, I want to tell them a few more things about the same "Roses." In the autumn of 1876 we bought some of them of an old Turk — doubtless the same of whom Mr. Tait purchased his. After getting back to our home in Wisconsin, we tried the "Roses" with the same result as mentioned in the article referred to. One day we thought we would go still further, and see if there was really life in them; so, selecting a very small specimen, and putting it in a glass of water, we left it where it would get plenty of air and sunshine. Judge of our delight when we went to it in a few days, and found some tiny green leaves springing from the branches! Nor is this all, for after a few weeks there appeared exquisite little lavender blossoms. A great many people saw this, and the old Turk would have reaped a rich harvest if he had been within reach at the time.

The little rose is now as dry and twisted-looking as ever it was. Some time I am going to try it again, to see if the life went from it when the blossom faded.

Yours, ELVA D. OGDEN.

A LUCKY APRIL FOOL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am thirteen years old. Generally speaking, I am not very fond of April-fool stories, nor April-fool jokes, but I found one the other day, in Chambers's Book of Days, that interested me very much. It claims to be historical, and if you will allow me, I will repeat it to your crowd of little folk:

"It is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity at Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt being made on the first of April. 'Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish at her back, they both, at an early hour of the day, passed through the gates of the city. A woman, having a knowledge of their personal appearance, ran to give notice to the sentry. "April fool!" cried the soldier; and all the guard, to a man, shouted out, "April fool!" beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The Governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the matter to be investigated; but it was too late, for the Duke and his wife were already well on their way. The first of April had saved them.'"

You see, Mr. Jack, this could not be called a practical joke, though I 've no doubt the soldiers felt rather foolish when they learned that they had only caught themselves!

Your sincere admirer,

CLARA P. V.

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION OF HORSES.

HERE is an extract from a letter sent by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to a friend who had lost a very fine horse:

"Ought he not to have respect in death, especially as he has no chance hereafter? But are we so certain about that? Does not moral justice require that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? say — old family horses that have brought up a whole family of their master's children and never run away in their lives? Doctors' horses, that stand, unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on? Omnibus horses that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty? Or *my* horse, my old Charley, the first horse that ever I owned; of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was?"

Your Jack says "yes," emphatically.

THE PRIZE DRAWINGS.—A LETTER FROM DEACON GREEN.

My Dear Boys and Girls:—Of all the more than nine hundred original sketches and pictures that the St. Nicholas boys and girls have sent in response to my request, made several weeks ago in this magazine, not one has been without its point of interest, and not one but has merited commendation. It is true that they are all good (would not be true—yet some are very, very good indeed, and some, like that little girl with the "pail," are "pail" [illegible]. But never did I know that my young friends could draw so, and I was surprised. Of the great number sent in, a large proportion, though not quite worthy of winning prizes, are too good to be carelessly thrown aside, and their young artists shall go on the Roll of Honor. This part of the business is easily settled. So also is the selection of thirty or forty of the very "best" as deserving of special mention; but the real hard work—hard for the undersigned and hard for the awarding committee—has been to decide to which three out of these thirty or forty best the three prizes can fairly be awarded.

Well, the vexed question is at last settled by the committee, after a long session, which made me like them better than ever, because they showed so much interest in my boys and girls, and so much honest appreciation of each piece of work, and such discrimination in regard to artistic excellence. Better than this, they actually, in several instances, have discovered "fresh talent" which, when rightly developed, shall yet delight the picture-loving readers of St. Nicholas. [illegible] which [illegible] Silas Green remembereth exceedingly.

Now for the awards, the justice of which will, it is hoped, be apparent to each one of you, so far as your own individual efforts are concerned.

1st Prize *(Twenty Dollars)* to Miss Elinore C. V. Kraak, New York.

2d Prize *(Ten Dollars)* to Miss Margaret Neilson Armstrong and Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, New York.

3d Prize *(Five Dollars)* to Miss Ada Bowley, Lee, Kent, England.



FIRST PRIZE DRAWING. "LITTLE BLACK SPINNER, SPIN ME SOME LACE." DRAWN BY MISS ELINORE C. V. KRAAK.—AGED 15.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

By M. F. Butts.

Little black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

You know how rich the humming-bird is—
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew;



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS MARGARET NEILSON ARMSTRONG.— AGED 16.)



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS HELEN MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.— AGED 14.)



THIRD PRIZE DRAWING: "A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY" (SEE POEM, NEXT PAGE.) DRAWN BY MISS ADA BOWLES, AGED 14.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

By Dora Read Goodale.

Creak, creak! beneath two hardened hands,
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The raftered ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings — a voice untrained and young —
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
"Ha," chirped Sir Squirrel, "that fellow for me!"
Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

"Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,"
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. "Now, somehow a-nuther,"
Said he, "that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town."

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred;
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky's tail,
And Nut-hatch's bill felt blunt as a nail.

'T is n't best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, I must explain that, in determining the second prize, the committee found it quite impossible to cast a unanimous vote. Indeed the votes, like the animals of the Ark, insisted upon coming two by two, until at last the divided body awarded a divided second prize to the two young sisters whose drawings are given on page 498.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Maud Humphrey — Mary W. Bonsall — Marion C. Harris — Ethel I. Brown — Nelson B Greene — Phil. Sawyer — Newton B. Tarkington — Will V. S. Moody — Mary Mason Mitchell — Carrie Vasa Hayden — Gertrude Estabrooke — Nellie B Manlove — Louise Maria Mears — Minnie E. Clement — Alison Allen — Fannie Camp — Evelyn L. Cox — John R. Purdon — Effie M. Reed — Rose Perkins — Mary S. Bibbs — Kate Jordan — B. Rosenmeyer — Clara H. Tardy — Ada B. Champlin — Henry Martyn Saville — Ernest C. Peixotto — Joseph E. Travis — Anna Upjohn — Adelaide C. Watson — E. B. Child — Laura Blackwood — Marian MacIntosh — Harriette R. Richards — Josephine R. Thorp — William Henry Remington — Aggie P. Rhodes — Chester Holmes Aldrich — Howard Sill.

Hugh McCulloch — Virginia B. Botts — Theo. Wright — R. Proctor Barclay — Fulton Lewis — Rachel Hartwell Chapman — Katie C. McIlwaine — Clara M. Schenck — Ethelda May Daggett — Frank Sweet — Clara A. Rosengarten — Silvie Coster — Max P. Smith — William E. Tunis — Annah E. Jacobs — H. M. Grew — Mary Fortier — Abby E. Underwood — Walter A. Tiers — Helen Stapleton — Lucia T. Henderson — Kittie G. Matchette — Albert J. Geiger — Frank R. Whiteside — Jessie McCartney — Leona Hope — Otie Woodard — Helene Billing — Lillie Vance — "Margie" — Fannie Saunders — Frank A. Reynolds — Mary S. Hedrick — Sallie J. Ireland — Cora C. Moffett — Libbie Harriott — Ettie Stephens — Edith M. Foote — George Groute — Edwin Lathe — Emma M. L. Tillon — Jonas T. Roberts — Wesley Browning — Arthur T. Wilgress — Mattie Wetherbee — James Leaming Rice — John A. Murphy — Richard A. French — Ruby M. Patterson — Winnie F. Eddy — Gertie L. Abbott — Lillian M. Douglass — Maude Merrill — Ulysses Leonidas Leonhaeuser — Edward Charles Dickinson — Charles Clair Allen — Nannie E. Wade — Charlotte J. Leeds — Chauncey B. Allen — Hattie E. Willcox — Lewis Holzmann — Mattie Martin — Amy A. Collier — Caroline R. Fox — Webster W. Bolton — Arthur Tompkins — Ella M. Chandler — Alice Cullen — Dora W. Duyer — Nellie Jackson — Rhoda Rhodes — Louisa C. Browning — Florence L. Pettyjohn — John C. Cory — Howard Andrus Giddings — Bertha S. Giddings — H. H. Spaulding — Mattie Latimer — Laura F. S. Garnett — Eugene Betts — Lena E. Reynolds — Caroline McC Jenness — Robert S Chase — Elfreda L. Shaffer — Fred W. Dewey — William O. Moody — Ethel Mary Turner — Cecelia B. Pollock — William Booth Papin — Cora May Norman — Marguerite T. Shutt — Belle Norman — Mary E. Carter — Mary E. Tudor — Cornelia W. Eddy — Helen E. Stone — Benjamin Mortimer — Violet Harrison — Clement Dietrich — Madge S. Crane — William R. Stewart — J. E. Paine — Edith White — Edward S. Fish — J. J. Daggy — Albert E. Warren — Amy Lee Brenton — Josephine E. Chapman — Lydia B. Penrose — Etta M. Gilbreath — H. D. Crippen — Daisy W. Jones — Harold Fairall — Bruce Horsfall — Daisy M. A. Pease — Willie B. Bosworth — Bessie C. Riggs — Annie A. Oyen — De La C. Burgess — Millicent Olmsted — William B. Gilbert — Albert Swain — Florence Gertrude Mason — Alpheus P. Riker — Daisy M. Johnson — Hugh Tallant — George M. Anderson — William Henry Corbin — Alexander Bethune, Jr. — Sidney E. Farwell — Rose W. Scott — Constance E. Ruth — Anna F. Ruth — Gussie Sims — Ernest Sims — Perry Sagebiel — Emma Foster — Loretta Mead — Charlie G. Davis — Nellie Torrey — Louise Dewey Fisher — Evelina Hoey — Fanny H. Buntin — R. W. Harrington — Elva J. Emmons — Mary C. Hooper — Alice Greaves — James C. Holenshade — Hattie M. Perley — Lafon Allen — Theodora Willard — E. J. Collingwood — John C. Lewis — Helen G. Trotter — Helen M. Chase — G. Albert Thompson — Sade Wilson — Beatrice B. Herford — Henrietta E. Roebbelen — Alonzo L.

Ware — Constance H. Savage — Reba I. Holcomb — C. I. Kendall, Jr. — Ernest Lallier — May H. Carman — Laura V. Crane — Mabel Page Taylor — Mary H. Kimball — Alma R. Austin — Theodore E. Chancellor — Genevieve Eunice Tyler — Jennie La Tourette — Blanche F. Mason — Mary Susan Fearing — Josie Darrell — William Thain — Minnie E. Purdy — Nettie Haines — Lou M. Andrews — Ophena Harris — Constance G. Alexander — Mary D. Howe — John H. Thompson — Carrie Seale — John H. Lenet — L. Corlton Atkins — Mattie D. Fenner — Bessie M. Dunster — Virginia D. Lyman — Eleanor E. Lindsley — Ezra R. Heckert — Emmie C. Whitson — Clara Blacking — Victor H. Wallace — Blanche Wintzer — Lorin F. Shutts — Edith Briggs — Lucky Stockton — Lulie Stockton — Etta Wagner — Daisy Shryock — Edward Coppin Adney — Lillie J. Matthews — Hugh L. Starr — Sally Alice York — Willie Vanter — Horace M. Reeve — Phillips Carmer — Elizabeth Yorke Hopper — Harry F. Bates — Birdie L. Johnston — Edward Craig Trenholme — Nettie Emma Waite — Minnie Holzmann — Mary W. Barkley — Willie S. Lorimer — Annie Franklin Blake — Julia S. Caldwell — Louis Todd — Ellen Beam — Maddie Scott — Henry Hahn — James S. B. Hollingshead — Daisy Kayser — Cecelia M. Hunt — Paul Alexander Steele — Fred E. Goodspeed — Clara H. Hollis — Henry S. Towle — Marie Haughton — Daisy Brown — Mathewson — George M. Lawton — Dallas I. Cadwalader — F. M. Waug, Jr. — Eugene Klapp — Gertie L. Rackliffe — Etheldred Breeze Barry — Louise Shipman — Anna H. Hudson — Hallie V. McConnell — F. Porteous — Belle I. Miller — Will F. Sweet — Mamie B. Purdy — Mary B. W. Coxe — Ora W. I. Slater — Fred C. Barton — Edith Adelaide Shattuck — Martha Mayer — John Henderson — Hanson Robinson — J. Conway Robinson — Lucy Dorrit Hale — Ward L. Thompson — Madge Arthur — Augie Carton — Paul Frederick Hunter — Kate Drake — H. Ernest Peabody — Charles W. Billhemier — Emma V. Hart — Lizzie F. Albrecht — Joseph Holden Satterthwaite — Carrie Carter — Hattie V. Woodard — Stella McEntee — Lulu W. Stover — Anna L. Morgan — Emmie Wieser — Helen M. Hastings — Walter C. Hazeltine — Susie Marie Martin — Hattie L. Moore — Arthur W. Sparks — Kate S. Stanbery — Guy S. Harris — Fanny M. Durkin — Harry Durkin — Mabel Fonda — Louise F. Ricketson — Mary F. Cushman — Laura Balch Carpenter — Frances A. Wilbert — V. Holland — Louise Latham Devereux — Lucia Noble — Frances Coolidge Hatton — Gertrude Weld — Mathilde Weil — Allison Owen — Dora Priestman — Mattie D. Fenner — George Harley Graham — Alice Schueppenhiesser — William C. Palmer — Adèle Bacon — Ella F. Scott — Josephine Meeker — Ada Seymour — Bella Weide — Aquila T. Sutch — Harry L. Armstrong — Jennie Chapell Hooker — Isabel Judd — Alice Marguerite Agar — Daisy Bowley — Rosie Alderson — Eveline Maude Alderson — Effie Margaret Holden — Edith Holden — Winifred Holden.

There 's a list for you! And right proud am I of you all — Prize-winners, Earnest Competitors, and Rollers of Honor. May we all live to try again!

Your grateful and faithful friend, SILAS GREEN.

P. S. — The dear little school-ma'am has just suggested that many new readers may wish to know what my letter is about! Did you ever hear anything like that? Therefore, partly because she is right, and partly because the little lady evidently considers no letter complete without a postscript, I take up my pen to add that all the aforesaid several drawings and sketches were made to illustrate one or more of the three poems here reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for December 1883, and that all further particulars may be found upon page 182 of that beautiful Christmas number. S. G.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number Miss Sargent told us about the "Children's Christmas Club." Well, the principals and trustees of our public schools took right hold of it and divided the city into four sections. I think there were about two hundred members and about as many guests in our section. We held it on the Friday after Christmas in one of our school buildings; after the dinner we had a Christmas tree and presents for the children who were our guests.

The next afternoon we had an entertainment for the members and poor children; we had magic lantern views, six recitations, two songs, and a violin solo.

I think "Phaeton Rogers" and "Mystery in a Mansion" were splendid, and I liked "Christmas in the Pink Boarding-house," in the January number.

I fear my letter is almost too long to print, but if you have room, please put it in. Your constant reader, "FLIP."

125 HURON STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., January 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your recipe for removing stains from chromos and oil-paintings, printed in the November "Letter-Box," has proved effectual. Please accept my tardy thanks.

Your constant subscriber, AGNES LYDON.

HERE is another letter from Australia:

MELROSE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, October 24, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I am only going to write a short one.

I like reading your books very much, especially "Work and Play for Young Folk," as it shows you many things which you can do.

It is just the time for the wild fruits in this country, the wild peaches and cherries. The peach is about the size of the cultivated cherry, and the color a bright red. The stones are nice to make small ornaments with when they are carved with a knife. The cherry is a good bit smaller than the peach. It is the shape of a thimble; the stone grows outside and at the bottom, the fruit at the top. They are so small that you want a lot before you are satisfied. We go out looking for them. They generally make up parties to go out looking for wild peaches in November.

From your affectionate reader, EDITH ANDREWS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended to write to you ever since I took you; that is, since August, 1883; but now, as I read so much of snow and frost in your country, I am tempted to write and tell you what lovely weather we have in Oregon. The grass is green and many of the trees are as beautiful as in summer. One day it snowed here and it was rare fun snow-balling, and the sleigh-bells were ringing like music. That is the kind of winter I like; but when it is so cold that it hurts your toes, then I don't like winter. My sister took you when she was a little girl; and I have a year's subscription, as a Christmas present from my mamma. I sometimes play the child parts for nice companies that come here; perhaps, sometime, I can write well enough to tell you my theatrical experience. I am eleven years old; well, I will say good-by, I love to read you so much. I remain, your constant reader,

MAMIE O'CONNOR.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, January , 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number I saw a question asked by C. Herbert Swan, in the "Letter-box": "What is the difference between Gutta Percha and India Rubber? Is it not a conundrum?" I answer "No; it is not a conundrum." If friend Swan will read the "Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear," page 44, he will find it fully explained. I wish also to say that the operetta, entitled "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls," was presented to a delighted audience by the North Hill Grammar School, of Burlington, Iowa, December 17. We netted a handsome sum for the school. And some of the older persons in the audience told me it was worth four times the price of admission. All praise to good ST. NICHOLAS!

Yours, One of the Somber Young Gentlemen, and a constant reader, WILLIE L. COCHRAN.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-SIXTH REPORT.

DR. WARREN'S first manual for the Red Cross class is a charming little book, containing a full statement of his plan, and lessons for the first month. Dr. Warren very generously offers a prize each month for the best report, and a prize for the best set of reports for six months. The first subject was "Bones" [See February ST. NICHOLAS]; for March we studied "Muscles," and the topic for this month is "The Circulatory System." All are invited to join this class now. Address Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park. Boston, Mass.

The Association has been steadily increasing in numbers and enthusiasm; the latest number on our register is 6480.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members*	*Address.*
565	Waseca, Minn. (A)	6	J. F. Murphy, box 128.
566	Elmore, Ohio (A)	12	G. W. Eoff.
567	Sigourney, Iowa (A)	5	Carl M. Keck.
568	Meadville, Pa. (B)	6	F. L. Armstrong.
569	Ludington, Mich. (A)	15	Chas. T. Sawyer.
570	Hackensack, N. J. (A)	4	Philander Betts.
571	Grand Rapids, Mich. (B)	16	Geo. C. Hollister (Old Nat. Bank).
572	Newark, N. J. (C)	10	L. M. Passmore
573	Moss Point, Miss. (A)	16	Miss Bessie Borden.
574	Indianapolis, Ind. (D)	7	Thomas Moore, 332 N. Alabama St.

The address of Chapter 527 is Norman Sinclair, 633 Tyler St., San Francisco, Cal.

Chapter 112, which was once discontinued, has been reorganized on a stronger basis than ever. Address Harry E. Sawyer, 37 Gates Street, South Boston, Mass.

[Will not some of the other "discontinued" chapters follow this good example?]

It is with sincere sorrow that we learn of the death of another of our most earnest secretaries, Mr. Ernest D. Bowman, of Albuquerque, New Mexico (Ch. 483). The local papers speak of Mr. Bowman in terms of the highest praise and most tender regret. His place as secretary has been supplied by Miss Mamie E. Whitcomb, box 91.

HELP FOR OUR MINERALOGISTS.

BRISTOL, R. I.

Although my children are constant readers of ST. NICHOLAS, it is only lately that I have noticed the A. A. I have strong faith in the value of a study of Nature, and if I can assist any of the young mineralogists, let them address me.—S. F. Peckham.

[Prof. Peckham will find his kind offer fully and gratefully appreciated.]

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence with distant chapters.—Geo. W. Eoff, Elmore, Ohio (Sec. 566).

Insects.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Chinese nuts for prepared woods or cocoons.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, 1727 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rare eggs—sets and single—blown by one hole.—Chas. E. Doe, 50 Ring Street, Providence, R. I.

Quail eggs, for geodes.—Bayard Christy, box 41. Sewickley, Pa.

Ores and fossils, for best offer.—C. A. Jenkins, Chittenango, N. Y. (Sec. 447).

One star-fish for one sea-urchin; also, assorted shells for Florida moss, or bark from the "big trees."—G. A. Conover, Box 69, Bergen Point, N. J.

Geodes.—Miss C. S. Roberts, Sharon, Conn. (Sec. 522).

Sulphur, woods, and ore; write first.—A. J. Mitchell, Carbondale, Pa.

A pair of Angora rabbits for a pair of lop-eared rabbits.—S. Simonds, St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.

Twenty labeled eggs, for a large star-fish, trilobite, or horse-shoe crab; write first.—Miss Florence D. Haight, Alton, Ill.

Serpentine, rhynconellas, chalchedony, etc., for a Guinea-pig.—Ed. Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Dolomite, geodes, talc, etc., for minerals.—Graham Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Agates, cocoons, etc; special offer for a *Luna*.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Chaetetes lycoperdon, for minerals (polished) and woods.—L. L. Lewis, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Petrified wood and coral.—A. C. Hurlburt, 4 Europe Street, Providence, R. I.

Cocoons, for eggs.—Eddie A. Shepherd, Galesburg, Kansas.

A perfect trilobite *(Calymene magarensis)* for a perfect *Eurypterus remipes* or an ammonite.—F. W. Wentworth, 153 25th Street, Chicago.

Minerals and a large collection of *lepidoptera* and eggs, for large, fine minerals (3 x 2½ in.). List sent on receipt of stamp.—John B. Martin, 21 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minerals and books for fossils from Mesozoic age. Correspondents in Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy.—Wm. H. Van Allen, Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

NOTES.

80. *Canary bird.*—By feeding a canary with cayenne pepper and steeped bread, its color was changed to a bright red.—A. H. Stewart.

81. *Diamonds* have been found in North America, the largest in Richmond, Va., by a laborer. Chapter 275.

82. *Parasite in a dragon-fly.*—I discovered in an *Agrion* a pea-green parasite, about ¾ in. long, tapering at both ends. I learn from the Agricultural Dep't that this is the first case on record of a parasite found in a dragon-fly.—Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.

[Has any other member found one?]

83. *Color of rivers.*—In the Pemigewasset River, in the Franconia Mountains, are large flat rocks containing veins of quartz and mica. This mica is tinged with green. Mica in the Harvard Brook, which runs into the Pemigewasset, is dull red. The water of the brook is very much colored. I think that iron probably colors both the mica and the water.—Ellen C. Wood.

84 *Crocodile in Central America.*—

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.

While on this coast, at Port Limon, in 1873, I saw one day what looked like a crocodile on a log near the road-bed. I offered ten dollars to the man that would capture it. A hundred of the blacks plunged in heels over head, and in a few moments I had the reptile.

I sent it alive in a tank to my friend, Professor J. C. Dalton, in New York. He declared the saurian to be a crocodile, not an alligator.

I think it is the first ever found in Central America. Can my friends of the A. A. tell the difference between an alligator and a crocodile, and whether my claim is valid or not?

C. R. Lordly, M. D.

85. *Tree rings.*—After a discussion about the age of trees, as shown by their rings, we decided that the number of distinct rings does not indicate the number of years that a tree has lived, but is due to the number of stoppages in its growth.—H. A. Cooke.

[We should wish to hear from others on this point; also, as to the cause of the rings in beets.]

THE BOTANY CLASS.

SALT LAKE, January 12, 1884.

Mrs. Rachel Mellon, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the only one who has completed the course satisfactorily.—Marcus E. Jones.

Prof. G. Howard Parker has not yet sent his report on the class in Entomology.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

475. *Dundee, Scotland.*—We have now a large collection of wild flowers, ferns, sea-weeds, eggs, etc. We have had a present of some eggs from the Orkney and Shetland Islands.—A. G. Keiller, Sec.

23. *Castle Bank, Strand, Eng.*—We have had a very nice cabinet given to us, full of specimens, some of which are very rare. We have been very busy arranging and classifying them. We number about twenty-five.—Gertrude C. Ruegg.

20. *Fairfield, Iowa.*—The Chapter is heartily to be congratulated on its good fortune. Senator James F. Wilson has recently offered to give to the Library Association of Jefferson Co. two lots in the city of Fairfield, on condition that during 1884 money be raised or provided for, sufficient to erect a building for the Association, to cost not less than $15,000, in which provision shall be made for the library, museum, and lecture room, and a room for "*the Agassiz Chapter of Fairfield*," etc.

This munificent offer has been accepted, and we trust our friends will in due time be permanently and cozily ensconced in their new room.

382. *Brooklyn, F.*—One of us took ants. Several nests were placed in a box covered with glass and surrounded by water, and many curious things were observed.—Jeannie Van Ingen, Sec.

[Such as—?]

153. *Chicago, E.*—It will no doubt please you to know that the Academy of Science puts on all its postal cards:

"*All members of the Agassiz Association are invited to be present at the meetings.*" F. W. Wentworth, Sec.

454. *Barnaboo, Wis., A.*—Our Chapter gave an entertainment last week, and cleared $15.00. The opening piece was the Report of the A. A. A. S. Notices, read by one of us. Another recited "Agassiz's Birthday," and we had a pantomime.—Marie McKennan, Sec.

463. *Dayton, O., B.*—We are still alive and growing. We have entered on Historical Geology and Entomology.—J. H. Jones, Sec.

514. *Moorestown, N. J.*—The same flourishing report might be given again this month. We now have 20 members.—J. J. Schindler.

88. *New Haven, B.*—Another eventful year has passed, and left "success" written on all our records. During the year, 21 essays have been read, and 21 regularly announced discussions have been successfully held. Our roll of members has been increased from 13 to 18. In our library are 68 bound volumes, and 439 magazines. Besides these, we have a scrap-book, folio, and several charts, and have 18 readers. We have a balance of $14.23 to our credit.—A. Nehrbas, Sec.

[A good year's work!]

417. *Racine, Wis., A.*—We intend to begin collecting plants as soon as the frost is out of the ground. We shall also make a collection of the skeletons of the fish we catch next year. We have a place arranged for an aviary, also. We had an aquarium running all last year.—John L. McCalman, Sec.

14. *De Pere, Wis., B.*—In addition to the duties of our meetings, the President requests of each member an account, either oral or written, of some subject selected by the Society. The second anniversary reception of our Society was held Jan. 25. Fearing our invited guests might tire for lack of variety, we decided to enjoy some pertaining to Natural History, and also to add refreshments. It proved a success. We have twenty-four working members, and five honorary.—Lillie Childs, Sec., Feb. 5, 1884.

17. *Northampton, Mass.*—I have about decided to be a Naturalist, for I never took such an interest in anything as I have in insects.—Florence Maynard, Sec.

353. *Philadelphia, K.*—As I take a glance over the records of the year, I find that we have increased in membership from 6 to 11, that we have gained a great deal of valuable information, that we have our library stored with many valuable books, and our cabinet with many curiosities.—H. H. Ryder.

100. *Hartford, Conn., B.*—We are going on with our note-books, keeping record of whatever we see. Some of us collect ferns. We feed caterpillars, and watch them through. We are going to leave them out-of-doors this winter, as that will be more natural.

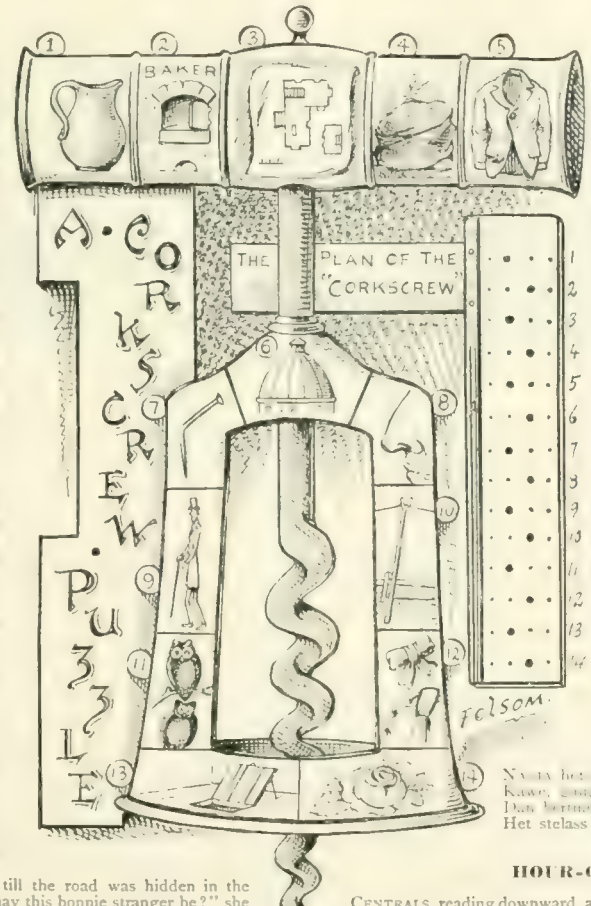
We have just taken in five new members, and we now have twenty, who are really interested in the work.—Francis Parsons, Sec.

President's address,

Hector H. Bryden,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A CORKSCREW PUZZLE.



Each of the small objects (numbered from one to fourteen) may be described by a word of four letters. When these are rightly guessed, and arranged one below another, as the plan of the corkscrew shows, the letters forming the corkscrew (represented by the heavy dots) will spell what we all expect in April.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an animal, and leave a grain. Behead again, and leave a unit. 3. Behead an entirety, and leave a delicacy. 4. Behead a precious metal, and leave antiquity. 5. Behead a city of Siberia, and leave a city of Siberia.

MAIDIE H.

ENIGMA.

Whole, I am a word of eight letters, and mean less restricted. Behead me, and I mean to suppress; behead one letter, and I name a near relative; behead again, and I am not the same. Behead me twice, and I am a pronoun; behead me again, and I am the opposite of purpose, and I am an expression of inquiry.

"LITTLE MAGICIAN."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

Find concealed in the following sentences four words which will form a word square:

Katie walked on and on till the road was hidden in the gathering gloom. "Who may this bonnie stranger be?" she would gayly hum, ostensibly to keep up her courage. Soon after, Diana's own orb shone down upon her as she stood at the cottage door.

W. H. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals together name a famous American who was born and who died on the seventeenth of April.

Cross-words: 1. Hearty. 2. Mistake. 3. A river of Russia. 4. To unite. 5. A haven of refuge. 6. A pattern. 7. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 8. A people.

L. I. W.

DIAMOND.

1. In pickles. 2. Calamitous. 3. Matched. 4. Belonging to satire. 5. Of the nature of irony. 6. Deduced. 7. A player at dice. 8. An errand-boy. 9. In pickles.

"ALPHABET."

FIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Tardy. 2. Sour. 3. Age. 4. The first garden.

II. 1. A title of nobility. 2. Extent. 3. Twenty quires. 4. To add.

III. 1. Unworthy. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. To impel. 4. Concludes.

IV. 1. A [illegible]. 2. A metal. 3. A girl's name. 4. To eat.

V. 1. Sound in mind. 2. Parched with heat. 3. A number. 4. A [illegible].

"A. CALLIE, JR."
"ARTHUR SMITH."

PI.

Nyl ny hey, bdl krdh rigs. Let metres
Kawe, sraghel mut! hour retriw metra,
Dan bermed in eth pley wer sh
Het stelass fo eth plame wrelsof.

EDGAR F. ALLEN.

HOUR-GLASS.

Centrals, reading downward, are said, by Christina G. Rosetti, to "preach to us, if we will hear." Cross-words: 1. Introduction. 2. Mild. 3. A small spot. 4. In windy. 5. To importune. 6. A place to sleep in. 7. To solace.

A. S. C. A. AND C. S. A.

CHARADE.

By his friends Jack in business was started;
Soon my *second* they found him to be:
Then my *first* came, as might be expected,
And he went into insolvency.

His poor friends called on him one morning,
In hopes to hear what would console,—
Jack sent them away none the wiser,
But not till he gave them my *whole*.

W. H. A.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

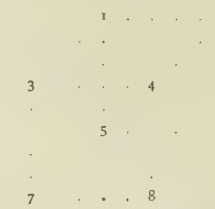
ALL the words described contain six letters each.

I. Primals, a religious festival; finals, beautiful blossoms. Cross-words: 1. To settle an estate so as to cause it to descend to a particular heir. 2. A silver coin of Persia. 3. A succeeding part. 4. One of the Society Islands. 5. To obliterate. 6. Intermission.

II. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-word; finals, pertaining to a religious season. Cross-words: 1. A plant resembling the bean. 2. Deranged. 3. To hearken. 4. To reverse. 5. To enlist. 6. One of the planets.

III. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-word; finals, to spice. Cross-words: 1. Boundaries. 2. Whole. 3. Seasickness. 4. A river of England. 5. An inhabitant of Greenland. 6. A people living under one government. CYRIL DEANE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a rogue; from 2 to 6, a singing bird; from 5 to 6, a guard; from 1 to 5, to recount; from 3 to 4, the name of an inn that is associated with the poet Chaucer; from 4 to 8, a physician; from 7 to 8, a person of an irritable temper; from 3 to 7, a mark to shoot at; from 1 to 3, to defeat and throw into confusion; from 2 to 4, a governor; from 6 to 8, a row; from 5 to 7, a departure.

DAVID H. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.



LENTEN PUZZLE. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. (See illustration.)

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. B-eGg-ar. 2. Can-tOn-s. 3. Fat-tEn-ed. 4. He-aTe-r. 5. Wa-sHe-d. 6. Heat-hEn-s. Central row of letters in the syncopated words, Goethe.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. March grass never did good.

PI. Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he is sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush —*Sir Philip Sidney*.

RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Carat. 2. Habit. 3. Mural. 4. Tepid. 5. Depot

PYRAMID PUZZLE. From 1 to 19 (or from 19 to 1), RED ROOT PUT UP TO ORDER. Cross-words: 10. T. 9, 11. U. U. 8 to 12, PoP; 7 to 13, TexT; 6 to 14, OutgO; 5 to 15, OctavO; 4 to 16, RivaleR; 3 to 17, DividenD; 2 to 18, EquitablE; 1 to 19, RingleaderR. CHARADE. Nightingale.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. Othello.

The *first* is taken in a court of law;
The *second* is a greeting given boy by boy;
The *whole*, a play in which a jealous man
To revenge himself did violence employ.

Answer to the rebus, Salvini.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Beethoven. Finals, Elizabeth. Cross-words: 1. BastE. 2. EaseL. 3. EnnuI. 4. TopaZ. 5. HeclA. 6. OrkuB. 7. VaguE. 8. EdicT. 9. NeigH.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS. I. 1. A. 2. Ado. 3. Adore. 4. Ore. 5. E. II. 1. L. 2. Lit. 3. Lithe. 4. The. 5. E. III. 1. B. 2. Bat. 3. Baton. 4. Ton. 5. N.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from Lily and Agnes, London, England, 9 — Pernie, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Paul Reese — Arthur Gride — Maggie T. Turrill — Madeleine Vultee — "San Anselmo Valley" — Cyril Deane — Louise Belin — Dycie — Jessie A. Platt — Wm. H. Clark — "We, Us, and Co." — "H. and Co." — Harry M. Wheelock — Oscar and Eddie — "Bess and Co." — "Zealous" — Frank and Agnes Irwin — Kina — L. and S. I. — P. S. Clarkson — C. S. C. — Hugh and Cis — Francis W. Islip — T. S. Palmer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from "Lucille," 1 — "The Trio," 2 — Lizzie and Emily, 13 — Ed. V. Shipsey, 8 — Alice M. Isaacs, 3 — Bessie Chamberlin, 1 — Jack T. Spaulding, 1 — Viola Percy Conklin, 3 — Eber C. Byam, 1 — P. O. Dorman, 1 — Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 9 — Florence Weston, 4 — Louisa and Daisy, 1 — Charles S. Hoyt, Jr., 2 Mattie Jenks, 1 — "Cinderella," 1 — "Enquirer," 2 — Maude Bugbee, 10 — Josie Freeman, 1 — "Three Owls," 4 — Lizzie D. F., 1 — Arthur E. Hyde, 3 — "Hans B.'s Pard," 10 — J. S. H., 2 — Jessie E. Jenks, 2 — Russell K. Miller, 2 — Will and Mary, 12 — C. A. Elsberg, 4 — Frances W. Wellington, 1 — Lorenzo Webber, Jr., 1 — Phillips Carmer, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 11 — Tessie and Anna, 6 — B. C. R., 1 — Fannie J. O., 1 — Nellie Townley, 1 — Mamie L. Mensch, 4 — Bertha Hall, 6 — Mary Yeager, 2 — "Rex Ford," 6 — Emma T. Screws, 1 — Edwin L. Rushmer, 1 — Ed. and Louis, 8 — Helen M., 3 — L. C. B., 7 — Helen Ballantine, 3 — Ruth and Nell, 5 — Moses W., 6 — Natalie, 3 — A. V. Mead and B. H. Peck, 3 — Sadie Love, 1 — Percy M. Nash, 3 — Theo. B. Appel, 3 — "The Cottage," 4 — Fannie Wood, 5 — "Uncle Dick and Dick," 10 — Jennie and Birdie, 5 — Fitz-Hugh Burns, 13 — Stella A. McCarty, 13 — Julia T. Nelson, 4 — Mary C. Burnam, 11 — Georgia L. Gilmore, 1 — R. A. de Lima, 2 — "Fin. I. S.," 7 — Eliza Westervelt, 6 — "Professor and Co.," 11 — Daisy Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 4 — H. Arlem, 11 — Alex. Laidlaw, 6 — Fannie M. Gober, 5 — Lalla and Floride Croft, 3 — Harry F. Whiting, 11 — Florence Galbraith Lane, 11 — B. and S., 4 — G. James Bristol, 10 — Walter B. Angell, 13 — D. B. Shumway, 10 — "Mamma and Nellie," 8 — Vessie Westover, 13 — Willie Sheraton, 4 — Millie White, 13 — Minnie B. Murray, 12 — Eleanor and Maude, 2 — Charles H. Kyte, 9 — F. Livingston Ham, 4 — Geo. Blagden, Jr., 7 — "Hen and Chickens," 12 — Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 13 — Mabel Wiley, 8 — Mary Foster, 8 — Robert L. Allee, 2.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

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VOLUME XI.

PART II., MAY, 1884, TO OCTOBER, 1884.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

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"ROCKET" AND "FLYER."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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"ROCKET" AND "FLYER."

By Joel Stacy.

In the soft, green light of the leafy June,
"Rocket" and "Flyer" sat humming a tune;
Humming and chatting, they soberly swayed
In the hammock under the linden's shade.

Said "Rocket" to "Flyer": "To make them quite strong,
Mamma said we scarcely could take too much pains;"
"Oh, yes!" answered "Flyer," "and ever so long!——
But, how funny for horses to make their own reins!"

A live pair of horses. They worked side by side,
As each a crochet-needle daintily plied.
Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie Blair,
And never was seen a more beautiful pair.

Spirited, supple, strong, gentle, and fleet
Were "Rocket" and "Flyer," as Robbie allowed.
Rob was their master,—so chubby and sweet,
'T was plain to be seen why his horses were proud.

Such a grip as he had! Such a "*whoa!*" and a "*go!*"
Such a power over horses—(of *their* kind, you know);
Such a genius for making them follow his will,—
For making them amble, or holding them still!

Well, it seems that one day, when the spirited span
Were hitched to a rose-bush that stood by the door,
At the sight of a spider, they broke loose and ran;
And Robbie sat wailing as never before.

His lines were all tangled, and broken, and torn.
The rose-bush rained petals, and sprang back in scorn.
For "Rocket" and "Flyer," as Robbie declared,
"Had turned into girls just because they were scared!"

In vain they begged pardon, flushed, laughing and warm;
In vain coaxed and kissed in their prettiest style;
But at last, by a promise, they conquered the storm,
And won from their master a nod and a smile.

They would make him "a new set of reins?—good and strong?"
Make him "reins that were nearly a dozen yards long?"
Ah, "Rocket" and "Flyer,"—you beautiful span!
'T is you who can manage the stout little man!

And this was the reason they swung side by side,
And each a crochet-needle daintily plied;—
Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie Blair,
And never was seen a more beautiful pair.

The Scarlet Tanager.

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES OF EAVESDROPPING.

On the grassy bank by the door of the old parsonage, a slender boy, with thin, dark features and straight black hair, sat with a shingle on his lap, skinning a bird.

Hearing the latch of the gate click, he looked up and scowled.

"It 's old Pickerel!" he muttered, bending his eyes again intently on his work. "Wonder what he wants here!"

The visitor was a young man, not more than thirty; but, being a school-master, the boys called him old; and, because his name was Pike, they called him Pickerel.

He came along the graveled walk, swinging his light cane, and without appearing to notice particularly the boy's occupation said, in a tone of voice meant to be conciliatory:

"Is your father at home, Gaspar?"

"No, he aint," Gaspar replied curtly, without looking up again from his bird.

Old Pickerel — or, rather, young Mr. Pike — paused and hesitated, while a look of displeasure or disappointment, or both, gathered on that beaming, friendly face of his.

What he thought was: "When you come to my school, you 'll be taught manners more becoming a minister's son, and learn not to say *aint*." What he said was — (in a tone still resolutely conciliatory, for he seemed aware of wild traits in this young colt, whom he was to catch first and afterward tame):

"I am sorry for that. At what time will he return?"

"Don't know," said Gaspar shortly, as before, while he continued skinning his bird.

The visitor was about to turn away in disgust, but he hesitated again. It was evidently hard for him to keep up the bland and winning manner of his first questions; but he did it heroically, and asked if Gaspar's mother was in.

"Guess so," was the discourteous answer he received; and he moved on toward the door.

"If the old gentleman aint at home, the old lady will do," mused Gaspar, who commonly spoke of his parents in this light, irreverent way. (Sometimes, I regret to relate, they were "the old man" and "the old woman.")

"What 's up, I wonder? I 'll bet they 've sent for him to talk over my going into the high school this fall!"

He stopped skinning his bird, and fixed on vacancy a fierce, discontented look.

"But I aint going to the high school; that 's all there is about that! My days of slavery are over. I 'm going to have a good time now, when I can; and when I can't, I 'll make a row."

He tried to give his mind once more to the bird-skinning, but he was excited and listless; a longing possessed him to know how a quiet little conversation about himself would sound.

He seemed to conclude that it would be amusing; so, slipping the shingle, with the bird and knife on it, under a lilac-bush, he glided cautiously around the corner of the house, and turned up an expectant ear under the sitting-room window.

He could hear voices within, but it was some time before he could make out much that was said. At length, his mother's voice began to rise and swell with tempestuous emotion.

"I wish my husband were here to talk with you," she was saying, "for I can't,— I can't,— without giving way to my feelings and saying what I know I shall regret afterward."

"You need not hesitate to be quite frank with me," was the reply, in earnest accents, breaking through the subdued tones of the formal call. "I know something about boys. I have studied them all my life, and I have never yet found one that did not have some good traits that could be success-

fully appealed to, if approached by the right person in the right way."

"It *is* about me," thought Gaspar, listening breathlessly. But he was not displeased by the visitor's remark. "Guess old Pick aint such a very scaly fellow, after all!" he said to himself. But his mother was speaking now.

"Oh, yes! And Gaspar is no exception. He can be the pleasantest, most obliging boy you ever saw, when things go to suit him; but that is n't much of the time, I 'm forced to say, if I *am* his mother! And when things don't go just according to his notion—oh! I can't begin to tell you how we suffer from his unfilial conduct!"



The mother's voice became flawed and gusty with grief; while the listener under the window scowled and set his teeth, as if he found eaves-dropping not so agreeable a pastime as he had anticipated.

The school-master made some sympathetic response, which was only half-audible to Gasper, and then Mrs. Heth went on:

"He seems to regard us as his enemies; whereas, mercy knows, we work and pray only for his good. He is not a malicious or a vicious boy; nor lazy, if he is only interested in what he is doing—then, I am often surprised to see how industrious and capable he is!"

"That is boy-like. I have known many just such cases," said the visitor.

"I should n't mind, if we could ever get him interested in anything we wish him to do," the mother resumed. "But that seems well-nigh impossible. The very fact that we wish a thing done is enough to prejudice him against it, and often we have induced him to pursue a desired course by appearing to oppose him in it. He told his sister that he could n't be hired to go to the picnic last week; but when his father said, 'I suppose you wont care to go, and it will be better, perhaps, for you to stay at home,' he changed his mind and went, to our great relief."

"Ho, ho!" whispered Gaspar softly, not at all

pleased to learn how he had been cajoled. "I 'll look out for you next time!"

"His father and I have wished to give him an education; and though we are not rich, we would cheerfully have made any sacrifices to send him to college and prepare him for a profession. But he hates study. Oh! when I think of the difference between him and some boys I know, who are striving for an education against the greatest obstacles, while he is throwing away his opportunities, it makes me ——"

"What is she crying for?" Gaspar said to himself, in the painful interval of silence which followed.

"We should be willing for him to leave school," she resumed presently, "if there were any other useful thing he would apply himself to. But he thinks he 's cruelly misused if we even require him to take care of the horse, or split a little kindling-wood. It is, in fact, so great a trial to get anything of that kind done, that his father would never ask it of him if it were not a still greater trial to see him idle. That he is a minister's son, makes the matter seem worse than if he belonged to anybody else; so much is expected of a minister's family! But he appears to have no regard for his father's position; and, indeed, but very little respect for him, anyway."

"I infer that he is not a very good scholar," said the visitor.

"He is a very poor scholar. But it is n't the fault of his ability. I never saw a child so quick to learn, when he once gives his mind to anything. But his object in school seems to have been to have all the fun he could, while studying just enough to pass his examinations, and not get left by his class. Not one of his teachers has seemed able to get at the right side of him; and I know he has worked against them in every way he could."

"Evidently they have not understood him," said the school-master.

"How could they be expected to understand him, when I, his own mother, can not?" said the woman, despondently. "Oh, what would I not give to find the right chord to touch in his nature, and know just how to reach it! There must be such a chord,— he is so bright, so ingenious, so ready to help almost anybody but his own family and friends!"

Gaspar scowled harder than ever, and his breath came thickly. He wished his mother would not talk in that way!

"You see, now," she went on, "why we have sent for you. We need your advice and help. We are very anxious that he should enter at your school the next term; and I thought that, perhaps, if you could talk with him, knowing something of his peculiar disposition to begin with, you might have some influence over him."

The school-master did not reply for a moment.

"Guess he don't care to take that contract," thought Gaspar, remembering his recent surly behavior to the visitor. "He 'll think that I 'm too bad to try to do anything with, and I can't blame him." So he hardened his heart, although, for some reason, he felt now that he would a little rather have the good opinion of old Pickerel.

"What sort of persons are his associates?" the teacher asked, after a pause.

"Just such as you might suppose,—the most idle and reckless boys in the neighborhood. There is Pete Cheevy, perhaps the worst of them all. Scarce a day passes but he and our boy are off together robbing birds' nests, or killing the poor little birds."

"I have observed them together," said the visitor; "and I must confess that I have wondered to see your son keeping such company."

"We have tried to prevent it," rejoined the mother; "and we have tried to prevent this warfare on the birds. But Gaspar has a gun —an old-fashioned fowling-piece that his uncle gave him; he even feels hard toward us, because his father will not buy him a breech-loader! He says that we oppose him in everything. Whereas, mercy knows, we have been too indulgent. He is an only son; he was our idol in his babyhood—all our hopes centered in him. Now,—to think how he repays us!"

And Gaspar, under the window, could distinctly hear his mother's sobs.

"I am sure there must be some way of reaching his better nature," said Mr. Pike. "But I see he is suspicious of me; thinking, no doubt, that because I am a school-master I must be plotting against his liberty. I will help you, if I can, Mrs. Heth; but it is possible that it will not be best for him to enter the high school; and, if so, for his own good we should wish to know it."

"He 's a level-headed old Pick, anyway!" thought Gaspar, under the window.

"It is n't always wise to oppose such a boy in everything," the visitor went on. "But if we can discover the bent of his genius, and what he wishes most at heart, we may, perhaps, direct him in the right way,—not by damming the stream, but by turning it into a proper channel."

His voice sounded as if he was rising to go, and the boy made haste to get away from the window.

Chapter II.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

When Mr. Pike came out of the house, a few minutes later, he saw Gaspar Heth sitting on the grass where he had left him, with the little raw, red body of the bird on the shingle beside him,

and the skin in his hands, smoothing out the ruffled plumage.

"What sort of bird is that?" the school-master inquired, approaching, and leaning on his cane.

Gaspar did not answer for a moment, undecided whether to regard this man as a friend or an enemy. He shaped the wings, and holding out the beak and tail, said at length:

"Don't you know it?"

"No, I don't; I know very little about birds,—much less than I wish I did."

"It 's a flicker," said Gaspar, quite pleased to be able to teach the master of the high school something.

"A flicker? What 's a flicker?" queried the master.

"A high-hole," said Gaspar.

"Well!" Mr. Pike answered good-humoredly, "that leaves me as ignorant as I was before. What is a high-hole?"

Gaspar laughed. It was fun to puzzle old Pickerel, and he wished some boys that he knew were there to witness his triumph.

"It 's a yellow-hammer," he replied. "Now you know."

"Now I don't know; in fact, I know less than I did before," said the master. "For, if I am not mistaken, the yellow-hammer is a European species; we have no yellow-hammer in this country."

This bit of bird-knowledge took the gleeful Gaspar by surprise. He did not respect old Pick any the less for it, however.

"You are not mistaken," he said. "We have no true yellow-hammer. But that is one of the common names this bird goes by. It is called a flicker, too, I suppose, on account of the flashing yellow of its wings when it flies; and a high-hole, from the holes it makes for its nest in the trunks of trees."

"Now I know the bird," replied the school-master; "as I think I should have done at first, if I had seen it on the wing. It is the pigeon-woodpecker, or golden-winged woodpecker, or golden-shafted woodpecker; it seems to have a great many names."

Gaspar was growing interested in the conversation.

"It has still another name," he said; "*you* ought to know that."

"Why so?"

"Because it is Latin, and because you are the school-master."

"I am humiliated now!" said the teacher, with a humorous, rueful smile. "I pretend to teach Latin, and yet I don't know the Latin name for this bird!—though, I suppose, it must be some sort of *picus*, that being the Latin name for woodpecker."

"That 's it," cried Gaspar, growing more and more animated. "Though I have always called it *pick-us*, because it picks the trees."

"A very natural mistake," said the school-master. "But the *i* has the long sound; and the word is not related to our word *pick* at all. This *picus* must have some other Latin word to qualify it, and show what particular species it is. Do you remember it?"

"*Auretus; pickus auretus*, or something like that."

The master smiled again.

"Not *au'retus*, but *aura'tus*, my boy, with the accent on the long *a* of the second syllable; *picus aura'tus*. That is, *woodpecker decked with gold;* and a very good name it is. I am not surprised that you did not get it quite right; on the contrary, I am surprised that you should have observed and remembered the Latin name at all."

"There 's a book about birds in the public library; in looking it over, I 've noticed that all the woodpeckers are called *picus*,—which I thought meant *pickers*,—and then I could n't help wondering what some of the other words meant. I have asked myself what *auratus* stood for, a good many times; and now I am glad that I know it means 'decked with gold.' But I can't see the use of giving Latin and Greek names to birds and things, nowadays."

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," said the master. "Take this bird, for instance. We have seen that it has several common names; one of which, certainly, belongs to another bird. So, if a person speaks of a yellow-hammer, how are you to know whether he means this or the European species? In ordinary conversation you may think that is not very important; but in all scientific descriptions, it is necessary that such names shall be used as can not be misunderstood."

"But why can't men of science agree upon English names?" the boy inquired.

"That is a sensible question. The answer to it is that all men of science are not English-speaking people. There are German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Russian ornithologists, and those of many other countries. Now, it is true, they might all agree upon an English name for each bird; but it would be as unreasonable for us to expect that of foreigners, as we would consider it, if we were all required to learn a French or a Dutch name. It really seems much simpler and more convenient to use Latin and Greek names, which learned men in all countries agree upon and understand; so that a German man of science will know just what a Spanish man of science is

writing about, if he uses correct scientific terms. Now, take the case of this very bird. A Swedish naturalist, named Linnæus, who was a great botanist, and classified and gave scientific names to plants, also gave names to many birds — to this species, I suppose, among others; so that, when *picus auratus* is alluded to by any writer in any language, ornithologists know just what bird is meant. So, you see, these scientific terms that you dislike form a sort of universal language understood by men of science the world over."

"Can't a person be a good ornithologist without knowing Latin and Greek?" Gaspar inquired.

"Oh, yes; but he will find it very useful indeed to know those languages, especially as some species of birds have more than one scientific name, given them by more than one writer on the subject. To know at least the rudiments of Greek and Latin will be a great help to him; and these can be acquired without very severe study. But, after all," the master continued, seeing the boy's countenance fall, "to know a thing itself is of much greater importance than to know fifty different names for it, be they ever so scientific. I suppose you have learned a great deal about this bird, its characteristics of form and color, its habits, its food, and its eggs."

"I know all that," said Gaspar, brightening again. "I have its eggs, and they are beauties! Six of them, pure white, about an inch long. I got them myself, by hard digging with a knife, out of a hole in a tree as long as my arm — I mean the hole, not the tree."

"But did n't you feel a little sorry to take away the eggs from the mother bird?" Mr. Pike ventured to say, watching the boy's face carefully.

"I should have felt worse if I had n't known she would keep right on and lay more, and hatch her brood just the same, only somewhat later. I wanted the eggs for my collection."

"Have you a collection? I should like to see it."

"Would you?" said Gaspar. "Well, I 'd like to show it to you, if you wont mind the looks of my room. I am scolded every day in the year for the litter I keep it in, but I don't see what harm it does. I 'll show you my collection of bird-skins, too, if you like." And, as the master replied that he would like that, too, very much, Gaspar led the way into the house.

Chapter III.

GASPAR'S COLLECTIONS.

Mrs. Heth had watched with anxious interest the school-master and her wayward son talking together in the yard; but it was not without a feeling of dismay that she saw Gaspar bring in the visitor, and start with him toward the chamber stairs.

"Gaspar!" she cried, "what are you going to do?"

"Show my collections," said Gaspar, stiffly.

"He wont care for your collections, and, you know, you keep your room in such a state that I am positively ashamed to have it seen," remonstrated the mother.

"Excuse me, I have been in boys' rooms before," replied the master, "and I have a real desire to see his collections."

With a face full of apprehension and distress, the good woman drew back into the sitting-room, thankful that she had at least prepared him for the untidy appearance of things, which the most careful and conscientious housekeeping could not permanently remedy.

Owing, perhaps, to that forewarning, Mr. Pike, on entering the chamber, did not appear to notice at all the oil-spots on the wall-paper, the scattered feathers and bits of cotton-wool and sticks and leaves on the carpet, clothing and shoes flung about, some loose matches on the bed, and a hammer and a handful of nails on a chair. He did not mean to be surprised at anything; and he was, perhaps, all the more surprised for that reason.

Gaspar began to open his bureau drawers, the contents of which accounted for a tumbled heap of shirts and socks, thrust into a box, which peeped out from under the bed; all his wearing apparel having been removed to make space for the things, which, in his eyes, were of vastly greater importance. These were his collections; and it was the order and beauty displayed in their arrangement, contrasted with the great disorder of the room, which surprised the master.

There were eggs of various sizes, from those of the osprey and the great horned-owl down to those of the humming-bird and the smallest wren. The larger eggs were laid side by side in open pasteboard boxes. "For, of course, I could n't bring home a night-heron's nest, or a fish-hawk's nest," Gaspar explained. "Guess such rafts of sticks and limbs would be too much, even for *my* room!" Some of the smaller eggs, also, were in boxes. "For it happens, sometimes, that two or three of us will discover a rare nest, and, of course, only one can have it; but we can share the eggs, if it has more than one."

Most of the eggs, however, were in their native nests, which were arranged with neatness and taste. These were of a great variety of size and structure, from that of the ruby-throated humming-bird, so diminutive and dainty,—(a soft bunch of the gathered down of plants, having delicately colored

lichens stuck all over it, except in the thimble-like hollow which contained the two pearls of lovely white eggs) — from that small miracle of bird-architecture, resembling a knot on a limb, to the larger and coarser nests woven of strings and sticks and hair.



GASPAR EXHIBITS HIS COLLECTIONS TO MR. PIKE

Mr. Pike noted these differences with a great deal of interest, and finally exclaimed:

"What 's this? It looks like a sort of two-story nest, with eggs above and below."

"That 's just what it is," replied Gaspar, delighted to see the interest with which the master regarded his treasures. "Do you see through it?"

"I see through it, in one sense," Mr. Pike replied; "for the upper story seems to have been rather hastily constructed. But it 's a puzzle to me. There 's one egg in the lower nest, lighter-colored and much larger than the other two."

"The nest is the chipping-sparrow's," said Gaspar; "sometimes called the hair-bird's, because it is nearly always lined with horse-hair. The two small, bluish-green eggs in the lower story are the bird's own; the larger one is that of a stranger, the meanest of all birds,— the cow-bunting, which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds."

"I thought that was the habit of the cuckoo," observed the master.

"It may be of the European cuckoo," said Gaspar; "I have heard that it is. But our American cuckoos build nests of their own. Here is one,

built of twigs and leaves and moss,—the black billed cuckoo's,—which I found myself."

The master examined the nest, but did not appear quite convinced.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Emerson says:

> 'Yonder masterful cuckoo
> Crowds every egg out of the nest,
> Quick or dead, except its own'

"And by 'yonder cuckoo,' an American writer could hardly have meant a bird across the ocean, if he knew what he was talking about, as Emerson generally did."

"But he did n't, if he was talking about our native cuckoos," Gaspar declared confidently.

The school-master smiled to see this black-eyed boy brush aside the words of the Concord philosopher with a disdainful gesture. Gaspar went on: "I 've watched the birds ever so many times; and don't I know? The cow-bunting is the rogue! I saw the bird go to this sparrow's nest, when there were two sparrow eggs in it, and it left that third egg. But it did n't crowd out the others; it left its own to be hatched with them, and the young bird to be taken care of by the sparrow, along with her own young. But what did the sparrow do? She saw that it was a strange egg, but did n't know how to get rid of it; so she set to work with her mate to build the upper story of the nest, and got it ready in time to lay her next egg in it. But they had done their work in too great a hurry; it was open to criticism, as you see. So they abandoned it, and I took it for my collection."

"It is very curious!" said the master.

Three drawers contained the nests and eggs. Gaspar opened a fourth, in which were displayed the smallest of his bird-skins. Each had the beak and claws attached, and was wrapped about a slender artificial body of cotton-wool, and laid on its back. The different specimens of a species — the male and female and young — were ranged side by side; those of the species nearest akin were placed next; and so on, through each family, sub-family, and order. It was a wonderful sight; all were so beautiful, all so still; not like dead birds, but rather like birds in a trance or sleep. The larger birds were ranged in like manner in broad pasteboard boxes.

"Do you know all these species and their eggs?" the master inquired.

"Oh, of course!" said Gaspar carelessly. "It took me a long while to learn all the warblers and their eggs; for there are a great many of them, and some are very much alike. These are the warblers," he added, spreading his hands over a row of the smaller birds; "the chestnut-sided, the blue yellow-backed, the blue-winged yellow, the blackpoll, the black-throated blue, the Cape May, the yellow-rumped, the——"

"Never mind about the rest!" exclaimed the master. "I am surprised that you should have studied and collected so many specimens."

"The only way to study them is to collect them," replied Gaspar. "Now, some folks are interested in books. But what I am interested in is birds."

"You should be a naturalist," observed the master.

"Oh! that 's what I should like to be!" said the boy, his dark features glowing with enthusiasm. "But, no,—my folks want to make something else of me. They think the time I spend studying birds is 'time thrown away.' I am 'idling'; and I am a 'cruel wretch' because I take eggs and nests."

"But do you not think, yourself, that it is a great pity to destroy so many eggs and birds?" asked the master. "You have a beautiful display here; but do you know what struck me at first? Not the beauty, but the pity of it! I am glad I have seen it, for now I know there is another side to the question than that of wanton destruction and cruelty."

"Wanton destruction and cruelty!" cried Gaspar, his black eyes flashing. "I never take a bird nor an egg that I don't need to complete my collection. I only get my share, and hardly that. If you could see the host of real enemies one of these little sparrows has to dodge and hide away from before she can make a nest and raise her brood! minks and snakes, and red squirrels, and weasels, and hawks, and jays, and butcher-birds, and owls, and cats, and——"

"And young collectors," put in the master, in a quiet tone.

"I own," said Gaspar, "that they are about the worst enemies that birds have, after all! I don't mean the real collectors, for I believe they are the birds' best friends."

"I think the true ornithologist is a friend to the birds, as he must be their lover," the master admitted. "But you know, Gaspar, as well as I do, that 'collecting' is a mania with boys; innocent enough when confined to autographs and postage-stamps, but harmful when it leads to the destruction of living creatures, with no noble end in view. How many boys do you know who have begun collections of birds and eggs that will never have the least scientific value, but will be neglected and flung out-of-doors in a year or two?"

"How many? lots of them!" Gaspar answered, frankly. "But I am not one of 'em."

"You go with them, however?"

"Yes, I go with them sometimes, for their

company and help. There 's that Pete Cheevy; he can climb trees like a squirrel, and I 've some rare nests I could never have got without his assistance. By going with me, he has picked up a lot of eggs and nests; but it 's just waste material for such a fellow; all that a collection is to him is just something to brag of."

"Don't you think it is a great evil, Gaspar? Where is the law against such things?" inquired the school-master.

"Boys in this town care nothing for the law; they 're in no danger, as long as there 's nobody to complain of them. But I wish myself, sometimes, that the law might be enforced,—provided my father would get me a permit to take birds and eggs for scientific purposes," the boy hastened to add.

"Are you sure that your purposes are scientific?" the master inquired.

Gaspar looked down thoughtfully at his row of fly-catchers, smoothed the breasts of the chebec and the wood pewee in an absent-minded sort of way,—then suddenly turned his dark eyes on the master.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Before answering, Mr. Pike put to him a few questions as to his methods of preserving the eggs and birds, or, rather, the shells and skins; and especially as to the marks by which he distinguished species and ascertained the names of birds new to him.

Gaspar described the process of blowing an egg, and of curing a skin; then proceeded to deliver so intelligent and entertaining a lecture upon beaks and shanks and wing-coverts, mandibles, *tarsi* and primaries, that Mr. Pike listened with surprise and pleasure.

"Really, Gaspar," he said, "you show the zeal and instinct of a naturalist. I don't wonder you find the pursuit fascinating. How many more of our native birds will it take to complete your collections?"

"I want particularly a scarlet tanager, and a yellow-billed cuckoo, and five or six more," replied the boy; "with about as many rare nests and eggs."

"Now, Gaspar," rejoined the master, "I have a proposition to make, in your own interest, as well as that of the birds. You must agree with me that the wholesale destruction of birds and eggs by boys who have no scientific knowledge of the subject, and do not aspire to have, ought to be prohibited."

"Yes, sir," Gaspar admitted.

"Now, I want you to unite with me in helping to put a stop to it."

"But—what—how can I?"

"We will get up an interest in the subject among the townspeople, especially among the boys; and, if necessary, we will call the attention of the proper authorities to it; for the destruction of the birds, you know, means the destruction of our forests and orchards and crops by injurious insects, which our feathered friends help to keep down. We will see, Gaspar, if we can not get this useful and humane law enforced."

The boy's face looked gloomy.

"In return for what you do," the master continued, "I think I shall be able to get you a certificate from the officers of the Natural History Society, which will allow you to take birds and eggs for strictly scientific purposes."

The boy's face brightened.

"Now, that is fair, is it not?" said Mr. Pike, in a cheery tone.

"Yes—but—I don't know!" stammered Gaspar. "It will be hard for me to go back on the fellows who have hunted birds and nests with me before now."

"You need n't 'go back on them', as you say, or do anything mean and dishonorable. But what is to prevent your telling them that a movement is on foot to enforce the law, and that you, for one, intend to obey the law in future?"

Gaspar laughed with those bright black eyes of his.

"They would n't believe me!"

"What, have you so bad a reputation as a law-breaker? I am sorry to hear it! But you can mend it by mending your practices, and soon teach the boys that you are in earnest. Now promise me that you will help on by word and example the movement I propose, and I promise to get you the permit."

After some hesitation, Gaspar made the promise. Mr. Pike gave him his hand.

"I am very glad that I have had this talk with you, Gaspar. And now I am going to tell you frankly that I really came here to-day to consult with your parents about your entering the high school."

"I knew you did," said Gaspar, rather shamefacedly.

"And that is the reason why you were, perhaps, a little short with me as I came in? Well, never mind; you would have been more courteous, perhaps, if you had understood me better. I am not going to urge your parents to send you to school, unless you see, yourself, that you ought to go. Whatever you make of yourself in life, you will find a little more education than you now have extremely useful; and especially, if you mean to be an ornithologist, you should acquire a good, liberal, general knowledge, and learn how to describe your observations

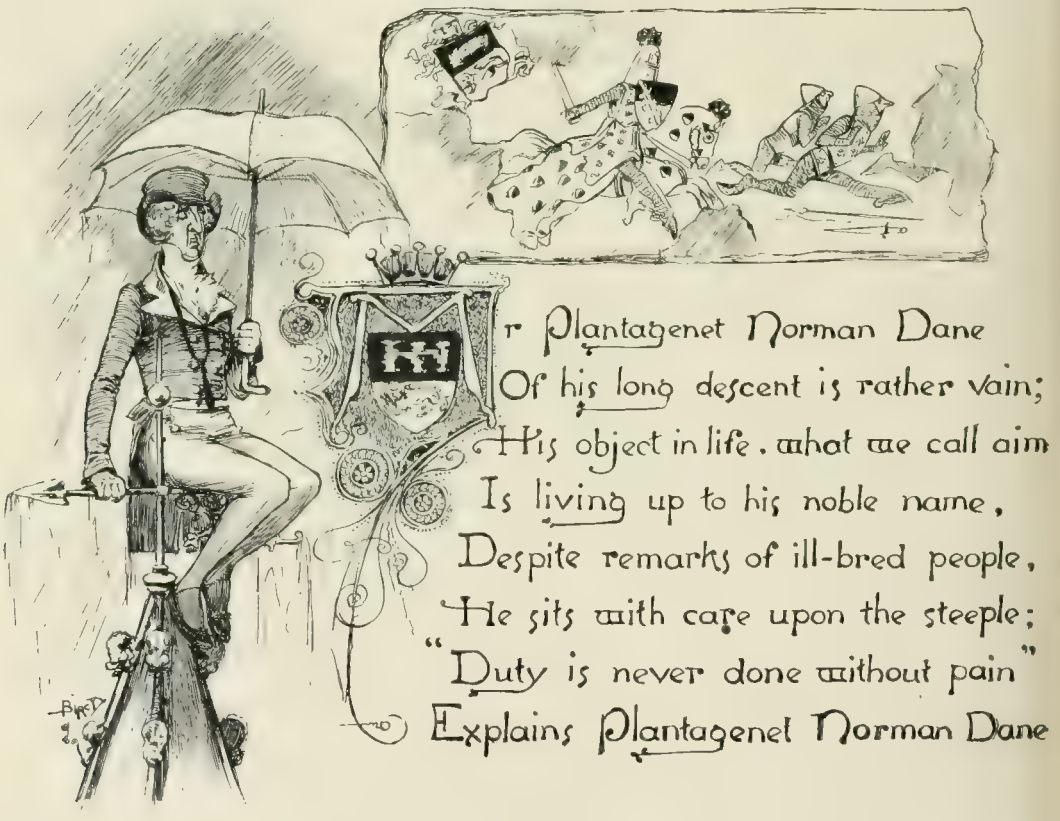
and discoveries with correctness and force. Think of it, will you? Meanwhile, I will talk with your parents, and help them to a better understanding of you and your aims than they now have. Remember your promise, Gaspar, about the boys and birds!"

Mr. Pike afterward talked again with Mrs. Heth, and gave her much comfort and encouragement regarding her son. He lost no time in applying for the certificate, which he had promised, on his part; and, when he found that a small fee for it was required, gladly paid it out of his own pocket. In the meantime, he became better acquainted with Gaspar, and had good reason to believe that his influence might do much toward reforming the boy, and likewise in preserving the birds of the neighborhood from wanton destruction.

Everything was, in fact, going on favorably when Gaspar one day suddenly disappeared, — disappeared as mysteriously and completely as if he had vanished in air, or had been swallowed up by the earth.

What strange thing had happened to him will be told in a future chapter.

(To be continued.)



SUPPORTING HERSELF.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Dear Girls:

The Editor asks, "Will I not talk to her girls?" Of course, I will! I would rather talk to one girl than to a planet-full of other people any time. And she asks, "Will I tell them something of what I think about girls' supporting themselves?"

There was once an old negro preacher, who said: "My bredren, if I had all heaven for my pulpit, and all earth for my congregation, and all eternity for my Sunday mornin', de tex I hab chosen to-day is de tex I'd choose on dat occasion." And, indeed, if I had the summer lightning for my magazine columns, and all the girls in North America for my readers, and the long vacation to talk in, the text which the editor has given me is the one I should "choose on dat occasion."

Dear Girls, there are just two things to be said on this large, long, broad question. The first is only: *Do it!* The second is only: *Do it thoroughly!* And have I no doubt that girls are made to support themselves? None in the world. And am I sure that they can support themselves? Perfectly sure. And do I believe that they ought to support themselves? With belief unspeakable. But would I have them neglect their parents, and desert their homes, and be disagreeable to their brothers, and ruin their health, and spoil their manners, and never get married?

Let us begin like the old Chaldeans, and read those six solemn questions backwards. Never get married? By no means! if you have no command of any trade or profession which will enable you to provide for your family under any of the many terrible emergencies of sickness, or death, or misfortune, or sin, which may throw that provision upon the woman's hands. By all means get married, if you love a man enough to face these emergencies for his sake!

Spoil your manners? If a lady is less a lady for earning her own living, she never was a lady at all, and her manners are not worth the ink I am expending upon the mention of them.

Ruin your health? If you are strong enough to live an idle or frivolous or dependent life, you have done the hardest work you will ever find yourself in the way of doing. You could be a carpenter, with less risk to muscle and nerve and brain and tissue, than to live the life that many girls live after leaving school.

Estrange your brothers? If your brothers think the less of you for an honest determination to be able to take care of yourself, they don't deserve a good sister, and don't know her when they see her.

Desert your home? Not so long as Heaven spares you that blessed thing to cling to! Remain in it if you may; absent yourself from it if you must; but keep your heart as true to it as loyal love can be.

Neglect your parents? I would rather that you neglected yourself.

And just here let me say that I understand, and you understand, and we all understand that *some* girls must stay at home and accept a dependent life. So must some boys. To all our sweeping rules we have sharp exceptions. Now and then, the incompetent father, or the feeble mother, or the erring brothers, or the sad, untold family secret demands the devotion of the entire individual life of some one child. Now and then the child herself or himself is sorely burdened with incapacity or disease, which makes even an acquaintance with the means of pursuing an independent career a doubtful or an impossible thing, and the monotony of sheltered, small, home duties the better, truer life. This happens to brothers as well as to sisters. It need not happen because you are a girl. It should happen only because you are an exceptional girl.

Then, do I think that, as a rule, girls should learn to provide for themselves? As a rule, most assuredly! *As a rule*, it is honester, safer, nobler, and more womanly for a woman to be able to care for herself and for the father, or mother, or brother, or husband, or child, whom a hundred chances may, at any hour, fling upon her warm heart and brave hand for protection. As a rule, a girl should make herself mistress of some industry, or art, or profession, or trade, which has a market value in the great struggle for existence into which God has plunged this weary world.

As a rule, she can succeed in doing this if she determine to, and will fail in it if she does not.

Girls, first make up your minds that you will *be* something! All the rest will follow. *What* you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time. When you have perfectly and solemnly decided to be *something*, your battle is half fought. A young lady, herself the only self-supporting sister of several in a family, poor, proud, and struggling, once said to me: "I, for one, am sure that, if a girl *wants* to command an independent means of live-

lihood, she will find out the way." And this, as a rule, is golden truth. There are exceptional parents, as there are exceptional daughters. But this you may depend upon, little women! if your whole heart is set upon, and your whole head is trained for, becoming an elocutionist, or a green-grocer, or an engraver, or a florist, or a singer, or a doctor, the chances are that elocutionist, or green-grocer, or engraver, or florist, or singer, or doctor you will be. Your mother may forbid you a whim; she will not disregard a purpose. Your father may laugh at a notion; he will respect an enthusiasm. You will not find a friend to encourage you in jerky, hysteric, vague attempts to acquire fame without genius, or wealth without labor, or success without perseverance. You may find for your unswerving aspiration, and your dogged hard work,—you may find—ah, my dear girls! I wish I could say you will find—as many helping hands as your brothers will find. But that is not yet; perhaps the day will come. Women must work yet awhile under discouragement such as only women know. Don't expect the help your brother gets! Make up your mind to that in the beginning. I am only saying that, once your mind is *made*, you will find help enough to enable you to keep it in shape; and, after all, that is a great deal.

Now, the earlier you do this the better. A girl of thirteen can not decide, to be sure, with any discretion or any assurance, whether she will be a sculptor or a wash-woman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving school or college, to remain dependent upon her parents or to fit herself for a self-providing life.

The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own is quite another thing from the lesson that you may never think of again. The practice in book-keeping, which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story. The dull old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry, if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for, are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest lives. So, on the great ocean of school-life, the girls, with aims to study for, are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest. Ah! you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing *distinct aims*. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason. I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content which a shabby alpaca can not hide, nor a *Bonnèt* silk enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out.

But, girls, if you don't mean to make a thorough business of the occupation you have chosen, never, never, *never* begin to be occupied at all. Half-finished work will do for amateurs. It will never answer for professionals. The bracket you are sewing for a New Year's present can hang a little crooked on its screws, and you will be forgiven "for the love's sake found therein" by the dear heart to which you offer it; but the trinket carved for sale in the Sorrento rooms must be cut as true as a rose-leaf. You can be a little shaky as to your German declensions in the Schiller club, which you join so enthusiastically after leaving school, and no great harm ever come of it; but teach Schiller for a living, and for every dative case forgotten you are so much money out of pocket.

People who pay for a thing demand thorough workmanship or none. To offer incomplete work for complete market price, is to be either a cheat or a beggar. The terrible grinding laws of supply and demand, pay and receive, give and get, give no quarter to shilly-shally labor. The excellence of your intentions is nothing to the point. The stress of your poverty has not the slightest connection with the case. An editor will never pay you for your poem because you wish to help your mother. No customer will buy her best bonnet or her wheat flour of you because you are unable to pay your rent. When you have entered the world of trade, you have entered a world where tenderness and charity and personal interest are foreign relations. Not "for friendship's sake," nor "for pity's sake," nor "for chivalry's sake" runs the great rallying-cry of this great world,—but only "*for value received.*"

It is with sorrow and shame, but yet with hope and courage, that I write it,—there is reason for the extensive complaint made by men, that women do not work thoroughly. I am afraid that, till time and trouble shall have taught them better, they will not. Is it because they have never been trained? Is it because they expect to be married? That it is not in the least because they can not,

we know; for we know that some of the most magnificently accurate work in the world has been done by women.

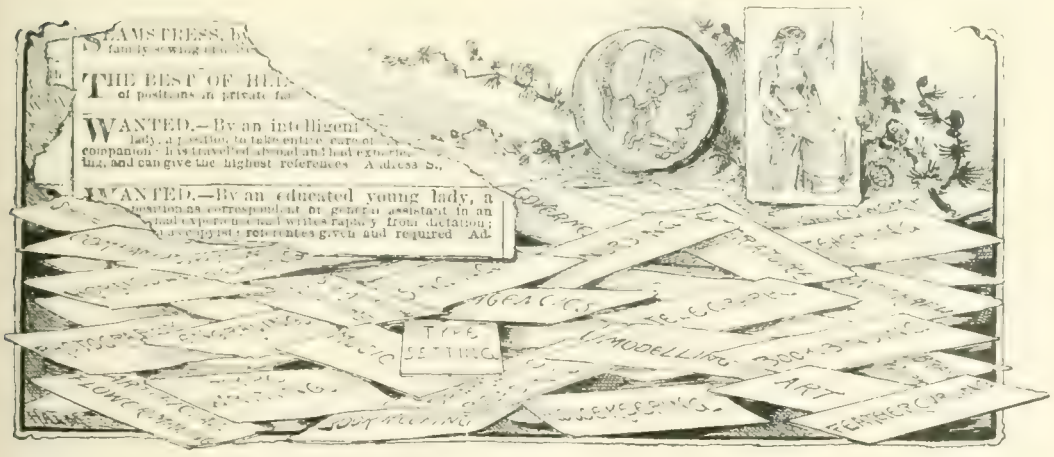
Now, you who are the girls of to-day, must find for yourselves, and teach us all a better way. Make up your minds to work hard and to work patiently. Don't expect to get the return of skilled labor for unskilled effort. Remember that, no matter what you intend to become, you can not avoid *apprenticeship*. Don't expect, if you bring your education to an end at eighteen, to become a teacher or a preacher, a lawyer or a physician, like your brother whose preparatory studies last till he is twenty-five. Don't think you can rush to the art-galleries, and sell your amateur water-colors in competition with artists who have given years and years of drudgery to the handling of their brushes and the culture of their inspirations. Don't expect *The Century Magazine* to print your stories till you have first thrown a great many poor manuscripts into the fire. If you wish to go into the book-seller's business, be content to begin by familiarizing yourself with the backs of libraries. If you aspire to be a railroad ticket agent (like a few bright women I have seen), learn your arithmetic lesson keenly, that you may make quick change for hurried people. Be content to begin humbly! Be careful to labor faithfully! Be patient to toil long!

One of the foremost of modern novelists was a woman — a woman whose patience was as immense as her fame, and her fame is owing as much to her patience as to her genius. In her great story of *Daniel Deronda* George Eliot puts into the mouth of a musician addressing a young lady who has aspirations for the stage, these memorable, cutting words:

> "[illegible] with. * * * You would find, after your education in doing things [illegible] to tests; people would no longer feign not to see your blunder. You [illegible] be won by the utmost patience. You would have to keep your place in a crowd; and after all, it is likely you would lose it and get out of sight. If you determine to face these hardships and still try, you will have the dignity of a high purpose. * * * You will have some merit, though you may win no prize.'"

But now I have told you to work, and work thoroughly. I have n't helped you in the least to know what to do, or how to do it?

Why no, my dear girls, I suppose I have n't. That would take as long as the negro wanted to take for his sermon. Perhaps some other time, if you care to hear me, I will talk to you further about these things. Only believe me to be right in this: When once your mind is firmly and hopefully made up to work, the what and the how will follow fast enough.



THE PHILOPENA.

By Frank R. Stockton.



THE ABSOLUTE FOOL AND THE LION. (SEE PAGE 524.)

THERE were once a Prince and a Princess who, when quite young, ate a philopena together. They agreed that the one who, after sunrise the next day, should accept anything from the other — the giver at the same time saying "Philopena!" — should be the loser, and that the loser should marry the other.

They did not meet the next day; and at the time our story begins, many years had elapsed, and the Prince and the Princess were nearly grown up. They often thought of the philopena they had eaten together, and wondered if they should know each other when they met. He remembered her as a pretty little girl dressed in green silk and playing with a snow-white cat; while she remembered him as a handsome boy, wearing a little sword, the handle of which was covered with jewels. But both must have changed a great deal in all this time.

Neither of these young people had any parents; the Prince lived with guardians and the Princess with uncles.

The guardians of the Prince were very enterprising and energetic men, and were allowed to govern the country until the Prince came of age. The capital city was a very fine city when the old king died; but the guardians thought it might be much finer, so they set to work with all their might and main to improve it. They tore down old houses and made ever so many new streets; they built grand and splendid bridges over the river on which the city stood; they constructed aqueducts to bring water from streams ever so many miles away; and they were at work all the time upon some great building enterprise.

The Prince did not seem to take much interest in the works which were going on under direction of his guardians; and when he rode out, he preferred to go into the country or to ride through some of the quaint old streets, where nothing had been changed for hundreds of years.

The uncles of the Princess were very different people from the guardians of the Prince. There were three of them, and they were very quiet and cozy old men, who disliked any kind of bustle or disturbance, and wished that everything might remain as they had always known it. It even worried them a little to find that the Princess was growing up. They would have much preferred that she should remain exactly as she was when they first took charge of her. Then they never would have been obliged to worry their minds about any changes in the way of taking care of her. But they did not worry their minds very much, after all. They wished to make her guardianship as little laborious or exhausting as possible, and

so, divided the work; one of them took charge of her education, another of her food and lodging, and the third of her dress. The first sent for teachers, and told them to teach her; the second had handsome apartments prepared for her use, and gave orders that she should have everything she needed to eat and drink; while the third commanded that she should have a complete outfit of new clothes four times a year. Thus everything went on very quietly and smoothly; and the three uncles were not obliged to exhaust themselves by hard work. There were never any new houses built, and if anything had to be repaired, it was done with as little noise and dirt as possible. The city and the whole kingdom were quiet and serene, and the three uncles dozed away most of the day in three great comfortable thrones.

Everybody seemed satisfied with this state of things except the Princess. She often thought to herself that nothing would be more delightful than a little noise and motion, and she wondered if the whole world were as quiet as the city in which she lived. At last, she became unable to bear the dreadful stillness of the place any longer; but she could think of nothing to do but to go and try to find the Prince with whom she had eaten a philopena. If she should win, he must marry her; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where things would be bright and lively. So, early one morning, she put on her white dress, and mounting her prancing black horse, she rode away from the city. Only one person saw her go, for nearly all the people were asleep.

About this time, the Prince made up his mind that he could no longer stand the din and confusion, the everlasting up-setting and setting-up in his native city. He would go away, and see if he could find the Princess with whom he had eaten a philopena. If he should win, she would be obliged to marry him; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where it was quiet and peaceful. So, on the same morning in which the Princess rode away, he put on a handsome suit of black clothes, and mounting a gentle white horse, he rode out of the city. Only one person saw him go; for, even at that early hour, the people were so busy that little attention was paid to his movements.

About half-way between these two cities, in a tall tower which stood upon a hill, there lived an Inquisitive Dwarf, whose whole object in life was to find out what people were doing and why they did it. From the top of this tower he generally managed to see all that was going on in the surrounding country; and in each of the two cities that have been mentioned he had an agent, whose duty it was to send him word, by means of carrier pigeons, whenever a new thing happened. Before breakfast, on the morning when the Prince and Princess rode away, a pigeon from the city of the Prince came flying to the tower of the Inquisitive Dwarf.

"Some new building started, I suppose," said the Dwarf, as he took the paper from the pigeon. "But no; it is very different! 'The Prince has ridden away from the city alone, and is traveling to the north.'"

But before he could begin to puzzle his brains about the meaning of this departure, another pigeon came flying in from the city of the Princess.

"Well!" cried the Dwarf, "this is amazing! It is a long time since I have had a message from that city, and my agent has been drawing his salary without doing any work. What possibly can have happened there?"

When he read that the Princess had ridden alone from the city that morning, and was traveling to the south, he was truly amazed.

"What on earth can it mean?" he exclaimed. "If the city of the Prince were to the south of that of the Princess, then I might understand it; for they would be going to see each other, and that would be natural enough. But as his city is to the north of her city, they are traveling in opposite directions. And what is the meaning of this? I must most certainly find out."



THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS EAT A PHILOPENA.

The Inquisitive Dwarf had three servants whom he employed to attend to his most important business. These were a Gorgoness, a Water Sprite, and an Absolute Fool. This last one was very valuable; for there were some things he would do which no one else would think of attempting. The Dwarf called to him the Gorgoness, the oldest and most discreet of the three, and told her of the departure of the Princess.

"Hasten southward," he said, "as fast as you

can, and follow her, and do not return to me until you have found out why she left her city, where she is going, and what she expects to do when she gets there. Your appearance may frighten her; and, therefore, you must take with you the Absolute Fool, to whom she will probably be willing to talk; but you must see that everything is managed properly."

Having dispatched these two, the Inquisitive Dwarf then called the Water Sprite, who was singing to herself at the edge of a fountain, and telling her of the departure of the Prince, ordered her to follow him, and not to return until she had found out why he left his city, where he was going, and what he intended to do when he got there.

"The road to the north," he said, "lies along the river bank; therefore, you can easily keep him company."

The Water Sprite bowed, and dancing over the dewy grass to the river, threw herself into it. Sometimes she swam beneath the clear water; sometimes she rose partly in the air, where she seemed like a little cloud of sparkling mist borne onward by the wind; and sometimes she floated upon the surface, her pale blue robes undulating with the gentle waves, while her white hands and feet shone in the sun like tiny crests of foam. Thus, singing to herself, she went joyously and rapidly on, aided by a full, strong wind from the south. She did not forget to glance every now and then upon the road which ran along the river bank; and, in the course of the morning, she perceived the Prince. He was sitting in the shade of a tree near the water's edge, while his gentle white horse was grazing near by.

The Water Sprite came very gently out of the river, and seating herself upon the edge of a grassy bank, she spoke to him. The Prince looked up in astonishment, but there was nothing in her appearance to frighten him.

"I came," said the Water Sprite, "at the command of my master, to ask you why you left your city, where you are going, and what you intend to do when you get there."

The Prince then told her why he had left his city, and what he intended to do when he had found the Princess.

"But where I am going," he said, "I do not know, myself. I must travel and travel until I succeed in the object of my search."

The Water Sprite reflected for a moment, and then she said:

"If I were you, I would not travel to the north. It is cold and dreary there, and your Princess would not dwell in such a region. A little above us, on the other side of this river, there is a stream which runs sometimes to the east and sometimes to the south, and which leads to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. This is the most beautiful country in the world, and you will be much more likely to find your Princess there than among the desolate mountains of the north."

"I dare say you are right," said the Prince; "and I will go there, if you will show me the way."

"The road runs along the bank of the river," said the Water Sprite; "and we shall soon reach the Land of the Lovely Lakes."

The Prince then mounted his horse, forded the river, and was soon riding along the bank of the stream, while the Water Sprite gayly floated upon its dancing ripples.

When the Gorgoness started southward, in pursuit of the Princess, she kept out of sight among the bushes by the roadside; but sped swiftly along. The Absolute Fool, however, mounted upon a good horse, rode boldly on the road. He was a good-looking youth, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a handsome figure. As he cantered gayly along, he felt himself capable of every noble action which the human mind has ever conceived. The Gorgoness kept near him, and in the course of the morning they overtook the Princess, who was allowing her horse to walk in the shade by the roadside. The Absolute Fool dashed up to her, and, taking off his hat, asked her why she had left her city, where she was going, and what she intended to do when she got there.

The Princess looked at him in surprise. "I left my city because I wanted to," she said. "I am going about my business, and when I get to the proper place, I will attend to it."

"Oh, said the Absolute Fool, "you refuse me your confidence, do you? But allow me to remark that I have a Gorgoness with me who is very frightful to look at, and whom it was my intention to keep in the bushes; but if you will not give fair answers to my questions, she must come out and talk to you, and that is all there is about it."

"If there is a Gorgoness in the bushes," said the Princess, "let her come out. No matter how frightful she is, I would rather she should come where I can see her, than to have her hiding near me."

The Gorgoness, who had heard these words, now came out into the road. The horse of the Princess reared in affright, but his young rider patted him on the neck, and quieted his fears.

"What do you and this young man want?" said the Princess to the Gorgoness, "and why do you question me?"

"It is not of our own will that we do it," said the Gorgoness, very respectfully; "but our master,

the Inquisitive Dwarf, has sent us to obtain information about the points on which the young man questioned you; and until we have found out these things, it is impossible for us to return."

"I am opposed to answering impertinent questions," replied the Princess; "but in order to rid myself of you, I will tell you the reason of my report to you to-morrow morning. And if you should need help, or escort, he will aid and obey you as your servant. As for me, unless we find the Prince, I shall continue searching for him. There is a prince in the city to the north of my master's tower, and it is not unlikely that it is he whom you seek."



THE WHITE SQUIRREL LEADS THE PRINCE TO THE LAND OF THE LOVELY LAKES.

journey." And she then stated briefly the facts of the case.

"Ah, me!" said the Gorgoness; "I am very sorry; but you can not tell us where you are going, and we can not return until we know that. But you need not desire to be rid of us, for it may be that we can assist you in the object of your journey. This young man is sometimes very useful, and I shall be glad to do anything that I can to help you. If you should think that I would injure you, or willingly annoy you by my presence, it would grieve me to the heart." And as she spoke, a tear bedimmed her eye.

The Princess was touched by the emotion of the Gorgoness.

"You may accompany me," she said, "and I will trust you both. You must know this country better than I do. Have you any advice to give me in regard to my journey?"

"One thing I would strongly advise," said the Gorgoness, "and that is, that you do not travel any further until we know in what direction it will be best to go. There is an inn close by, kept by a worthy woman. If you will stop there until to-morrow, this young man and I will scour the country 'round about, and try to find some news of your Prince. The young man will return and

"You can find out if it is he," answered the Princess, "by asking about the philopena."

"That will I do," said the Gorgoness, "and I will return hither as speedily as possible." And, with a respectful salutation, the Gorgoness and the Absolute Fool departed by different ways.

The Princess then repaired to the inn, where she took lodgings.

The next morning, the Absolute Fool came back to the inn, and seeing the Princess, said: "I rode until long after night-fall, searching for the Prince, before it occurred to me that, even if I should find him, I would not know him in the dark. As soon as I thought of that, I rode straight to the nearest house, and slept till daybreak, when I remembered that I was to report to you this morning. But as I have heard no news of the Prince, and as this is a beautiful, clear day, I think it would be extremely foolish to remain idly here, where there is nothing of interest going on, and when a single hour's delay may cause you to miss the object of your search. The Prince may be in one place this morning, and there is no knowing where he will be in the afternoon. While the Gorgoness is searching, we should search also. We can return before sunset, and we will leave word here as to the direction we have taken, so that when she

returns, she can quickly overtake us. It is my opinion that not a moment should be lost. I will be your guide. I know this country well."

The Princess thought this sounded like good reasoning, and consented to set out. There were some beautiful mountains to the south-east; and among these, the Absolute Fool declared, a prince of good taste would be very apt to dwell. They, therefore, took this direction. But when they had traveled an hour or more, the mountains began to look bare and bleak, and the Absolute Fool declared that he did not believe any prince would live there. He therefore advised that they turn into a road that led to the north-east. It was a good road; and therefore he thought it led to a good place, where a person of good sense would be likely to reside. Along this road they therefore traveled. They had ridden but a few miles when they met three men, well armed and mounted. These men drew up their horses, and respectfully saluted the Princess.

"High-born Lady," they said, "for by your aspect we know you to be such, we would inform you that we are the soldiers of the King, the outskirts of whose dominions you have reached. It is our duty to question all travelers, and, if their object in coming to our country is a good one, to give them whatever assistance and information they may require. Will you tell us why you come?"

"Impertinent vassals!" cried the Absolute Fool, riding up in a great passion. "How dare you interfere with a princess who has left her city because it was so dull and stupid, and is endeavoring to find a prince, with whom she has eaten a philopena, in order that she may marry him. Out of my way, or I will draw my sword and cleave you to the earth, and thus punish your unwarrantable curiosity!"

The soldiers could not repress a smile.

"In order to prevent mischief," they said to the Absolute Fool, "we shall be obliged to take you into custody."

This they immediately did, and then requested the Princess to accompany them to the palace of their King, where she would receive hospitality and aid.

The King welcomed the Princess with great cordiality. He had no prince of his own, and he was very sorry that he had not; for, in that case, he would hope that he might be the person for whom she was looking. But there was a prince, who lived in a city to the north, who was probably the very man; and he would send and make inquiries. In the meantime, the Princess would be entertained by himself and his Queen; and, if her servant would make a suitable apology, his violent language would be pardoned. But the Absolute Fool positively refused to do this.

"I never apologize," he cried. "No man of spirit would do such a thing. What I say, I stand by."

"Very well," said the King; "then you shall fight a wild beast." And he gave orders that the affair should be arranged for the following day.

In a short time, however, some of his officers came to him and told him that there were no wild beasts; those on hand having been kept so long that they had become tame.

"To be sure, there 's the old lion, Sardon," they said; "but he is so dreadfully cross and has had so much experience in these fights, that for a long time it has n't been considered fair to allow any one to enter the ring with him."

"It is a pity," said the King, "to make the young man fight a tame beast; but, under the circumstances, the best thing to do will be to represent the case to him, just as it is. Tell him we are sorry we have not an ordinary wild beast; but that he can take his choice between a tame one and the lion Sardon, whose disposition and experience you will explain to him."

When the matter was stated to the Absolute Fool, he refused with great scorn to fight a tame beast.

"I will not be degraded in the eyes of the public," he said; "I will take the old lion."

The next day, the court and the public assembled to see the fight; but the Queen and our Princess took a ride into the country, not wishing to witness a combat of this kind, especially one which was so unequal. The King ordered that every advantage should be given to the young man, in order that he might have every possible chance of success in fighting an animal which had been a victor on so many similar occasions. A large iron cage, furnished with a turnstile, into which the Absolute Fool could retire for rest and refreshment, but where the lion could not follow him, was placed in the middle of the arena, and the youth was furnished with all the weapons he desired. When all was ready, the Absolute Fool took his stand in the center of the arena, and the door of the lion's den was opened. When the great beast came out, he looked about for an instant, and then, with majestic step, advanced toward the young man. When he was within a few paces of him, he crouched for a spring.

The Absolute Fool had never seen so magnificent a creature, and he could not restrain his admiration. With folded arms and sparkling eyes, he gazed with delight upon the lion's massive head, his long and flowing mane, his magnificent muscles, and his powerful feet and legs.

There was an air of grandeur and strength about him which completely enraptured the youth. Approaching the lion, he knelt before him, and gazed with wondering ecstasy into his great, glowing eyes. "What glorious orbs!" he inwardly exclaimed. "What unfathomable expression! What possibilities! What reminiscences! And everywhere, what majesty of curve!"

peared; for he was as much delighted as any one at the victory of the young man.

"Noble youth," he exclaimed, "you are the bravest of the brave. You are the only man I know who is worthy of our royal daughter, and you shall marry her forthwith. Long since, I vowed that only with the bravest should she wed."

At this moment, the Queen and the Princess,



"THEY MET THEIR MEN, WELL, A MET AND M' MET."

The lion was a good deal astonished at the conduct of the young man; and he soon began to suppose that this was not the person he was to fight, but probably a keeper, who was examining into his condition. After submitting to this scrutiny a few minutes, he gave a mighty yawn, which startled the spectators, but which delighted the Absolute Fool; for never before had he beheld such dazzling teeth, such immensity of expression. He knelt in silent delight at this exhibition of the beauty of strength.

Old Sardon soon became tired of all this, however, and he turned and walked back to his den. "When their man is ready," he thought to himself, "I will come out and fight him."

One tremendous shout now arose from the multitude. "The youth has conquered!" they cried. "He has actually frightened the lion back into his den!" Rushing into the arena, they raised the Absolute Fool upon their shoulders and carried him in triumph to the open square in front of the palace, that he might be rewarded for his bravery. Here the King, followed by his court, quickly appeared returning from their ride, heard with joy the result of the combat; and riding up to the victor, the Queen declared that she would gladly join with her royal husband in giving their daughter to so brave a man.

The Absolute Fool stood for a moment in silent thought; then, addressing the King, he said:

"Was Your Majesty's father a king?"

"He was," was the answer.

"Was his father of royal blood?"

"No; he was not," replied the King. "My grandfather was a man of the people; but his preeminent virtue, his great ability as a statesman, and the dignity and nobility of his character made him the unanimous choice of the nation as its sovereign."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the Absolute Fool; "for it makes it necessary for me to decline the kind offer of your daughter in marriage. If I marry a princess at all, she must be one who can trace back her lineage through a long line of royal ancestors." And as he spoke, his breast swelled with manly pride.

For a moment, the King was dumb with rage. Then loudly he shouted: "Ho, guards! Annihilate him! Avenge this insult!"

At these words, the sword of every by-stander leaped from its scabbard; but, before any one could take a step forward, the Princess seized the Absolute Fool by his long and flowing locks, and put spurs to her horse. The young man yelled with pain, and shouted to her to let go; but she held firmly to his hair, and as he was extraordinarily active and fleet of foot, he kept pace with the galloping horse. A great crowd of people started in pursuit, but, as none of them were mounted, they were soon left behind.

"Let go my hair! Let go my hair!" shouted the Absolute Fool, as he bounded along. "You don't know how it hurts. Let go! Let go!"

But the Princess never relinquished her hold until they were out of the King's domain.

"A little more," cried the indignant youth, when she let him go, "and you would have pulled out a handful of my hair."

"A little less," said the Princess, contemptuously, "and you would have been cut to pieces; for you have not sense enough to take care of yourself. I am sorry I listened to you, and left the inn to which the Gorgoness took me. It would have been far better to have waited there for her as she told me to do."

"Yes," said the Absolute Fool; "it would have been much better."

"Now," said the Princess, "we will go back there, and see if she has returned."

"If we can find it," said the other, "which I very much doubt."

There were several roads at this point and, of course, they took the wrong one. As they went on, the Absolute Fool complained bitterly that he had left his horse behind him, and was obliged to walk. Sometimes he stopped, and said he would go back after it; but this the Princess sternly forbade.

When the Gorgoness reached the city of the Prince, it was night; but she was not sorry for this. She did not like to show herself much in the daytime, because so many people were frightened by her. After a good deal of trouble, she discovered that the Prince had certainly left the city, although his guardians did not seem to be aware of it. They were so busy with a new palace, in part of which they were living, that they could not be expected to keep a constant eye upon him. In the morning, she met an old man who knew her, and was not afraid of her, and who told her that the day before, when he was up the river, he had seen the Prince on his white horse, riding on the bank of the stream; and that near him, in the water, was something which now looked like a woman, and again like a puff of mist. The Gorgoness reflected.

"If the Prince has gone off in that way," she said to herself, "I believe that he is the very one whom the Princess is looking for, and that he has set out in search of her; and that creature in the water must be our Water Sprite, whom our master has probably sent out to discover where the Prince is going. If he had told me about this, it would have saved much trouble. From the direction in which they were going, I feel sure that the Water Sprite was taking the Prince to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. She never fails to go there, if she can possibly get an excuse. I 'll follow them. I suppose the Princess will be tired, waiting at the inn; but I must know where the Prince is, and if he is really her Prince, before I go back to her."

When the Gorgoness reached the Land of the Lovely Lakes, she wandered all that day and the next night; but she saw nothing of those for whom she was looking.

The Princess and the Absolute Fool journeyed on until near the close of the afternoon, when the sky began to be overcast, and it looked like rain. They were then not far from a large piece of water; and at a little distance, they saw a ship moored near the shore.

"I shall seek shelter on board that ship," said the Princess.

"It is going to storm," remarked the Absolute Fool. "I should prefer to be on dry land."

"As the land is not likely to be very dry when it rains," said the Princess, "I prefer a shelter, even if it is upon wet water."

"Women will always have their own way," muttered the Absolute Fool.

The ship belonged to a crew of Amazon sailors, who gave the Princess a hearty welcome.

"You may go on board if you choose," said the Absolute Fool to the Princess, "but I shall not risk my life in a ship manned by women."

"You are quite right," said the Captain of the Amazons, who had heard this remark; "for you would not be allowed to come on board if you wanted to. But we will give you a tent to protect you and the horse in case it should rain, and will send you something to eat."

While the Princess was taking tea with the Amazon Captain, she told her about the Prince, and how she was trying to find him.

"Good!" cried the Captain. "I will join in the search, and take you in my ship. Some of my crew told me that yesterday they saw a young man, who looked like a prince, riding along the shore of the lake which adjoins the one we are on. In

the morning we will sail after him. We shall keep near the shore, and your servant can mount your horse and ride along the edge of the lake. From what I know of the speed of this vessel, I think he can easily keep up with us."

Early in the morning, the Amazon Captain called her crew together. "Hurrah, my brave girls!" she said. "We have an object. I never sail without an object, and it delights me to get one. The purpose of our present cruise is to find the Prince of whom this Princess is in search; and we must spare no pains to bring him to her, dead or alive."

Luckily for her peace of mind, the Princess did not hear this speech. The day was a fine one, and before long the sun became very hot. The ship was sailing quite near the land, when the Absolute Fool rode down to the water's edge, and called out that he had something very important to communicate to the Princess. As he was not allowed to come on board, she was obliged to go on shore, to which she was rowed in a small boat.

"I have been thinking," said the Absolute Fool, "that it is perfectly ridiculous, and very uncomfortable, to continue this search any longer. I would go back, but my master would not suffer me to return without knowing where you are going. I have, therefore, a plan to propose. Give up your useless search for this Prince, who is probably not nearly so handsome and intellectual as I am, and marry me. We will then return, and I will assume the reins of government in your domain."

"Follow the vessel," said the Princess, "as you have been doing; for I wish some one to take care of my horse." And without another word, she returned to the ship.

"I should like to sail as far as possible from shore the rest of the trip," said she to the Captain.

"Put the helm bias!" shouted the Amazon Captain to the steers-woman; "and keep him well out from land."

When they had sailed through a small stream into the lake adjoining, the look-out, who was swinging in a hammock hung between the tops of the two masts, sang out, "Prince ahead!" Instantly all was activity on board the vessel. Story books were tucked under coils of rope, hemstitching and embroidery were laid aside, and every woman was at her post.

"The Princess is taking a nap," said the Captain, "and we will not awaken her. It will be so nice to surprise her by bringing the Prince to her. We will run our vessel ashore, and then steal quietly upon him. But do not let him get away. Cut him down, if he resists!"

The Prince, who was plainly visible only a short distance ahead, was so pleasantly employed that he had not noticed the approach of the ship. He was sitting upon a low, moss-covered rock, close to the water's edge; and with a small hand net, which he had found on the shore, he was scooping the most beautiful fishes from the lake, holding them up in the sunlight to admire their brilliant colors and graceful forms, and then returning them uninjured to the water. The Water Sprite was swimming near him, and calling to the fish to come up and be caught; for the gentle Prince would not hurt them. It was very delightful and rare sport, and it is not surprising that it entirely engrossed the attention of the Prince. The Amazons silently landed, and softly stole along the shore, a little back from the water. Then, at their Captain's command, they rushed upon the Prince.

It was just about this time that the Gorgoness, who had been searching for the Prince, caught her first sight of him. Perceiving, before he knew it himself, that he was about to be attacked, she rushed to his aid. The Amazon sailors reached him before she did, and seizing upon him they began to pull him away. The Prince resisted stoutly; but perceiving that his assailants were women, he would not draw his sword. The Amazon Captain and mate, who were armed with broad knives, now raised their weapons, and called upon the Prince to surrender or die. But at this moment, the Gorgoness reached the spot, and catching the Captain and mate, each by an arm, she dragged them back from the Prince. The other Amazons, however, continued the combat; and the Prince defended himself by pushing them into the shallow water, where the Water Sprite nearly stifled them by throwing over them showers of spray. And now came riding up the Absolute Fool. Seeing a youth engaged in combat with the Amazon sailors, his blood boiled with indignation.

"A man fighting women!" he exclaimed. "What a coward! My arm shall ever assist the weaker sex."

Jumping from the horse, he drew his sword, and rushed upon the Prince. The Gorgoness saw the danger of the latter, and she would have thrown herself between him and his new assailant, but she was afraid to loosen her hold of the Amazon Captain and mate. But a thought struck her just in time, and in a loud voice she called out:

"Caterpillar!"

"Where?" exclaimed the Absolute Fool, stopping short.

"On your neck," cried the Gorgoness.

With a look of horror on his features, the Absolute Fool dropped his sword and began to look for the caterpillar. The Prince had perceived the approach of the Absolute Fool; and now, having freed himself from the Amazons, he drew his sword,

feeling glad to have a man to fight; for although of so gentle a disposition, he was a brave fellow. But when he saw that the other had dropped his weapon, he would not wound him with his sword, but contented himself with pommeling him with the flat of the blade.

"Begone!" cried the Prince. "It is bad enough to be attacked by a crowd of women, but I will not allow myself to be assaulted without reason by a man."

"Stop that! Stop that!" cried the Absolute Fool, as he retreated before the Prince. "Wait till I find this caterpillar, and then I will show you what I can do."

By this time the two had nearly reached the place where the ship was moored, and the Princess, who had been awakened by the noise of the combat, appeared upon the deck of the vessel. The moment she saw the Prince, she felt convinced that he was certainly the one for whom she was looking. Fearing that the Absolute Fool, whom she knew to be very strong and active, might turn upon him and kill him, she sprang from the vessel to his assistance; but her foot caught in a rope, and, instead of reaching the shore, she fell into the water, which was here quite deep, and immediately sank out of sight. The Prince, who had noticed her just as she sprang, and who felt equally convinced that she was the one for whom he was searching, dropped his sword and rushed to the edge of the bank. Just as the Princess rose to the surface, he reached out his hand to her, and she took it.

"Philopena!" cried the Prince.

"You have won," said the Princess, gayly shaking the water from her curls, as he drew her ashore.

Within an hour, the Prince and Princess, after taking kind leave of the Gorgoness, and Water Sprite, and of the Amazon sailors, who cheered them loudly, rode away to the city of the Princess; while the three servants of the Inquisitive Dwarf returned to their master to report what had happened.

The Absolute Fool was in a very bad humor; for he was obliged to return on foot, having left his horse in the kingdom where he had so narrowly escaped being killed; and, besides this, he had had his hair pulled, and had been beaten, and the Princess had not treated him with proper respect. He felt himself deeply injured. When he reached home, he determined that he would not remain in a position where his great abilities were so little appreciated. "I will do something," he said, "which shall prove to the world that I deserve to stand among the truly great. I will reform my fellow beings, and I will begin by reforming the Inquisitive Dwarf." Thereupon he went to his master, and said:

"Sir, it is foolish and absurd for you to be meddling thus with the affairs of your neighbors. Give up your inquisitive habits, and learn some useful business. While you are doing this, I will consent to manage your affairs."

The Inquisitive Dwarf turned to him, and said: "I have a great desire to know the exact appearance of the North Pole. Go and discover it for me."

The Absolute Fool departed on this mission, and has not yet returned.

When the Princess, with her Prince, reached her city, her uncles were very much amazed; for they had not known she had gone away. "If you are going to get married," they said, "we are very glad; for then you will not need our care, and we shall be free from the great responsibility which is bearing us down."

In a short time the wedding took place, and then the question arose in which city should the young couple dwell. The Princess decided it.

"In the winter," she said to the Prince, "we will live in your city, where all is life and activity; and where the houses are so well built with all the latest improvements. In the summer, we will come to my city, where everything is old, and shady, and serene." This they did, and were very happy.

The Gorgoness would have been glad to go and live with the Princess, for she had taken a great fancy to her; but she did not think it worth her while to ask permission to do this.

"My impulses, I know, are good," she said; "but my appearance is against me."

As for the Water Sprite, she was in a truly disconsolate mood, because she had left so soon the Land of the Lovely Lakes, where she had been so happy. The more she thought about it, the more she grieved; and one morning, unable to bear her sorrow longer, she sprang into the great jet of the fountain. High into the bright air the fountain threw her, scattering her into a thousand drops of glittering water; but not one drop fell back into the basin. The great, warm sun drew them up; and, in a little white cloud, they floated away across the bright blue sky.

WORDS INCLINED TO JINGLE.



ROSY SNOW.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

Rosy snow on the roofs in the morning:
Drifts in the hollows, by wild winds curled;
Bells on the beaten road chime away cheeringly—
O the great white world!
Brown little sparrows on twigs bare and red,
You shall have crumbs both of cake and of bread—
I will remember you, flitting unfearingly
Out in the great white world!

Rosy snow on the orchard this morning!
Faint-flushed blossoms with crisp edges curled:
Soft-floating petals by blithe breezes flung to me—
O the sweet white world!
Young whistling robin with round ruddy breast,
I 'll never touch your blue eggs in the nest;
I will remember the welcome you 've sung to me
Out in the sweet white world!



A PICNIC.

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XX.

GONE BACK TO BARBARISM.

THE renewal of acquaintance, under circumstances so extraordinary as those detailed in the previous chapter, calls for explanation; for although the incident may appear strange, and even improbable, it is, nevertheless, quite reasonable. How it came about will be learned from the following relation of facts:

In the year 1838, the English Admiral Fitzroy,—then Captain Fitzroy,—while in command of H. M. S. "Beagle," engaged in the survey of Tierra del Fuego, had one of his boats stolen by the natives of Christmas Sound. Pursuing the thieves, he made capture of a number of their relatives, but unfortunately not of the actual culprits. For a time he held the captives as hostages, hoping by that means to effect the return of the boat. Disappointed in this, however, he at length released them all, except three, who voluntarily remained on board the "Beagle."

These were two young men and a little girl; and all of them were soon after baptized by the sailors. One of the men had the name "Boat Memory" bestowed upon him, because he had been taken at the place where the boat was stolen. The other was christened "York Minster," after a remarkable mountain, bearing a fancied resemblance to the famed cathedral of York, near which he was captured. "Fuegia Basket," as the girl was called, was named from the wicker-work craft that the crew of the stolen boat had improvised to carry them back to their ship.

Later on, the commander of the "Beagle," while exploring the channel which now bears his ship's name, picked up another native of a different tribe. This was a young boy, who was bought of his own uncle for a button—his unnatural relative freely parting with him at the price! The transaction suggested the name given him, "Jemmy Button."

Returning soon after to England, Fitzroy, with truly philanthropic motives, took the four Fuegians along with him. His intentions were to have them educated and Christianized, and then restored to their native country, in hopes that they might do something toward civilizing it. In pursuance of this plan, three of the Fuegians were put to school; the fourth, "Boat Memory," having died soon after landing at Plymouth.

When Captain Fitzroy thought their training sufficiently advanced for his purpose, this humane officer, at his own expense, chartered a vessel to convey them back to Tierra del Fuego, intending

to accompany them himself; and he did this, although a poor man, and no longer commanding a ship in commission; the "Beagle," meanwhile, having been dismantled and laid up.

By good fortune, however, Captain Fitzroy was spared this part of the expense. The survey of Tierra del Fuego and adjacent coasts had not been completed, and another expedition was sent out by the British Admiralty, and the command of it entrusted to him. So, proceeding thither in his old ship, the "Beagle," once more in commission, he carried his Fuegian *protégés* along.

There went with him, also, a man then little known, but now of world-wide and universal fame, a young naturalist named Darwin — Charles Darwin — he who for the last quarter of a century, and till his death, has held highest rank among men of science, and has truly deserved the distinction.

"York Minster," "Jemmy Button," and "Fuegia Basket" (in their own country called respectively Eleparu, Orundelico, and Ocushlu) were the three odd-looking individuals that Ned and Henry had rescued from the wharf-rats of Portsmouth, as described at the beginning of our story; while the officer who appeared on the scene was Fitzroy himself, then on the way to Plymouth, where the "Beagle," fitted out and ready to put to sea, was awaiting him.

In due time, arriving in Tierra del Fuego, the three natives were left there, with every provision made for their future subsistence. They had all the means and appliances to assist them in carrying out Captain Fitzroy's humane scheme; carpentering tools, agricultural implements, and a supply of seeds, with which to make a beginning.*

Since then nearly four years have elapsed, and lo! — the result. Perhaps never were good intentions more thoroughly brought to naught, nor clearer proofs given of their frustration, than these that Henry Chester and Ned Gancy have now before their eyes. Though unacquainted with most of the above details, they see a man, but half-clothed, his hair in matted tangle, his skin besmeared with dirt and blubber; in everything and to all appearances as rude a savage as any Fuegian around him, who is yet the same man they had once seen wearing the garb and having the manners of civilization! They see a girl, too,— now woman-grown, — in whom the change, though less extreme, is still strikingly, sadly for the worse. In both, the transformation is so complete, so retrograde, so contrary to all experience, that they can scarcely realize it. It is difficult to believe that any nature, however savage, after such pains has been taken to civilize it, could so return to itself! It seems a very perversity of backsliding!

But this is not a time for the two young men to inquire into the causes of the change, nor might that be a pleasant subject to those who have thus relapsed; so Ned and Henry refrain from appearing even to notice it. They are too overjoyed in knowing that they and their companions are no longer in danger to care greatly for anything else.

Of their safety they have full and instant assurance, by the behavior of Eleparu, who has taken in the situation at a glance. Apparently head of the community, with a shout and authoritative wave of the hand he sends off those who so lately had threatened to attack them. But all seem friendly enough, now that they see him so; and having, indeed, no reason to be otherwise. Hunger, chiefly, had made them hostile; and now they need not be hungry for a long time.

Accordingly, they at once set about appeasing their appetites with the grand store, which must provide them for days and even weeks. On this account, no indiscriminate grabbing is allowed; but Annaqua, with another of the old men, proceeds to serve out the blubber in equal rations,— first cutting it into strips, like strings of sausages; then measuring off different-sized pieces, according to the ages of the recipients.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the keen hunger of those seeking relief, not one of them touches a morsel till the partition is complete and each has his share. Then, as at a given signal, they fall to, after holding the blubber a second or two near the blaze of the fire.

During these unpleasant proceedings, mutual explanations are exchanged between Eleparu and the two young men of his former brief but memorable acquaintance. He first inquires how they come to be there; then tells his own story, or such part of it as he desires them to know. They learn from him that Ocushlu is now his wife; but when questioned about the boy, and what has become of him, he shows reserve, answering:

"Oh, 'Jemmy Button'— he not of our people; he Tekenika. English officer brought Jemmy back, too — left him at Woolya — that his own country — lie out that way;" and he points eastward along the arm.

Observing Eleparu's reticence whenever Orundelico (or "Jemmy Button") is mentioned, the questioners soon forbear asking further concerning

* A young missionary named Mathews, who had volunteered, was taken out and left with them. But Captain Fitzroy, revisiting Woolya — the intended mission station — a few days after, found Mathews threatened with death at the hands of those he had hoped to benefit. During the interval, the savages had kept the poor fellow in constant fear for his life, even "Jemmy Button" and "York" having been unable to protect him. Captain Fitzroy took him away, and he afterward engaged in missionary work among the Maories of New Zealand.

him, and other matters of more importance claim their attention.

Meanwhile, Ocushlu is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. She is about the same age as the latter; but in other respects how different they are, and what a contrast they form! The poor Fuegian herself seems to realize it, and with sadness of heart. Who could interpret her thoughts when, after gazing at the beautiful white girl, clean-faced and becomingly attired, her glance is turned to her own unsightly self? Perhaps she may be thinking of the time when, a schoolgirl at Walthamstow, she, too, wore a pretty dress; and perchance she bitterly regrets having returned to her native land and barbarism! Certainly, the expression on her countenance seems a commingling of sadness and shame.

But whatever, at the moment, may be her reflections or feelings, ingratitude is not among them. Having learned that Leoline is the sister of one of the youths who so gallantly espoused the cause of her companions and herself in a far-off foreign land, she hastens to one of the boats, and, returning, hands to the white girl a string of the much-prized violet shells.

"For what your brudder did at Portsmout."

The graceful act is reciprocated, and with interest, both mother and daughter presenting her with such articles of apparel as they can spare, among them the scarf they so nearly had to part with in a less satisfactory way.

Equally grateful proves Eleparu. Seeing the unfinished boat, and comprehending the design, he lends himself earnestly to assist in its completion, and no slight helper does he prove; as, during the many months passed on board the "Beagle," he had picked up some knowledge of ship-carpentry. So the task of boat-building is resumed, this time to be carried on to final success. And with such expedition does it progress, that in less than a week thereafter, the craft is ready for launching; and on the next day it is run off into the shallow water, a score of the Fuegian men lending helping hands.

On the following morning, with the party of castaways and all their belongings on board, it is shoved off the shoal, and moves away amidst a pæan of friendly shouts from the savages. Eleparu, like a toast-master, leads the chorus; and Ocushlu waves the red scarf high over her head.

CHAPTER XXI.

"BOAT AHOY!"

THE new boat behaves handsomely, even excelling in speed the lost gig, the oars and sailing-gear of which, luckily saved, have fitted it out completely. Under canvas, with a fair wind, it easily makes ten knots an hour; and, as the wind lasts for the remainder of the day, Captain Gancy and his little party are carried into the Beagle Channel without need of touching an oar.

At sunset, they are opposite Devil Island, at the junction of the south-west and north-west arms of the channel; and as the night threatens to be dark, with a fog already over the water, they deem it prudent to put in to the isle, despite its uncanny appellation.

Landing, they are surprised to see a square-built hut of large size, quite different from anything of Fuegian construction, and evidently the work of white men.

"I reck'n the crew o' some sealin' vessel hev put it up," says Seagriff, adding, however: "Yet I can't understan' why they should 'a' stopped hyar, still less built a shanty, seein' it 's not much of a place for seal. I guess they must hev got wrecked somewhar near, an' were castaways, like ourselves."

About the builders of the hut, he has surmised wrongly. They were *not* sealers, nor had they been wrecked; but were a boat's party of real sailors — man-of-war's men from the very ship which gave the channel its name, and at the date of its discovery.

The island did not deserve the harsh name bestowed upon it, and which originated from the incident of a screech-owl having perched above the head of one of the "Beagle's" sailors who slept under a tree outside the hut, and having so frightened the superstitious tar with its lugubrious "whoo-woo-woah!" that he believed himself hailed by one of the evil spirits which the savages believe to inhabit the solitudes of weird Fireland.

"Well," says Captain Gancy, after an inspection of the untenanted building, "it 'll serve us a turn, whoever may have built it. The roof appears to be all tight and sound, so we need n't be at the bother of turning the boat-sail into a tent this time."

A fire is kindled inside the hut, and all gather around it, the night being chilly cold. Nor are they afraid of the blaze betraying them here, as the fog will prevent its being seen from any distance. Besides, they are in every way more confident than hitherto. They have passed beyond the country of the Ailikolips with their lives miraculously preserved; and everything now looks well for getting to Good Success Bay — the haven of safety they are seeking. From Devil Island it is not over two hundred miles distant; and, with winds and tides favoring, they should reach it in three days, or less.

Still, there is cause for anxiety and apprehension, as the old sealer, Seagriff, is well aware.

"We 're not out o' the woods yet," he says, employing a familiar backwoods expression often heard by him in boyhood, adding, in like figurative phrase, "we still hev to run the gauntlit o' the Tekeneekers."

"But surely we have nothing to fear from them?" exclaims Ned Gancy; and Henry Chester adds, with a questioning look:

"No, surely not."

"Why hev n't we?" demands Seagriff.

"Because," answers Chester, "they are Jemmy Button's people; and I 'd be loath to believe him ungrateful, after our experience with his old companions, and from what I remember of him. What do you think, Ned?"

"I agree with you entirely," replied the younger Gancy.

"Well, young masters, that may all be so, an' I 'd be only too pleased to hope it 'll turn out so. But agenst it, thar 's a contrary sarcumstance, in there bein' two sorts o' Tekeneekers; one harmless and rather friendly disposed toward white people, an' th' other bein' just the revarse,—'most as bad as the Ailikoleeps. The bad uns are called Yapoos, an' hev thar ground east'ard along the channel beyond, whar a passage leads out, known as the Murray Narrer. Therfur, it 'll all depend on which o' the two lots Mister Button belongs to."

"If he is *not* of the Yapoos, what then?" questions the skipper.

"Well, knowin' that, an' we 'll know it afore comin' to the Yapoo country, it bein' beyond the other, then our best way 'll be to make southard through the Murray Narrer. That 'd take us out to the open sea agen, with a big 'round-about o' coastin'; still, in the end, it might be the safer way. Along the outside shore, there 's not so much likelihood o' meetin' Feweegins of any kind; and ef we did meet 'em, 't would be easier gettin' out o' their way, so long ez we 're in a boat seeh ez we hev now."

The last observation contains a touch of professional pride; the old ship's carpenter having, of course, been chief constructor of the craft that is so admirably answering all their needs.

"Well, then," says the Captain, after reflection, "I suppose we 'll have to be guided by circumstances. And from what has passed, we ought to feel confident that they 'll still turn up in our favor."

This remark, showing his continued trust in the shielding power of an Omnipotent Hand, closes the conversation; and all soon after retire to rest, with a feeling of security that has been long denied them until now. For, although lately under the protection of Eleparu, they had never felt full confidence; doubting, not his fidelity, but his power to protect them. For the authority of a Fuegian chief—if such there be—is slight at the best, and is made naught of on many occasions. Besides, they could not forget that one fearful moment of horror, to be remembered throughout life, when the savages had almost begun their attack upon them.

Having passed the night in peaceful slumber, they take their places in the boat as soon as there is light enough to steer by. There is still a fog, though not so dense as to deter them from reëmbarking, while, as on the day before, the wind is with them. With sail filled by the swelling breeze, they make rapid way, and by noon are far along the Beagle Channel, approaching the place where the Murray Narrow leads out of it, trending southward. But now they see what may prove an interruption to their onward course. Through the fog, which has become much less dense, a number of dark objects are visible, mottling the surface of the water. That they are canoes can be told by the columns of smoke rising over each, as though they were steam-launches. They are not moving, however, and are either lying to or riding at anchor. None are empty; each has a full crew.

As the canoes are out in the middle of the channel, and right ahead, to pass them unobserved is impossible. There is no help for it but to risk an encounter, whatever may result; so the boat is kept on its course, with canvas full spread, to take the chances.

While yet afar off, Captain Gancy, through his glass, is able to announce certain facts, which favor confidence. The people in the canoes are of both sexes, and engaged in a peaceful occupation,—they are fishing.

But the time for observation is brief. The boat, forging rapidly onward, is soon sighted by the canoemen, who, starting to their feet, commence a chorus of shouts, which come pealing over the water, making echoes along both shores. And something is seen now which gives the boat's people a thrill of fear. Above one of the canoes suddenly appears a white disc, seemingly a small flag,—not stationary, but waved and brandished above the head of the man who has hoisted it.

At sight of the dreaded color, white,—the Fuegian symbol of war,—well may the boat-voyagers feel anxious; for, from their former experience, they are confident that this display must be intended as a warlike challenge.

But to their instant relief, they soon learn that it is meant as a signal of peace, as words of friendly salutation reach their ears. The man who is waving the signal shouts:

"Boat ahoy! Down your sail — bring to! Me 'Jemmy Button.' We Tekeneekas — friends white people — brothers!"

Hailed in such fashion, their delight far exceeds their surprise, for 'Jemmy Button' it surely is; Henry Chester and Ned Gancy both recognize him. It is on his side that amazement is greatest when he recognizes them, which he does when his native name, Orundelico, is called out to him.

He waits not for the boat to come up, but, plunging into the water, swims to meet it. Then clambering over the rail, he flings his arms wide open,— to close, first around the young Englishman, and then around the young American, in a friendly hug.

Chapter XXII.

Tekenika Hospitality.

Once more are the castaways in a land-locked cove begirt by high, wooded hills, with their boat moored at its inner end, as before. It is a larger embayment than that where the gig came to grief, though not much wider at the mouth. And there is little resemblance between the two landing-places, since, at the present one, the boat is not the only craft. Ten or more of Fuegian canoes lie alongside her; while on a broad, grassy flat, above water-mark, stands a like number of wigwams, their smoke-blackened thatches in strong contrast with the white, weather-bleached boat-sail, which is again serving as a tent. The wigwams are of Tekenika construction, differing, as already said, from those of the Ailikolips, in being acutely cone-shaped, and in having their floors sunk several feet below the surface of the ground. Their ribs, moreover, are stout tree-trunks, instead of slender saplings, while the thatches are partly of rushes and partly of broad strips of bark.

Such are the dwellings of Orundelico's people; though only for a part of the year, while they engage in a certain fishery of periodical occurrence. On an island, down the Murray Narrow, they have a larger "wigwamery" of more permanent residences; and there the very old and young of the community now are; only the able-bodied being at the fishing station.

When they were with the Ailikolips, the castaways believed themselves among the lowest and most degraded beings in the human scale. But they have now changed their minds, a short acquaintance with the Tekenikas having revealed to them a type of man still lower, and a state of existence yet more wretched, if that be possible. Indeed, nothing can come much nearer to the "missing link" than the natives of central Tierra del Fuego. Though of less malevolent disposition than those who inhabit the outside coasts, they are also less intelligent and less courageous, while equally the victims of abject misery.

Alas! "Jemmy Button" is no longer "Jemmy Button," but again the savage Orundelico; he, too, having gone back to barbarism! His scanty dress, his long, unkempt hair, and the wild animal-like expression of his features — all attest his relapse into a condition of savagery, total and complete. Not a vestige of civilized man remains with him to show that he has ever been a mile from the Murray Narrow.

But stay! I am wronging him — twice wronging him. He has not entirely forgotten the foreign tongue taught him on board the "Beagle" and during a year's residence in England; while something he remembers also — something better — the kindness there shown him and the gratitude owing for it.

He is paying the debt of honor as best he can, and on this account Captain Gancy has consented to make a brief stop at the fishing station. There are also two other distinct reasons for his doing so. Before proceeding further, he wishes to obtain more information about the Yapoos; and he needs a fresh supply of provisions — that furnished by Eleparu having been neither abundant nor palatable.

Orundelico can do better for them, even to providing fresh meat, a thing they have not tasted for a long time. They are now in a region where roams the guanaco;* and the Tekenikas are hunters as well as fishermen. A party has been sent inland to procure one or more of these animals, and the boat-voyagers are awaiting its return before continuing their interrupted voyage.

Meanwhile, the hospitality shown them by "Jemmy Button" is as generous as his limited means will allow. To make their time pass agreeably, he entertains them with accounts of many odd manners and customs, and also of such strange phenomena of nature as are peculiar to his country. The Tekenikas, he assures them, are a peaceful people, never going to war when they can avoid it. Sometimes, however, they are forced into it by certain neighboring tribes that make maraud upon them. The Ailikolips are enemies of theirs; but a wide belt of neutral territory between the two prevents frequent encounters. They more often have

* The guanaco, by some supposed to be the llama in its wild state, is found on the eastern side of Tierra del Fuego. Its range extends to the furthest southern point by the Straits of Le Maire; and, strange to say, it is there of a much larger size than on the plains of Patagonia

quarrels with the Yapoos living to the eastward, though these are tribally related to them. But their most dreaded foes are the Oensmen, whose country lies north of the channel, beyond the range of high mountains that borders it. The Oensmen he describes as giants, armed with a terrible weapon, "the bolas."* But, being exclusively hunters, they have no canoes; and when on a raid to the southern side of the channel, they levy on the craft of the Yapoos, forcing the owners to ferry them across.

Orundelico's own people can fight, too, and bravely, according to his account; but only do so in defense of their homes and at the last extremity. They are not even possessed of warlike weapons — neither the deadly club nor the flint-bladed dagger — their spears, bows, and slings being used only as implements for fishing and the chase.

Besides the *harmaur* (guanaco), they hunt the *hiappo* (sea-otter) and the coypou, or South American beaver,† which is also found in Tierra del Fuego. The chase of the otter takes place out in the open water, where the amphibious animal is surrounded by the well-trained dogs, in a wide circle; they then close in upon it, diving whenever it goes under, to prevent its escape through the enfilading ring.

Of the Tekenika mode of fishing he treats them to an actual exhibition. No hooks are used; the bait, a lump of seal-flesh, being simply attached to a hair line. The fish, seizing it, is gently drawn to the surface, then dextrously caught by the left hand and secured, before it can clear its teeth from the tough, fibrous bait. The rods used in this primitive style of angling are of the rudest kind,— mere sticks, no longer than the handle of a coach-whip.

In hunting the *harmaur*, or, as they also call it, *wanakaye* (evidently a corruption of "guanaco"), one of their modes is to lie in wait for it on the limb of a tree which projects over the path taken by these animals, the habit of which is to follow one another in single file, and along old, frequented tracks. Above these, among the branches, the Tekenika hunter builds a sort of thatched staging or nest. Seating himself on this, he awaits the coming of the unsuspicious creature; and, when it is underneath, plunges his spear down between its ribs; the blade of the spear being a bone taken from some former victim of its own species!

Orundelico also shows them the Fuegian mode of fire-kindling, the first sparks being obtained from the *cathow*, or fire-stone,‡ two pieces of which every Fuegian carries about him, as an habitual smoker does his flint and steel or box of matches. The inflammable material used by the natives is of three sorts: the soft down of certain birds, a moss of fine fiber, and a species of dry fungus found attached to the under side of half-rotten trees. The *cathows*, rasped against each other like flints, emit sparks which ignite the tinder, which soon bursts into a generous flame.



(SEE PAGE 538.)

From Orundelico his guests come to know more of those matters about which his former associate, Eleparu, was so reticent, and as they now learn, with good reason.

"'York' bad fella," he answers, on being ques-

* Jemmy Button's "Oensmen" are the [illegible], spoken of by the Patagonians, who [illegible] the Magellan Strait and now rove over the large tract to which Narborough gave the name of "King Charles's South Land." They are a hunting tribe, the guanaco being the chief object of their pursuit and source of subsistence.

† *Myopotamus coypus*. It is found in many South American rivers, and, less frequently, in Fuegian waters. In habits and otherwise the coypou is much like the beaver, but is a smaller animal and has a rounder tail.

‡ It is found on several of the mountainous islands of western Tierra del Fuego, and is much prized by the natives for the purpose indicated. Being scarce in most places, it is an article of commerce between the tribes, and is eagerly purchased by the Patagonians, in whose territory it is not found.

tioned, "he rob me after Englis' off'cer leave us all at Woolya. Took 'way my coat, tools, everything. Yes! 'York' very bad man! He no Tekenika; him blubber-eating Ailikolip!"

Strange words from a man who, while giving utterance to them, is industriously devouring a piece of seal-flesh which is nearly raw.

Is there a people or nation on earth that does not believe itself superior to some other?

Jemmy further declares that the hostile party encountered in Whale Boat Sound must have been Ailikolips; though Eleparu had denied it. Still, as there are several communities of Ailikolips, it may have been one with which Eleparu's people had no relations.

With a grateful remembrance of their late host's behavior, the castaways are loath to believe all that is alleged against him by their present entertainer; though they feel some of it must be true, or why should Eleparu have been so reticent as to Orundelico?*

Like "York," Jemmy has married; and his wife is with him at the fishing station. His "help-meet" is anything but a beauty, however, being as ugly as can well be imagined. But withal, she is of a kindly, gentle disposition, quite as generous as Ocushlu, and does her best to help entertain her husband's guests.

Notwithstanding all the hospitality extended to them, the castaways find the delay irksome, and are impatient to be gone. Glad are they when at length a shout heard from the hills announces the approach of the hunters; and still more gratified at seeing them issue from the wood, bearing on their backs the four quarters of a guanaco as large as a year-old bullock!

Chapter XXIII.

THE DREADED OENSMEN.

From the information they have gained about the Yapoos, which shows them to be ferocious and treacherous, and hostile to white men, Captain Gancy decides upon running out to seaward through the Murray Narrow,—a resolve in harmony with the advice given him by his Fuegian host, and by the trusty Seagriff also. The inlet in which they are is just outside the entrance to the Narrow, on its western side; and, once around a separating tongue of land, they will be in it. As if some good fortune seemed to favor their taking this route instead of following the Beagle Channel, a fine breeze has set in from almost due north; and it is still blowing when the spoil-laden hunters return.

To take advantage of it, immediate departure must be made, and is determined upon. Down comes the tent, and its component parts are transferred to the boat with all their other belongings. Enough, also, of the guanaco meat to last them for a much longer voyage than they hope theirs will be.

What if they make no voyage at all? What if they are not even allowed to embark?

But why should these questions occur to them?

Because, just as they all have come down to the boat, and are preparing to step into it, something is seen on the water outside, near the opposite shore of the channel, which painfully suggests the questions,—a fleet of canoes, crowded with men, and evidently making across for the cove!

"The Yapoos!" exclaims Orundelico in a voice betokening great alarm.

But not so great as when, the instant after, he again cries out:

"Oh! Oh! The Oensmen 'long with them!"

Captain Gancy, quickly covering the canoes with his glass, makes out, what is yet undistinguishable by the naked eye of any other than a Fuegian, that there are two sorts of men in them, quite different in appearance, unlike in form, facial aspect, dress, everything. Above all, are they dissimilar in size, some being of gigantic stature; the others alongside of them appearing like pigmies! The latter are seated or bent down working the paddles; while the big men stand erect, each with an ample robe of skin hanging toga-like from his shoulders, cloaking him from neck to ankles.

It is seen, also, that the canoes are lashed together, two and two, like double-keeled catamarans, as though the heavy, stalwart Oensmen did not dare to trust themselves to embark in the ordinary Fuegian craft.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!!" repeats Orundelico, shivering from crown to toe. "The Oensmen, shoo'! This the time of year they come plunder; now *oosho* (red leaf). They rob, kill us all, if we stay here. Too late now get pass 'em. They meet you out yonner. We mus' run to hills; hide way up in woods!"

The course he counsels is already being taken by his compatriots; all of whom, men and women, on hearing the word "Oensmen"—the most terrifying bogey of their babyhood—have made a rush to the wigwams and hastily gathered up the most

* The robbery was actually committed. After being left at Woolya, "York" and "Fuegia" found their way to the country that they had been taken from, further west; but not until they had stripped their former associate of most of the chattels that had been given him by Captain Fitzroy.

portable of their household goods. Nor do they stay for "Jemmy": but, all shouting and screaming, strike off into the woods, "Jemmy's" wife among them.

Left alone with the boat's people, he remains by them but for a brief moment, urging them to flight.

"Oensmen bad very bad," he keeps affirming. "They worse than Ailikolip. They kill you all. Come! Hide in the woods." And with these words, he is off like a shot.

"What 's to be done?" asks the Captain, appealing to Seagriff. "If we retreat inland, we shall lose the boat—even if we save ourselves."

"Let me hev another look through yer glass, Capt'in."

A hasty glance enables him to make a rough estimate of the distance between the cove's mouth and the approaching canoes. "I guess we can get out o' this corner, 'fore they shut us up in it. Ef we can but make 'roun' that p'int eastard, we'll be safe. Besides, it 's not likely we could escape t' other way, seein' how we 're hampered," says Seagriff, with a side glance toward Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. "On land they 'd soon overtake us, hide or no hide,—



SAVED AT LAST. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sure to. Therefer, our best, our *only* chance air by the water," he affirms.

Never did crew or passengers get more quickly on board a craft, and the instant that everybody is in the boat, it is shot out into the water, like an arrow from a bow, and brought head around, like a teetotum. Then, with the four oars in the hands of four men who work them with strength and will, it goes gliding, aye, fairly bounding on for the outside channel.

Again it is a pull for their lives, and they know it. If they had any doubt of it before, there can be none now; for as they draw near to the entrance of the cove, they see the canoes spreading out to intercept them. The big, fierce-looking men, too, are in a state of wild excitement, evidently purposing an attack. They cast off their skin wraps from their shoulders, displaying their naked bronze bodies and arms, like those of a Colossus. Each has in his hand what appears to be a bit of cord uniting two balls, about the size of small oranges. It is the bolas, an innocent-looking thing, but, in reality, a missile weapon as deadly in practiced hands as a grenade or bomb-shell. That the giant savages intend casting them is clear. Their gestures leave no room for doubting it; they are only waiting until the boat is near enough.

The fugitives are well-nigh despairing, for it is almost near enough now. Less than two cables' lengths are between it and the foremost of the canoes,—each holding a course straight toward the other. It seems as though they *must* meet. Forty strokes more, and the boat will be among the canoes. Twenty will bring it within reach of the bolas.

And the strokes are given, but no longer to propel it in that direction; for the point of the land spit is now abeam, the helm is put hard-a-port, bringing the boat's head around with a sharp sheer to starboard, and it is clear of the cove!

The mast being already stepped, Ned and Henry now drop their oars and hasten to hoist sail. But ere the yard can be run up to the masthead, there comes a whizzing, booming sound,—and it is caught in the *bolas!* The mast is struck, too, and the balls, whirling around and around, lash it and the yard together, with the frumpled canvas between, as tight as a spliced spar!

And now dismay fills the hearts of the boat's people; all chance of escape seems gone. Two of their oars for the time are idle, and the sail, as it were, fast-furled. But no; it is loose again! for quick as a thought, Harry Chester has drawn his knife and, springing forward, cut the lapping cord with one rapid slash. With equal promptness Ned Gancy, having the halyards still in hand, hoists away; the sheet is hauled taut aft, the sail instantly fills, and off goes the boat, like an impatient steed under loosened rein and deep-driven spurs,—off and away in gay, careering dance over the water, quickly leaving the foiled, furious giants far—hopelessly far—in the wake!

* * * * * * *

This was the last peril encountered by the castaways that claims record here. What came after were but the ordinary dangers to which an open boat is exposed when skirting along a rock-bound, storm-beaten coast like that which forms the southern and western borders of Tierra del Fuego. But they passed unharmed through all, and, three days later, reached Good Success Bay.

There were their hearts made glad by the sight of a ship at anchor in shore, Seagriff still further rejoicing on recognizing it as a sealing vessel,—the very one on which, years before, he had cruised while chasing the fur-coated amphibia through the waters of Fireland.

But another and greater joy is in store for them all, as, pulling up nearer, they see a large boat—a pinnace—swinging by its painter at the ship's side, and, lettered on its stern, the name "CALYPSO"! Over the ship's rail, too, is seen a row of familiar faces—those of their old shipmates, whom they feared they might never see again. There are they all,—Lyons and nine others,—and all uniting in a chorus of joyous salutation.

Soon hands are being shaken warmly on both sides, and mutual accounts rendered of what has happened to each party since their forced separation. The crew of the pinnace had encountered but little incident or accident. They had kept to the outside coast and circumnavigated it from the Milky Way to the Straits of Le Maire. They had fallen in with some natives, but luckily had not fallen out with them.

The gig's people, whose lives had been more than once in jeopardy from the inhabitants, might well be thankful to Captain Fitzroy, one of whose objects in carrying the four Fuegians to England and back to their own country is thus told by himself:

"Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from 'Jemmy Button's' children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands, and by the idea, however faint, of their duty to God, as well as to their neighbors."

The hopeful prediction has borne good fruit, even sooner than Captain Fitzroy looked for. But for his humane act, Captain Gancy and all dear to him would have doubtless left their bones, unburied, on some lone spot in the LAND OF FIRE.

THE END.

THE RIVER-END MOREYS' RAB.

By A. G. Plympton.

THERE were two Scotch collies in Cloverbank, one belonging to the rich Moreys on the hill, and the other the river-end Moreys' Rab. The former was a pampered animal, in whom I have no interest whatever; but the latter was a most affectionate, faithful creature, and the only companion poor little Martha Morey ever had. It was this dog that had the misfortune to mistake the tax-collector for a tramp.

Old Sam Morey and little Martha lived alone in an unpainted, tumble-down house with old-fashioned "lights" over the door and a dove-cote under the eaves. The house had a fine view of the river which marked the boundary of this end of the town,—"the river end," as the Cloverbank people called it, and in a tone which betrayed the fact that it was by no means the court end of the town.

The Moreys on the hill did not exchange calls with the river-end Moreys, although both were descended from a certain sturdy old John Morey, who had settled in Cloverbank over a hundred years ago. It is doubtful whether the richer and luckier of the two families could have told exactly what the connection was; and the daughter of the house, little Isabel, never dreamed that the same blood flowed in her veins as in the wild little creature's who lived at the river end. Martha Morey, however, had often listened to the family history, and sometimes told Rab — who received the intelligence with a sniff of indifference — that he was a sixteenth cousin of that other Scotch collie that lived in the big house on the hill.

"Why," said Bill Swift, who, on one occasion, overheard this boast, "they are n't any better folks than you and your father be."

"Better folks! Why, Bill, they are — they are the best family in town. They have silver forks, Bill. Why, they have a piano!"

I forgot Bill Swift, when I said Martha and her father lived alone. But then, he went home every night to a little shanty of his own, and, besides, Bill was just next to nobody. If he had not been, he would never have worked for old Sam Morey "for his keep." And such "keep!" You can imagine what it must have been, with shiftless Sam to provide, and poor little Martha as housekeeper and cook.

Poor little Martha, indeed! What a life the child had led before that never-to-be-forgotten day when Rab came! How she had longed for companionship, even trying to make friends with the frogs in the spring. There were long days, often with no human face to look upon, except, perhaps, the grimy countenance of a tramp, whose rough look would cause her heart to beat like a trip-hammer. And, worse than all, there were the nights when Sam — heaven help him! — did not come home at all, and which Martha passed listening to the wind whistling in the pine-tops and the windows rattling in the casement.

But enough of these dismal memories; for the day came at last, when her father brought home a lovely black-and-white puppy (with a sharp little nose and a tail just like a rat's), and said in his pleasant way, — for with all his faults old Sam Morey always spoke kindly to his little girl, — "Marthy, here 's a playmate for you."

Dear old Rab! A playmate! Why, he was the most loyal, adoring of friends, and a brave protector besides. He grew big and handsome every day, with a sleek black coat, and a white vest; and his tail, which he had so grand a way of waving in the air, became unusually bushy and majestic. He was an endless diversion to Martha with his funny dog-ways — such dancing around after his tail, and giving sly licks at her cheek in unguarded moments; even the funny little flap of his ears when he ran delighted her, and his trick of resting his chin on her lap when she ate, and nudging her with it from time to time to attract her attention to the fact that he, too, was hungry. Martha knew that he longed for the gift of speech, if only to tell her how he loved her. At least, so his brown eyes seemed to say, as he sometimes stood by her side looking patiently, wistfully into her face.

Rab fully realized what an unguarded life his little mistress led, and constituted himself her body-guard. No grimy tramp set Martha's heart beating now, for Rab became a terror even to the innocent passer-by. You would have thought, to hear him growl, that old Sam Morey's dilapidated buildings were store-houses of wealth.

One day, old Isaac Hunter was driving to the village, and his harness broke in front of the Morey house. Isaac stopped his horse and descended slowly from his wagon, when Rab, who with ears upright and glaring eyes had been watching him from the door-step, dashed down the path, barking furiously, and seized the old man by the leg. If Martha had not appeared just then upon the scene, there is no knowing how the en-

counter would have ended. As it was, there was a hole in Isaac's boot-top.

"Is that your dog?" asked he of Martha, who was holding Rab by the ear.

"Yes, sir."

"Had him long?"

"Two years," answered innocent Martha, with a fond pat on Rab's sleek black head.

"Long enough to have taught him better manners," said ungracious Isaac, as he gathered his reins together and drove off.

That very evening, as Sam sat, with his pipe, in the front yard, a neighbor leaned over the gate and thus addressed him: "Hello, Sam, why don't you shingle your roof?"

"Wall," said Sam, taking the pipe from his mouth, "there don't seem to be any right time to shingle a house. Can't when it rains, you know. And when it 's pleasant, there 's no need of it."

The neighbor laughed, and presently began again: "I say, Sam, have you paid your dog-tax this year?"

"Blest, now, if I have n't forgotten that tax!" said Sam, scratching his head; but adding, with a sudden glance of suspicion, "Why are you so free with your questions?"

"Well, it is n't exactly from curiosity, Sam. You see, old Isaac Hunter passed here to-day, and your dog introduced himself to notice. Isaac collects the dog-tax, you know, and he says there has n't any tax been paid on your dog this year; nor last year, either, for the matter of that. I thought I 'd be neighborly, and let you know that he is coming down to-morrow night to collect."

"You don't mean it?" said Sam. "It 'll be uncommon inconvenient. I can't let him have the money then."

"Well, there is no way to avoid the tax, they say, but to kill the dog."

To kill dear old Rab! Can you understand, you children with tender parents, with brothers and sisters, with hosts of friends, with never-ending amusements,—can you understand what the words meant to lonely little Martha Morey?

"Oh, Father," she cried, "you *would n't* kill Rab!"

"Marthy," answered Sam, with his eyes on the vanishing figure of his neighbor, "I have n't got a penny to my name, and that 's the truth."

She flung her arms around the dog, and buried her face in his shaggy coat. Her faithful, only friend; and he loved her so!

"I dunno as I could kill him myself," continued Sam, looking at the two with a troubled face. "Bill Swift will have to do it. Come, Marthy,—come little gal,—don't take on so!"

The tax was two dollars—such a trifle against Rab's life! Sam went out,—poor, weak, old fellow,—unable to witness Martha's misery. It was bright moonlight, and the child wiped her eyes bravely, for she remembered to have heard that huckleberries were ripe in the lower pasture; and she would work instead of cry. Would her father try to raise the money and save Rab? She seized a basket, poor little desperate soul, and calling her dog, shut the door of the house.

It was a long walk to the pasture, but she had soon scrambled over the wall and made her way to the place where the berries grew. I have never picked berries by moonlight, but I can imagine what the difficulties may be. Martha trailed through the wet bushes and picked with nervous, eager fingers, without daring to think how many berries it would take to earn two dollars, or whether four dollars, even, might not be demanded by that hard-hearted collector of taxes. Meantime, Rab kept close to her side, watching proceedings with wise eyes, as if he, too, understood all about it. By midnight the moon went down, and Martha sadly groped her way home.

There, she lit a lamp and measured the berries. Only two quarts; but in her desperation a thought had come to her, and holding fast to the hope it held, she at last fell asleep.

The sun shone in at her eastern window, and woke the little sleeper at the usual hour. Martha's trouble woke, too, and urged her to hurry about her morning work. She made the fire and cooked the breakfast. She gave Rab his, too, which he ate with his usual appetite, unconscious that his life was trembling in the balance. Ah, poor, loving Rab, who licked Sam's hands, and stood looking trustfully into his face at the very moment when that worthy was telling Bill that he must shoot the dog!

"This afternoon, sometime, Bill, you must find time to do it," Sam said, "for Isaac Hunter is coming for the tax in the evening; and, mind you, I don't mean to own any dog then. Come toward sunset. Now, Marthy, keep 'round the house with him."

"Yes, sir," replied Martha, with her usual meekness; but, for the first time in her life, she avoided her father's kiss.

The berries she had picked, upon inspection by daylight, proved very unsalable. They were hardly ripe, and the preponderance of green berries was perceptible. Nevertheless, Martha got her hat and put it on. Looking in the little cracked glass, she saw a slender girl with dusky hair, beneath which her face seemed unusually small and delicate. Blue eyes full of tears, a little mouth set in a sad curve, the dress old and faded. Then she kissed dear old Rab, shut him in the house in spite of his

frantic entreaties to go, too, and set out for the village.

It was to one of the stores of Cloverbank that Martha was bound, on an errand the very thought of which made her cheeks burn. She was going



MARTHA AND RAB.

to do what she had never done before – to beg a favor. But it was for Rab's life, and with this reflection she plucked up courage and went in.

"And so you want me to make you a present of two dollars,— eh? Well, that is a very natural desire on your part — perfectly natural," was the facetious remark of Mr. Towle, when Martha had stammered out her proposition. "But you see, from my point of view it does n't seem so attractive."

"Indeed," cried poor Martha, "that is n't what I said at all. I said I would bring you berries all summer, and I wanted you, as a great favor, to pay me beforehand."

"In advance, so to speak. Would they be as clean picked as these, Miss Morey?" asked Mr.

Towle, sarcastically, with a wave of his hand toward the basket. "No, no," said he, changing his tone as he saw a customer advancing. "I 'll pay you for your berries when you bring them."

Martha turned away. Blinded with tears, she ran against a stout woman who was coming in.

"Well, well, little girl, what 's the trouble? Could n't sell your berries?" questioned she, in a kind tone. "Well, just run up to Mrs. Morey's, on the hill, you know, and I guess she will buy them; for she asked me if I saw any one with berries to send them to her."

With renewed hope and courage, Martha wiped her eyes and started for the hill. Perhaps these rich Moreys would hold out a helping hand, for she had heard that they did many acts of kindness in the village; and then — and Martha's cheeks flushed — there was the relationship, too, in her favor.

She soon came to the broad gate of the rich Moreys' house, which stood with its long windows and broad piazzas, a very stronghold of ease and plenty. On the front piazza sat Isabel Morey and three young friends, who, Martha saw at a glance, were not Cloverbank girls.

Poor Martha! She was too ignorant of the ways of the world to go to the back of the house with her wares; instead of doing so, she walked slowly up to Isabel, and asked if they would like to buy huckleberries.

"Huckleberries!" cried one of the girls, coming toward her. "Isabel, your good mother said if she could get any, I would n't have to go back to the South without having tasted a huckleberry pie. And she looked into Martha's basket, saying, "And so these little green things are the much-talked-of huckleberry?"

Isabel blushed and laughed. "They are not very good specimens, Ruby," and turning to Martha, said coldly: "None to-day, thank you."

Down to zero sank Martha's heart, her courage had almost gone; yet she could not go without another effort for Rab.

"They are not very good, I know," she said, eagerly; "I picked them by moonlight, because" (with a sob) "I wanted the money so. Unless I have it, my dog will be shot just for the money to pay the tax. I thought, perhaps, because I am a relation, you would let me have it."

"A relation!" cried Isabel; "pooh! That 's a story. We don't want any berries, I tell you, so you had better go on to your next relations."

Little Martha went home desperate. She prepared the dinner, but she ate none of it herself. She took Rab, who was wild with joy at her return after so unusual a separation, out of the house, away from her father and Bill Swift, and went up on the hill.

It was the same spot where they had frolicked together but a few days before, and Martha remembered how the solemn beauty of the sunset had, at last, hushed their wild gambols. She thought then, as she stood watching the tender glow of the wonderful sky, that life, even to a poor, little barefoot girl like herself, was sweet and good. And now — oh, the difference! It was Rab's last afternoon — the last one. He was her only, best friend; and he was going to be shot — shot for no fault of his, and by those he loved and trusted.

"Oh, Rab! Rab!" cried the poor little girl, "how can they do it, when you trust them so? If you only knew, you would run away and find a home with somebody else; but you never could trust anybody, never any more. Rab, dear old dog, can't you understand? You have stuck as close to us always as if we were rich folks, and loved us, and tried to keep harm away; and now, just for two dollars, you are going to be shot!"

And Rab, who had never once taken his solemn eyes from hers, licked her hand and moved still closer by way of answer.

The afternoon shadows grew longer and longer. Rab slept with his head on Martha's lap, and Martha, poor child, wept. Once, she woke him up with a great hug, crying: "How can I do without you? How can I bear the long evenings, old fellow, all alone again?"

The sun sank lower and lower, and dropped at last softly below the horizon. Then the child with a frantic kiss on Rab's head, sprang to her feet and flew down the hill, past the orchard, past the great empty barns, and in at the old kitchen door, knowing well that it hit Rab's nose as she shut it, and that he stood waiting patiently for it to be opened again. She heard Bill Swift's whistle, and knew that Rab trotted off obedient to the call. She could see how he jumped and wagged his tail in answer to Bill's voice — Bill, who had just stood and grinned, when he had been ordered to shoot him. Oh! that was Bill now, in the hall, for his gun. And now, now he was calling Rab down behind the stable to be shot — to be shot! "Oh, how can he do it!" cried Martha, muffling her shawl around her ears. But she could not shut out the sound she dreaded.

For, at the same moment, a loud bang and a girl's shrill cry filled the air; then there was perfect stillness, and Martha tried to realize that brave, loving Rab was dead.

Isabel Morey, notwithstanding her treatment of Martha, was by no means a hard-hearted girl. She had, indeed, a very tender heart, and it was filled with remorse, although Isabel tried her best not to think any more about the girl who was try-

ing to get money to save her dog. You see, she was proud; and what proud girl would wish to have Martha Morey claim her for a relation? But, somehow, the troubled blue eyes and quivering lip haunted Isabel all day; and that afternoon which Martha and Rab spent on the hill, and on which Isabel gave her lawn party, was the most uncomfortable one she could remember.

The girl had been fed on praise and pleasure all her life, and that is a diet that will agree with nobody's disposition. It was only Isabel's high standard of living that prevented her from being just as well pleased with herself as the rest of the household was with her. She knew those whose lives were lovely, and her own seemed very poor and ugly, just now, in comparison. So, when fond good-night kisses were pressed on her cheek, she burst out:

"Don't kiss me, mother! I 'm a proud, bad-hearted girl, who never thinks of anybody but herself; and I don't deserve all the love and the kisses I get. I 'm an unfeeling savage, mother, and I 'm sure I have broken a girl's heart."

"Broken a girl's heart!" echoed Mrs. Morey. "Dear, dear, and who is the damsel?"

"It 's a poor girl that came to sell berries," explained Isabel. "She wanted the money to save her dog, that was going to be shot to avoid the dog-tax. And I would not give her any, because she said she was a relation. Yes, that was the real reason. Her name happens to be Morey."

"Well, then, I presume she is a relation. All the Moreys in this part of the country are of the same stock. Which family is it, Belle?"

"The river-end Moreys, mother."

"A daughter of old Sam, then. Well, dear, any child of his has a sad life. Help her, if you have a chance."

"To-morrow, I will go and see Martha, and give her the money," said Isabel, who had real tears in her eyes; and after calling herself more bad names, she was led off to bed, where, I hope, she slept more comfortably than poor Martha, who tossed on her little cot and moaned for Rab till morning.

One of the advantages of a story is, that we can skip unhappy days which, in real life, we have to go through as best we may, finding out, let us hope, that pain at least teaches us tenderness and sympathy for others. So we need not follow Martha through that lonesome, wretched day.

It was just twenty-four hours since she had parted from Rab; and Martha sat before the dying coals in the fire-place, with her head resting on the old, rush-bottom chair. For the first time in her brave, young life she had owned to herself her father's faults, and the privations and loneliness they brought upon her. She made a sad picture of desolation, and Isabel Morey, standing in the doorway, felt grateful for her own happy life, as she realized what Martha's must be.

"Martha," she cried, "I 've come to bring you the money."

Martha raised herself, and looked with a shiver at Rab's empty place. "It 's too late," said she.

"Oh," cried Isabel, impulsively, "why did you let them kill him so soon?"

"Ask Bill," said Martha, with a weary sigh.

But Bill, who had just come in from the stable, grinned in his usual simple way, and went out again. And Martha dropped her head back in its place on the chair.

Something in the little figure appealed to every good impulse of Isabel's heart.

"Martha," she cried, "we are relations, as you said. I did not know it before last night, but now I am glad of it; and I believe you will forgive me, and we shall be friends."

"Oh," said Martha, "even the girls here at river end despise me, and you ——" But the words were smothered on Isabel's shoulder; for the two little descendants of old John Morey were locked in each other's arms.

And then the strangest thing happened. In the door stood two Scotch collies: one belonged to the Moreys on the hill, and the other was ——

"Rab!" screamed Martha.

"Yaas, it 's Rab," said Bill Swift's voice. "If this 'ere young lady wants to pay the dog-tax, here 's a chance."

"And you did n't shoot him, dear, *dear* Bill?" cried Martha.

"S'pose I 'd shoot Rab? Pooh! I 'm not so silly as some folks think me," answered Bill. "No, no; I jest shot at a crow, and I tied Rab up in my old shed at home."

From this time, the two Morey girls and the two Scotch collies became the four best friends in Cloverbank. Martha overcame her shyness, and paid many a delightful visit to the big house on the hill, where, in spite of her faded frocks, they could no more despise her than a moonbeam or a violet—sweet, gentle little Martha. And the rich Moreys' love for her became the channel through which flowed many of the good and inspiring things of this life, which made her own full and happy.

The Doves at Mendon

BY JULIA C. R. DORR



"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Under the vine-clad porch she stands,
A gentle maiden with willing hands,
Dropping the grains of yellow corn.
Low and soft, like a mellow horn,
While the sunshine over her falls,
Over and over she calls and calls
"Coo! coo! coo!" to the doves—
The happy doves at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

With a rush and a whir of shining wings,
They hear and obey—the dainty things!
Dun and purple and snowy white,
Clouded gray, like the soft twilight,
Straight as an arrow shot from a bow,—
Wheeling and circling high and low,
Down they fly from the slanting roof
Of the old red barn at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Baby Alice with wide blue eyes
Watches them ever with new surprise,
While she and Wag on the mat together
Joy in the soft midsummer weather.
Hither and thither she sees them fly,
Gray and white on the azure sky,
Light and shadow against the green
Of the maple grove at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!



Down they flutter with timid grace,
Lured by the voice and the tender face,
Till the evening air is all astir
With the happy strife and the eager whir.
One by one and two by two,
And then a rush through the ether blue;
While Arné scatters the yellow corn
For the gentle doves at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!



They hop on the porch where the baby sits,
They come and go, as a shadow flits,
Now here, now there, while in and out
They crowd and jostle each other about;
Till one, grown bolder than all the rest,—
A snow-white dove with an arching breast,—
Softly lights on her outstretched hand
Under the vines at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

A sound, a motion, a flash of wings,—
They are gone — like a dream of heavenly things!
The doves have flown and the porch is still,
And the shadows gather on vale and hill.
Then sinks the sun, and the mountain breeze
Stirs in the tremulous maple trees;
While Love and Peace, as the night comes down,
Brood over quiet Mendon!





FIFTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"THAT'S the sort I like," said Geoff, as the story ended; "Onawandah was a trump, and I'd give a good deal to know such a fellow and go hunting with him. Got any more like it, Aunty?"

"Perhaps; but it is the girls' turn now, and here is a quiet little story that teaches the same lesson in a different way. It contains a hint which some of you would better take," and Aunt Elinor glanced around the circle with a smile that set her hearers on the alert to see who was to be hit.

"Hope it is n't *very* moral," said Geoff, with a boyish dislike of being preached at.

"It wont harm you to listen and take the moral to heart, my lad. Wild horses, gold mines, and sea scrapes are not the only things worth reading about. If you ever do half so much good in the world as the people in this story did, I shall be proud of you," answered Aunt Elinor, so soberly that Geoff folded his hands and tried to look meekly impressed.

"Is it true?" asked Min.

"Yes. I heard 'Abby' tell it herself, and saw the silk stocking and the scar."

"That sounds *very* interesting. I do like to hear about good clothes and awful accidents," cried the girl, forgetting to spin in her eagerness to listen.

They all laughed at her odd mixture of tastes, and then heard the story of

LITTLE THINGS.

Abigail sat reading "Rasselas" aloud to her father while he shaved, pausing now and then to explain a word or correct the girl's pronunciation; for this was a lesson as well as a pleasure. The handsome man, in his nankin dressing-gown, ruffled shirt, black small-clothes, and silk stockings, stood before the tall, old-fashioned bureau, looking often from the reflection of his own ruddy face to the pale one beside him, with an expression of tender pride, which plainly showed how dear his young daughter was to him.

Abby was a slender girl of fifteen, in a short-waisted gingham gown, with a muslin tucker, dimity apron, and morocco shoes on a pair of small feet demurely crossed before her. A blue-eyed, brown-haired little creature, with a broad brow, and a sweet mouth, evidently both intelligent and affectionate; for she heartily enjoyed the story, and answered her father's approving glances with a face full of the loving reverence so beautiful to see.

Schools were not abundant in 1815; and, after learning to read, spell, sew, and cipher a little, at some dame school, girls were left to pick up knowledge as they could; while the brothers went to college or were apprenticed to some trade. But the few things they did study were well learned; so that Abby's reading was a pleasure to hear. She wrote a fine, clear hand, seldom misspelt a word, kept her own little account-book in good order, and already made her father's shirts, hemstitching the linen cambric ruffles with the daintiest skill, and turning out button-holes any one might be proud of. These accomplishments did not satisfy her, however, and she longed to know much more, — to do and be something great and good, — with the sincere longing of an earnest, thoughtful girl.

These morning talks with her father were precious half-hours to her; for they not only read and discussed well-chosen books, but Abby opened her heart freely, and received his wise counsels with a grateful docility which helped to make her after-life as benevolent and blessed as his.

"I don't wonder that Rasselas wanted to get out of the Happy Valley and see the world for himself. I often feel so, and long to go and have adventures, like the people I read about. To do something very splendid, and be brave and great and loved and honored," said Abby, as she closed the book and looked out of the open window with wistful eyes; for the chestnut trees were rustling in the May sunshine, and spring was stirring in the girl's heart, as well as in the budding boughs and early flowers on the green bank below.

"Do not be in a hurry to leave your Happy Valley, my dear; but help to keep it so by doing your part well. The happiness of life depends very much on little things; and one can be brave and great and good, while making small sacrifices and doing small duties faithfully and cheerfully," answered Mr. Lyon, with the look of one who practiced what he preached.

"But *my* little things are so stupid and easy. Sewing, and learning to pickle and preserve, and going out to tea when I don't want to, and helping mother, are none of them romantic or exciting duties and sacrifices. If I could take care of poor people, or be a colonel in a splendid uniform and march with drums and trumpets, or even a fire-warden and run to save lives and property, and be loved and thanked and trusted, as you are, I should be contented," continued Abby, kindling at the thought; for she considered her father the noblest of men, and glowed with pride when she saw him in his regimentals on great occasions, or when she helped him into the leathern cap and coat, and gave him the lantern, staff, and canvas bags he used, as fire-warden, long before steam-engines, hook and ladder companies, and electric alarms were dreamed of.

Mr. Lyon laughed as he washed his face at the queer, three-cornered stand, and then sat down to have his hair tied in a queue by his daughter, who prided herself on doing this as well as a barber.

"Ah, my girl, it 's not the things that make the most noise and show that are the bravest and the best; but the everlasting patience, charity, and courage needed to bear our daily trials like good Christians." And the smile changed to a sigh, for the excellent man knew the value of these virtues and their rarity.

"Yes, I know, sir; but it is so splendid to be a hero, and have the world ring with one's glory, like Washington and Lafayette, or Perry, Hull, and Lawrence," said Abby, winding the black ribbon so energetically that it nearly broke; for her head was full of the brave deeds performed in the wars of 1775 and 1812—the latter of which she well remembered.

"Easy, my dear, easy!—remember that it was the faithful doing of small things which fitted these men to do the grand deeds well, when the time came. Heroes are not made in a minute, and we never know what we may be called upon to live through. Train yourself now to be skillful, prompt, courageous, and kind; then when the duty or the danger comes you will be prepared for it. 'Keep your spindle ready and the Lord will send the flax,' as the old proverb says."

"I will, father, and remember the other saying that you like and live up to, 'Do right and leave the consequences to God,'" answered Abby, with her arm about his neck and a soft cheek against his, feeling that with such an example before her she ought not to fail.

"That 's my good girl! Come, now, begin at once. Here 's a little thing to do, a very homely one, but useful, and some honor may be gained by doing it nicely; for, if you 'll darn this bad rent in my new stocking, I 'll give you five dollars."

As he spoke, Mr. Lyon handed her a heavy silk stocking with a great "barn-door" tear in the calf. He was rather proud of his handsome legs and dressed them with care, importing hose of unusual fineness for state occasions; being one of the old-time gentlemen whose stately elegance added dignity to any scene.

Abby groaned as she examined the hole torn by a nail, for it was a very bad one, and she knew that, if not well done, the costly stocking would be ruined. She hated to darn, infinitely preferring to read, or study Latin with her brother, instead of repairing old damask, muslin gowns, and the family hose. But she did it well, excelling her elder sister in this branch of needle-work; so she could not refuse, though the sacrifice of time and taste would have been almost impossible for any one but father.

"I 'll try, sir, and you shall pay me with a kiss; five dollars is too much for such a thing," she said, smiling at him as she put the stocking into the capacious pocket where girls kept housewife, scissors, thimble, pin-ball, and a bit of lovage or flag-root in those days.

"I 'm not so sure that you 'll find it an easy job, but remember Bruce and his spider, and don't be conquered by the 'little thing.' Now, I must be off. Good-bye, my darling," and Mr. Lyon's dark eyes twinkled as he thought of the task he had set her; for it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could restore his damaged stocking.

Abby forgot her heroics and ran to get his hat and cane, to receive his morning kiss, and answer

the salute he always paused at the street corner to give her before he went away to the many cares and labors of his own busy day. But while she put her little room in order, dusted the parlor, and clapped laces for her mother, who, like most ladies long ago, did up her own caps and turbans, Abby was thinking over the late conversation, and wondering if strict attention to small affairs would really lead to something good or glorious in the end.

When her other duties were done, she resolutely sat down to the detested darn, although it would have been much pleasanter to help her sister cut out green satin leaves and quill up pink ribbon into roses for a garland to festoon the skirt of a new white dress.

Hour after hour she worked, slowly and carefully weaving the torn edges together, stitch by stitch, till her eyes ached and the delicate needle grew rusty in her warm hand. Her mother begged her to stop and rest, sister Catharine called her to come and see how well the garland looked, and a friend came to take her to drive. But she refused to stir, and kept at her weaving, as patiently as King Robert's spider, picking out a bit that puckered, turning the corner with breathless care, and rapping it with her thimble on the wooden egg till it lay flat. Then she waited till an iron was heated, and pressed it nicely, finishing in time to put it on her father's bureau, where he would see it when he dressed for dinner.

"Nearly four hours over that dreadful darn! But it 's done now, and hardly shows, so I do think I 've earned my money. I shall buy that workbox I have wanted so long. The inlaid one, with nice velvet beds for the thimble, scissors, and bodkin, and a glass in the cover, and a little drawe for my silk-reels. Father will like that, and shall be proud to show it."

These agreeable thoughts were passing through Abby's mind as she went into the front yard for a breath of air, after her long task was over. Tulips and hyacinths were blooming there, and, peeping through the bars of the gate, stood a little girl wistfully watching the gay blossoms and enjoying their perfume. Now, Abby was fond of her garden, and had been hurrying the early flowers, that they might be ready for her father's birthday nosegay, so her first impulse was to feign that she did not see the child, for she did not want to give away a single tulip. But the morning talk was fresh in her memory, and presently she thought:

"Here is a little thing I can do," and ashamed of the selfish impulse, she gathered several of her finest flowers and offered them, saying cordially:

"I think you would like these? Please take them, and by and by when there are more, you shall have prettier ones."

"Oh, thank you! I did want some for mamma. She is ill, and will be so pleased," was the grateful answer, given with a little curtsey and a smile that made the wistful face a very happy one.

"Do you live near by?" asked Abby, seeing at once from the child's speech and manner that she was both well-bred and grateful.

"Just around the corner. We are English, and papa is dead. Mamma kept school in another place till she was too ill, and now I take care of her and the children as well as I can."

The little girl of twelve, in her black frock, with a face far too old and anxious for her years, was so innocently pathetic as she told the sad story, that Abby's tender heart was touched, and an impetuous desire to do something at once made her exclaim:

"Wait a minute, and I 'll send something better than flowers. Would n't your mother like some wine jelly? I helped make it, and have a glassful all my own."

"Indeed she would!" began the child, blushing with pleasure; for the poor lady needed just such delicacies, but thought only of the children's wants.

Waiting to hear no more, Abby ran in to get her offering, and came back beaming with benevolent good-will.

"As it is not far and you have that big basket, I 'll go with you and help carry the things, if I may? My mother will let me, and my father will come and see you, I 'm sure, if you 'd like to have him. He takes care of everybody, and is the best and wisest man in all the world."

Lucy Mayhew accepted these kind offers with childish confidence, thinking the young lady a sort of angel in a coal-scuttle bonnet, and the two went chatting along, good friends at once; for Abby had very engaging manners, and her cheerful face won its way everywhere.

She found the English family a very interesting one, for the mother was a gentlewoman, and in sore straits now; being unable to use her accomplishments any longer, and failing fast, with no friends to protect the four little children she must soon leave alone in a strange land.

"If *they* were only cared for, I could go in peace; but it breaks my heart to think of them in an asylum, when they need a home," said the poor lady, telling her greatest anxiety to this sympathetic young visitor; while Lucy regaled the noses of the eager little ones with delicious sniffs of the pink and blue hyacinths.

"Tell father all about it, and he 'll know just what to do. He always does, and everyone goes to him. May he come and see you, ma'am?" said Abby, longing to take them all home at once.

"He will be as welcome as an angel from

Heaven, my child. I am failing very fast, and help and comfort are sorely needed," answered the grateful woman, with wet eyes and a heart too full for many thanks.

Abby's eyes were full also, and promising to "send father soon," she went away, little dreaming that the handful of flowers and a few kind words were the first links in a chain of events that brought a blessing into her own home.

She waited anxiously for her father's return, and blushed with pleasure as he said, after examining her morning's work:

"Wonderfully well done, my dear! Your mother says she could n't have done it better herself."

"I 'm sorry that it shows at all; but it was impossible to hide that corner, and if you wear it on the inside of the leg, it wont be seen much," explained Abby, anxiously.

"It shows just enough for me to know where to point when I boast of my girl's patience and skill. People say I 'm making a blue-stocking of you, because we read Johnson; but my black stocking will prove that I have n't spoilt you yet," said Mr. Lyon, pinching her cheek, as they went down to dinner arm in arm.

Literary ladies were looked upon with awe, and by many with disapproval, in those days, so Abby's studious tastes were criticised by the good cousins and aunts, who feared she might do something peculiar; though, years later, they were very proud of the fine letters she wrote and the intellectual society which she had unconsciously fitted herself to enjoy and adorn.

Abby laughed at her father's joke, but said no more just then; for young people sat silent at table while their elders talked. She longed to tell about Lucy; and when dessert came, she drew her chair near to her father's, that she might pick the kernels from his walnuts and drop them into his wine, waiting till he said, as usual: "Now, little girl, let's take comfort." For both enjoyed the hour of rest he allowed himself in the middle of the day.

On this occasion he varied the remark by adding, as he took a bill from his pocket-book and gave it to her with a kiss:

"Well-earned money, my dear, and most cheerfully paid."

"Thank you, sir! It seems a great deal for such a little job. But I *do* want it very much. May I tell you how I 'd like to spend it, father?" cried Abby, beaming with the sweet delight of helping others.

"Yes, child; come and tell me. Something for sister, I suspect; or a new book, perhaps." And, drawing her to his knee, Mr. Lyon waited with a face full of benignant interest in her little confidences.

She told her story eagerly and well, exclaiming as she ended: "And now, I 'm so glad, so very glad; I have this money, all my own, to spend for those dear little things! I know you 'll help them; but it 's so nice to be able to do my part, and giving away is such a pleasure."

"You are your father's own daughter in that, child. I must go and get my contribution ready, or I shall be left out," said Mrs. Lyon, hastening away to add one more charity to the many which made her quiet life so beautiful.

"I will go and see our neighbor this evening, and you shall come with me. You see, my girl, that the homely 'little job' is likely to be a large and pleasant one, and you have earned your part in it. Do the duty that comes first, and one never knows what beautiful experience it may blossom into. Use your little earnings as you like, and God bless you, my dear."

So Abby had her part in the happy days that came to the Mayhews, and enjoyed it more than a dozen work-boxes; while her father was never tired of showing the handsome darn and telling the story of it.

Help and comfort were much needed around the corner; for very soon the poor lady died. But her confidence in the new friends raised up to her was not misplaced; and when all was over, and people asked, "What will become of the children?" Mr. Lyon answered the sad question by leading the four little orphans to his own house and keeping them till good homes were found for the three youngest.

Lucy was heart-broken, and clung to Abby in her sorrow, as if nothing else could console her for all she had lost. No one had the heart to speak of sending her away at present; and, before long, the grateful little creature had won a place for herself which she never forfeited.

It was good for Abby to have a care of this sort, and her generous nature enjoyed it thoroughly, as she played elder sister in the sweetest way. It was her first real lesson in the charity that made her after-life so rich and beautiful; but then she little dreamed how well she was to be repaid for her small share in the good work which proved to be a blessing to them all.

Soon, preparations for sister Catherine's wedding produced a pleasant bustle in the house, and both the younger girls were as busy as bees, helping everywhere. Dressmakers ripped and stitched upstairs, visitors gossiped in the parlor, and cooks simmered and scolded in the kitchen; while notable Madam Lyon presided over the household, keeping the peace and gently bringing order out of chaos.

Abby had a new sprigged muslin frock, with a

white sash, and her first pair of silk stockings, a present from her father. A bunch of pink roses gave the finishing touch, and she turned up her hair with a tortoise-shell comb in honor of the occasion.

All the relations — and there were many of them — came to the wedding, and the hospitable mansion was crowded with old and young. A fine breakfast was prepared, a line of carriages filled the quiet street, and troops of stately ladies and gentlemen came marching in; for the Lyons were a much-honored family.

The interesting moment arrived at last, the minister opened his book, the lovely bride entered with her groom, and a solemn silence fell upon the rustling crowd. Abby was much excited, and felt that she was about to disgrace herself by crying. Fortunately she stood near the door, and finding that a sob *would* come at thought of her dear sister going away forever, she slipped out and ran upstairs to hide her tears in the back bedroom, where she was put to accommodate guests.

As she opened the door, a puff of smoke made her catch her breath, then run to throw open the window before she turned to look for the fallen brand. A fire had been kindled in this room a short time before, and, to Abby's dismay, the sudden draught fanned the smoldering sparks which had crept from a fallen log to the mop-board and thence around the wooden mantel-piece. A suspicious crackling was heard, little tongues of flame darted from the cracks, and the air was full of smoke.

Abby's first impulse was to fly down-stairs, screaming "fire!" at the top of her voice; her second was to stand still and think what to do,— for an instant's recollection showed her what terror and confusion such a cry would produce in the crowded house, and how unseemly a panic would be at such a time.

"If I could only get at father! But I can't without scaring everyone. What would he do? I 've heard him tell about fires, and how to put them out, I know — stop the draught first," and Abby shut the window. "Now water and wet blankets," and away she ran to the bath-room, and filling a pail, dashed the water over the burning wood. Then, pulling the blankets from off the bed, she wet them as well as she could, and hung them up before the fire-place, going to and fro for more water till the smoke ceased to pour out and the crackling stopped.

These energetic measures were taken just in time to prevent a serious fire, and when Abby dared to rest a moment with her eyes on the chimney, fearing the treacherous blaze might burst out in a new place, she discovered that her clothes were wet, her face blackened, her hands blistered, and her breath gone.

"No matter," she thought, still too much elated with her success to feel the pain. "Father will be pleased, I know; for this is what he would call an emergency, and I 've had my wits about me. I wish mother would come — O, dear! how queerly I feel ——" and in the midst of her self-congratulation, poor little Abby fainted away; slipping to the floor and lying there like a new sort of Casabianca, faithful at her post.

Lucy found her very soon, having missed her and come to look for her the minute the service was over. Much frightened, she ran down again and tried to tell Mr. and Mrs. Lyon quietly. But her pale face alarmed every one, and when Abby came to herself, she was in her father's arms, being carried from the scene of devastation to her mother's room, where a crowd of anxious relatives received her like a conquering hero.

"Well done, my brave little fire-warden! I 'm proud of you!" were the first words she heard, and they were more reviving than the burnt feathers under her nose, or the lavender-water plentifully sprinkled over her by her mother and sister.

With that hearty commendation, her father left her to see that all was safe, and Abby found that another sort of courage was needed to support her through the next half-hour of trial; for her hands were badly burned, and each of the excellent relatives suggested a different remedy.

"Flour them!" cried Aunt Sally, fanning her violently.

"Goose-oil and cotton-batting," suggested Aunt Patty.

"Nothing so good as lard," pronounced Aunt Nabby.

"I always use dry starch or a piece of salt pork," added cousin Lucretia.

"Butter them!" commanded grandma. "That 's what I did when my Joseph fell into the boiler and came out with his blessed little legs the color of lobsters. "Butter them, Dolly."

That settled the vexed question, and Abby's hands were well buttered, while a hearty laugh composed the spirits of the agitated party; for the contrast between grandma's words and her splendid appearance, as she sat erect in the big arm-chair issuing commands like a general in silver-gray satin and an imposing turban, was very funny.

Then Abby was left to repose, with Lucy and old Nurse beside her, while the rest went down to eat the wedding feast and see the happy pair off in a chaise, with the portmanteau slung underneath, on their quiet honey-moon trip to Pomfret.

When the bustle was all over, Abby found her-

self a heroine in her small circle of admiring friends and neighbors, who praised and petted her as if she had saved the city from destruction. She needed comfort very much, for one hand was so seriously injured that it never entirely recovered from the deep burn which contracted two of her finger-tips. This was a great sorrow to the poor girl; for she could no longer play on her piano, and was forced to content herself with singing like a lark when all joined in the sweet old ballads forgotten now.

It was a misfortune, but it had its happy side; for, during the long months when she was partially helpless, books were her solace, and she studied many things which other duties or pleasures would have crowded out if "Abby's poor hand" had not been an excuse for such liberty and indulgence. It did not make her selfish, however, for while regretting her uselessness, she unexpectedly found work to do that made her own life happy by cheering that of another.

Lucy proved to be a most intelligent child; and when Abby asked what return she could make for all the little girl's loving service during her trouble, she discovered that help about lessons would be the favor most desired. Lucy's too early cares had kept her from learning much, and now that she had leisure, weak eyes forbade study, and she longed vainly to get on as her new friend did; for Abby was her model in all things,—looked up to with admiration, love, and wonder.

"Father, I 've been thinking that I might read Lucy's lessons to her and hear her recite. Then she would n't grieve about being backward, and I can be eyes to her as she is hands to me. I can't sew or work now, but I can teach the little I know. May I, sir?" asked Abby, one morning, after reading a paper in the *Spectator*, and having a pleasant talk about it during the happy half-hour.

"A capital plan, Daughter, if you are sure you can keep on. To begin and then fail would leave the child worse off for the hope and disappointment. It will be tiresome to go on day after day, so think well before you propose it," answered her father, much pleased with the idea.

"I *can* do it, and I *will!* If I get tired, I 'll look at you and mother, always so faithful to what you undertake, and remember my motto," cried Abby, anxious to follow the example set her in the daily life of these good parents.

A hearty hand-shake rewarded her, and she set about the new task with a resolute purpose to succeed. It was hard at first to go back to her early lessons and read them over and over again to eager Lucy, who did her best to understand, remember, and recite. But good-will and gratitude worked wonders; and day after day, week after week, month after month, the teaching went on, to the great surprise and satisfaction of those who watched this labor of love. Both learned much, and a very strong, sweet friendship grew up, which lasted till the young girls became old women.

For nearly two years the daily lessons were continued; then Lucy was ready and able to go to school, and Abby free from the duty that had grown a pleasure. Sister Catherine being gone, she was the young lady of the house now, and began to go to a few parties, where she distinguished herself by her graceful dancing and sprightly though modest manners. She had grown strong and rosy with the exercise her sensible mother prescribed and her energetic father encouraged, taking long walks with her to Roxbury and Dorchester on holidays, over bridges and around the common before breakfast each morning, till the pale little girl was a tall and blooming creature, full of life and spirit. Not exactly beautiful, but with a sweet, intelligent face, and the frank, cordial ways that are so charming. Her brother Sam was very proud of her, and liked to see her surrounded by his friends at the merry-makings to which he escorted her; for she talked as well as she danced, and the older gentlemen enjoyed a good chat with Miss Abby as much as the younger ones did the elaborate pigeon-wings and pirouettes then in vogue.

Among the older men was one whom Abby much admired; for he had fought, traveled, and studied more than most men of his age, and earned the honors he wore so modestly. She was never tired of asking him questions when they met, and he never seemed tired of giving long, interesting replies; so they often sat and talked while others danced, and Abby never guessed that he was studying her bright face and innocent heart as eagerly as she listened to his agreeable conversation and stirring adventures.

Presently he came to the house with brother Sam, who shared Abby's regard for him; and there, while the young men amused themselves or paid their respects to the elders, one of them was still watching the tall girl with the crown of brown hair, as she sat by her father, poured the tea for Madam, laughed with her brother, or made bashful Lucy share their pleasures; always so busy, dutiful, and winning, that the visitor pronounced Mr. Lyon's the most delightful house in Boston. He heard all the little tales of Abby's youth from Sam, and Lucy added her tribute with the eloquence of a grateful heart; he saw how loved and trusted she was, and he soon longed to know how she would answer the question he desired to ask her. Having received permission from Papa, in the decorous old style, he only waited for an opportunity to discover if charming Abigail would con-

sent to change her name from Lyon to Lamb; and, as if her lesson was to be quite complete, a little thing decided her fate and made a very happy woman of the good girl.

On Abby's seventeenth birthday, there was to be a party in her honor, at the hospitable family mansion, to which all her friends were invited; and, when she came down early to see that all was in order, she found one impatient guest had already arrived.

It was not alone the consciousness that the new pink taffety gown and the beautiful new headdress were very becoming which made her blush so prettily as she thanked her friend for the fine nosegay he brought her, but something in his face, though he only wished her many happy returns in a hearty way, and then added, laughing, as the last button flew off the glove he was awkwardly trying to fasten:

"It is evident that you did n't sew on these buttons, Miss Abby. I 've observed that Sam's never come off, and he says you always keep them in order."

"Let me put one on for you. It will take but a moment, and you 'll be so uncomfortable without it," said Abby, glad to find employment for her eyes.

A minute afterward she was sorry she had offered, for he accepted the little service with thanks, and stood watching while she sat down at her work-table and began to sew. She was very sensitive about her hand, yet ashamed of being so; for the scar was inside and the drawn fingers showed very little, as it is natural to half close them. She hoped he had never seen it, and tried to hide it as she worked. But this, or some new consciousness, made her usually nimble fingers lose their skill, and she knotted the silk, split the button, and dropped her thimble, growing angry with herself for being so silly and getting so red and flurried.



"'I 'M AFRAID I 'M GIVING YOU A DEAL OF TROUBLE,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN."

"I 'm afraid I 'm giving you a deal of trouble," said the gentleman, who was watching the white hands with great interest.

"No; it is I who am foolish about my burnt hand," answered Abby, in her frank, impetuous way. "See how ugly it is!" And she held it out as if to punish herself for the girlish feeling she despised.

The answer to this little outburst made her forget everything but the sweetest pleasure and surprise; for, kissing the scarred palm with tender respect, her lover said:

"To me it is the finest and the dearest hand in the world. I know the brave story, and I 've seen the good this generous hand is never tired of doing. I want it for my own. Will you give it to me, dear?"

Abby must have answered "yes"; for she wore a new ring under her own glove that night, and danced as if there were wings on the heels of her pink shoes.

Whether the button ever got sewed on or not, no one knows; but that bit of needlework was even more successful than the other small job, for in due time there was a second wedding, without a fire, and Abby went away to a happy home of her own, leaving sister Lucy to fill her place and be the most loving and faithful of daughters to her benefactors while they lived.

Long years afterward, when she had children and grandchildren about her, listening to the true old stories that are the best, Abby used to say, with her own cheerful laugh:

"My father and mother taught me many useful lessons, but none more valuable than those I learned that year; and I may honestly say that patience, perseverance, courage, friendship and love came out of that silk stocking. So let me give you this bit of advice: Don't despise little things, my dears!"

THE SONG OF THE ROLLER SKATES.

By A. C.

(The Start.)

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left, to the right;
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
On our rollers so bright!
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
All a-gliding along;
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
With a roller-skate song!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
All the children in town
Whizzing down, whizzing down!

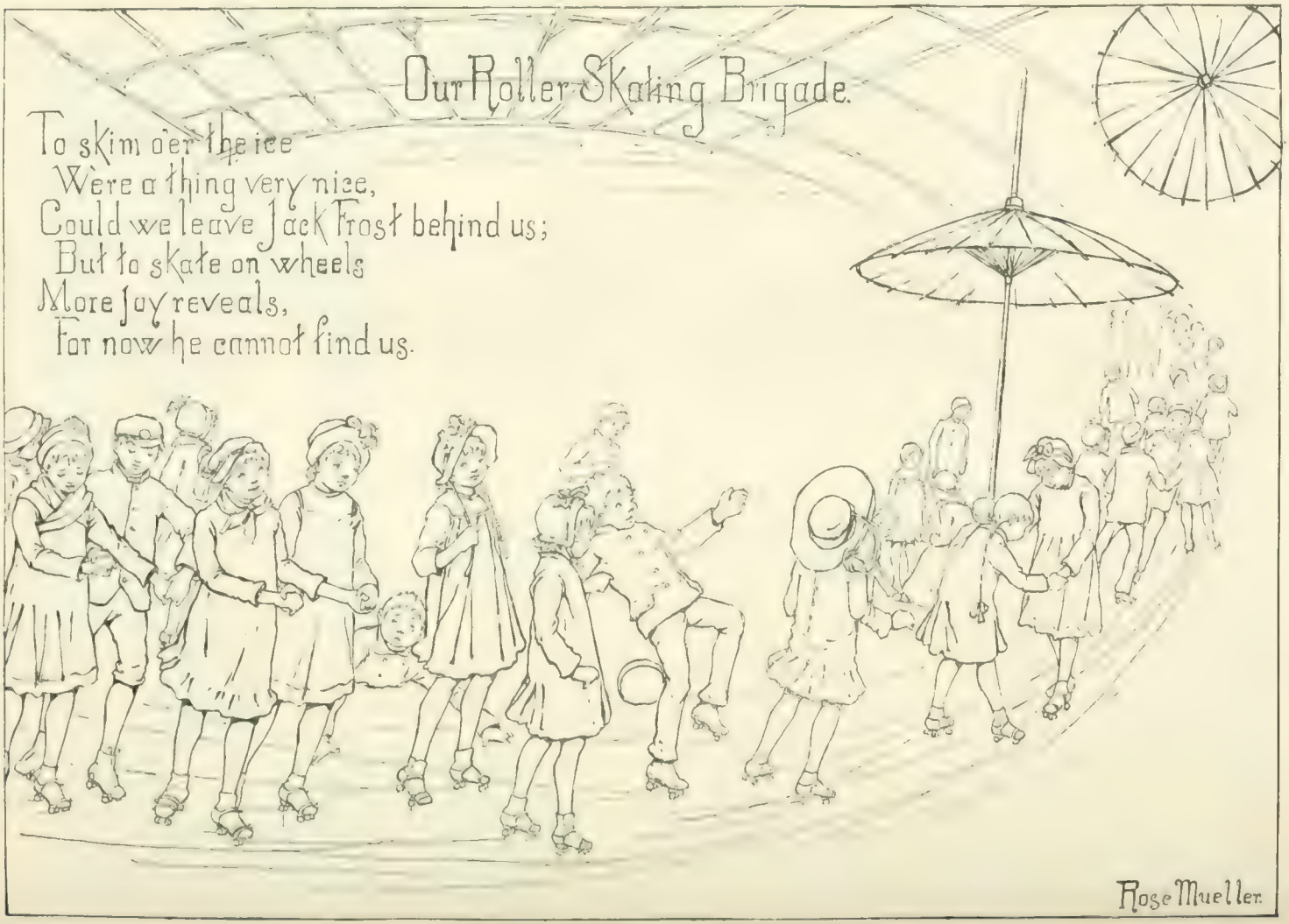
(The Turn.)

Slower now. Have a care!
Here 's the corner,—beware!
See the curb! It is near;
We must carefully steer.
Sweep around, one and all!
Make the curve,—do not fall!
—That was gracefully done.
Hurrah for the fun!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
Every child on the track
Whizzing back! whizzing back!

(Home again.)

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left,—to the right.
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
All aglow with delight!
Swoop-a-hoo! who 's ahead?
Well, they 're all nearly there.
Swoop-a-hoo! cheeks so red;
Full of laughter, the air!
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!


Our Roller Skating Brigade.
To skim oer the ice
Were a thing very nice,
Could we leave Jack Frost behind us;
But to skate on wheels
More joy reveals,
For now he cannot find us.
Rose Mueller.

Historic Boys*

by

E. S. Brooks

IV.

OLAF OF NORWAY: THE BOY VIKING.

[*Afterward King Olaf II. of Norway.*]
A. D. 101—

OLD RANE, the helmsman, whose fierce mustaches and shaggy shoulder-mantle made him look like some grim old northern wolf, held high in air the great bison-horn filled with foaming mead.

"Skoal to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!"† rose his exultant shout. From a hundred sturdy throats the cry reëchoed till the vaulted hall of the Swedemen's conquered castle rang again.

"Skoal to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!" and in the center of that throng of mail-clad men and tossing spears, standing firm and fearless upon the interlocked and uplifted shields of three stalwart fighting-men, a stout-limbed lad of scarce thirteen, with flowing light-brown hair and flushed and eager face, brandished his sword vigorously in acknowledgment of the jubilant shout that rang once again through the dark and smoke-stained hall, "Was-hael to the sea-wolf's son! Skoal to Olaf the King!"

A fierce and warlike shout, boys and girls, to be given in honor of so young a lad. But those were fierce and warlike days when men were stirred by the recital of bold and daring deeds — those old, old days, eight hundred years ago, when Olaf, the boy viking, the pirate chief of a hundred mail-clad men, stood upon the uplifted shields of his exultant fighting-men in the heavy-raftered banqueting-hall of the gray castle of captured Sigtun, the oldest of all the old Swedish cities.

Take your atlas and, turning to the map of Sweden, place your finger on the city of Stockholm. Do you notice that it lies at the easterly end of a large lake? That is the Maelar, beautiful with winding channels, pine-covered islands, and rocky shores. It is peaceful and quiet now, and palace and villa and quaint northern farm-house stand unmolested on its picturesque borders. But channels, and islands, and rocky shores have echoed and reëchoed with the war-shouts of many a fierce sea-rover since those far-off days when Olaf, the boy viking, and his Norwegian ships of war plowed through the narrow sea-strait, and ravaged the fair shores of the Maelar with fire and sword.

Stockholm, the "Venice of the North," as it is called, was not then in existence; and little now remains of old Sigtun save ruined walls. But travelers may still see the three tall towers of the ancient town, and the great stone-heap, alongside which young Olaf drew his ships of war, and over which his pirate crew swarmed into Sigtun town, and planted the victorious banner of the golden serpent upon the conquered walls.

For this fair young Olaf came of hardy Norse stock. His father, Harald Graenske, or "Greymantle," one of the tributary kings of Norway, had fallen a victim to the torture of the haughty Swedish queen; and now his son, a boy of scarce thirteen, but a warrior already by training and from desire, came to avenge his father's death. His

† "Hail and Health to the Viking!"

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mother, the queen Aasta, equipped a large dragon-ship or war-vessel for her adventurous son, and with the lad, as helmsman and guardian, was sent old Rane, whom men called "the far-traveled," because he had sailed westward as far as England and southward to Nörvasund (by which name they then knew the Straits of Gibraltar). Boys toughened quickly in those stirring days, and this lad who, because he was commander of a dragon-ship, was called Olaf the King,—though he had no land to rule,— was of viking blood, and quickly learned the trade of war. Already, among the rocks and sands of Sodermann, upon the Swedish coast, he had won his first battle over a superior force of Danish war-vessels.

Other ships of war joined him; the name of Olaf the Brave was given him by right of daring deeds, and "Skoal to the Viking!" rang from the sturdy throats of his followers as the little sea-king was lifted in triumph upon the battle-dented shields.

But a swift runner bursts into the gray hall of Sigtun. "To your ships, O King; to your ships!" he cries. "Olaf, the Swedish king, men say, is planting a forest of spears along the sea-strait, and, except ye push out now, ye may not get out at all!"

The nimble young chief sprang from the up-raised shields.

"To your ships, Vikings, all!" he shouted. Up with the serpent banner, and away!"

Straight across the lake to the sea-strait, near where Stockholm now stands, the vikings sailed, young Olaf's dragon-ship taking the lead. But all too late; for, across the narrow strait, the Swedish king had stretched great chains, and had filled up the channel with stocks and stones.

The boy viking stood by his dragon-headed prow, and shook his clenched fist at the obstructed sea-strait and the Swedish spears.

"Shall we then land, Rane, and fight our way through?" he asked.

"Fight our way through?" said old Rane, who had been in many another tight place in his years of sea-roving, but none so close as this. "Why, King, they be a hundred to one!"

"Well, may we not cut these chains, then?" said impetuous Olaf.

"As soon think of cutting the solid earth, King," said the helmsman.

"So; and why not, then?" young Olaf exclaimed, struck with a brilliant idea. "Ho, Sigvat," he said, turning to one of his men, "what was that lowland under the cliff which thou didst tell me of?"

"'T is called the fen of Agnefit, O King," replied the man, pointing toward where it lay.

"Why, then, my Rane," asked the boy, "may we not cut our way out through that lowland fen to the open sea and liberty?"

"'T is Olaf's own device," cried the delighted helmsman, catching at his young chief's plan. "Ho, war-wolves all, bite ye your way through the Swedish fens! Up with the serpent banner, and farewell to Olaf the Swede!"

It seemed a narrow chance, but it was the only one. And so, in the dead of night the Swedish captives and stout Norse oarsmen were set to work, and before day-break an open cut had been made in the lowlands beneath Agnefit, or the "Rock of King Agne," where, by the town of Södertelje, the vikings' canal is still shown to travelers; the waters of the lake came rushing through the cut, and an open sea-strait waited young Olaf's fleet.

A strong breeze blew astern; the Norse rowers steered the cumbrous ships with their long oars, and with a mighty rush, through the new canal and over all the shallows, out into the great Norrström, or North Stream, as the Baltic Sea was called, the fleet passed in safety while the loud war-horns blew the notes of triumph.

So the boy viking escaped from the trap of the Swedish king, and then away he sailed to Gotland, to Finland, and at last, "through the wild sea" to Denmark, where he met a brother viking, one Thorkell the Tall. The two chiefs struck up a sort of partnership; and coasting southward along the western shores of Denmark, they won a sea-fight in the Ringkiobing fiord, among the "sand hills of Jutland." And so business continued brisk with this curiously matched pirate firm — a giant and a boy — until, under the cliffs of Kinlimma, in Friesland, hasty word came to the boy viking that the English king, Ethelred "The Unready," was calling for the help of all sturdy fighters to win back his heritage and crown from young king Cnut, or Canute the Dane, whose father had seized the throne of England. Instantly, Olaf, the ever ready, hoisted his blue and crimson sails and steered his war-ships over sea to help King Ethelred, the never ready. Up the Thames and straight for London town he rowed.

"Hail to the serpent banner! Hail to Olaf the Brave!" said King Ethelred, as the war-horns sounded a welcome; and on the low shores of the Isle of Dogs, just below the old city, the keels of the Norse war-ships grounded swiftly, and the boy viking and his followers leaped ashore. "Thou dost come in right good time with thy trusty dragon-ships, young King," said King Ethelred; "for the Danish robbers are full well entrenched in London town and in my father Edgar's castle."

And then he told Olaf how, "in the great trading place which is called Southwark," the Danes

had raised "a great work and dug large ditches, and within had builded a bulwark of stone, timber and turf, where they had stationed a large army."

"And we would fain have taken this bulwark," added the King, "and did in sooth bear down upon it with a great assault; but indeed we could make naught of it."

"And why not?" asked the young viking.

"Because," said King Ethelred, "upon the bridge betwixt the castle and Southwark have the ravaging Danes raised towers and parapets, breast high, and thence they did cast down stones and weapons upon us so that we could not prevail. And now, Sea-King, what dost thou counsel? How may we avenge ourselves of our enemies and win the town?"

Impetuous as ever, and impatient of obstacles, the young viking said, "How? why, pull thou down this bridge, King, and then may ye have free river-way to thy castle."

"Break down great London Bridge, young hero?" cried the amazed king. "How may that be? Have we a Duke Samson among us to do so great a feat?"

"Lay me thy ships alongside mine, King, close to this barricaded bridge," said the valorous boy, "and I will vow to break it down, or ye may call me caitiff and coward."

"Be it so," said Ethelred, the English king; and all the war-chiefs echoed, "be it so!" So Olaf and his trusty Rane made ready the war forces for the destruction of the bridge.

Old London Bridge was not what we should now call an imposing structure, but our ancestors of eight centuries back esteemed it quite a bridge. The chronicler says that it was "so broad that two wagons could pass each other upon it," and "under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river."

So young Olaf and old Rane put their heads together, and decided to wreck the bridge by a bold viking stroke. And this is how it is told in the "Heimskringla," or Saga of King Olaf:

"King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars, so high and stout that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them."

"Now, out oars and pull for the bridge," young Olaf commanded; and the roofed-over war-ships were rowed close up to London Bridge.

And as they came near the bridge, the chronicle says, "there were cast upon them, by the Danes upon the bridge, so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it."

But the boy viking and his Norsemen were there for a purpose, and were not to be driven back by stones or spears or arrows. Straight ahead they rowed, "quite up under the bridge."

"Out cables, all, and lay them around the piles," the young sea-king shouted; and the strong, brave rowers, unshipping their oars, reached out under the roofs and passed the stout cables twice around the wooden supports of the bridge. The loose end was made fast to a cleat in the stern of each vessel, and then, turning and heading down stream, King Olaf's twenty stout war-ships waited his word.

"Out oars!" he cried; "pull, war-birds! Pull all, as if ye were for Norway!"

Forward and backward swayed the stout Norse rowers; tighter and tighter pulled the cables; fast down upon the straining war-ships rained the Danish spears and stones; but the wooden piles under the great bridge were loosened by the steady tug of the cables, and soon with a sudden spurt the Norse war-ships darted down the river, while the slackened cables towed astern the captured piles of London Bridge. A great shout went up from the besiegers, and "now," says the chronicle, "as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled—some into the castle, some into Southwark." And before King Ethelred, "The Unready," could pull his ships to the attack, young Olaf's fighting-men had sprung ashore, and, storming the Southwark earthworks, carried all before them, and the Battle of London Bridge was won.

So King Ethelred won back his kingdom, and the boy viking was honored above all others. To him was given the chief command in perilous expeditions against the Danes, and the whole defense of all the coast of England. North and south along the coast he sailed with all his war-ships, and Danes and Englishmen long remembered the dashing but dubious ways of this young sea-rover, who swept the English coast and claimed his dues from friend and foe alike. For those were days of insecurity for merchant and trader and farmer, and no man's wealth or life was safe except as he paid ready tribute to the fierce Norse allies of King Ethelred. But soon after this, King Ethelred died, and young Olaf, thirsting for new adventures, sailed away to the south and fought his way all along the French coast as far as the mouth of the river Garonne. Many castles he captured; many rival vikings subdued; much spoil he gath-

ered; until at last his dragon-ships lay moored under the walls of old Bordeaux, waiting for fair winds to take him around to the Straits of Gibraltar, and so on "to the land of Jerusalem."

One day, in the booty-filled "fore-hold" of his dragon-ship, the young sea-king lay asleep; and suddenly, says the old record, "he dreamt a wondrous dream."

"Olaf, great head of kings, attend!" he heard a deep voice call; and, looking up, the dreamer seemed to see before him "a great and important man, but of a terrible appearance withal."

"If that thou art Olaf the Brave, as men do call thee," said the vision, "turn thyself to nobler deeds than vikings' ravaging and this wandering cruise. Turn back, turn back from thy purposeless journey to the land of Jerusalem, where neither honor nor fame awaits thee. Son of King Harald, return thee to thy heritage; for thou shalt be King over all Norway."

Then the vision vanished and the young rover awoke to find himself alone, save for the sleeping foot-boy across the cabin door-way. So he quickly summoned old Rane, the helmsman, and told his dream.

"'T was for thy awakening, King," said his stout old follower. "'T was the great Olaf, thine uncle, Olaf Tryggvesson the King, that didst call thee. Win Norway, King, for the portent is that thou and thine shall rule thy fatherland."

And the war-ships' prows were all turned northward again, as the boy viking, following the promise of his dream, steered homeward for Norway and a throne.

Now in Norway Earl Eric was dead. For thirteen years he had usurped the throne that should have been filled by one of the great King Olaf's line; and, at his death, his handsome young son, Earl Hakon the Fair, ruled in his father's stead. And when young King Olaf heard this news, he shouted for joy and cried to Rane:

"Now, home in haste, for Norway shall be either Hakon's heritage or mine!"

"'T is a fair match of youth 'gainst youth," said the trusty helmsman; "and if but fair luck go with thee, Norway shall be thine!"

So, from "a place called Furovald," somewhere between the mouths of Humber and of Tees, on the English coast, King Olaf, with but two stout war-ships and two hundred and twenty "well-armed and chosen persons," shook out his purple sails to the North Sea blasts, and steered straight for Norway.

And now news comes that Earl Hakon, with a single war-ship, is steering north from Sogne Fiord; and Olaf, pressing on, lays his two ships on either side of a narrow strait, or channel, in Sandunga Sound. Here he stripped his ships of all their war-gear, and stretched a great cable deep in the water, across the narrow strait. Then he wound the cable ends around the capstans, ordered all his fighting-men out of sight, and waited for his rival. Soon Earl Hakon's war-ship, crowded with rowers and fighting-men, entered the strait. Seeing, as he supposed, but two harmless merchant-vessels lying on either side of the channel, the young earl bade his rowers pull between the two. Suddenly there is a stir on the quiet merchant-vessels. The capstan bars are manned; the sunken cable is drawn taut. Up goes the stern of Earl Hakon's entrapped war-ship; down plunges her prow into the waves, and the water pours into the doomed boat. A loud shout is heard; the quiet merchant-vessels swarm with mail-clad men, and the air is filled with a shower of stones, and spears, and arrows. The surprise is complete. Tighter draws the cable; over topples Earl Hakon's vessel, and he and all his men are among the billows struggling for life. "So," says the record, "King Olaf took Earl Hakon and all his men whom they could get hold of out of the water and made them prisoners; but some were killed and some were drowned."

Into the "fore-hold" of the King's ship the captive earl was led a prisoner, and there the young rivals for Norway's crown faced each other. The two lads were of nearly the same age, — between sixteen and seventeen, — and young Earl Hakon was considered the handsomest youth in all Norway. His helmet was gone, his sword was lost, his ring-steel suit was sadly disarranged, and his long hair, "fine as silk," was "bound about his head with a gold ornament." Fully expecting the fate of all captives in those cruel days, — instant death, — the young earl nevertheless faced his boy conqueror proudly, resolved to meet his fate like a man.

"They speak truth who say of the house of Eric that ye be handsome men," said the King, studying his prisoner's face. "But now, Earl, even though thou be fair to look upon, thy luck hath failed thee at last."

"Fortune changes," said the young earl. "We both be boys; and thou, King, art perchance the shrewder youth. Yet, had we looked for such a trick as thou hast played upon us, we had not thus been tripped upon thy sunken cables. Better luck next time."

"Next time!" echoed the King; "dost thou not know, Earl, that as thou standest there, a prisoner, there may be no 'next time' for thee?"

The young captive understood full well the meaning of the words. "Yes, King," he said; "it must be only as thou mayst determine. Man can die but once. Speak on; I am ready!" But

Olaf said: "What wilt thou give me, Earl, if at this time I do let thee go, whole and unhurt?"

"Nothing," said the generous young viking, advancing nearer to his handsome rival. "As



"SKOAL TO THE VIKING!"

"'T is not what I may give, but what thou mayst take, King," the earl made answer. "I am thy prisoner; what wilt thou take to free me?"

thou did'st say, we both be boys, and life is all before us. Earl, I give thee thy life, do thou but take oath before me to leave this my realm of

Norway, to give up thy kingdom, and never to do battle against me hereafter."

The conquered earl bent his fair young head.

"Thou art a generous chief, King Olaf," he said. "I take my life as thou dost give it, and all shalt be as thou wilt."

So Earl Hakon took the oath, and King Olaf righted his rival's capsized war-ship, refitted it from his own stores of booty, and thus the two lads parted; the young earl sailing off to his uncle, King Canute, in England, and the boy viking hastening eastward to Vigen, where lived his mother, the Queen Aasta, whom he had not seen for full five years.

It is harvest-time in the year 1014. Without and within the long, low house of Sigurd Syr, at Vigen, all is excitement; for word has come that Olaf the sea-king has returned to his native land, and is even now on his way to this, his mother's house. Gay stuffs decorate the dull walls of the great-room, clean straw covers the earth-floor, and upon the long, four-cornered tables is spread a mighty feast of mead and ale and coarse but hearty food, such as the old Norse heroes drew their strength and muscle from. At the door-way stands the Queen Aasta and her maidens, while before the entrance, with thirty "well-clothed men," waits young Olaf's step-father, wise Sigurd Syr, gorgeous in a jeweled suit, a scarlet cloak, and a glittering golden helmet. The watchers on the house-tops hear a distant shout, now another and nearer one, and soon, down the highway, they catch the gleam of steel and the waving of many banners; and now they can distinguish the stalwart forms of Olaf's chosen hundred men, their shining coats of ring-mail, their foreign helmets, and their crossleted shields flashing in the sun. In the very front rides old Rane, the helmsman, bearing the great white banner blazoned with the golden serpent, and, behind him, cased in golden armor, his long brown hair flowing over his sturdy shoulders, rides the boy viking, Olaf of Norway.

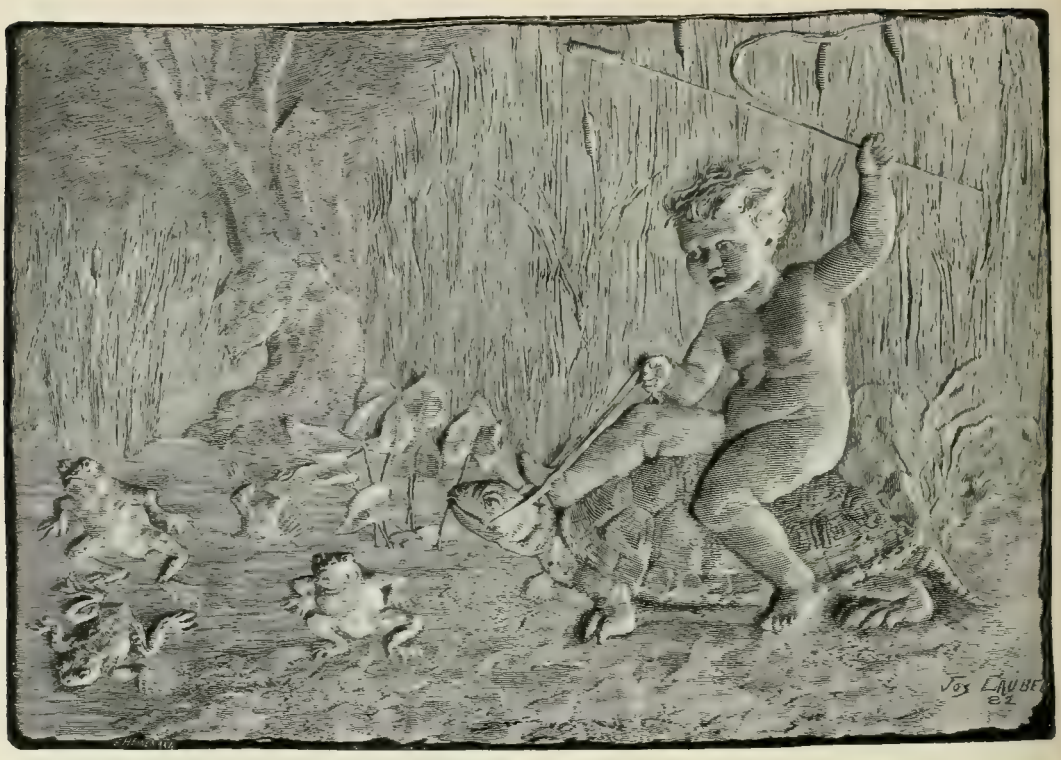
It was a brave home-coming; and as the stout young hero, leaping from his horse, knelt to receive his mother's welcoming kiss, the people shouted for joy, the banners waved, and the war-horns played their loudest.

The hero of nine great sea-fights, and of many smaller ones, before he was seventeen, young Olaf Haraldson was a remarkable boy, even in the days when all boys aimed to be battle-tried heroes. Toughened in frame and fiber by his five years of sea-roving, he had become strong and self-reliant, a man in action though but a boy in years.

"I am come," he said to his mother and his step-father, "to take the heritage of my forefathers. But not from Danish nor from Swedish kings will I supplicate that which is mine by right. Either I shall bring all this kingdom of Norway under my rule, or I shall fall here upon my inheritance in the land of my fathers."

These were bold words for a boy of seventeen. But they were not idle boastings. Before a year had passed, young Olaf's pluck and courage had won the day, and in harvest-time, in the year 1015, being then but little more than eighteen years old, he was crowned King of Norway in the Drontheim, or "Throne-home," of Nidaros, the royal city, now called on your atlas the city of Drontheim. For fifteen years King Olaf the Second ruled his realm of Norway. The old record says that he was "a good and very gentle man"; but history shows his goodness and gentleness to have been of a rough and savage kind. The wild and stern experiences of his viking days lived again even in his attempts to reform and benefit his land. When he who had himself been a pirate tried to put down piracy, and he who had been a wild young robber sought to force all Norway to become Christian, he did these things in so fierce and cruel a way that at last his subjects rebelled, and King Canute came over with a great army to wrest the throne from him. On the bloody field of Stiklestad, July 29, 1030, the stern King Olaf fell.

So King Canute conquered Norway; but after his death, Olaf's son, Magnus the Good, regained his father's throne. The people, sorrowful at their rebellion against King Olaf, forgot his stern and cruel ways, and magnified all his good deeds mightily. And, after King Magnus died, his descendants ruled in Norway for nearly four hundred years; and thus was brought to pass the promise of the dream that, in the "fore-hold" of the great dragon-ship, under the walls of old Bordeaux, came so many years before to the daring and sturdy young Olaf of Norway, the Boy Viking.



"LOOK OUT, THERE!"

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

CONSIDERING THE QUESTION.

TWO strong, fair-haired, blue-eyed boys approached their father as he sat by his pleasant library window reading.

"Father," said the older boy, a youth of about fifteen years of age, "we have something very serious, Hugh and I, that we wish to submit to you."

"And what is it, Neil?" inquired Mr. Burton, lifting his kind eyes from his book, and looking first at Neil and then at Hugh, as they stood flushed and excited before him.

"We wish you would let us go to a new sort of school," said Neil.

"And what sort of school is it?" Mr. Burton demanded, in his usual cheery tone.

"Oh, it 's a shooting school," cried Hugh, who was a quick, impulsive boy; "it 's going to be immense, so Tom Dale says, and Ed Jones is going, and ——"

"Hold on, Hugh," said Neil, gently interrupting him; "let me explain the whole thing to father, so that he can understand. You see, there 's a man who has a shooting-gallery ——"

A decided frown from Mr. Burton cut Neil's enthusiastic description short off. For more than a year the boys had been begging for a gun, and the kind father had exhausted his ingenuity in the effort to invent a sufficient number of excuses for not promptly meeting their desires. In fact, Mr. Burton did not like guns himself, and was very much opposed to allowing boys to handle fire-arms. As is the case in most villages, there had been in Belair, where our story begins, two or three distressing accidents through the careless-

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ness of boys with guns, and it made a chill creep up the father's back to think of trusting one of his dear boys to the chances of such dangers. Of course, Neil and Hugh did not stop to reason about the matter. Other boys had guns. Only the day before, George Roberts, a young playmate of theirs, had brought in half a dozen meadow-larks, killed with his single-barreled shot-gun at his father's country-place. They had listened to George's enthusiastic description of his day's sport, until that night they dreamed it all over again.

"It hardly seems fair that we can't have such fun," Hugh had said to Neil, after George had gone.

"Of course, father is right," said Neil, who was a proud, honorable boy; "but I don't see why guns can't be made safe for boys."

"They are safe," insisted Hugh. "I know perfectly well that I 'd never hurt myself or any one else with a gun if I had one. What 's the use of being careless? I don't see any excuse for all these accidents."

"That 's what I say, too," said Neil. "If you keep the muzzle of the gun pointed away from yourself, how is it going to shoot you, I 'd like to know?"

But a man had fitted up a "shooting school" in the village, and the boys were all anxious to go. For five cents, a boy could shoot three times at a target; and the big-lettered bills posted here and there announced that extreme care would be taken to prevent accident. "Surely," thought Neil and Hugh, "Father will not object to our trying our hands once or twice in a safe shooting school."

But Mr. Burton did object very promptly, and in a tone so decided that the boys turned dolefully away. He called them back, however, and explained to them that a shooting gallery was a place where all sorts of rough fellows congregated, some of whom would bet and swear; that it was no place for good boys.

"I did n't know that," said Neil; "I thought it would be all right, and—and, I—I wanted to learn to shoot, like other boys."

Mr. Burton looked steadily at the boys. He was a very kind man, and loved his children dearly. It was because he loved them that he had so long refused to allow them to have a gun. He had always believed that a dog and a gun could ruin any boy, especially if the boy had his own way. No doubt, in a measure, he was right. Boys need the directing care of grown-up men in almost everything, particularly where danger is involved and some fearful accident may result from the slightest mismanagement.

"Boys, will nothing satisfy you but guns?" Mr. Burton said this in a hopeless sort of tone that brought a quick flush to Neil's cheek.

"I don't believe I can ever be satisfied without a gun," eagerly exclaimed Hugh.

"Well, I can," said Neil, proudly. "If it is n't right for me to have a gun, I 'll try and not want one."

"But it is right," insisted Hugh, going nearer Mr. Burton. "All the boys that amount to anything have guns. Philo Lucas has a double-barreled one."

Neil was amazed at Hugh's energetic way of pushing the matter; he looked at Mr. Burton to see how it impressed him.

"I heard a man say not long ago," remarked the father, "that he thought he should have to prosecute Philo Lucas."

"Oh! What for?" both boys inquired in a breath.

"For killing robins and meadow-larks, which is against the law."

"Meadow-larks! Is it unlawful to shoot meadow-larks?" cried Hugh.

"Yes; and all other insect-eating birds not in the list of game-birds," replied Mr. Burton.

The boys looked at each other as it flashed into their minds that George Roberts was a law-breaker and liable to be fined or imprisoned for killing those meadow-larks.

"But we wont shoot any of those little birds," Hugh hurried to say; "we 'll shoot quails and ducks and snipe and——"

"What will we shoot them with?" said Neil, smiling rather grimly.

"Oh, but Papa will buy us some guns! Wont you, Papa?" cried the enthusiastic Hugh.

Mr. Burton rose and put his book on a table. His face wore a troubled expression. It was plain to him that a crisis in his boys' lives had been reached, and that they must be helped safely over it.

One thing was sure, he could not consent to allow Neil and Hugh to be running over the country with guns in their hands, with no safe person to direct and restrain them.

He walked back and forth for a while, the boys eying him half hopefully, half despairingly. Presently he said:

"Neil, will you and Hugh promise me that, if I consider this question of guns carefully and conscientiously with a view to your best interests, you will cheerfully abide by my decision?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Hugh in a second; "and I want mine a double-barrel, with engraved locks, and a pistol-grip to the stock!"

Mr. Burton smiled in spite of the gravity of the situation. Neil laughed, too, at Hugh's sanguine forwardness.

"I shall want ten days of time to study this subject," said Mr. Burton; "and at the end of that time, I shall decide guns or no guns, and the matter is then to be at final rest."

"Yes, sir," said Neil; "I shall be satisfied with your decision, for I know that you know best."

"Oh, papa, but you must n't decide against us. I do want a gun so much, and I 'll be so careful!" cried Hugh, almost trembling.

Mr. Burton dismissed his sons, promising to study the subject of guns for boys very carefully, and to let them know his conclusion at the end of ten days. He was a conscientious, prudent man, full of keen sympathies with the tastes of healthy boys, and he greatly desired to give the fullest scope consistent with safety to the development of strong, manly natures in Neil and Hugh. He had never been able to join in any field-sports himself, owing to a lame knee, and consequently he knew very little about guns or their use. He had often imagined, however, what excitement there must be in following the bevies of game-birds from field to field in the crisp autumn weather, or in flushing the swift-winged woodcock from marshy thickets in July. He had the sportsman's instincts, but his unfortunate lameness had shut off from him any active participation in the sportsman's pleasures. This, no doubt, served to strengthen his desire to see his boys have all the freedom that the accident of his life had denied to him.

So Mr. Burton began a systematic examination of the subject of allowing boys to learn the use of fire-arms. He consulted with sportsmen on one hand, and with men who opposed field-sports on the other hand. He carefully weighed all the arguments of both sides. He tried to make of himself an impartial judge; but it was no easy matter. His solicitude for the welfare of his sons, the well-known danger of fire-arms, the tendency of too much indulgence in field-sports toward idleness and an unambitious life, and the earnest protest of some of his most trusted friends against allowing boys to have guns, would overbear his desire to please Neil and Hugh.

When the ten days had passed, the decision had been reached, however, and what it was will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CHARLEY FROM TENNESSEE.

WHILE Mr. Burton was in the depth of his dilemma about guns, his brother Charles, whom Neil and Hugh had always called Uncle Charley, came, on a visit, from his plantation home in Tennessee. It was the day before the end of the time for Mr. Burton's decision when Uncle Charley arrived, bringing his gun with him. Almost the first thing he said was:

"How far is it to the nearest prairie? Are the prairie-chickens as plentiful as usual this season?"

He was an inveterate sportsman. Neil and Hugh were delighted. They felt sure that Uncle Charley would use his influence with their father in favor of letting them learn to shoot.

He was a tall, dark man with a long mustache and curly black hair, very kind and gentle in his manner, and exceedingly fond of boys, though he was a bachelor. Of course, he had a great deal to talk about with Mr. Burton before he could find time to say much to Neil and Hugh, who were longing to draw him out upon the subject nearest their hearts. But Hugh, who was always inclined to be irrepressible, would manage now and then to slip in a word or two about guns and hunting. Neil, who was older and steadier, wisely held his tongue.

It was a moment of breathless interest when Mr. Burton, without any preliminaries whatever, suddenly said to his brother in the hearing of the boys:

"Charles, I have a gun question that I must settle for Neil and Hugh, and I want your advice."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, blandly, "what is the nature of the question?"

"Are the boys large enough to be trusted with shot-guns? Ought they to be allowed to have them?"

Mr. Burton put these questions with intense gravity of voice and manner. Uncle Charley looked at Neil and Hugh, and smilingly shook his head.

"Rather small, rather small," he promptly replied.

Neil turned pale, and the tears actually jumped into Hugh's eyes.

"That is just my opinion," said Mr. Burton; "I have been considering the matter for some days. The boys have been asking me to buy them guns. They promised to stand manfully by my decision, and I am glad that you, who know so much about guns and shooting, have helped to confirm me in my first impression."

"The boys are rather small," said Uncle Charley, reflectively; "but I don't know,— they look like careful, sensible lads. How old are you, Neil?"

"I am past fifteen, sir," the boy replied, with a touch of pride in his tone.

"And I 'm thirteen, going on fourteen," cried Hugh.

A tender, sympathetic light had come into Uncle Charley's face. He fully appreciated the hopes

and fears of his young kinsmen. He had the feelings of a big grown-up boy himself.

"Suppose we sleep over this question," he said to Mr. Burton, "and possibly we may see through it more clearly in the morning."

By this time, Hugh's heart was jumping and thumping so, that he was sure Uncle Charley would hear it. As for Neil, he gave Uncle Charley a grateful look, which was perfectly understood.

That night, the boys lay in their bed and talked over the probabilities.

"Oh, I 'm sure we 'll get our guns now," said Hugh. "Uncle Charley is on our side; I saw that; and he 'll have influence with papa."

"If father has n't already made up his mind, you are right," assented Neil; "but if he has determined against us, Uncle Charley never can change him."

"It would be too bad if all our hopes and plans should fall through now, would n't it?" said Hugh.

"Yes, but we 'd really be no worse off. We 've always had a good time, you know," philosophized Neil.

Greatly to the disappointment of the boys, neither Mr. Burton nor Uncle Charley mentioned guns or shooting next morning. Quite early, the gentlemen drove away from the house, and did not return until late in the afternoon. Then some friends came to dine, and the boys had to go to bed again without any further information.

"They have gone and forgotten all about it," grumbled Hugh. "It 's just like men; they don't think a boy worth noticing."

"It does look as if we are in for a little disappointment," said Neil; "but there 's no way of helping it that I see. We 'll just have to wait and be contented with what we have."

"But I can't be contented, and it 's no use trying," cried Hugh. "It does seem too bad for anything."

"I guess father had made up his mind sound and solid before Uncle Charley came," said Neil, "and so the matter will be dropped right where it is."

"Why, I thought I could almost feel a gun in my hands when Uncle Charley said, 'Suppose we sleep over this question,' to papa. I was perfectly sure it was all right then; were n't you, Neil?" rejoined Hugh.

So two or three days passed by, until at last, one morning, Uncle Charley had everything ready to go to the prairie to hunt prairie-chickens. Then, all of a sudden, he said to Neil, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"How would you and Hugh like to go along with me?"

Hugh jumped as if something had stung him, and Neil was quite as much surprised.

"I should like it ever so much," the latter replied.

"But we have n't any guns," exclaimed Hugh.

"Oh, well, you can watch me shoot, and you can carry game for me, and help drive the wagon," said Uncle Charley, cheerfully. "There 'll be lots of fun besides shooting."

Of course, the boys did not need a second invitation. Half a loaf was much better than no bread at all. If they could n't have guns of their own, they need not refuse to go and watch Uncle Charley shoot. Then, too, the drive out to the prairie and



a week spent in the open air would be jolly sport. Just how much fun two healthy, good-natured boys can get out of such an excursion can not be exactly measured. There is the sunshine, and there is the blue sky, the grass like a green sea, the vast fields of corn, the cool wind, the freedom — it needs a boy to fully appreciate such things.

Neil and Hugh forgot their disappointment in the matter of the guns, and jumped right into the spirit of the trip to the prairie.

Two wagons had been made ready; one, for the dogs and camp utensils, which was to be driven by a man who was also to serve as cook; and one with springs, for Uncle Charley and the boys.

When they started out of the village, many of their young friends looked wistfully after them, as if they, too, would like to be in the party.

Neil and Hugh waved their hats and shouted good-bye as the wagons clattered over the graveled street past the village store and post-office. They were soon out in the open country, in a wide lane between green hedges, with fields on either hand, and farm-houses showing here and there among the orchards.

It was mid-August and the sun shone fiercely; but a breeze came off the prairie, cool and sweet, smelling of stubble and wild grass.

The horses that drew the wagons were strong, well-fed animals, anxious to go; and Uncle Charley let them trot along briskly, for he, too, was chafing with every moment's delay. He had visions of large coveys of prairie-chickens in his mind, and, with all a Southern sportsman's enthusiasm, was longing to loose his dogs and handle his trusty gun.

Uncle Charley's gun was a breech-loader of the finest English make, with beautiful Damascus steel barrels, engraved lock-plates, walnut stock and rebounding locks. Hugh took it in his hands, and was surprised to find how light it was.

"Why, this gun would just suit me," he exclaimed, in surprise. "I could handle it without any trouble, I'm sure. How much did it cost you, Uncle Charley?"

"Four hundred dollars," was the answer.

"Whew!" whistled Hugh, looking rather wildly at Neil. "No wonder papa don't care about buying us guns! It would take eight hundred dollars to get us one apiece!"

Uncle Charley smiled, all to himself, in a sort of mysterious way, as if he were thinking of something he did not desire to talk about.

Meantime, the wagons clattered along the smooth road, the horses' feet raising a cloud of dust, which shone almost like gold in the early morning sunlight. The big wagon that held the dogs and camp things was behind, and this cloud of dust sometimes nearly hid it from view, the man and the dogs looking, through the film, like those dim figures some artists put into the backgrounds of their sketches.

As they passed along between the farms — those broad, liberal, fertile farms of the West — they saw steam threshing-machines puffing away out in the fields, in the midst of stacks of wheat and rye, where men and boys were working hard in the flying chaff and tumbling straw. The corn was in silk and tassel, and the meadows of timothy had been mowed, the hay-cocks standing thick on the greening stubble. They saw meadow-larks flying about in the bright sunshine or standing in the tufts of clover, their breasts gleaming like polished brass.

"Why is it against the law to shoot larks and robins?" said Hugh; "I don't see why it 's any worse to kill them than it is to kill quails."

"Why is it worse to kill a horse than it is to kill a pig?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"Because a pig 's good to eat and a horse is n't," quickly answered Hugh.

"Is n't there a better reason?" said Uncle Charley; "is n't a horse more useful to us as a servant than he would be for food, even if his flesh were delicious?"

"Certainly," said Hugh.

"Well, a meadow-lark is a very useful bird to the farmer. It eats great numbers of insects, eggs, and larvæ that would work great harm to wheat, corn, and orchards; then, its flesh is not very good; while a quail eats grain, and its flesh is excellent food. Do you see the difference?"

"That does seem reasonable," said Hugh; "I had n't thought of it in that way. A meadow-lark is like a horse, it helps the farmer make his crop by destroying bugs and things; and the quail is like a pig, it eats corn and wheat and gets fat, to be killed and eaten."

Uncle Charley laughed.

"I see you apply a theory in a very practical sort of way," he remarked. "But the law protects all kinds of harmless birds, the flesh of which is not profitable for food," he continued, "out of fear of the influence that the mere wanton slaughter of birds would have upon the morals of the people. If a boy is allowed to be cruel as he grows up, he is likely to develop into a dangerous man. I think there is a great difference between a moderate indulgence in field-sports, and the abandonment of one's self to the brutal and indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals."

They had now reached the edge of the open prairie. As far as they could see, the land rolled away in dull, green billows. The grass was short on the swells and tall in the sloughs. Herds of cattle were scattered from near at hand to where they barely speckled the horizon.

Uncle Charley gave Neil the lines.

"You drive slowly along," he said, "while I work the dogs over some of this ground."

Getting out of the wagon, gun in hand and cartridge-belt around his waist, he motioned to the man to loose the dogs,— two beautiful white and brown setters that knew just what he wanted them to do.

Neil drove slowly along over the grass, for they had left the road, he and Hugh watching Uncle Charley, who was walking briskly after the galloping dogs.

"Look at Don and Belt!" cried Hugh. "Did you ever see more beautiful dogs!"

Don was the larger dog, being tall and strong-limbed, while Belt was slender, nervous, and active. They ran in parallel lines some thirty yards apart, their heads well up and their silky, fringed tails waving like banners.

"Is n't it jolly!" exclaimed Neil, as his excitement overmastered him. "I never saw anything so fine!"

"If we only had guns," said Hugh, leaning over the side of the wagon, "how perfectly happy we would be!"

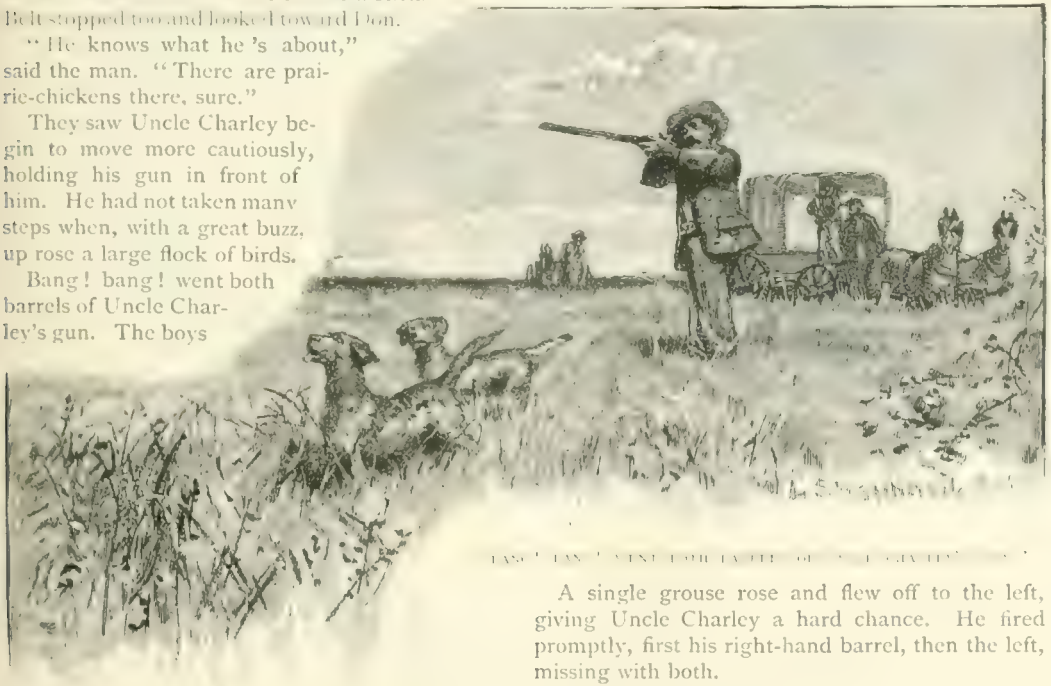
"Look at Don!" called the man from the camp-wagon.

The big dog had stopped suddenly with his head turned aside and his tail as stiff as a stick. Belt stopped too and looked toward Don.

"He knows what he 's about," said the man. "There are prairie-chickens there, sure."

They saw Uncle Charley begin to move more cautiously, holding his gun in front of him. He had not taken many steps when, with a great buzz, up rose a large flock of birds.

Bang! bang! went both barrels of Uncle Charley's gun. The boys



saw two of the birds tumble down. Hugh yelled like a young Indian, and jumping out of the wagon, ran to where Uncle Charley stood. Don retrieved one bird and Belt the other.

Neil wished to go and examine the game; but the horses were restless, and he could not leave them. Hugh brought the birds to the wagon, however, so Neil could see what fine, bright-feathered young prairie-cocks they were.

Uncle Charley had marked with his eye the spot where the rest of the flock had settled down in the grass, and so, motioning the dogs forward, he tramped away, reloading his gun as he went. Hugh climbed into the wagon again and Neil drove on.

"What is the naturalist's name for prairie-chicken, Neil?" said Hugh, holding up one of the birds by its wing.

"Pinnated grouse, or *Tetrao cupido*, is what scientific men call the bird," replied Neil, who was rather proud of his ornithological knowledge.

Soon Belt came to a stanch stand and Don "backed" him,—as the man in the wagon said,—that is, Don pointed because he saw Belt point.

Neil stopped the wagon to watch Uncle Charley "flush," or scare up the birds.

A single grouse rose and flew off to the left, giving Uncle Charley a hard chance. He fired promptly, first his right-hand barrel, then the left, missing with both.

"Well, well!" cried Hugh; "I could have killed that bird myself!"

Uncle Charley reloaded his gun, and walked on. Another and another bird buzzed up. Bang! bang!—one hit and one miss. The sport now grew intensely exciting. The grouse were just enough scattered to give the gunner a chance to flush them one at a time. When he came back to the wagon, he had eight birds, which, with the two already there, made ten in all.

The dogs had their tongues out, and were panting vigorously.

(To be continued.)

A Meeting on the Rail



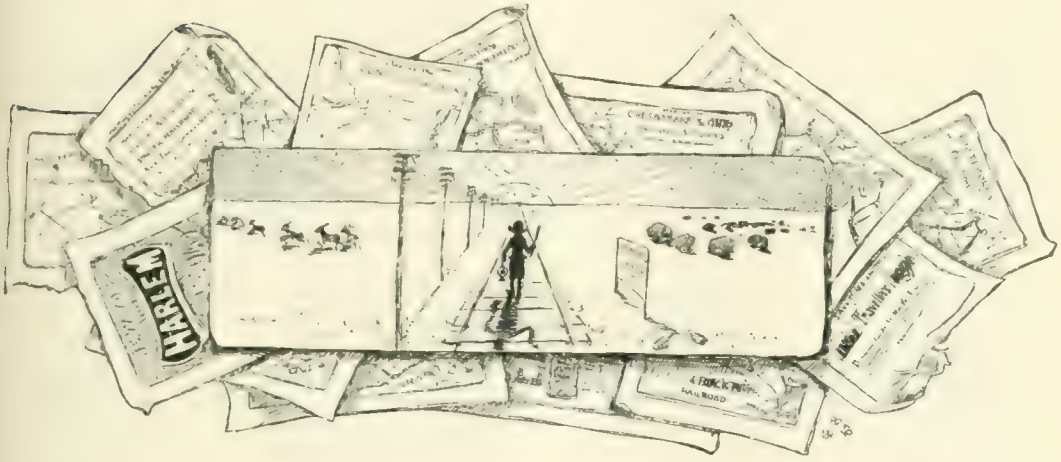
He was walking on the railroad, and the track he closely scanned,
With a red flag, neatly folded, and a lantern in his hand;
And, happening to pass him as I journeyed on my way,
We paused a moment to exchange the greetings of the day.

"My friend, will you inform me," in an anxious tone he said,
"If you have seen a broken rail or misplaced switch ahead?"
And, when I told him I had not, with wonder in my eye,
He showed his disappointment by a plaintive little sigh.

"I 'm a hero by profession," he proceeded to explain,
"And it 's always been the hobby of my life to save a train;
But, though I 've gone on foot across the continent and back,
I never yet have found a thing the matter with the track!

"[illegible] a red flag for the day-time and a lantern for the night.
[illegible] the very moment that the engine comes in sight!
But, in spite of my endeavors, it 's a melancholy fact
That I have n't had a chance yet to perform a noble act!"

And, bidding me good-bye, he slowly sauntered up the ties,
While downward at the shining rails he bent his eager eyes;
And now, whene'er in newspapers a hero's name I see,
[illegible] about my little friend and wonder if it 's he!



MAIDEN-HAIR.

By [illegible]

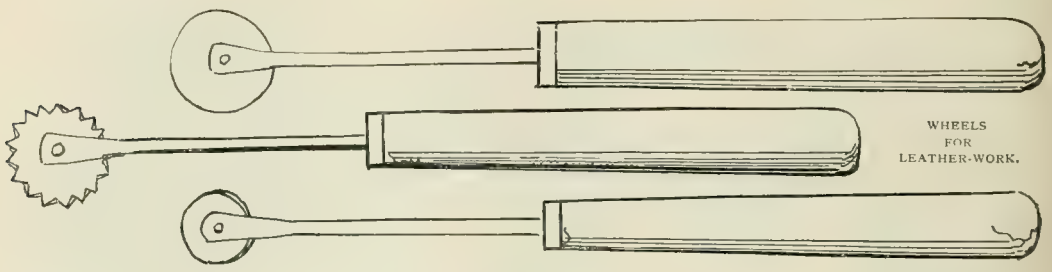
"What a beautiful plant!" said little Ned,
As he touched it with loving care;
"I never have seen it,—please tell me its name."
[illegible]: "Maiden-hair."

Ned laughed, as he looked at the pretty fern,
The name was so funny and new;
Then said, as he noticed the shiny stems:
"Why, here are the hair-pins, too!"

LEATHER-WORK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

By Charles G. Leland.

Mr. William Wells, in his work on the "Games and Songs of American Children," has observed that there are some sports which have their times and seasons, or which come and go. The same may be said of certain smaller arts. One of these is hammering cold brass, which has come into favor again after being forgotten; and another is leather-work. It is true that there have always been ladies who, in a small way, made bunches of grapes and flowers, and even covered boxes with wet leather, producing results the highest aim of which was to look almost like wood-carving.



WHEELS FOR LEATHER-WORK.

But leather-work, properly understood, is a beautiful art in itself, and makes no effort to imitate anything. And it embraces so much and is so varied, that one might almost as well attempt to tell in a few pages all that can be made with wood and how to make it, as with the skins of animals. But I can, in this space at least, describe what is done by children in the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia.

Leather has the property of becoming very soft when soaked in water, and growing hard when dried. It will become even harder if alum or salt be added to the water; but this is not necessary for ordinary work. Now, let us suppose that we have an old chair, and would like to cover the seat and back. Or it may be a table, or panels for a door or a cabinet, or the sides of a portfolio or album. Any flat surface whatever may be decorated with this flexible and plastic material. First, of course, get your leather, as Mrs. Glasse is said to have said, but did not say, of the hare in her own edition of her cookery. It may be had for from twenty-five cents up to eighty cents for a skin; but the kind for ordinary, average work generally sells in the cities at retail for from fifty to sixty cents. That which is colored costs from one to two and a half or three dollars, some of this being very beautiful. Those who want pieces, or less than a whole skin, can generally buy them of book-binders, or book-binders' furnishers. They should pick out the thickest.

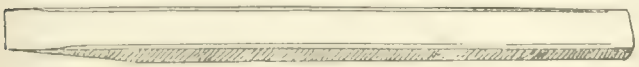
Hard leather should be soaked a long time. Well-tanned English leather may be kept in water for hours; the ordinary American sheep-skin, such as beginners use, may be wet with a sponge while working, and, in fact, need not be put into the tub at all. Salt and alum are usually dispensed with in simple sheet stamping. When used it should be so as to make a strong solution, say a tea-spoonful of powder to a pint of water.

Pupils must not expect — as almost all do — to make a perfect work of art at a first attempt. There must be some experimenting. The soaking, for instance, must depend on the thickness of the leather.

Do not choose bright-colored and thin leather. It will not take a deep impression, and it will get soiled easily.

For tools, you will want certain small wheels set in handles. Two of these can be had at every shoe-makers' furnisher's. One is the *dot-wheel*, which is like a very thin dime with a milled edge; another is like a *thick* dime; and a third is the pattern, or prick, wheel, like the spur-rowel. These cost twenty-five cents each. They generally have, on either side of the wheel, a square "shoulder," which should be filed down to keep it from bearing into the leather. It is advisable to have one very small wheel made, one-third or one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and set in a handle. This is useful for small curves. What are called flower-wheels, or those with ornaments on them, used by shoe-makers, are also cheap and useful. In time, the pupil will use the large and expensive tooling

wheels and other implements of the book-binder. But what I am now describing is the cheap and easy process once followed in Europe of old, in the days when there was more *art* and less machinery, finish, and expense than at present.

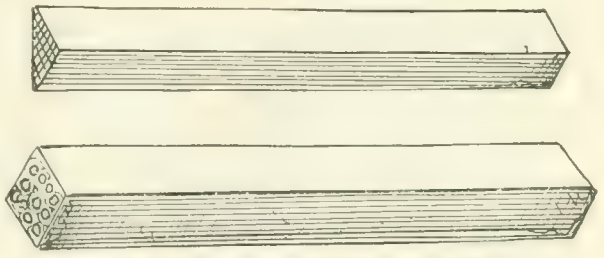


It may happen, however, that the wheeled tools for marking out can not be readily obtained or made. In this case, take a smooth-edged tracing-tool, or tracer, such as is used for metal work. It looks like a large thick nail without a head, but it is made of steel, and the point has an edge exactly like that of a screw-driver. With a little extra pains, all that can be done with the wheel can be effected quite as well with this, the object being simply to mark smooth and deep lines into the wet leather. It is easy to do this with a wheel which rolls over the leather and, at the same time, presses down; it is almost as easy to run the polished edge of a metal tracer along it, but edges of many tools of other substances will catch in the fiber and pull it. While the wheel is a little easier for a beginner to work with and to run perfectly even lines, the tracer can be used to turn corners and make curves which no wheel can describe.

It is, therefore, advisable that every leather-worker should not only have a tracer, but practice with it on waste leather until he or she can, at will, mark out a pattern as easily as with a pen or pencil. This tool should cost from twenty to thirty cents.

The next tools needed are the stamps, corresponding exactly to the mats used to indent, or roughen and depress, the background in *repoussé* or sheet-metal work. These, however, are rougher or deeper, so that when pressed on wet leather they make a mark, or surface, like that of morocco. An ingenious person can cut a stamp out of any piece of hard wood. A very good one is sometimes made, as for modeling in clay, by breaking a pine stick in two and leveling the points somewhat with a penknife. A very important tool is a flexible ivory or horn paper-knife; or, better still, and indeed far better, a peculiar paper-knife made of india rubber, round at one end and pointed at the other, which may be found in a few shops for ten cents. The use of the flat blade is to smooth out mistakes in the wet leather. With the edge of a very smooth knife, a pattern may be marked out almost as well as with a wheel. It is possible, therefore, for a really ingenious and skillful worker to make a piece of leather-work with only a paper-knife and a stick notched across the ends; and there is in our school a really well-executed panel made with nothing else.

Having these, you may begin work. Draw your pattern on any kind of paper. Take the leather and soak it, then cut it to the size required and stretch it on a board. A bread-board, costing from thirty to fifty cents, made in three pieces of greenish-yellow-colored poplar, is the least liable of all to warp. If you use any other board, it must have pieces nailed to the back. Poplar resists water. Tack the leather on the edges, but do not stretch it *too* tightly. If it were tight like a drum, it would draw the pattern out. Lay the paper on the wet leather, after wiping the latter dry with a towel, and then go over it with the prick-wheel, just hard enough to prick through the paper, but not through the leather. Remove the paper and the design will be found dotted in the skin. Now take the wheel with a smooth edge like a dime, or the tracer, and tool all the pattern. This is exactly like outlining in *repoussé*. Then, with a stamp and hammer, indent all the ground. You



STAMPS OR MATS FOR INDENTING THE GROUND



INDIA RUBBER PAPER KNIFE, USED AS A SMOOTHER.

may finish by going over the outline with a dot-wheel, or else with the smooth-wheel, or tracer, bearing on very strongly.

When it is dry you may, with good black ink, or any dye which accords with the leather, paint the pattern all over. If it is to be merely blackened, the simplest method is to go over the whole with ebonizing varnish, which is, when dry, perfectly flexible, and does not crack or peel off. It can be used by itself on the leather; and in that case, the color will be of a very deep rich brown. Leather, to be used for *portières*, hangings, and door-panels, may be treated in this way with all dyes, or painted, as was once very common. I have an old German book, the cover of which has been thus colored and varnished.

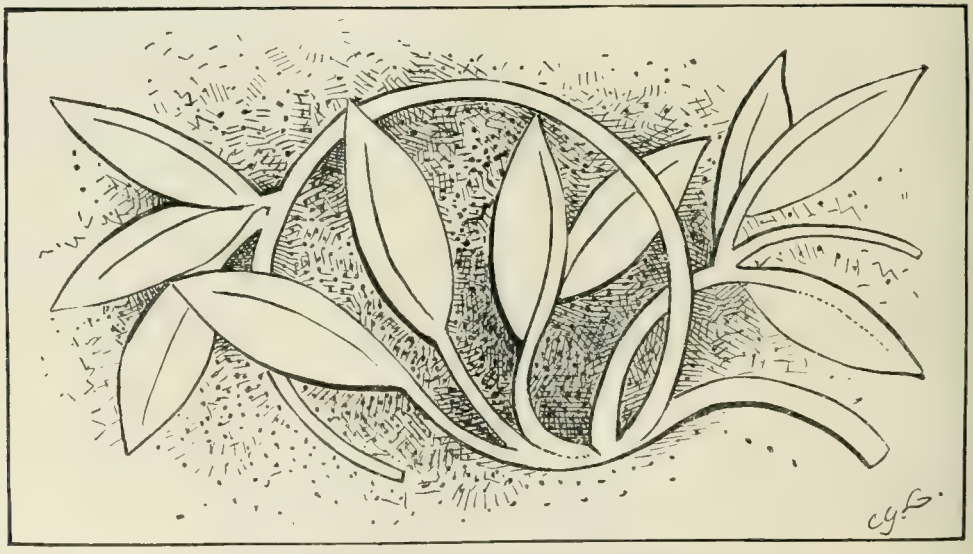


DESIGN FOR A LEATHER CHAIR-SEAT.

When finished, the outline may be gilt in the ordinary way with leaf or, if this be beyond the artist's power, by taking any good gold ink and, with a very finely pointed small brush, painting in all the outlines. Then take the dot-wheel and go over it all again. The result will be that the gold will all be in lines of dots.

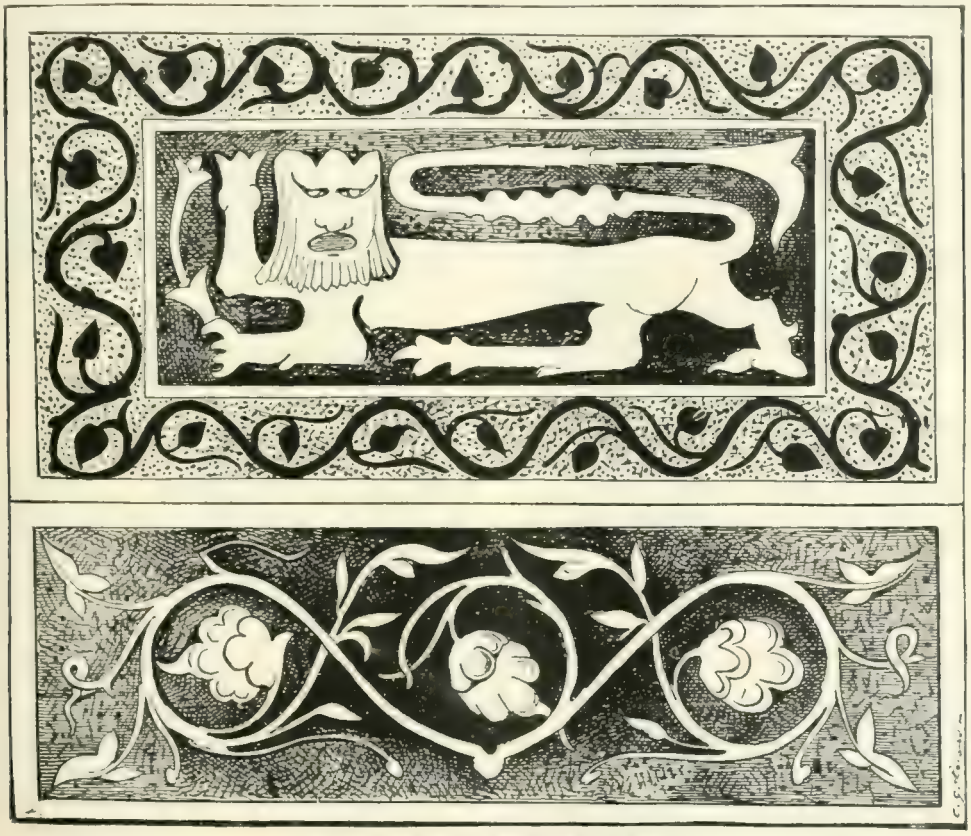
Another way to stamp the leather is to take a panel of wood, and with gouges carve on it a sunken, or incised, pattern. This is easier to do, with a few hours' practice, than one would suppose. Then, with a dry sponge and the fingers, carefully press the wet leather down into the mold. When dry, it may be "served up plain" or colored and gilded. With a single mold you may print off as many impressions as you may need. Tack them on seasoned panels. They may be used for decorating walls, doors, furniture, or, indeed, any plain surface.

Another way to make these sheets is to have two molds cast in plaster of Paris, one in intaglio, or sunken, the other in relief, exactly fitting it. They must be perfectly dried, and then oiled and dried by gentle heat more than once. The wet leather is laid between them. In most cases the upper mold, in relief, may be dispensed with.



PATTERN FOR A FIRST EASY LESSON IN LEATHER-WORK.

The thicker the leather is, the deeper the relief may be. In this, as in all the minor arts, it is, of course, advisable to "finish off" as neatly as possible; but it is far more important to have good designs and show the free and confident touch of an artist. The very great majority of people prefer more *finish*, as in machine-made work, to autographic or, as I may say, *autochiric* touch, which is that which shows the hand of the worker. In the great ages of art, when it was shown in everything, elegant design and autochirism, or the evidence of the hand itself, were most prized. To work *well*, it is not necessary to have many and expensive tools and costly material; but to do the best you can with what you have.



PATTERN FOR THE LID AND SIDE OF A BOX.

There is another kind of sheet-leather work called mosaic, or *appliqué*. This consists in cutting out patterns of thin, colored leather, and pasting or gumming them on the ground. Then, the ground and pattern at the edge being slightly wet, the edge is to be tooled down into the leather with the wheel, which has an edge like a dime. If this is done with great care, it will be impossible to detect any joining, particularly if the edge be gilt. As regards wetting down, I may observe that, if possible, the whole pattern should be worked off at one sitting, or while the leather is wet. But if this can not be done, then keep a clean sponge and a small basin of clean water by you, and dampen the leather as you work.

Every book-binder has waste pieces of colored leather which may be used for mosaic. The smallest bits may be used for leaves, ornaments, or portions of work, since, when pasted on, the seams hardly show, and in large work, as for door-panels, this is of no consequence. If you intend to produce duplicate work, it will be often worth while to have some ornamental patterns cut out of tin or sheet-brass. You can then, with scissors or penknife, cut them out by the stencil. It is not difficult to learn to design patterns. I have known many young ladies to insist that they could *never* learn to do so, who, in a few weeks, succeeded in producing very elegant and original ornaments. Any child of ten or twelve years can soon be taught to combine certain ornaments, so

as to make borders or frames, and then to construct these ornaments on curves. I knew one who, after insisting that she could never learn to design, was induced to try. Between the first of November and the end of May, she not only learned to design and draw, but also to carve oak panels and work in leather. The first thing she designed and executed in leather was a beautiful box in mosaic.

To make such a box, get it first in pine, cherry, or poplar, and then cover it neatly with paper, pasted all over. Then work the leather as I have explained, and paste it on with book-binder's paste. This is made by boiling flour and water, adding a table-spoonful of powdered alum to a cupful of paste, and stirring it constantly while boiling. It will be better to use it about twenty-four hours after boiling. Stir it once or twice every day. A little thin liquid-glue well mixed in will give it greater strength.

To work leather in relief, or to make vases, figures, and similar ornaments, is much more difficult than on the flat sheet. Those who have, however, learned the former will find little difficulty with the latter. For descriptions of these more advanced processes, I refer the reader to a little Manual of Leather-work, written by me and published by the Art Interchange Company, 140 Nassau street, New York; price 35 cents, by mail. It should be borne in mind that any kind of pattern for any work may be adapted to leather. It has a great deal in common with *repoussé* and panel wood-carving. In both, the object is to bring out a pattern on a plane surface in relief, and to indent the background. In conclusion, let me say that, of all the minor arts, leather-work is perhaps the easiest, and requires in proportion to its results the least outlay. With a tracer, a stamp, a hammer and a piece of leather, all costing together not more than a dollar, one can make the cover for a chair seat or back, which ought to be worth at least twice as much. No one should, however, begin by attempting to make a finished and elegant piece of work at the first effort, as I am sorry to say too many amateurs do. There should be in leather, as in brass-work, much preliminary practice in running lines, until a perfect command of the tracer or, in leather, the wheel is attained.

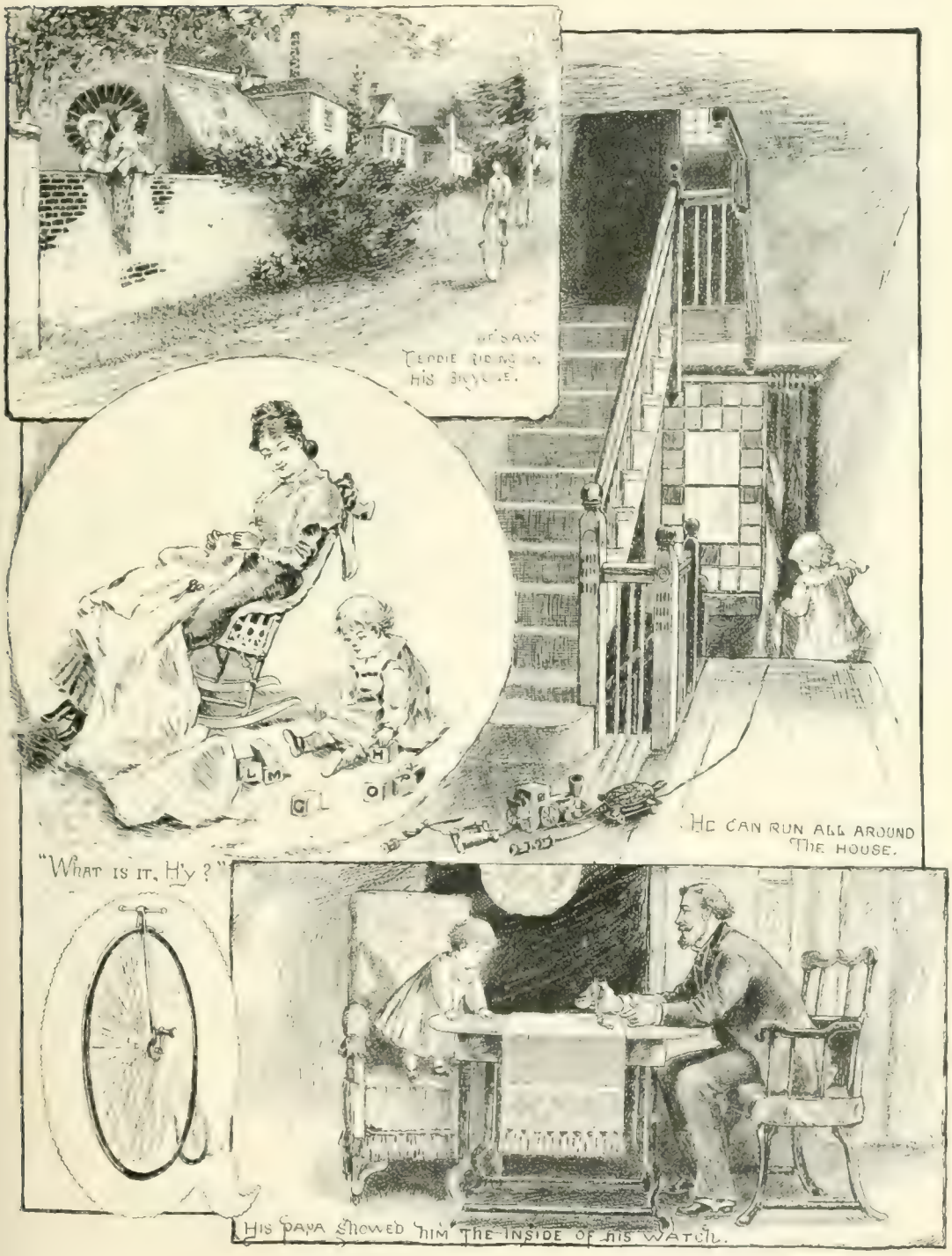
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

THE LITTLE BOY WE CALL "H'Y."

We call him "H'y" for short. He is a year and a half old. He can run all around the house. We think he is a won-der-ful boy. He says very fun-ny things, and some very big words. "H'y's" mamma showed him the inside of the tall clock, and told him about the pen-du-lum. One day his papa showed him the inside of his watch, and when he saw the little wheel go back and forth he cried out: "Oh, papa! papa! pen-du-lum!"

Then, too, he saw Teddie riding on his bi-cy-cle, one morning. A few days later, "H'y" was playing with his blocks. He knew O and T, and he called H "baby's letter," because his name begins with H; but he had not learned Q. His mamma sat in an arm-chair near him, and she saw him looking for a long time at the block that had Q on it. At last she said: "What is it, 'H'y?'"

"H'y" looked up and laughed, and said:—"Bi-cy-cle!"


WE SAW
TEDDIE RIDING
HIS BICYCLE.
HE CAN RUN ALL AROUND
THE HOUSE.
"WHAT IS IT, H'y?"
HIS PAPA SHOWED HIM THE INSIDE OF HIS WATCH.

BY ROYAL AND PARR HILL.



When you search the starry skies,
The Twins you will not find;
For they 're racing with the Sun,
Or hanging on behind.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Thur.	6	Cancer	11.57	May Day.
2	Fri.	7	Leo	11.57	☾ near Mars.
3	Sat.	8	Sextant	11.57	Thomas Hood, died 1845.
4	☥	9	Leo	11.57	3d Sunday after Easter.
5	Mon.	10	Virgo	11.56	Nap. Bonaparte, d. 1821.
6	Tues.	11	"	11.56	
7	Wed.	12	"	11.56	☾ near Spica.
8	Thur.	13	Libra	11.56	
9	Fri.	FULL	"	11.56	
10	Sat.	15	Scorpio	11.56	
11	☥	16	Ophiuch	11.56	4th Sunday after Easter.
12	Mon.	17	"	11.56	
13	Tues.	18	Sagitt.	11.56	Maria Theresa, b. 1717.
14	Wed.	19	"	11.56	
15	Thur.	20	Capri.	11.56	☾ very close to bright star.
16	Fri.	21	Aqua.	11.56	
17	Sat.	22	"	11.56	Edward Jenner, b. 1749.
18	☥	23	"	11.56	Rogation Sunday.
19	Mon.	24	Pisces	11 56	Nat. Hawthorne, d. 1864.
20	Tues.	25	"	11.56	Columbus, d. 1506.
21	Wed.	26	"	11.56	
22	Thur.	27		11.56	Ascension Day.
23	Fri.	28		11.57	
24	Sat.	NEW		11.57	Queen Victoria, b. 1819.
25	☥	1		11.57	Sunday after Ascension.
26	Mon.	2		11.57	
27	Tues.	3	Gemini	11.57	☾ near Venus.
28	Wed.	4	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter. [eral days.
29	Thur.	5	Cancer	11.57	Venus near Twins for sev-
30	Fri.	6	Sextant	11.57	Decoration Day. ☾ near
31	Sat.	7	Leo	11.58	[Mars.

Sport for the Month.

It 's the very time and season,
For the merry bounding ball;
Toss it, bat it, kick it, pat it,
All you boys, with whoop and call.

Evening Skies for Young Astronomers.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

MAY 15th, 8 30 P M.

VENUS is now a lovely object in the west; on the 4th of June she will be at her brightest. She has left the constellation of *The Bull*, and is now in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, and not far from Castor and Pollux. SATURN has set: he is so near the Sun that he is not noticeable even after the Sun has gone down. MARS is near Regulus in the south-west, but has lost the brightness that made him so conspicuous in February. You will know him by his red color. JUPITER now occupies the very spot he covered in January, near Castor and Pollux. Regulus, the star of *Leo*, is now more than two hours to the west of our south mark. Spica in *Virgo* is one hour to the east of it, and will be due south at a quarter to ten o'clock. Exactly in the south, rather low down, we can see a group of four quite conspicuous stars, forming a four-sided figure. These are in the constellation of *Corvus*, or *The Crow*. Arcturus is now very high up in the south-east.

We can now take another step in tracing the course of the Sun among the stars. Remembering that on the 20th of August he is exactly where we now see Regulus, we can trace his path to the 15th of October, when he will be very near, but a little higher than, Spica, the star of *The Virgin*. Remember, also, how high up we looked in January to his summer course between *Taurus* and *Gemini*, and now notice how much lower in the sky Spica is. But we shall trace him to his winter quarters still lower.

"JACK FROST" AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

"I 'M Queen of the May!" said a proud Cherry-tree, who was arrayed in bridal white. "I 'm the first comer, and have left all my sisters far behind me."

"You may be Queen," said "Jack Frost," as he gave her a sharp nip, "but I am still King."

"Well!" said the Cherry-tree, as she viewed with dismay the withered remains of her bridal veil, "this is the first time I ever took Time by the forelock, and I wish I had given him a good pull for getting me into such a scrape. I shall have to call all my blossoms in, and begin over again. Another time I will remember that 'Haste makes Waste.'"

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,— those of constellations in italics.



"GOOD-BYE, April!" cried May's pretty voice, as she came dancing in with a great bunch of flowers in her hand, "I've such a lovely white wreath for the May Queen, and all sorts of bright, sweet things for you, Mother Nature. Everything looks beautiful — the brooks are all in tune, and your garden is fairly beginning to smile.

"Yes, my pretty May," said Dame Nature, "I 'm right glad to see you back again to help me with it. This is a busy time with me, you know; but I feel quite light-hearted the minute I catch the first waft of fragrance that announces your coming, my pretty Blossom Queen. I wish you 'd give your attention to the dandelions; for some reason, they are lazy this year. Stir them up a bit; they wont bite, you know. The blossoms are all waiting for your smile, and there 's plenty of dainty work for you to do, my dear."

"Well," said May, "I 'll do my best; but what with May Day at one end of my visit, and Decoration Day at the other, I 've been hard worked of late years, and don't feel quite so gay as I once did. Is it possible that I 'm getting old?" And, peeping into a brook to see, pretty May tossed her head at the lovely image she saw there, until the flowers came showering down from her hair, and then she laughed softly to herself,— a happy laugh in which one could hear the trill of the robin and the bluebird.

MAY SONG.

BLOSSOMS on the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the hedges,
Blossoms by the way-side,
Blossoms in the sedges;
Blossoms of the cherry,
Blossoms of the peach,
Blossoms of the apple,
Falling each by each.

In the fragrant shower,
I stand beneath the trees,
While all about me bloweth
The balmy, soft May breeze.
Winter is forgotten,
Gentle Spring is here,
And the lovely Summer
Now is drawing near.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MAKE your best bows and curtseys to the Lady May, my beloved. Here she comes, tripping to the song of birds, her green robes floating about her as she sprinkles the woods with flowers, festoons the fruit-trees with blossoms, and touches up the early gardens here and there. Heaven bless her! dear, sweet, happy Lady May — the darling of the year!

Now let me ask you, one and all, this question:

HOW MANY FLOWERS IN A DAISY?

DID ever you count the flowers in a common field daisy? It would be a difficult task, but not an impossible one. Last season, I loved to watch a group of fine, white, yellow-centered daisies, nodding near my pulpit; and I was surprised to see how many flowers each of them carried. If now or later in the season you have courage to look a daisy in the face and ask it how many flowers it has, you, too, may be astonished at the reply.

Now, who can read me this botanical riddle?

These dear little beauties, known as marguerites in some quarters, are not to be found in our bleak Northern fields just yet; but I 'm told that they are raised in many sunny homes, and also that men grow them in hot-houses and sell them for a few cents a bunch.

HER "BRAW NEW CLAES."

A GOOD friend of yours, L. A. W. Shackelford, sends this pretty rhyme, which all my Scotch hearers will enjoy at first hearing, though some o' my wee American bairns may not ken the meanin' o' its odd words. Ah, well! the dear Little School-ma'am will help them, as she always is ready to do.

Find the mate to this little star,* my chicks (or, perhaps I should say, my little eaglets, as I am addressing Young Americans especially), and you will come upon a something that may help you to enjoy this bonnie song:

Oh! sing wi' me, little birdies flitt'n thro' the air!
An' ye jolly win's hummin' owre the glens an' the braes!
Jimp wi' me, kittlins, while I 'm jimpin' ev'rywhere,
For the cranreuch has bro't me some braw new claes!

I ha'e a dainty bonnet, full o' ribbans an' a feather,—
Some stripit-sheld stockins, an' siller-buckled shoon.
An' a soft bright plaidie, a' fixit up thegether
Wi' braid, an' wi' buttons roun', an' sheeny as the moon.

An' soon the bonnie snaw will be heapit owre the groun';
An' the worl' will be a ringin' wi' the skates an' the sleighs;
An' I shall gae sklentin' an' scrievin' up an' down,
As happy as a robbin i' my braw new claes.

* *Wee*, little,—*bairns*, children. 1st stanza: *Braw*, fine, handsome,—*claes*, clothes,—*wi'*, with,—*flitt'n*, flitting,—*thro'*, through,—*an'*, and, *win's*, winds,—*hummin'*, humming,—*owre*, over,—*braes*, declivities, precipices, the slopes of hills,—*jimp*, jump,—*kittlins*, kittens,—*cranreuch*, hoar frost, white frost,—*bro't*, brought.
2d stanza: *Ha'e*, have,—*o'*, of,—*ribbans*, ribbons,—*stripit-sheld*, striped and speckled,—*siller-buckled shoon*, silver-buckled shoes,—*plaidie*, a plaid, a loose outer garment,—*a'*, all,—*fixit*, fixed,—*thegether*, together,—*roun'*, round,—*sheeny*, shiny.
3d stanza: *Bonnie snaw*, pretty snow,—*heapit owre the groun'*, heaped over the ground,—*worl'*, world,—*gae*, go,—*sklentin'*, *sklenting*, running aslant,—*scrieve*, to glide swiftly along,—*i'*, in.

THE ARTILLERY FERN.

MY birds bring me wonderful accounts of affairs in plant life, but nothing that surprises me more than the actions of the Artillery Fern, as described by the dear Little School-ma'am, who, it appears, has found an account of one of the plants in a newspaper. Have any of my chicks ever seen one of these ferns fire itself off?

This is what the newspaper says of it:

— The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florist's greenhouses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seed, be dipped in water and then held up to the light, there soon will occur a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack, thowing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another, and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open, they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess a rare and delicate beauty.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!

HERE is a true story from a respected correspondent, which quite surpasses Mother Goose's fanciful account of the mouse that ran up the clock and then ran down again:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some weeks ago, a certain piano was very carelessly left open for a whole day and two nights, while the responsible members of the family were out of the house. A lady visitor, on the evening before she intended to depart, left upon the open piano a ball of red worsted, and the stripe of an Afghan, which she was making. When she returned, forty-eight hours afterward, and entered the parlor with several members of the family, the sight that greeted them was astounding.

A large hole, and several smaller ones, had been made in the piano cover — the ball of worsted was half gone, and the Afghan stripe was a complete wreck! This was very mysterious. "Could it have been rats? A mouse could scarcely make off with so much," said one and all.

A few days later a large rat was caught. Here, it was thought,

was the solution of the mystery. But no power to follow. The owner of the Angora cat, again to the rescue, quickly bore away, and the [illegible] Oh, what a [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] What [illegible] Dear Aunt Jack can throw some light upon [illegible] Mamma exclaimed, suddenly, and, [illegible] into the corner from which the odor proceeded. Presently was [illegible] silk (no child had stolen those balls, after all), and in it were five tiny [illegible]

After [illegible] her one surviving young one in her mouth. She was struck at, and being forced to drop the little one, ran back. But finally she ventured out again, and was caught.

And what do you suppose made her select those balls above every other article in the room? To obtain them, she must have run right up the wall, which, fortunately for her, was of rough plaster. But this she certainly did; for, behind a large picture on the wall, over the piano, was found the rest of the worsted and silk, where the nest evidently had been first begun, and then abandoned.

Some people may consider this almost too strange a story to be believed, but it is strictly true in every particular.

From one of your most faithful readers, H.

INSECTS TILTING.

OUR friend, Mr. C. F. Holder, sends us another queer story, with a picture showing a pretty "see-saw":

Dear [illegible] insects and various animals engaged in games and sports that did not differ greatly from some of those which children play. Once I saw two ants who were having a mock battle; another time two bugs were detected in a veritable game of tag, hiding behind twigs and leaves, [illegible] I [illegible] a [illegible] play [illegible]

With this I send you a picture showing a game of see-saw, which, though probably accidental, really occurred. A toad-stool that grew in a damp spot beside the walk, formed the rest, and across it had blown a spear of hay or grass, so that it almost balanced. While the spear was thus balanced, a butterfly came sailing along, and seeing the inviting roost, alighted for a moment's rest. But a moment later a comical green grasshopper, with two long waving whiskers, [illegible] down, and, as he advanced up the spear, he was in turn raised into the air by the butterfly. In this way, [illegible] tilt was had; but the butterfly, becoming alarmed at the approach of its curious neighbor, soon flew away, and up went its end of the see-saw, throwing the grasshopper sprawling into the air, and effectually breaking up the game.



THE LETTER-BOX.

3 PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, LONDON, Feb 2d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a little letter to tell you I like you very much; I have taken you since 1881, and I have you bound every year. My papa buys you for me each month, because I work hard at my studies. Bessie L. wants to know how to use her Christmas cards; she can make a very pretty folding door-screen about 5 feet high; if the canvas is painted black and varnished, the cards look very well upon it. She can also make fans, and tables for the drawing-room which look very pretty. I am eleven years of age, and when I am twelve, Mamma wants me to make her a screen for her dining-room with my Christmas and birthday cards. I have seen some, and they look very pretty. I hope you will publish this letter from your little English friend, FLORRIE B.

NEW YORK CITY, March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in "The Land of Fire," by Captain Reid, and also in the "Spinning-wheel Stories." I like all Miss Alcott's works, and I hope she will write a good many stories for this book. I have taken you for three or four years, and I like you very much better than any other magazine I have ever read. I am so sorry "Girl-Noblesse" is to be concluded in the next number. I like it very much.

Your constant reader, JOSIE V.

Miss Alcott will contribute a "Spinning-Wheel" story to each number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884.

114 WARREN AVE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your jolly good magazine for March has come, and we enjoy it very much. My little sister, five years old, is singing around the house about "The Amiable Ape who Lived on the African Cape."

I go to school where there are twenty-four hundred (2400) children, but there are only sixty in our room, so we don't realize that there are so many in the school.

I am eight years old, and Mamma is writing for me because I make such a mess when I write, as I do to my Grandma, who is the dearest, sweetest Grandma in the world.

Please give my love to Miss Louisa Alcott and the "Amiable Ape" lady. Your little friend, N. CLINTON T.

HARTFORD, CONN., March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you this letter to-day, in hopes it will be in the "Letter-Box" in a little while. It is the first one I ever wrote, but I have thought of doing it many times. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS four years, and so has a little girl that lives across the street from me. We have nice times together in the summer, and often take our ST. NICHOLASES out and read them under the trees. I am very much pleased with the ST NICHOLAS. I must not make my letter any longer, although I would like to.

Your loving reader, MABEL B. D.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., February 29th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Harper's Ferry. I don't know but one little girl here, so I am always glad to get you every month. I think you are the nicest book I ever saw. I have no sisters, only three brothers. I am ten years old. I certainly did like that story in the March number called "Wong Ning's Ideas"; it was so funny. We have beautiful scenery here; there are mountains all around us, and John Brown's Fort is here, too. I spend the summer out in the country at my aunt's; in the winter I stay at home. We have a governess to teach us. We look forward with great pleasure to your coming every month. Your constant reader,

ANNA LOVE R.

GERMANTOWN, COLUSA CO., CAL., February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our public school has been taking you just a month; we all enjoy reading the nice stories and letters in you. In our school there are thirty-six scholars; we have a nice large play-ground, and we play different games at recesses. I live two miles from our school.

We have had a great deal of rain, and it snowed very hard in the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains; it is a perfectly beautiful sight in the morning to see the clear blue mountains covered with snow.

I have no sisters nor brothers, so I have a little friend staying with me: she has been with me nearly four years; she goes to school with me; we are in the same class. I must close now, for I am afraid this letter will be too long to be printed.

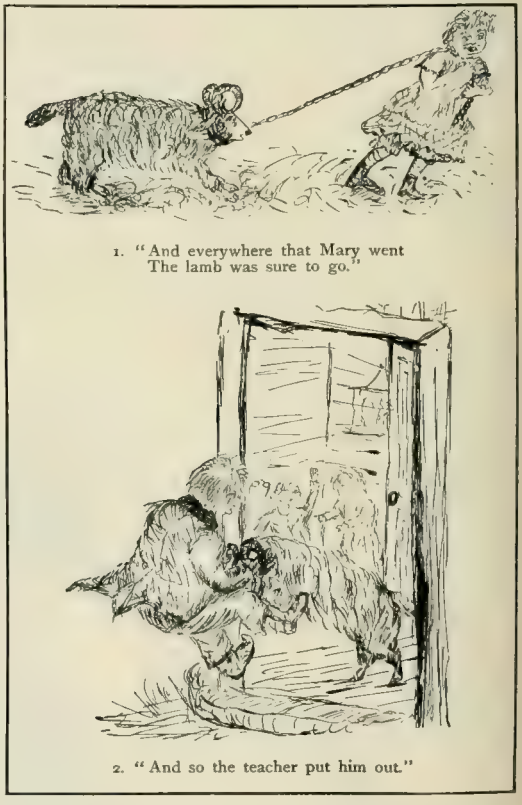
Your little friend, LAURA C. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Baltimore boy, whose papa has read ST. NICHOLAS to him for four years. I have a puzzle for other little boys to guess. I was born on the 5th of December, 1871, and I have had two more birthdays than my dear mamma. Can any of your readers tell me how old mamma is?

Yours truly, E. S. T.

Baltimore, Feb. 9, 1884.

A NAUGHTY young contributor sends us these two sketches, which he calls a "'respectful perversion' of three lines from 'Mary and Her Little Lamb'":



1. "And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

2. "And so the teacher put him out."

HERE comes another young contributor—Almeda H. Curtis—with a little novelette:

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT MIND PICKING OVER THE RAISINS.

GRACIE HALL was eleven years old. She was a real nice little girl, only she *did* love raisins. Now, you want to know what that had to do with her being a nice little girl; well, I will tell you.

Her mamma was making a cake for her to take to a surprise party the next day, and Gracie was reading a very interesting

story-book she got last Christmas. "Gracie, want to pick over some raisins for mamma, like a good little girl?" "I don't mind," said Gracie. When she was through, she handed them to her mamma to put in the cake. "Are those all there are," said mamma. "Yes, ma'am," said Gracie. "Did you eat any of them, Gracie?" "Only a few, Mamma, only a few." "How often did you eat them?" Gracie said: "I ate only one out of every five."

Mamma said no more; but when she asked Gracie to pick over raisins after that, Gracie did not say, "I don't mind," but did them without saying anything.

And here is a juvenile bard who sends us some rhymes about

THE SWALLOW AND HER NEST.

The rain is gone, the sun shines here,
Fields of green grass do now appear,
But some small part is still brown and sere.

The swallow, from her nest in the wall,
Doth twet and chirp and say to all,
"This is *my* nest, look here, look here,
But you must not touch the eggs you see,
For they are my pride and property."

Four slender eggs all white are spotted,
Partly with brown specks — they all are dotted.

The swallow is a bird that is ever on the wing,
And, like all happy birds, they sometimes sing;

But not on the ground, for that is not their way,
Though they do, more or less, I have heard people say.

Their nest is made up of mud or clay,
And they add to it faithfully day by day;
They carry earth and grass all the day long,
And don't get tired of their work or song.

W. B. J.

We fear that W. B. J. got a little tired of *his* song toward the end of it.

CHILLICOTHE, MO., February 14th, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years; I love it very much. My mamma died last Spring, so my aunty keeps house for us. I have a very dear teacher that comes to our house to teach us, and I love her very much. I have a little brother and sister. Arthur is nine and Effie is six years old. You remember the Fan Brigade in ST. NICHOLAS two or three years ago. We had a fair last fall with the operetta of Red Riding Hood. It was very nice, and we made about one hundred dollars. I have a pet pony whose name is Daisy. She is jet black. I taught her to canter. In the summer I ride her very often. I have a side-saddle, and a riding-habit which a very dear friend made for me. I wish you would print this letter, as it is the first one I have written. Your little friend, MINA H.

Leonard Sparrow, Emma H., Grace M. Hall, Alice M. H., May A., Willie D. Sanders, Cora Haseltine, Katy Sage, P. B., J. Allen Montgomery, L. B., Mary Halvern, Ettie Cohen, Mabel M. Reed, Cora L. Abbott, Edward Cottrell, Annie L. Wait, Ella Grant, H. L. Smith, Annie Ward, Gwennie Ward, Mabel G. Thelwall, Margaret G. Anderson, E. J. S., Nellie S. T. W., Nina B. and Elaine M., Annah E. Jacobs, Archie V. Thomson, Mabel Kellogg, F. S. Arnold, Wynford K. Steele, Albert Pearson, George H. Palmer, George Pulaski, Bessie Rhodes, Miss Katie C. Chamberlain, Florence Montgomery, Mary E. Evans, Edna S. Rockwell, Lizzie Baker, Bertha T., A Friend, Flora Derwent, Florence H., Marian Pyott, Annie A. C., Moina M. Sandford, Bessie MacDougal, Mabel Cholwell-Miller, Lillie H., Agnes Thorne, A. L. T., C. A. Elsberg, Bessie R., Grace H., Lulu Lindsay, Minnie Bush, B. P. P., Willie Thomas, Maude O., Edith C., Irene Hanson, Aubrey G. Maguire, F. H., Guendoline O'Brien, Gustavus Pauls, Ed. V. Shipsey, Edward S. Wilson, George Bullard, Mabel Palmer, Bentra M. Shelley, Edgar S. Banta, Margaret W. Leighton: We must thank you all, dear boys and girls, for your hearty letters, and say how much we should like to print every one of them; but there is not room for even the briefest.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — THIRTY SEVENTH REPORT.

VERY gratifying is it to report a larger number of new Chapters this month than in any previous month in the history of the "A. A." There has been, on an average, one new Chapter every day but Sundays. Why should we not have a branch in every city and village in the United States? All are invited, young and old.

Prof. G. Howard Parker's report on the class in Entomology is given this month, and further particulars regarding the general meeting in Nashua next September.

It has been decided to print a new edition of the Handbook, in cloth; but it can hardly be ready before June, and we defer any description of it for the present.

The following kind letter will delight our young bird-students:

Dear Sir: I shall be happy to aid the "A. A.," to the best of my ability, in ornithological matters.

Truly yours, ARTHUR P. CHADBOURNE,
21 Buckingham St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
575	Spencer, Mass. (A)	7	Mrs. May Field.
576	Hadley, Mass. (A)	6.	Miss Mary A. Cook.
577	Rochester, N. Y. (C)	5	Charles Bissell.
578	Osceola, Iowa (A)	8.	Harlan Richards.
579	Roxbury, N. Y. (A)	5	Henry G. Cartwright.
580	So. Boston, Mass. (C)	5	F. M. Spalding, 777 B'dway.
581	Urbana, Ohio (B)	7	Edward Stockbarger.
582	Germantown, Pa. (D)	4	Miss Ada M. Wheeler, 127 W. Pa. St.
583	Chicago, Ill. (R)	6	C. F. Hare, 3 Drexel Ave.
584	Colorado Springs, Col. (A)	4	Mrs. E. E. M. Mills.
585	Buffalo, N. Y. (I)	6.	Francis M. Moody, 187 North Pearl St.
586	Lowell, Mass. (C)	6.	H. C. Raynes, 36 Lawrence St.
587	Concord, N. H. (A)	4.	Miss Lunette E. Lamprey.
588	Chicago, Ill. (S)	8.	W. A. Wilkins, 41 Aldine Sq.
589	Cleveland, Ohio (B)	5	H. Bert Crowl, 501 Franklin Ave.
590	Pomfret Centre, Conn. (A)	4.	Mrs. S. O. Marsh.
591	Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. (A)	6.	Miss Winnie Smith.
592	New York, N. Y. (P)	4	C. A. Elsberg, 1101 Lexington Ave.
593	Brookline, Mass. (A)	6	Geo. L. Briggs.
594	No. Granville, N. Y. (A)	6.	James E. Rice.
595	Oneonta, N. Y. (A)	4.	Miss Jessie E. Jenks.
596	Chicago, Ill. (T)	5	Byron W. Peck, 334 E. Indiana.
597	Lawrence, Kansas (B)	5	Albert Garrett.
598	St. George's Hall (A)	12	Mrs. Mary B. Kinear, Reistertown P. O., Maryland.
599	Bethlehem, Pa. (B)	4	Eric Doolittle.
600	Galveston, Texas (A)	5	Philip C. Tucker, Jr.

EXCHANGES.

Birch bark, magnetic sand, gypsum, pressed ferns, and autumn leaves, for sea-shells, foreign coins, and ores. — Harvey Sawyer, Ludington, Mich.

2000 silk-worms, for Polyphemus cocoons. — Florence Maynard, Northampton, Mass.

Minerals and eggs, for eggs and skins. — Geo. H. Lorimer, 2246 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, insects, and cocoons, for birds' skins, eggs, insects, and cocoons. — Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with distant chapters wanted by Frank H. Foote, Keene, N. H.

Gypsum, chalcedony, meteorite, and mica, for fossils and rare minerals. — Frank U. Jay, 2510 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Pacific shells and sea-weeds, for ocean curiosities, and correspondence with Texas chapters wished for by H. C. Howe, of Fulton, N. Y.

Rare butterflies, for New England butterflies. — Chas. C. Beale, Lexington, Mass.

Fossils and minerals, for fossils. Correspondence wanted in every State, with reference to exchanging. — E. P. Boynton, Third Ave and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Feldspar, mica rock, eggs, and cocoons, for cocoons. — Percival C. Pyle, Wilmington, Del.

Lepidoptera. — Jas. P. Curtiss, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

I can not furnish any more trilobites for exchange. — Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Minerals for exchange, and correspondence.— E. Y. Gibson, 723 Washington Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Retinite, pink, yellow, and white, calcite, malachite, specularite, serpentine, auriferous iron, pyrites, and others, for either lepid— coleo — or hymenoptera.— E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Zeolite, stilobite, heulandite, feldspar, etc., for cinnabar and other minerals.— Franklin Bache, 123 Price St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Large amount of natural history material, and many consecutive numbers of Appleton's Journal (weekly), for works of Agassiz, Mivart, Darwin, and Huxley, upon Evolution.— W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa

Craw-fish, orange-blossoms, Mississippi sand in bottles, for bird-skins, ocean shells, and star-fish.— Percy L. Benedict, 1243 Great Charles St., New Orleans, La.

Report of Class in Entomology.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 16th, 1884.

Of the twenty members of the Entomological Class, five have completed the full number of papers with credit, and are therefore entitled to full honors. They are:

1. Bashford Dean, New York City, N. Y.
2. Helen Montgomery, Wakefield, Mass.
3. Mrs Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburg, Pa.
4. Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
5. Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.

Of the remainder who have passed with credit on a part of the assigned subjects, are:

H. A. Stewart, Gettysburg, Pa., in Hemiptera, Neuroptera, Diptera, Coleoptera, and insects in general.
Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.— Lepidoptera and Hemiptera.
Fred Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.— Lepidoptera.
George J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.— Lepidoptera.
Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.— Lepidoptera.
Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.— Lepidoptera.

Respectfully submitted,
G. Howard Parker.

An Anecdote of Agassiz.

H. E. Deats, of Pittstown, N. J., sends the following interesting anecdote of Prof. Agassiz, which he copied from the *Home Circle:*

"His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were the objects of the boy's attention. He came to London with letters to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"'You have been studying nature,' said the great man, bluntly. 'What have you learned?'

"The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. 'I think,' he said at last, 'I know a little about fishes.'

"'Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there.'

"All of the great scientific *savants* of England belonged to this society. That evening, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"'I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man.' He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. 'Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?' said Sir Roderick.

"Agassiz took the chalk, and rapidly sketched a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. 'Sir,' Agassiz said, on telling the story, 'that was the proudest moment of my life — no, the happiest, for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science.'"

[This anecdote may contain a helpful suggestion for the very small number of our members who are opposed and ridiculed at home. Study earnestly, and learn so much that you can prove the value of your work.]

Questions.

1. Do earthquakes generally occur in volcanic regions? 2. Why does whirling make a person dizzy? 3. What is the best way to keep cocoons and caterpillars? 4. Of what use are toads? 5. Do squirrels drink water? 6. What are the uses of flies? 7. Explain the comparative anatomy of the legs of a horse and a man. 8. Where do prairie-dogs get water? 9. What is the best cure for a rattle-snake's bite?

Notes.

86. *Attacus Cynthia.*— Some one in the Agassiz March report asks, "What is the Attacus Cynthia?"

It is a large moth from the "Ailanthus Silkworm," a native of Japan, and introduced in 1858 into France, where it is now said to be "as much at home as in its native habitat."

I have had two cocoons which opened and produced handsome moths about the size of the Cecropia Moth. The wings have a narrow band of white, which, as spread, form a sort of collar, and are extended by a crescent of a rich brown, edged with satiny white. There are crescents on both front and hinder wings. There is, outside the white line, a rose-purple border, which edges the collar, and the heavy inner edge of the broad border, which, like the whole ground-work is a sort of brown olive-green. The body is covered with rows of white cottony tufts, three parallel rows down the back, six in each row, about the size of a small pin's head. On the front edge of the fore-wings is a small oval black spot, bordered with an edge of white above. The cocoon resembles that of Attacus Promethia. These came to me from Brooklyn, N. Y.

The caterpillar, (which I have not seen) and the cocoon and eggs (but not the moth) are figured in Figure's Insect World, p. 248, where, "when full grown," it is described as "emerald-green, with the head, the feet, and the last segment of a beautiful golden yellow." J. P. B.

87. *Snow Crystals* — While walking in a meadow I came to a small hillock between two evergreen trees. In ascending this knoll, I was suddenly transfixed by the beautiful colors of the snow; the crystals of which the slant rays of the February sun lighted up brightly. Below are the prominent colors, the pure beauty of which can not be described:

Green.— With a sort of liquid luster.
Blue.—Very clear, and merging into the green.
Purple.— Which gave a magnificent cast to the landscape.
Linwood M. Howe.

88. *Trenton, B* — I found the nest of a wood-pewee (*Contopus virens*). It had two cream-colored eggs, speckled with black near the larger end. I climbed the tree, but did not touch the eggs. While I was looking at them, one egg cracked open in the middle, and a little wood-pewee came out.— Herbert Westwood, Pres.

[We have never known of another instance in which any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg. Has any one?]

A Convention Proposed by Chapter 21.

We are the more inclined to publish the following communication from Chapter 21, because the Nashua branch is one of our oldest and most energetic; because the plan is entirely spontaneous with them, and especially, because they assure us that the proposed "convention is for the discussion of scientific subjects, comparison of methods, exchange of specimens, etc., *but not politics.*"

We should add as one of the chief advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted. After long and pleasant intercourse by letter, it is worth much to meet each other face to face.

Let us all go to Nashua next September, if possible, and have a good and profitable time.

To the Chapters of the Agassiz Association.

Believing that nothing can promote the welfare of the Association so much as annual meetings of the chapters, Chapter 21 proposes to try the experiment of inviting the A. A. to meet at Nashua, N. H., September third and fourth, 1884.

The exercises will consist of the discussion of scientific subjects and questions that relate to the welfare of the Association. Delegates are requested to make short reports of their several Chapters.

Please forward to the Nashua Chapter any important subject you would like the Convention to consider.

An opportunity will be given to the delegates to visit the finest private mineralogical collection in the State.

Chapters intending to send delegates will please inform us immediately in regard to the number; for if there is not a sufficient number intending to come, the Convention will not be held. The President of the A. A. has consented to attend, and other scientists are expected.

Good hotel accommodations can be obtained at two dollars per day.

Chapters are reminded that the Convention will afford an excellent opportunity to effect an exchange of specimens.

If other information is desired, apply, with stamps, to
F. W. Greeley, Nashua, N. H.

[N. B. Chapters which think favorably of sending delegates to this Convention will kindly advise the President of the A. A. as well as the Secretary of Chapter 21.]

Harlan H. Ballard,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

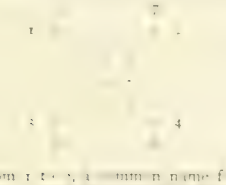
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE.

[illegible] the first and last letters of the two words [illegible] the [illegible] words [illegible] Change [illegible] 2. Change [illegible] 3. Change [illegible] 4. Change [illegible] 5. Change [illegible] 6. Change [illegible] 7. Change [illegible] to a goddess worshiped by the Romans. 8. Change perfume to something worshiped. 9. Change [illegible] 10. Change [illegible]

When these changes have been rightly made, place the words one below the other in the order here given. The primals will name certain embellishments used on the day [illegible]

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.



Frame. From 1 to 2, a common name for Congress by word from 2 to 4, one who warns [illegible] by way of reproof or caution; from 3 to 6, a share; from 7 to 8, the apparent junction of earth and sky.

Inside Words. From 1 to 3, [illegible] of the wood of the upper [illegible] Part of the day. 4 to [illegible]

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

The diagonals (reading downward) from left to right, a climbing plant; from right to left, a precious stone.

Cross-words: 1. Having joints. 2. Peaceful. 3. Transit from one place to another. 4. An injunction. 5. To prepare. 6. Flags of an army. 7. A controversy. [illegible]

A CREMATION-CHARADE.

[illegible] my *first*, with heat would fill,
To burn my *second*, the birds would kill;
To burn my *whole*, if such were fate,
Would destroy a town in the Keystone State.

"[illegible]VERTY"

BEHEADINGS.

The beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of the President of the United States who said, "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time."

Cross-words: 1. Behead partly open and leave a receptacle. 2. Behead a musical company and leave a conjunction. 3. Behead to tear and leave termination. 4. Behead dry and leave to [illegible] from [illegible] Behead a species of tree and leave a pronoun. 6. Behead "so be it" and leave mankind. 7. Behead a ditch and leave a kind of grain. 8. Behead a bird and leave a famous vessel. 9. Behead a familiar contraction of a Latin word meaning "in the same place" and leave to command. 10. Behead two and a quarter inches and leave to be ill. 11. Behead a hood and leave a bird. 12. Behead a sign and leave adults. 13. Behead the name of a famous but improvident king and leave the perception of sounds. 14. Behead nice and leave to consume.

[illegible]

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventy-six letters, and am two lines from one of Thomson's poems.

My 57-33-16-26 are heavy vapors. My 21-58-17-66-8-63 name the "melancholy Dane." My 2-59-41-48-75-53 is a cover for the hand. My 30-55-19 is tumult. My 40-18-5-61 is the chief magistrate of [illegible] My [illegible] My [illegible] My [illegible] My [illegible] the laurel family whose bark has an aromatic smell and taste. My [illegible] My [illegible] My 47-31-27-49-68-34 is pertaining to the north-west. My 22-6-24-13-43-74 are large vehicles.

LOTTIE J. J.



First read the above as a rebus. The answer will be a four-line stanza. Then select the eight letters inclosed in eight similar circles. When these letters are rightly placed, they will spell the name of the writer of the stanza.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a country of Europe; my finals a sea-port of that country noted for its trade in grain.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A hut for herdsmen. 2. Joined. 3. To greet. 4. A succession. 5. Results. 6. A peninsula of North America.

[illegible]

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A large vessel or cistern. 3. A gentleman's servant. 4. A mild chloride of mercury, much used as a medicine. 5. A grain-measure of Tripoli, containing nearly six gallons. 6. A number. 7. In candle.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A wager. 3. To weave or entwine together. 4. Gained knowledge of. 5. Resembling tin. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In candle.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. The egg of an insect. 3. Bare. 4. Compared. 5. Rigid. 6. A river of Scotland. 7. In candle.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. Was seated. 3. A convention or council. 4. Exhausted. 5. To pull or haul. 6. To expire. 7. In candle.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A period of time. 3. A species of antelope in South Africa. 4. A soldier who is taught and armed to serve either on horseback or on foot. 5. The positive pole of an electric battery. 6. The female of the fallow-deer. 7. In candle.

DEL.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell the name of a great engineering enterprise recently completed.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large wooden vessel. 2. A sphere. 3. A nocturnal bird. 4. A lad. 5. A place of safety. 6. Advanced in years. 7. An affirmation. 8. A unit. 9. The central part of a wheel. 10. Anger. 11. Much needed in summer. 12. To annex. 13. Enormous. 14. A slippery customer.

FRANK.

A MAY DIAGONAL.



EACH of the six pictures here shown may be described by a word of six letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the day for an annual excursion.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The father of Saturn. 2. Not of remote date. 3. To charge with an offense. 4. In grammar, a word meaning of neither gender. 5. Invisible. 6. The surname of an English writer of the eighteenth century.

"HYPERION."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE. Welcome showers. Cross-words: 1. eWer. 2. ovEn. 3. pLan. 4. roCk. 5. cOat. 6. doMe. 7. bEnt. 8. noSe. 9. tHin. 10. prOp. 11. oWls. 12 tiFs. 13. tRap 14. roSe. —— CHARADE. Breakfast.

EASY BEHEADINGS. 1. G-oat. 2. G-one. 3. S-cream. 4. G-old. 5. T-omsk.

ENIGMA. Smoother, smother, mother, other, her, he, eh.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Whom. 2. Hero. 3 Orbs. 4. Most.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Benjamin; finals, Franklin. Cross-words: 1. BlufF. 2. ErroR. 3. NevA. 4. JoiN. 5. ArK. 6. ModeL. 7. IcenI. 8. NatioN.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Sad. 3. Mated. 4. Satiric. 5. Satirical. 6. Derived 7. Dicer. 8. Cad. 9. L.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, rascal; 2 to 6, linnet; 5 to 6, escort; 1 to 5, relate; 3 to 4, Tabard; 4 to 8, doctor; 7 to 8, tartar; 3 to 7, target; 1 to 3, rout; 2 to 4, lord; 6 to 8, tier; 5 to 7, exit.

FIVE WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Late. 2. Acid. 3. Time. 4. Eden. II. 1. Earl 2. Area. 3. Ream. 4. Lame. III. 1 Base 2 Amen. 3. Send 4. Ends. IV. 1. Ring. 2. Iron 3. Nora. 4. Gnaw V. 1 Sane. 2. Arid. 3. Nine. 4. Eden.

PI.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, flowers. Cross-words: 1. preFace. 2. baLmy. 3. dOt. 4. W 5 bEg. 6 beRth. 7. ConSole

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Easter; finals, Lilies. Cross-words: 1. EntaiL. 2. AbassI. 3. SequeL. 4. TahitI. 5. EffacE. 6. RecesS. II. Primals, Lilies; finals, Lenten. Cross-words: 1. LentiL. 2. InsanE. 3. ListeN. 4. InverT. 5. EngagE. 6. SaturN. III. Primals, Lenten; finals, Season. Cross-words: 1. LimitS. 2. EntirE. 3. NauseA. 4. ThameS. 5. EskimO. 6. NatioN.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES received, too late for acknowledgment in April number, from Hester M. F. Powell, 13.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Cyril Deane — Madeleine Vultee — Maggie T. Tunill — Jessie A. Platt — Mamma, Hattie, and Clara.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from J. D. W., 1 — Willie Mossman, 5 — E. N., 1 — Helen Ballantine, 2 — Edith M. Van Dusen, 2 — Bessie Grise, 1 — Grace H. Frisbie, 2 — Maude Bugbee, 1 — "Young Martin" and "Merry Pecksniff," 7 — Paul Reese, 11 — Viola Percy Conklin, 2 — R. McKean Barry, 1 — Carrie Howard, 2 — Ida Paine, 1 — May H Munroe, 1 — Laura Churchill, 1 — J. V., 1 — S. R. T., 11 Julia Vauk and Mamie Rogers, 3 — De and Ish, 1 Olive B Worden, 1 — Eben M Willis, 1 — Uncle Mo and Cousin Mamie, 2 — Nellie B Kempton, 1 — Moses W., 4 Jessie Doig, 1 — Maggie P. Hoffman, 1 — Will R Rowe, — Birdie Alberger, 2 — Amy M. Thunder, 1 — Ed, 9 — Loone, 1 — Nellie K., 2 — Frank T. Pope, 5 — Clara, 1 — "Fin. I. S.," 3 — "Shumway Hen and Chickens," 11 — M. E. K., 2 — Henry Amsden, 1 — Bessie Evanston, 1 — Reginald H. Murphy, Jr., 1 — Wm. H. Clark, 11 — Edna Seaman, 1 — S. S., 3 — Sallie Viles, 9 — Buttercup, 3 — Carrie Rothschild, 1 — H. C. White, 2 — Jennie and Birdie K., 4 — Alex. H. Laidlaw, 3 — Geo. P Miller, 8 — Harry and Kittie, 1 Agnes Griffen, 1 — H. I. D., 1 — John C. Winne and Geo. C. Beebe, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Edward J. Shipsey, 2 — Edward S. Oliver, 2 — Bettie S. Latham and Mrs. B., 5 — F. B Bonesteele, 1 — Josie Buchanan, 2 — Russell K Miller, 2 — Lizzie and Papa, 7 — L. C. B., 4 — Mamma and Adelaide, 6 — Edith Helen Moss. 2 — "The Cottage," 3 — Geo. James Bristol, 4 — Minnie B. Murray, 11 — Julia T. Nelson, 2 — "March Wind," 4 — Alice V. Westwood, 7 — W. B. Angell, 8 — George Lyman Waterhouse, 11 — Bessie B. Anderson, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Laura and Willie Rice, 9 — Charlotte Evans, 2 — Blake and Ellison H., 6 — Appleton H., 5 — Chas. H. Kyte, 10 — Marguerite Kyte, 2 — M. White and V. Westover, 5 — Bessie Rogers and Co., 10 — Lucy M. Bradley, 11 — I. S. Palmer, 7 — Geo. Habenicht. 1 — E. Westervelt, 1 — Margaret, Muriel, and Edith Grundy, 5 — B. T. B., 3 — Hugh and Cis, 11 — Francis W. Islip, 11.



"DAISY TIME."

(See page 611.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A CHILD'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THEY put her to bed in the darkness.
And bade her be quiet and good;
But she sobbed in the silence, and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the Night was so real, so awful!
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary—
That horror of loneliness black!
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understands it aright;—
But at last, from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening, the hands that undressed her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment—
Up into the wonderful sky,

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down to meet her,—
That luminous purple dome;
She was caught up into a glory,
Where her baby-heart was at home;—

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child could be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed!
The beautiful, grand revelation,
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child-slumber,
All folded in splendors high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps
Those infinite spaces trod,—
A fearless little explorer
Of the paths that lead up to God.

The darkness now was no dungeon,
But a key unto wide release;
And the Night was a vision of freedom—
A Presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubt not that in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror
Of the Mystery we call Death.



SIXTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

LARKS were singing in the clear sky over Dinan, the hill-sides were white with hosts of blooming cherry-trees, and the valley golden with willow blossoms. The gray tower of the good Duchess Anne was hung with garlands of ivy and gay with tufts of fragrant wall-flowers, and along the fosse the shadows deepened daily as the young leaves thickened on the interlacing branches overhead. Women sang while they beat their clothes by the pool; wooden shoes clattered to and fro as the girls brought water from the fountain in Place St. Louis; men, with their long hair, embroidered jackets, and baggy breeches, drank cider at the inn doors; and the great Breton horses shook their high collars till the bells rang again as they passed along the roads that wound between wide fields of colza, buckwheat, and clover.

Up at the chateau, which stood near the ruins of the ancient castle, the great banner streamed in the wind, showing, as its folds blew out, the device and motto of the Beaumanoirs — two clasped hands and the legend, "*En tout chemin loyauté.*"* In the court-yard hounds brayed, horses pranced, and servants hurried about; for the count was going to hunt the wild boar. Presently, away they went, with the merry music of horns, the clatter of hoofs, and the blithe ring of voices, till the pleasant clamor died away in the distant woods, where mistletoe clung to the great oaks, and menhirs and dolmens, mysterious relics of the Druids, were to be seen.

From one of the windows of the chateau tower a boy's face looked out, full of eager longing. A fine, strong face, but sullen now, with black brows, dark, restless eyes, and lips set, as if rebellious thoughts were stirring in his mind. He watched the gay cavalcade disappear until a sunny silence settled over the landscape, broken only by the larks and the sound of a girl's voice singing. As he listened, the frown smoothed itself from his brow, and his eye brightened when it rested on a blue-gowned, white-capped figure, sprinkling webs of linen, spread to bleach in the green meadow by the river Rance.

"If I may not hunt, I'll away to Yvonne† and take a holiday. She can tell better tales than any in this weary book, the bane of my life!"

As he spoke, the boy struck a volume that lay on the wide ledge, with a petulant energy that sent it fluttering down into the court-yard below. Half ashamed and half amused, young Gaston peeped to see if this random shot had hit any one. But all was quiet and deserted now; so, with a boyish laugh and a daring glance at the dangerous descent, he said to the doves cooing on the roof overhead: "Here 's a fine pretext for escape. Being locked in, how can I get my lesson unless I fetch the book? Tell no tales of the time I linger, and you shall be well fed, my pretty birds."

Then swinging himself out as if it were no new feat, he climbed boldly down through the ivy that half hid the carved flowers and figures which made a ladder for his agile feet.

The moment he touched ground, he raced away like a hound in full scent to the meadow, where he was welcomed by a rosy, brown-eyed lass, whose

* Always loyal. † Pronounced Evone.

white teeth shone as she laughed to see him leap the moat, dodge behind the wall, and come bounding toward her, his hair streaming in the wind, and his face full of boyish satisfaction in this escapade.

"The old tale," he panted, as he threw himself down upon the grass and flung the recovered book beside him. "This dreary Latin drives me mad, and I will *not* waste such days as this poring over dull pages like a priest, when I should be hunting like a knight and gentleman."

"Nay, dear Gaston, but you ought, for obedience is the first duty of the knight, and honor of the gentleman," answered the girl, in a soft, reproachful tone, which seemed to touch the lad, as the voice of a master tames a high-mettled horse.

"Had Father Nevin trusted to my honor, I would not have run away; but he locked me in like a monk in a cell, and that I will not bear. Just one hour, Yvonne, one little hour of freedom, then I will go back, else there will be no sport for me tomorrow," said the lad, recklessly pulling up the bluets that starred the grass about him.

"Ah, if I were set to such a task, I would so gladly learn it that I might be a fitter friend for you," said the girl, reverently turning the pages of the book she could not read.

"No need of that; I like you as you are, and by my faith, I doubt your great willingness, for when I last played tutor and left you to spell out the pretty legend of St. Coventin and his little fish, I found you fast asleep with the blessed book upon the floor," laughed Gaston, turning the tables on his mentor, with great satisfaction.

The girl laughed also as she retorted, "My tutor should not have left me to play with his dogs. I bore my penance better than you, and did not run away. Come, now, we 'll be merry. Will you talk, or shall I sing, while you rest this hot head, and dream of horse and hound and spearing the wild boar?" added Yvonne, smoothing the locks of hair scattered on the grass, with a touch as gentle as if the hand were that of a lady, and not that of a peasant rough with hard work.

"Since I may not play a man's part yet, amuse me like a boy with the old tales your mother used to tell when we watched the fagots blaze in the winter nights. It is long since I have heard one, and I am never tired hearing of the deeds I mean to match, if not outdo, some day.

"Let me think a bit till I remember your favorites, and do you listen to the bees above there in the willow, setting you a good example, idle boy," said Yvonne, spreading a coarse apron for his head, while she sat beside him racking her brain for tales to beguile this truant hour.

Her father was the count's forester, and when the countess had died some sixteen years before, leaving a month-old boy, good dame Gillian had taken the motherless baby and nursed and reared him with her little girl, so faithfully and tenderly that the count never could forget the loyal service. As babies, the two slept in one cradle; as children they played and quarreled together; and as boy and girl they defended, comforted, and amused each other. But time brought inevitable changes, and both felt that the hour of separation was near; for, while Yvonne went on leading the peasant life to which she was born, Gaston was receiving the education befitting a young count. The chaplain taught him to read and write, with lessons in sacred history and a little Latin. Of the forester he learned woodcraft, and his father taught him horsemanship and the use of arms, accomplishments considered all-important in those days.

Gaston cared nothing for books, except such as told tales of chivalry, but dearly loved athletic sports, and at sixteen rode the most fiery horse without a fall, handled a sword admirably, could kill a boar at the first shot, and longed ardently for war, that he might prove himself a man. A brave, high-spirited, generous boy, with a very tender spot in his heart for the good woman who had been a mother to him and his little foster-sister, whose idol he was. For days he seemed to forget these humble friends, and led the gay, active life of his age and rank; but if wounded in the chase, worried by the chaplain, disappointed in any plan, or in disgrace for any prank, he turned instinctively to Dame Gillian and Yvonne, sure of help and comfort for mind and body.

Companionship with him had refined the girl, and given her glimpses of a world into which she could never enter, yet where she could follow with eager eyes and high hopes the fortunes of this dear Gaston, who was both her prince and brother. Her influence over him was great, for she was of a calm and patient nature, as well as brave and prudent beyond her years. His will was law; yet in seeming to obey, she often led him, and he thanked her for the courage with which she helped him to control his fiery temper and strong will. Now, as she glanced at him she saw that he was already growing more tranquil under the soothing influences of the murmuring river, the soft flicker of the sunshine, and a blessed sense of freedom.

So, while she twisted her distaff, she told the stirring tales of warriors, saints, and fairies whom all Breton peasants honor, love, and fear. But best of all was the tale of Gaston's own ancestor, Jean de Beaumanoir, "the hero of Ploërmel, where, when sorely wounded and parched with thirst, he cried for water, and Geoffrey du Bois answered, like a

grim old warrior as he was, 'Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass'; and he drank, and the battle madness seized him, and he slew ten men, winning the fight against great odds, to his everlasting glory."

"Ah, those were the times to live in! If they could only come again, I would be a second Jean!"

Gaston sprung to his feet as he spoke, all aglow with the warlike ardor of his race, and Yvonne looked up at him, sure that he would prove himself a worthy descendant of the great baron and his wife, the daughter of the brave Du Guesclin.

"But you shall not be treacherously killed, as he was, for I will save you as the peasant woman saved poor Gilles de Bretagne when starving in the tower, or fight for you as Jeanne d'Arc fought for her lord," answered Yvonne, dropping her distaff to stretch out her hand to him; for she, too, was on her feet.

Gaston took the faithful hand, and pointing to the white banner floating over the ruins of the old castle, said heartily: 'We will always stand by one another, and be true to the motto of our house till death."

"We will!" answered the girl, and both kept the promise loyally, as we shall see.

Just at that moment the sound of hoofs made the young enthusiasts start and look toward the road that wound through the valley to the hill. An old man on a slowly pacing mule was all they saw, but the change that came over both was comical in its suddenness; for the gallant knight turned to a truant school-boy, daunted by the sight of his tutor, while the rival of the Maid of Orleans grew pale with dismay.

"I am lost if he spy me, for my father vowed I should not hunt again unless I did my task. He will see me if I run, and where can I hide till he has past?" whispered Gaston, ashamed of his panic, yet unwilling to pay the penalty of his prank.

But quick-witted Yvonne saved him; for lifting one end of the long web of linen, she showed a hollow whence some great stone had been moved, and Gaston slipped into the green nest, over which the linen lay smoothly when replaced.

On came the chaplain, glancing sharply about him, being of an austere and suspicious nature. He saw nothing, however, but the peasant girl in her quaint cap and wooden sabots, singing to herself as she leaned against a tree with her earthen jug in her hand. The mule paused in the light shadow of the willows to crop a mouthful of grass before climbing the hill, and the chaplain seemed glad to rest a moment, for the day was warm and the road dusty.

"Come hither, child, and give me a draught of water," he called, and the girl ran to fill her pitcher, offering it with a low reverence.

"Thanks, daughter! A fine day for the bleaching, but over warm for much travel. Go to your work, child; I will tarry a moment in the shade before I return to my hard task of sharpening a dull youth's wit," said the old man when he had drunk; and with a frowning glance at the room where he had left his prisoner, he drew a breviary from his pocket and began to read, while the mule browsed along the road-side.

Yvonne went to sprinkling the neglected linen,



"I FOUND YOU FAST ASLEEP WITH THE BOOK ON THE FLOOR."

wondering with mingled anxiety and girlish merriment how Gaston fared. The sun shone hotly on the dry cloth, and as she approached the boy's hiding-place, a stir would have betrayed him had the chaplain's eyes been lifted.

"Sprinkle me quickly; I am stifling in this hole," whispered an imploring voice.

"Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass," quoted Yvonne, taking a naughty satisfaction in the ignominious captivity of the willful boy. A long sigh was the only answer he gave, and taking pity on him, she made a little hollow in the linen where she knew his head lay, and poured in water till a choking sound assured her Gaston had enough. The chaplain looked up,

but the girl coughed loudly, as she went to refill her jug, with such a demure face that he suspected nothing, and presently ambled away to seek his refractory pupil.

The moment he disappeared, a small earthquake seemed to take place under the linen, for it flew up violently, and a pair of long legs waved joyfully in the air as Gaston burst into a ringing laugh, which Yvonne echoed heartily. Then, springing up, he said, throwing back his wet hair and shaking his finger at her: "You dared not betray me, but you nearly drowned me, wicked girl. I can not stop for vengeance now; but I 'll toss you into the river some day, and leave you to get out as you can."

Then he was off as quickly as he came, eager to reach his prison again before the chaplain came to hear the unlearned lesson. Yvonne watched him till he climbed safely in at the high window and disappeared with a wave of the hand, when she, too, went back to her work, little dreaming what brave parts both were to play in dangers and captivities of which these youthful pranks and perils were but a foreshadowing.

Two years later, in the month of March, 1793, the insurrection broke out in Vendée, and Gaston had his wish; for the old count had been an officer of the king's household, and hastened to prove his loyalty. Yvonne 's heart beat high with pride as she saw her foster-brother ride gallantly away beside his father, with a hundred armed vassals behind them, and the white banner fluttering above their heads in the fresh forest wind.

She longed to go with him; but her part was to watch and wait, to hope and pray, till the hour came when she, like many another woman in those days, could prove herself as brave as a man, and freely risk her life for those she loved.

Four months later the heavy tidings reached them that the old count was killed and Gaston taken prisoner. Great was the lamentation among the old men, women, and children left behind; but they had little time for sorrow, for a band of the marauding Vendeans burned the chateau, and laid waste the Abbey.

"Now, Mother, I must up and away to find and rescue Gaston. I promised, and if he lives, it shall be done. Let me go; you are safe now, and there is no rest for me till I know how he fares," said Yvonne, when the raid was over, and the frightened peasants ventured to return from the neighboring forests, whither they had hastily fled for protection.

"Go, my girl, and bring me news of our young lord. May you lead him safely home again to rule over us," answered Dame Gillian, devoted still,—for her husband was reported dead with his master, yet she let her daughter go without a murmur, feeling that no sacrifice was too great.

So Yvonne set out, taking with her Gaston's pet dove and the little sum of money carefully hoarded for her marriage portion. The pretty winged creature, frightened by the destruction of its home, had flown to her for refuge, and she had cherished it for its master's sake, Now, when it would not leave her, but came circling around her head a league away from Dinan, she accepted the good omen, and made the bird the companion of her perilous journey.

There is no room to tell all the dangers, disappointments and fatigues endured before she found Gaston; but after being often misled by false rumors, she at last discovered that he was a prisoner in Fort Penthièvre. His own reckless courage had brought him there, for in one of the many skirmishes in which he had taken part, he ventured too far away from his men, and was captured after fighting desperately to cut his way out. Now, alone in his cell, he raged like a caged eagle, feeling that there was no hope of escape; for the fort stood on a plateau of precipitous rock washed on two sides by the sea. He had heard of the massacre of the royalist emigrants who landed there, and tried to prepare himself for a like fate, hoping to die as bravely as young Sombreuil, who was shot with twenty others on what was afterward named the "*Champ des Martyrs.*"* His last words, when ordered by the executioner to kneel, were, "I do it; but one knee I bend for my God, the other for my king."

Day after day Gaston looked down from his narrow window, past which the gulls flew screaming, and watched the fishers at their work, the women gathering sea-weed on the shore, and the white sails flitting across the bay of Quiberon. Bitterly did he regret the willfulness which brought him there, well knowing that if he had obeyed orders he would now be free to find his father's body and avenge his death.

"Oh, for one day of liberty, one hope of escape, one friend to cheer this dreadful solitude!" he cried, when weeks had passed and he seemed utterly forgotten.

As he spoke, he shook the heavy bars with impotent strength, then bent his head as if to hide even from himself the few hot tears wrung from him by captivity and despair.

Standing so, with eyes too dim for seeing, something brushed against his hair, and a bird lit on the narrow ledge. He thought it was a gull, and paid no heed; but in a moment a soft coo startled him, and looking up, he saw a white dove struggling to get in.

"Blanchette!" he cried, and the pretty creature

* The Field of Martyrs.

flew to his hand, pecking at his lips in the old caressing way he knew so well.

"My faithful bird, God bless thee!" exclaimed the poor lad, holding the dove close against his cheek to hide the trembling of his lip, so touched, so glad was he to find in his dreary prison even a dumb friend and comforter.

But Blanchette had her part to play, and presently fluttered back to the window ledge, cooing loudly as she pecked at something underneath her wing.

Then Gaston remembered how he used to send messages to Yvonne by this carrier-dove, and with a thrill of joy looked for the token, hardly daring to hope that any would be found. Yes! there, tied carefully among the white feathers, was a tiny roll of paper, with these words rudely written on it:

"Be ready; help will come. Y."

"The brave girl! the loyal heart! I might have known she would keep her promise, and come to save me," and Gaston dropped on his knees in gratitude.

Blanchette meantime tripped about the cell on her little rosy feet, ate a few crumbs of the hard bread, dipped her beak in the jug of water, dressed her feathers daintily, then flew to the bars and called him. He had nothing to send back by this sure messenger but a lock of hair, and this he tied with the same thread, in place of the note. Then kissing the bird he bade it go, watching the silver wings flash in the sunshine as it flew away, carrying joy with it and leaving hope behind.

After that the little courier came often unperceived, carrying letters to and fro; for Yvonne sent bits of paper and Gaston wrote his answers with his blood and a quill from Blanchette's wing. He thus learned how Yvonne was living in a fisher's hut on the beach, and working for his rescue as well as she dared. Every day she might be seen gathering sea-weed on the rocks or twirling her distaff at the door of the dilapidated hut, not as a young girl, but as an old woman; for she had stained her fair skin, put on ragged clothes, and hidden her fresh face under the pent-house cap worn by the women of Quiberon. Her neighbors thought her a poor soul left desolate by the war, and let her live unmolested. So she worked on secretly and steadily, playing her part well and biding her time till the long hempen rope was made, the sharp file procured unsuspected, and a boat ready to receive the fugitives.

Her plan was perilously simple, but the only one possible; for Gaston was well guarded, and out of that lofty cell it seemed that no prisoner could escape without wings. A bird and a woman lent him those wings, and his daring flight was a nine days' wonder at the fort. Only a youth accustomed to feats of agility and strength could have safely made that dangerous escape along the face of the cliff that rose straight up from the shore. But Gaston was well trained, and the boyish pranks that used to bring him into dire disgrace now helped to save his life.

Thus, when the order came, written in the rude hand he had taught Yvonne long ago, "Pull up the thread which Blanchette will bring at midnight. Watch for a light in the bay. Then come down, and St. Barbe protect you," he was ready; for the little file, brought by the bird, had secretly done its work, and several bars were loose. He knew that the attempt might cost him his life, but was willing to gain liberty even at that price; for imprisonment seemed worse than death to his impatient spirit. The jailor went his last round, the great bell struck the appointed hour, and Gaston stood at the window, straining his eyes to catch the first ray of the promised light, when the soft whir of wings gladdened his ear, and Blanchette arrived, looking scared and wet and weary, for rain fell, the wind blew fitfully, and the poor bird was unused to such wild work as this. But obedient to its training, it flew to its master; and no angel could have been more welcome than the storm-beaten little creature as it nestled in his bosom, while he untangled the lengths of strong fine thread wound about one of its feet.

He knew what to do, and tying on the file to one end, as a weight, he let it down, praying that no cruel gust would break or blow it away. In a moment a quick jerk at the thread bade him pull again. A cord came up, and when that was firmly secured, a second jerk was the signal for the last and most important haul. Up came the stout rope, knotted here and there to add safety and strength to the hands and feet that were to climb down that frail ladder, unless some cruel fate dashed the poor boy dead upon the rocks below. The rope was made fast to an iron staple inside, the bars were torn away, and Gaston crept through the narrow opening to perch on the ledge without, while Blanchette flew down to tell Yvonne he was coming.

The moment the distant spark appeared, he bestirred himself, set his teeth, and boldly began the dangerous descent. Rain blinded him, the wind beat him against the rock, bruising hands and knees, and the way seemed endless, as he climbed slowly down, clinging with the clutch of a drowning man, and blessing Yvonne for the knots that kept him from slipping when the gusts blew him to and fro. More than once he thought it was all over; but the good rope held fast, and strength and courage nerved heart and limbs. One greater than St. Barbe upheld him, and he dropped at

last, breathless and bleeding, beside the faithful Yvonne.

There was no time for words, only a grasp of the hand, a sigh of gratitude, and they were away to the boat that tossed on the wild water with a single rower in his place.

"It is our Hoël. I found him looking for you. He is true as steel. In, in, and off, or you are lost!" whispered Yvonne, flinging a cloak about Gaston, thrusting a purse, a sword, and a flask into his hand, and holding the boat while he leaped in.

"But you?" he cried; "I can not leave you in peril, after all you have dared and done for me."

"No one suspects me; I am safe; go to my mother, she will hide you, and I will follow soon."

Waiting for no further speech, she pushed the boat off, and watched it vanish in the darkness, then went away to give thanks, and rest after her long work and excitement.

Gaston reached home safely, and Dame Gillian concealed him in the ruins of the Abbey, till anxiety for Yvonne drove him out to seek and rescue in his turn. For she did not come, and when a returning soldier brought word that she had been arrested in her flight, and sent to Nantes, Gaston could not rest, but disguising himself as a peasant, went to find her, accompanied by faithful Hoël, who loved Yvonne, and would gladly die for her and his young master. Their hearts sunk when they discovered that she was in the Boufflay, an old fortress, once a royal residence, and now a prison, crowded with unfortunate and innocent creatures, arrested on the slightest pretexts, and guillotined or drowned by the infamous Carrier. Hundreds of men and women were there, suffering terribly, and among them was Yvonne, brave still, but with no hope of escape, for few were saved, and then only by some lucky accident. Like a sister of mercy she went among the poor souls crowded together in the great halls, hungry, cold, sick, and despairing, and they clung to her as if she were some strong, sweet saint who could deliver them or teach them how to die.

After some weeks of this terrible life, her name was called one morning, on the list for that day's execution, and she rose to join the sad procession setting forth.

"Which is it to be?" she asked, as she passed one of the men who guarded them, a rough fellow, whose face was half hidden by a shaggy beard.

"You will be drowned; we have no time to waste on women," was the brutal answer; but as the words passed his lips, a slip of paper was pressed into her hand, and these words breathed into her ear by a familiar voice: "I am here!"

It was Gaston, in the midst of enemies, bent on saving her at the risk of his life, remembering all he owed her, and the motto of his race. The shock of this discovery nearly betrayed them both, and turned her so white that the woman next her put an arm about her, saying sweetly:

"Courage, my sister; it is soon over."

"I fear nothing now!" cried Yvonne, and went on to take her place in the cart, looking so serene and happy that those about her thought her already fit for heaven.

No need to repeat the dreadful history of the Noyades; it is enough to say that in the confusion of the moment Yvonne found opportunity to read and destroy the little paper, which said briefly:

"When you are flung into the river, call my name and float. I shall be near."

She understood, and being placed with a crowd of wretched women on the old vessel which lay in the river Loire, she employed every moment in loosening the rope that tied her hands, and keeping her eye on the tall, bearded man who moved about seeming to do his work, while his blood boiled with suppressed wrath, and his heart ached with unavailing pity. It was dusk before the end came for Yvonne, and she was all unnerved by the sad sights she had been forced to see; but when rude hands seized her, she made ready for the plunge, sure that Gaston would "be near." He was, for in the darkness and uproar, he could leap after her unseen, and while she floated, he cut the rope, then swam down the river with her hand upon his shoulder till they dared to land. Both were nearly spent with the excitement and exertion of that dreadful hour; but Hoël waited for them on the shore and helped Gaston carry poor Yvonne into a deserted house, where they gave her fire, food, dry garments, and the gladdest welcome one human creature ever gave to another.

Being a robust peasant, the girl came safely through hardships that would have killed or crazed a frailer creature; and she was soon able to rejoice with the brave fellows over this escape, so audaciously planned and so boldly carried out. They dared stay but a few hours, and before dawn were hastening through the least frequented ways toward home, finding safety in the distracted state of the country, which made fugitives no unusual sight and refugees plentiful. One more adventure, and that a happy one, completed their joy, and turned their flight into a triumphant march.

Pausing in the depths of the great forest of Hunaudaye to rest, the two young men went to find food, leaving Yvonne to tend the fire and make ready to cook the venison they hoped to bring. It was night-fall, and another day would see them in Dinan, they hoped; but the lads had con-

sented to pause for the girl's sake, for she was worn out with their rapid flight. They were talking of their adventures in high spirits, when Gaston laid his hand on Hoël's mouth and pointed to a green slope before them. An early moon gave light enough to show them a dark form moving quickly into the coppice, and something like the antlers of a stag showed above the tall brakes before they vanished. "Slip around and drive him this way. I never miss my aim, and we will sup royally to-night," whispered Gaston, glad to use the arms with which they had provided themselves.

Hoël slipped away, and presently a rustle in the wood betrayed the cautious approach of the deer. But he was off before a shot could be fired, and the disappointed hunters followed long and far, resolved not to go back empty-handed. They had to give it up, however, and were partially consoled by a rabbit, which Hoël flung over his shoulder, while Gaston, forgetting caution, began to sing an old song the women of Brittany love so well:

"Quand vous étiez captif, Bertrand, fils de Bretagne,
Tous les fuseaux tournaient aussi dans la campagne."

He got no further, for the stanza was finished by a voice that had often joined in the ballad, when Dame Gillian sang it to the children, as she spun:

"Chaque femme apporte son écheveau de lin;
Ce fut votre rançon, Messire du Guesclin."

Both paused, thinking that some spirit of the wood mocked them; but a loud laugh and a familiar "Holo! holo!" made Hoël cry, "The forester!" while Gaston dashed headlong into the thicket whence the sound came, there to find the jolly forester, indeed, with a slain deer by his side, waiting to receive them with open arms.

"I taught you to stalk the deer and spear the boar, not to hunt your fellow-creatures, my lord. But I forgive you, for it was well done, and I had a hard run to escape," he said, still laughing.

"But how came you here?" cried both the youths, in great excitement; for the good man was supposed to be dead with his old master.

"A long tale, for which I have a short and happy answer. Come home to supper with me, and I 'll show you a sight that will gladden hearts and eyes," he answered, shouldering his load and leading the way to a deserted hermitage, which had served many a fugitive for a shelter. As they went, Gaston poured out his story, and told how Yvonne was waiting for them in the wood.

"Brave lads! and here is your reward," answered the forester, pushing open the door and pointing to the figure of a man with a pale face and bandaged head lying asleep beside the fire.

It was the count, sorely wounded, but alive, thanks to his devoted follower, who had saved him when the fight was over; and after weeks of concealment, suffering, and anxiety, had brought him so far toward home.

No need to tell of the happy meeting that night, nor of the glad return; for, though the chateau was in ruins and lives were still in danger, they all were together, and the trials they had passed through only made the ties of love and loyalty between high and low more true and tender. Good Dame Gillian housed them all, and nursed her master back to health. Yvonne and Hoël had a gay wedding in the course of time, and Gaston went to the wars again. A new chateau rose on the ruins of the old, and when the young lord took possession, he replaced the banner that was lost with one of fair linen, spun and woven by the two women who had been so faithful to him and his, but added a white dove above the clasped hands and golden legend, never so true as now,

"En tout chemin loyaute."



JUNE.

By Caroline A. Mason.



Apple-blossoms in the orchard,
Singing birds on every tree;
Grass a-growing in the meadows
Just as green as green can be;

Violets in shady places,—
Sweetest flowers were ever seen!—
Hosts of starry dandelions,—
"Drops of gold among the green!"

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,
Innocents in smiling flocks;
Coolest ferns within the hollows,
Columbines among the rocks;

Dripping streams, delicious mosses,
Tassels on the maple-trees;
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;
Golden butterflies, and bees;

Daffodils in garden borders,
Fiery tulips dashed with dew;
Crocus-flowers; and, through the greenness,
Snow-drops looking out at you!

TWO BOYS OF MIGGLESVILLE.

By W. W. Fink.

Part I.

HOW TOMMY STARTED THE LIBRARY.

"Nonsense, Tommy! Start a public library in Migglesville? Books cost money, my boy, and people in this town don't spend money that way. They would n't subscribe ten dollars."

Mr. Glen was evidently out of patience with Migglesville; but seeing the look of disappointment on his son's face, he said:

"What books do you want?"

"I would rather not tell," said Tommy, with a firm expression on his pinched, white face; for he was a cripple, and his face showed the marks of suffering and ill-health. "You are not able to buy books for me, but I think I can start a public library."

"Well, well," said Mr. Glen, good-naturedly, "try it if you like, but don't be disappointed if you fail; for remember, we are living in Migglesville now." And he went away, feeling that he would hear no more of the library.

Migglesville was a small town, and, what was worse for Tommy's undertaking, it was well-nigh a dead town. It was discouraged. The county-seat had gone to Kitesboro', six miles away. The railroad, if one ever came to the county, would be sure to go to Kitesboro'. There was talk of a seminary at Kitesboro', and they already had graded schools there. Migglesville had nothing but old houses and bad luck. Yet it was here that Tommy Glen planned to start a public library.

"How many books would be a library?" he said to himself as he balanced his crutch across his knee.

Then he turned to his dictionary and read,

"**Li'brary,** *n.* 1. A collection of books."

"It does n't say a hundred nor a thousand," said he, "but a collection."

So he turned to the word *collection*, and read,

"**Collec'tion,** *n.* 2. That which is gathered or drawn together."

Suddenly he felt that he must scream; he had such a happy idea! He threw on his hat, took his crutch, and started off to see Willie Groome. He knew that Willie's constant desire was to read Gordon's "South Africa," that he thought of it by day and dreamed of lion-hunting by night. Willie was at work in his father's garden.

"Heigho, Tommy," he said, as the latter approached.

"Say, Will," said Tommy, with nervous directness, "what book would you rather read than any other book in the world?"

"Gordon's 'South Africa,'" answered Willie, excitedly.

"Then why don't you buy it?" asked Tommy.

"Father says it would be foolish for me to spend all my money on one book, and that only about lions and tigers and things."

"Well, would n't he let you buy it if some more of us would buy a book apiece and exchange with you?"

"Why, that would be a kind of a circulating library, Tommy," exclaimed Willie.

"Of course it would."

"But, Tommy, everybody 'd want to borrow our books, and we would n't have half a chance."

"We would n't let 'em," said Tommy, emphatically. "Nobody can get a book out of this library without putting one in."

Just then Willie's father came toward them.

"Glad to see you out, Tommy," he said pleasantly. "Willie, you can stop work and play with Tommy."

"I did n't come to play, Mr. Groome; I came on business," answered the lame boy.

"On business! Whew! What kind of business?"

Then Tommy explained his plan so clearly and enthusiastically that Mr. Groome said:

"Yes; Willie can buy the book. He has money enough of his own, and if by buying one book he can get several more to read, I should say that would be doing very well."

"And wont you let him get it right away?" said Tommy, eagerly. "I am going to buy mine, but it wont be so showy as Tommy's, for his has pictures, and——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Groome, laughingly, "you want it, so that the other fellows can see what they will miss if they don't join in?"

Tommy confessed that such was his idea, and, with a hearty laugh at his "generalship," Mr. Groome left the boys with the promise that Willie could go to Kitesboro the next day and buy the book.

The next day Willie came bounding into Tommy's room with Gordon's "South Africa."

In a minute the two boys were poring over its pages.

"Oh, look! Is n't that glorious!" exclaimed Willie, as they turned to the picture of a lion-hunt.

Tommy was about to reply when, looking

through the window, he saw Harry Lane and Si Milford across the street.

"Just the boys I wanted to see. Please call them, Will."

"Yes; but they 'll be for looking all over the book, and we wont have half a chance," said Willie.

"That 's just what I want," answered Tommy. "Don't you see the point?"

Willie called them, but much against his own inclinations.

"What 's up?" said Harry, as they entered the room, and the next moment he exclaimed: "Whew! Gordon's 'South Africa!' Whose is that?"

"Willie bought it," said Tommy, "and I 'm to buy another book, and then we 'll exchange."

"Say, boys, "said Si, "lend this book to me first, after you 've read it, wont you?"

"Not unless you buy a book, and put into the library with ours," said Tommy.

"The *library!*" said Si, questioningly.

"Yes. We 're a Library Association, and any one can join it by putting in one good book."

"Oh, fiddle!" said Si. "I don't buy books to give away. Not much!"

"All right," said Tommy, with a great show of indifference.

"Yes; but I should say it would be very mean not to lend a fellow a book after you 'd read it," persisted Si.

"And I should say it would be very mean to want some one to buy books for you when you were not willing to return the compliment," said Harry Lane, with some warmth. "I 'll buy a book to get into this arrangement. Let 's see. Fifteen or twenty fellows would be fifteen or twenty books that we could all read by buying one apiece. Tommy, what are you going to buy?"

Now Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was the



THE FOUNDERS OF THE MIGGLESVILLE LIBRARY

great desire of Tommy's heart, and he had talked so much about it with Harry and Si that he knew they were as anxious to read it as he was.

So he said: "I will buy one volume of 'Prescott' if you will buy another."

"I 'll buy one," said Harry. "Si, you 'll buy another, wont you?"

"No, you don't," exclaimed Si.

"Don't what?" asked Harry.

"I said I would n't go into this thing, and I wont," said Si, with an injured air.

"Well, we don't wish to force you to buy a book, Si," said Tommy, pleasantly.

Just then he called their attention to the picture of a lion-hunt, and they all bent over him to see it.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "don't smother a fellow!"

"Then read something out loud," cried Si.

"All right. Sit down and I will."

They all ranged themselves before him, and he began reading:

"The hunters were now in the jungle, and they could hear the lion's deep and terrible roar. Suddenly there was a crashing of tangled underbrush, and the king of beasts sprang madly forward from his lair. The natives scattered in terror, leaving the intrepid white man to receive the charge alone; but with wonderful coolness he dropped upon one knee, and bringing his rifle to his face, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger, but his gun missed fire!"

By this time, Willie's stubby hair was standing fiercely erect, in delightful horror. Harry's eyes were nearly as large as sauce-dishes, while Si was holding his breath, working the muscles of his face and clenching his fists in utter disregard of his personal appearance.

But just at this point, Tommy closed the book on his finger, and said quietly: "Come to think of it, this is n't according to the rules."

"What is n't according to the rules?" exclaimed his listeners, almost fiercely.

"Reading a library book to outsiders," replied Tommy.

"Oh, go on!" cried Si.

"Don't do it," said Harry. "Our rules wont allow it, unless Si will agree to buy the other volume of 'Prescott.'"

"Well, I 'll—I 'll do it, said Si. "Read on."

Tommy read very gladly after this, until the lion lay dead at the hunter's feet.

Then they fell to planning in good earnest. Si was now as enthusiastic as any of them. He and Tommy gave Harry their share of the money to buy "Prescott," and the next day found them all together again with the cherished volumes before them. They had a library! and they decided to call themselves the Migglesville Library Association. Among other rules which they adopted were the following:

"1st. Any one can become a life member by contributing a book costing two dollars, a book costing less than that only giving a membership for one year.

"2d. Two or more persons may club together to buy expensive books, so that membership need not cost more than two dollars.

"3d. No book will be received which is either vulgar or silly, but" (as Tommy put it) "'a book can be as funny or adventuresome as it pleases.'"

Not many days passed before the neighbors began wondering why so many boys were going in to see Tommy Glen. And it was also remarked that boys who had never been known to work before were buzzing around like hornets, hunting jobs, cutting wood, raking hay,—anything to earn money. Was Migglesville waking up? Had there been a reformation,—or was there a circus coming?

The book-seller at Kitesboro' noticed a great improvement in his trade; and, what was very strange, nearly every one to whom he sold a book was a Migglesville boy, or a Migglesville girl; for the girls had taken the library fever, and were as anxious to buy books as the boys.

Occasionally some one would be refractory, wishing to borrow books without becoming a member. But Tommy's rules and Tommy's tact conquered this difficulty also.

The farmers' boys caught the spirit, and came to the library from miles around.

Tommy's mother had entered heartily into the work, and made everything agreeable in Tommy's room for all who came. Mr. Glen was away on business, and as yet knew nothing of his son's success.

When it was noised abroad that the boys had started a library, there was general astonishment.

A library in Migglesville! Some older people slipped in to see what it meant, and found so many interesting books that they were glad to buy "a book apiece" and join the Association.

When Mr. Glen returned to Migglesville, almost the first question he asked was: "Well, Tommy, how about that library?"

"Most of our books are out," said Tommy, so much excited that he could not stop to explain, at the same time leading the way to his room.

Mr. Glen looked at the books and rubbed his eyes to be sure that he was not dreaming.

"Here is our list," said Tommy.

"'Here is our list!'" repeated Mr. Glen in bewilderment. Then he ran his eyes down the column. It contained a total of ninety-nine volumes, and their cost footed up $150.00!

"Who subscribed all this money?" said he.

"Nobody," answered Tommy.

"Then, where on earth did these books come from?"

Tommy told the story of the library.

"If you had tried to raise a subscription, you would have failed," said Mr. Glen. "Tommy, you are a general! I am proud of you! Your library will do great things for Migglesville."

The next day, there was the regular meeting of the Library Association; and just as Tommy had finished reading his report, something happened which made the library of much more importance to Migglesville than any one could have believed, although at the time it seemed of no consequence, beyond the fact that it was very funny:

The door opened and a poorly clad, broad-faced, stupid-looking boy of fifteen walked into the room with a book under his arm.

This was Johnny Haven. Any one would have told you that he was the dullest boy in town; not that he was a fool. He seemed ordinarily bright when it came to work or play, but he never knew his lessons at school. He was the laughing-stock of much smaller boys; and some of the more cruel called him to his face, the "Migglesville Dunce."

No one had thought of asking him to join the Library Association; but he had worked, earned money, bought a book, and here he was.

"Hello, Johnny," whispered a boy beside him. "are you in this thing, too?"

"No; but I'd like to be," replied Johnny.

"Got a book?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you hand it in?"

"Is that the way to do?"

"Yes; go right up." And as Johnny walked forward, the boy turned and winked at some of his fellows. There was a good deal of curiosity to know what kind of book Johnny Haven had brought; and when Tommy took it and read its title, "Elements of Geology," there was a burst of laughter, in which even the gentlemen and ladies present were forced to join. If his book had been a Chinese grammar, it could not have astonished them more.

But only one, Job Spencer, was mean enough to say:

"Well, Professor Haven, that book may do for a *wise* man like you; but the rest of us are not that far along. Guess you'd better take it home."

Few laughed at his heartless speech, however.

"What book did *you* put in?" demanded Johnny.

"Robinson Crusoe."

"Well," said Johnny, "this geology is worth forty Robinson Crusoes!"

There was another laugh, but Dr. Brownlow said quickly, "Johnny is right. If I had to take my choice between any half-dozen books in this excellent library, and a geology, I would take the geology. I hope you will accept Johnny's offer, and that others may contribute books on kindred subjects. I intend doing so myself, *provided you take Johnny's.*"

Of course Johnny was admitted, but there was much merry-making at his expense. Even the other books in the library seemed to laugh at his geology; yet we will see how long their laughter lasted.

PART II.

THE "MIGGLESVILLE DUNCE."

WE must go back a little from the time when Johnny Haven set the boys and girls of Migglesville to laughing by bringing a geology to the library.

Poor Johnny was always at the foot of his class. It was not a graded school, and not a very good one of its kind; but it *did* manage to have an examination at the close of the year.

Mr. Haven had been watching his son's lack of progress with deepening mortification and sorrow; but when examination day came, and Johnny failed in everything, his chagrin was keen indeed.

"Johnny," he said, after it was all over and they were at home, "what *is* the matter? You hardly answered a question, and yet you did not seem to care."

Johnny seldom betrayed any emotion, but now his lip quivered and his cheek flushed.

"I do care!" he exclaimed; "but do you suppose I am going to show it?"

The words were like music in his parent's ears. It was not indifference after all, but grit.

"Father," he said, "have n't I studied hard?"

"Yes, my boy, hard enough to have committed all your books to memory."

"I know a good deal more than they think I do," said Johnny; "but when I come to recite I get bothered; they laugh at me, and I forget it all. I want to leave school!"

"Leave school!" exclaimed Mr. Haven.

"Yes, sir; and study at home."

"Why not study at school?"

"Because they make me study too many things at once. I was n't made to study everything at once. I 'd rather know one thing well than forty things a little. I don't want to go to that school any more!" he continued, almost fiercely. "But if you 'll let me study at home, I 'll show you that I can learn a great deal of one thing while they are learning a little of everything."

"Perhaps you are right, Johnny," said Mr.

Haven. "As a rule, it is better for boys and girls to go to school and lay a broad foundation for an education. Still, if you can't get on at school, you can try studying at home. But what put this idea into your head?"

"I thought it out," said Johnny. "And then when Will Regan came home from college and could n't pass an examination for teacher at Kitesboro', and did n't know enough for county surveyor, and could n't keep books or do anything else, I thought it would have been much better for him if he had known just one thing well."

"Well, my boy, what do you wish to know well?"

"Geology."

"Geology! Why?"

"Because I know I should like it, and then I was reading the other day that a practical geologist could make a good living."

"But you will need to understand other things before you can master geology," said Mr. Haven.

"Then I can learn them," said Johnny, his eyes shining like stars.

So he had his father's consent to try his plan, and the Migglesville school lost its dunce.

People said Mr. Haven was wise in taking Johnny from school, for he could learn nothing. They did not know that Johnny was studying harder than any other boy in town.

Dr. Brownlow contributed a zoölogy, a botany, and an advanced work on geology to the library, and induced others to contribute other scientific books.

A year passed, and still the library grew. Tommy Glen had his hands full, all the books he could read, and the glorious consciousness that he was doing good in Migglesville.

The thought sent the blood flying through his veins, and as it rushed along, it began picking up and throwing away little particles of unhealthy muscle and bone, leaving in their stead larger and healthier particles.

The library was also at work in the sluggish body of Migglesville. The old town waked up, rubbed its eyes, washed its face, combed its hair, and felt better. Weeds suffered where they had previously flourished; fences at which cows had laughed now laughed at the cows. Then Migglesville waked up a little more, and organized a Lyceum; a little more, and graded schools were introduced.

Few thought of Johnny Haven. Tommy Glen noticed that he always drew some scientific work from the library, and felt very sorry for the poor boy who seemed so anxious to read hard books which he never could understand. A genuine friendship grew up between them, but it sprung from sympathy for each other's misfortunes. Still, fearing to wound Johnny's feelings, Tommy never tried to find out how much the former knew about the books he was reading, and Johnny never told.

He spent a great deal of time roving up and down the river, and over the hills, beating stones to pieces and carrying them home — for playthings; so it seemed to the people of Migglesville.

But he knew every ledge of rock along the river for miles each way, and the little pieces he carried home were specimens for his cabinet.

When he came to a difficult question, he took hold of it like a bull-dog, and never let go until he had mastered it.

He was not dull. He was one-ideaed, and one-ideaed people have always been the moving spirits of the world. He found that a knowledge of botany and zoölogy was essential to the understanding of geology, and he attacked them.

The pictures of the fossil remains of mastodons, mammoths, and other gigantic animals filled him with wonder. His study became more enchanting than the wildest romance.

One day word came to town that Mr. Martin, whose farm adjoined Migglesville, had found an enormous tooth, a mammoth's tooth, "as large as a water-bucket."

People flocked to see it. Few had ever seen anything of the kind, but all agreed it must be a mammoth's tooth,— it was so large!

Just then some one began laughing.

"There comes the Migglesville dunce! Now we 'll find out all about it," said Job Spencer.

And Johnny came bounding from the town, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, and his eyes shining like stars.

"Where is it?" he cried, bolting through the crowd.

"Here it is, Professor. Wont you give us a lecture on the mammoth?" sneered Job. The secret of Job's hatred for Johnny was that, having tried to abuse Johnny some time before, he had received a sound flogging in return; and he now only dared attack him with his tongue.

Johnny fell on his knees before the tooth, rolled it over, ran his fingers nervously around it, and then raised it so as to see its crown.

"It is n't a mammoth's tooth at all!" he cried. "It 's a mastodon's."

"Oh! Of course *you* know all about it at first sight!" sneered Job.

"Yes, sir; I *do* know. A mammoth's tooth is nearly smooth, like an elephant's, for they were nothing but big elephants; but a mastodon's tooth is covered with pointed knobs, just like this, and it *is* a mastodon's tooth."

"Johnny is right!" said Dr. Brownlow with sud-

den energy. "I had forgotten the distinction, but Johnny has not. This is the tooth of a mastodon."

"Well, it 's all he does know," persisted Job.

"May be it is," said Johnny, quietly; then, turning to Mr. Martin, he asked eagerly, "What will you take for that tooth?"

Mr. Martin looked puzzled. "What 'll you give?" he asked, by way of reply.

"I 'll work a month for it," said Johnny.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE TWO BOYS OF MIGGLESVILLE.

Then there was another laugh. "Work a month for an old tooth!"

"I reckon it 's hardly worth all that," said Mr. Martin. "Work a week, and you can have it."

"All right," said Johnny. The crowd dispersed, very much amused at the whole affair.

Yet no one had any idea that Johnny knew much more than he had shown that day.

But in the room in his father's house to which he carried his precious relic was a very complete collection of the rocks and plants of the country for miles around.

As time passed by, he earned money to buy books; and after awhile he had the best scientific library in town.

He was now nineteen, and was growing a little mustache. People said, "It is a wonder how Johnny Haven has improved in looks," and "What a pity it is that he should be so dull!"

He spent more time than ever on the hills and along the river. True, he worked very hard when his father needed him, or when he hired out to some one else; but he was frequently absent on his odd excursions for days together.

About this time, Migglesville surprised itself by voting a tax to buy more books for the library, making it free for all, and paying Tommy Glen a salary as librarian.

A little later, Kitesboro' became excited. The railroad was coming! It was still a hundred miles away, but it was coming. The engineers had been in the neighborhood, mapping out the line; and Kitesboro' being the chief town within a section of

fifty miles, they had planned to run the railroad through — so the officers said — if — if Kitesboro' would give the right of way, station-grounds, and fifty thousand dollars!

Then Kitesboro' sat down and laughed. The idea! The railroad would come, anyway. Could n't afford to miss Kitesboro'. Kitesboro' would n't give a cent to induce the railroad to come.

Every one burned wood in all that country, for there was plenty of it. No one thought of coal — no one except Johnny Haven.

When he heard of the railroad, he thought of coal for the engines and for shipping to the great plains out West where the road was going.

"According to *geology*," said he to himself, "there ought to be coal here."

He read his books again on the subject of the coal formations, and then he disappeared from Migglesville almost altogether. People saw him leaving town early every morning with some tools on his shoulder, but thought nothing of it. Only his parents knew what he was doing.

The railroad engineers were at work twenty miles east of Kitesboro', surveying lines in various directions, to make the people of Kitesboro' think they were going somewhere else.

One day, a young man with a little mustache rode into their camp and began asking questions.

"Where do you get your coal?" he said to one of the officers of the road.

"At B——, three hundred miles east of this."

"I can show you a fine vein of coal not far from here," said the young man.

This brought the railroad men about him, and the questions flew thick and fast from both sides.

He did not tell them where the coal was, except that the railroad could easily reach it without bridging the river. To reach Kitesboro', they would have to build a very expensive bridge.

After a hurried consultation, some of the responsible officers of the road were telegraphed and soon appeared, accompanied by an experienced mining engineer, and started with the young man toward Migglesville.

When they reached that place, they went directly to Mr. Haven's house.

Papers were drawn up and signed, in which it was agreed that, if certain things were just so, they would do so and so; after which they all rode down the river to a tract of land which Mr. Haven had often tried to sell, but could not, because it was so broken.

When they returned, more papers were signed; after which the railroad men bought a large tract of land in the edge of Migglesville, and a great many corner lots, for none of which they paid very much, since land, like everything else, was cheap in the poor old town.

Then it was discovered that the railroad was coming to Migglesville. Migglesville threw up its hat and yelled for joy.

Kitesboro', hearing the shout, became frightened, and raised the fifty thousand dollars, but was told to keep it. It raised seventy-five thousand, one hundred thousand, and sent a committee over to Migglesville to see the officers of the road.

But their answer was: "We are coming to Migglesville. We have coal here, and that is worth more than forty Kitesboro's."

"Coal?" cried Migglesville.

"Coal?" cried Kitesboro'.

"Yes. Young Haven found it, and then he found us."

"Coal! Johnny Haven! John-*nee Ha*ven! Well, a fool for luck!"

But Migglesville said this under its breath.

Before the railroad men left town, however, the mining engineer said to some of the citizens:

"You ought to be proud of young Haven. He knows more about geology than any one of his age I ever saw. We are going to send him on ahead to look up the coal matters for the company."

Then Migglesville waked up more than ever, and it is safe to say that before midnight, when the first people went to bed, the name of Johnny Haven had been pronounced two thousand times. Every one called him a genius. Within a week, at least a dozen young men, who had been skimming over all kinds of studies, bought geologies and began to realize how little they knew.

A bank was started in Migglesville, and Mr. Haven deposited ten thousand dollars, one-half in Johnny's name. It was what he had received for the land he had not been able to sell until Johnny found coal on it.

"Ten thousand dollars! Johnny Haven!" but no one said "a fool for luck" any more.

Then the great day came, when the first train steamed into town. A great many Kitesboro' men were there, for Kitesboro' was moving over.

On the train, among leading railroad men, came Johnny Haven, and when he stepped upon the platform he received a cheer that nearly took away his breath.

A banquet followed, and speeches and toasts. But something was wrong. Whenever a speaker said "Migglesville," Migglesville hung its head. It was ashamed of its name.

It did well enough so long as Migglesville was old and sleepy and shabby, but for a live railroad town, the center of what was to be a great coal trade, it would never do.

And finally, it felt so badly about it that Dr. Brownlow, mounting a platform, said:

"I propose that we take the necessary steps toward changing the name of this town, and I hope that we may name it after the two young men who have done more than all others to make it what it is, and what it promises to be:

"First, after Thomas Glen, who had the courage and genius to start a public library [applause]; second, after John Haven, who, by his untiring energy and splendid abilities, made himself master, first of one and then of many things, and, by the light of that science he so dearly loves, guided the railroad to this town."

Then Migglesville threw up its hat and jumped after it, and the sound of many voices was heard by the lonely watchers at Kitesboro'.

And now, when Mr. John Haven, in charge of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Rocky Mountains, writes to his proud and happy parents, he does not address his letter to Migglesville, but to *Glen Haven*.

THE SPIDER AND THE TUNING-FORK.

By John R. Coryell.



THE snake-charmer uses music to subdue the poisonous cobra; but that is not so very startling, for even if the snake be a horrid creature, there is something in its gliding grace which makes its liking for the sweet notes of the flute seem almost harmonious. As for the bird, the very thought of the dainty creature brings music to the mind. Then, again, stories which tell of dogs, horses, rabbits, or mice, even, appreciating and enjoying music do not seem at all incredible. But when it comes to saying that *spiders* like music,—Well, I do say that.

A great many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. When he ceased playing, his audience immediately scampered back to their webs. Since that time, the liking of spiders for music has often been tested and proved. I myself would have been glad to play for a spider audience, but, to own the sad truth, I am not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it. I did try several times to charm spiders by whistling to them; but either it is true, as my friends say, that I do not know how to whistle, or spiders do not care for that sort of music.

Perhaps I would have given up trying to satisfy myself of the liking of spiders for music, had not a scientific gentleman of Europe given me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. It is only necessary to hold the fork by the handle and rap one of the prongs against something hard.

I procured a tuning-fork, and then sought out a spider to experiment on. I found a handsome, brand-new web, and though I did not see Mistress

Epeïra, I knew she must be at home. *Epeïra diadema* is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose-bushes and trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web, and which she uses for her own retiring-room. I am positive that the story which tells of how she invited a fly into her parlor is incorrect, for she keeps that sacred to her own use.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came to the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-m-m-m" still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she darted and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the hard metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled the fork away, and Madame Epeïra retired in disappointment to the center of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that had attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too probable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly,—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment. If she did not become wiser, however, she certainly did become angrier at each failure to take prisoner the humming intruder into her home.

If I had known how to play the flute instead of the tuning-fork, I might have learned more about the musical tastes of spiders; but as it is, I am willing to believe what others say, that spiders do like music, and to admit that I made my experiment with the wrong instrument.

THE BROWNIES' VOYAGE.

By Palmer Cox.

One time, a restless Brownie band
Resolved to leave the Scottish strand,
And visit Orkney Island green,
That in the distance might be seen,
When seas were calm and fogs withdrew,
A speck above the ocean blue.

In answer to a summons wide,
The Brownies came from every side—
From hills that overlook the sea,
And from the braes of Doon and Dee;
A novel spectacle they made,
All mustered in the forest shade:
With working implements they came,
Of every fashion, use, and name—
For turn his hand a Brownie can
To all the handicrafts of man.

Soon, one who seemed to be a chief
Addressed the band in language brief:

"From lofty peaks how oft have we
Surveyed those islands in the sea,
And longed for means to thither sail
And ramble over hill and vale!
That pleasure rare we may command,
Without the aid of human hand.
So, Brownies young and Brownies old,
Prepare yourselves for action bold.
A heavy task before you lies,
That well might weaker folk surprise;
For ere the faintest streak of gray
Has advertised the coming day,
A sturdy craft, both tough and tall,
With masts and halyards, shrouds and all,

With sails to spread, and helm to guide,
Completed from the ways shall glide.
No second night may Brownies plan
To finish what the first began.



So exercise your mystic power
And make the most of every hour!"

With axes, hammers, saws, and rules,
Dividers, squares, and boring tools,
The active Brownies scattered 'round,
And every one his labor found.

Some fell to chopping down the trees,
And some to hewing ribs and knees;
While more the heavy keelson made,
And fast the shapely hull was laid.
Then over all they clambered soon,
Like bees around their hive in June.



'T was hammer, hammer, here and there,
And rip and racket everywhere,
As each good Brownie did his best,
Nor gave himself a moment's rest,

And every skillful stroke that fell
Without exception counted well.
While some were spiking planks and beams,
The calkers stuffed the yawning seams,
And poured the resin left and right,
To make her stanch and water-tight.
A crowd were busy bringing nails,
And bolts of canvas for the sails,
And coils of rope of every size
To make the ratlines, shrouds, and guys.
It mattered little whence it came,
Or who a loss of stock might claim;
Supply kept even with demand,
Convenient to the rigger's hand.

'T was marvelous to see how fast
The vessel was together cast;
Now here a touch, and there a blow,
And tier on tier it seemed to grow,

Until, with all its rigs and stays,
It sat prepared to leave the ways.
It but remained to name it now,
And break a bottle on her bow,
To knock the wedges from the side,
And from the keel, and let it slide.

But, as when dangers do assail
The human kind, though some may quail,
There will be found a few to face
The danger, and redeem the race;
So, some brave Brownies nobly stood
And manned the ship as best they could;



And when it rode upon the sea,
The Brownies thronged the deck with glee,
And veering 'round in proper style,
They bore away for Orkney Isle.

But those who will the ocean brave
Should be prepared for wind and wave;
For storms will rise, as many know,
When least we look for squall or blow.
And soon the sky was overcast,
And waves were running high and fast;
Then some were sick and some were filled
With fears that all their ardor chilled;
And some retired the decks between,
And took no interest in the scene.

Some staid on deck to sound for bars;
Some went aloft to watch for stars;
And some around the rudder hung,
And here and there the vessel swung,
While others, strung on yard and mast,
Kept shifting sails to suit the blast.

Now, with the keel almost in sight,
It listed left and listed right;
At times, the stem was high in air,
And next the stern was lifted there.
So thus it tumbled, tossed, and rolled,
And shipped enough to fill the hold,
Till more than once it seemed as though
To feed the fish they all must go.

But still they bravely tacked and veered,
And hauled, and reefed, and onward steered;
While screaming birds around them wheeled,
As though they thought their doom was sealed;
And hungry gar and hopeful shark
In shoals pursued the creaking bark,

For now the ship to ruin flew,
As though it felt its work was through,
And soon it stranded, pitch and toss,
Upon the rocks, a total loss.
The masts and spars went by the board -
The hull was shivered like a gourd!

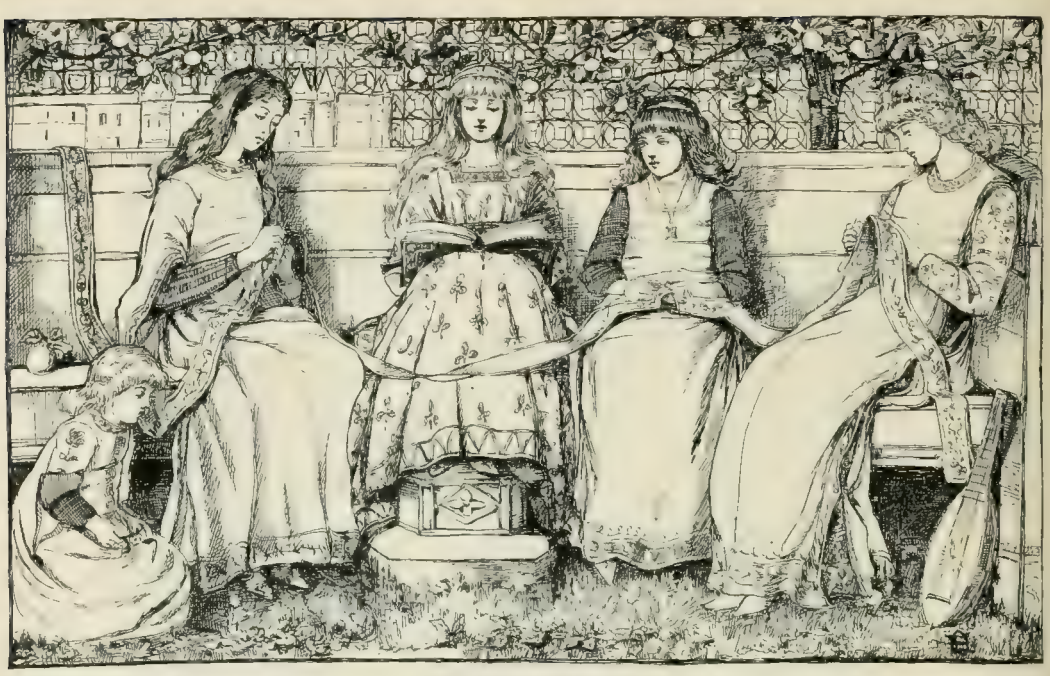


Still wondering how it braved a gale
That might have made Columbus pale.

The rugged island, near them now,
Was looming on their starboard bow;
But knowing not the proper way
Of entering its sheltered bay,
They simply kept their canvas spread,
And steered the vessel straight ahead.
The birds seemed winded in the race,
The gar and shark gave up the chase,
And turning back, forsook the keel,
And lost their chances of a meal.

But now, on broken plank and rail,
On splintered spars and bits of sail
That strewed for miles the rugged strand,
The Brownies safely reached the land.

Now, Brownies lack the power, 't is said,
Of duplicating aught they 've made;
When once a task is all complete,
No more may they the work repeat.
So all their efforts were in vain
To build and launch a ship again;—
And on that island, roaming 'round,
That Brownie band may still be found.



A SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

FLOWER FANCIES.

By Helen Gray Cone.

I. DANDELIONS.

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded;
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of, after!

II. RAGGED SAILORS.

O ragged, ragged Sailors!
I pray you answer me:
What may you all be doing
So far away from sea?

"We 're loitering by the road-sides,
We 're lingering on the hills,
To talk with pretty Daisies
In stiff and snowy frills.

"And though our blue be ragged,
Right welcome still are we
To tell the nodding lasses
Long tales about the sea!"

GUSTAVUS KEAN'S SPELLING.

By J. C. Montague.

Gustavus Kean is my cousin; but that is not the reason I am writing about him. Perish the thought! I have no foolish pride in my relatives, and I relate his experiences only in the hope that they may afford warning and encouragement to other boys.

The one blight upon Gustavus Kean's young life was the shadow cast by his spelling-book. To an unprejudiced mind this book was very much like any other spelling-book, but to his agonized eye it seemed exactly five miles square, and there were days when its shadow blotted every ray of sunlight from his saddened existence. Do not jump to the hasty conclusion that Gustavus could not spell. Bless the boy! For pure brilliancy, copiousness and ease in spelling, for downright creativeness, I have never met (and I hope I never may meet) his equal. But the trouble was that these finished productions of his differed radically and entirely from the standards of good spelling as set forth in the dictionaries. Gustavus thought this little fact a trifle unworthy of his notice. He did not quarrel with those who spelled differently from him, but he pitied those narrow minds who could see beauty in only one set form. He had a broad, catholic mind, himself; he eschewed all help from spelling-books and dictionaries, and he was by all odds the very worst speller, for a boy thirteen years old, in all America.

At last, matters came to a crisis. He wrote a letter to his rich uncle in Boston, which so far exceeded any of his earlier productions that his uncle groaned and turned pale as he read it. The next day came a letter to Mrs. Kean. In it was the following paragraph:

"Gustavus's spelling is simply dreadful. It is atrocious. Something *must* be done for him, at once. If he can not be brought to look differently upon this matter, he must change his name, and I will start him on a ranch in Texas. I can not face a frowning world with the consciousness that one who passes as my nephew is densely ignorant of the very rudiments of his mother-tongue."

Naturally, this troubled Mrs. Kean very much, and when Gustavus came home late that afternoon, radiant at having beaten every boy on the block in repeated velocipede-races, and blissfully ignorant of the cruel fate in store for him, she showed him his uncle's letter, and expressed her regret at this state of things. Gustavus assumed a pensive and gently regretful attitude, and his expression plainly said, "If Uncle Tom were not such a kind man in other matters, I could find it in my heart to scorn him for his narrow-mindedness in this particular." His father talked to him long and seriously; his mother grew pathetic, and worked upon his finer feelings to such an extent that he was on the verge of tears. But just at this moment his elder sister unfortunately remarked that a bad speller was a positive disgrace to a family, which so restored his moral tone, and roused the slumbering pride within him, that he gathered his almost shattered forces together, delivered an oration of great length and fire, hurled defiance at all makers of dictionaries, and finally left the room with much pomp and dignity.

Nevertheless, the next morning he carried to school a note from his mother, which implored his teacher to give the most rigorous and unceasing attention to his spelling, in future; and from that hour Gustavus Kean was a blighted boy. Column after column of words did he learn by heart one day, only to entirely forget them in less than twenty-four hours. Sheet after sheet of paper did he cover with dictation exercises; letter after letter did he write to imaginary relatives from imaginary resting-places in Europe. And all to no purpose. Gustavus and the covers of his spelling-book grew limp together, and he had exactly seventy-six mistakes in his last exercise. Almost every day he was "kept in" at school during the pleasantest hours of the afternoon, and the haunts of his former playgrounds knew him no more. Another boy won the championship of the velocipede-races; and one day, when the boys were having a snow-ball fight, Charlie Aiken broke a pane of glass in one of old Mr. Blanchard's windows, and Gustavus — oh, bitter thought! — was not there to see the scrimmage which followed.

Matters went on in this way for quite awhile, the heart of Gustavus growing daily more heavy within him, and his frequent wish being that his existence had never entered into the plan of Providence. At last, a very little thing caused an explosion. His teacher pleasantly informed him that "clam" was not spelled "clam*b*." Here Gustavus felt himself touched at a tender point. He had been fond of clam-soup all his life, and he had always spelled the word "clamb." He could not bring himself to believe that he was wrong. There was a strange error somewhere, but assuredly *he* was not the person at fault — it must be the teacher! He

argued the point well and brilliantly; but, like Pharaoh of old, the teacher's mind seemed hardened, and she would not be convinced. The argument soon grew more heated, a stormy scene followed, and I should not like to tell you how many times he was obliged, that afternoon, to write the word clam on the blackboard — *without* the final "b."

Bitterness had now eaten into the very soul of Gustavus. He went home late that afternoon, bristling with defiance, and breathing fire and fury against all mankind. His further proceedings were wrapped in mystery; he avoided his parents and sister, and the gloom and ceremony with which he bade the cook good-night, as she met him coming out of the store-room, would have made the fortune of any tragic actor. As his parents were occupied with visitors, he was enabled to carry out his own designs unmolested, and to his great satisfaction. Later than usual he went to bed; a few last preparations were made, the light was put out, and quiet settled down upon the little hall bedroom on the third story.

Mrs. Kean looked in on her son and heir, as was her custom, before going to her own room for the night. She lighted the gas, and there lay the young Gustavus curled into a ball of rosy comfort, sleeping the sleep of the just, and dreaming as placidly of the new goat and cart he hoped to have in the spring, as if he were not the projector of dark and deadly schemes for the morrow. Mrs. Kean gazed at him with pride and affection; for, strange as it may appear to outsiders, mothers do seem to be fond of their boys, even if they are bad spellers.

But why did she suddenly look surprised and startled?

There, carefully spread on a chair, lay Gustavus's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes in formidable array, and on the floor, at the foot of his bed, stood an immense, covered peach-basket — a veteran that had seen much service, and the stability of the handle of which could not be counted upon. And what a medley of things in the basket! — A pair of stout trousers, and a blue flannel shirt with red lacings, and a large red neck-tie, — Gustavus always had a fine eye for color, — a red polo-cap, a small hatchet, some nails and cord, crackers, potted meat, a small box of guava jelly, and a conspicuous absence of under-clothes. This plainly indicated a trip to Texas, and preparations for ranch-life.

Next came an autograph album, an old opera-glass of his sister's (with a cracked lens), a paper of morning-glory seeds, and a Jew's-harp, — and, at the very bottom of the basket, dirtier and limper than ever, lay the despised spelling-book. Plainly, Gustavus did not intend to neglect the arts and sciences in his new life.

Naturally, Mrs. Kean was very much troubled at this discovery, and I think she must have indulged in a little cry, and so dimmed her eyesight, otherwise she would never have dropped the opera-glass on the floor. Of course the noise awoke Gustavus. For one blessed moment he thought it must be Christmas-eve, and that his mother was arranging his presents by his bedside, according to her time-honored custom. But this sweetly consoling thought was quickly dispelled by his eye falling on the hatchet. He took in the situation at once, and saw that, for the present, he was the hero of a lost cause.

He rose to explain his position with dignity; but when his mother, in a very soft and muffled voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gustavus! How could you think of leaving me?" he was cut to the quick at the thought of his base ingratitude, and, lifting up his voice, he wept.

What a pathetic scene then followed! I think that I could wring your very heart-strings if I chose to describe it; but I will spare you. I will merely say that they had a good, comfortable crying-time together; that Gustavus explained all his woes to his mother, even to the recent clam-insult, and vowed with ardor that nothing but the most unheard-of course of severity from his teacher, and the blackest dejection on his own part, could have induced him to look with favor upon the Texas scheme.

His mother gave him the fullest sympathy, but at the same time impressed upon him the necessity of the stand which his teacher had taken. Gustavus was in a wondrously meek and impressionable state of mind, — the exertion of packing that basket had been too much for his nervous system, — and, for once in his life, he felt that the arguments of the other side might deserve some attention. A delicate suggestion that a little less obstinacy and greater application to study might appreciably soften the hardness of his lot, was received with favor, and Gustavus went to sleep for the second time that night, at peace with all mankind, with his spelling-book under his pillow, and a firm resolution lodged in his manly breast to get up early the next morning, and learn all the easy words in the dictionary beginning with "q," before breakfast-time.

Gustavus felt a little delicacy about meeting the family the next morning; but, to his great relief, no notice was taken of his adventurous schemes, and joy and serenity reigned at the family board. A fearful pang seized him at school when he opened his lunch-basket and saw that identical box

of guava jelly staring him in the face. For a moment it seemed as if he should be eaten up with remorse; but the proud consciousness that he had not missed one word in his spelling lesson that day revived his drooping spirits, and he quickly decided that the jelly, and not he, should be the victim, and that remorse must look out for itself.

That night, as he lay on the rug before the fire in his sister's room, she ventured to say:

"Why were you going to take your spelling-book with you, Gustavus? I thought that was just the sort of thing you were trying to get away from."

Gustavus looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then replied, with fine scorn:

"That 's just like a girl! They always think a fellow does n't care anything about his education unless he grinds away at it all the time. Of course, I always intended to learn how to spell, *sometime*."

After this cutting rebuke, there was silence for a few minutes; then, with the courage of one willing to die in the pursuit of knowledge, she persisted in questioning him, further, about his projected plans.

At first she was met with proud reserve; but finally he melted, and told her that it was his uncle's letter which had suggested the Texas plan. It was his idea to work his way out West, and then take possession of a ranch, and build himself a log-hut. He was greatly surprised to hear that a ranch was not a well-cultivated plot of ground, inclosed by handsome iron railings and well stocked with cattle, ready to be taken possession of by the first boy who made his appearance from the East. (His ideas were largely colored by recollections of visits to the zoölogical gardens.)

A half-hour's talk with his sister gave him a surprising amount of information. He saw, with the keenest regret, that things are not what they seem, and that under no circumstances could he make the Texan trip in the simple, airy, unencumbered way which he had intended to go. Traveling with even a small trunk had no charms for his Bohemian soul, and so the whole delightful plan vanished into thin air, and nothing was left him but a prosaic city life and a spelling-book.

But stop! there was that goat and cart yet to live for — the one dream of his young life! And the dream proved a reality, too; for Gustavus worked diligently during the rest of the winter (that is, most of the time, for there were days when his studious spirit took a vacation, and his mischievous genius and he sallied forth together, striking terror to the hearts of all who met them). But he finally succeeded in sending such a correct and elegant epistle to Boston, that, in the spring, his uncle presented him with the coveted treasures.

The cart could hold four boys, and the goat answered to the name of Texas.

DAISY TIME.

By Fleta Forrester.

Daisy time has come again!
  Daisies, sweet and bright,
Turn their round, white faces up
  To meet and kiss the light.

Just as troops of children come,—
  Come to gaze and stare,—
So the wistful daisy faces
  Meet you everywhere!

Daisies play bo-peep with you
  At every fence you pass;
Steal into your garden beds
  And creep into your grass.

Daisies on the hill-side;
  Daisies on the plain;
Throngs so close, one can but think
  The snow is there again!

Strolling through the meadow,
  Scattered by the brook;
Daisies, daisies everywhere!
  Whichever way you look!

The Scarlet Tanager;

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW GASPAR BROKE HIS PROMISE.



SAID, everything was going on favorably. But it could not be expected that a boy like Gaspar would change the habits of his life and his whole mode of thought in a day or a week. He was impatient to see the promised certificate, the idea of which tickled his boyish pride; and as he did not know the reason why it was delayed, he more than once had resolved to break off his connection with the school-master and go back to his wild associates.

His behavior to his parents was a little more considerate than it had been; but it was still perverse. The minister was a rather silent man, and he had so long regarded his son with gloomy dissatisfaction, that he could not easily take the first steps toward a better understanding. Yet his heart had softened toward him, and he, too, with the mother, hoped for good results from the teacher's influence.

A little more than a week had passed. It was Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Heth was absent from home, when Gaspar took his gun and started for the woods; there was a load in it, which he wished to fire off. His sister Ella called after him.

"You are not going a-hunting, are you?" she asked.

"I am. What have you got to say about it?" he retorted haughtily.

She was a year and a half younger than he, but old enough to see how wrong his conduct often was, and to wish he would mend it.

"Now, Gaspar," she cried, "you know it is n't right! Papa said you must be sure to trim those borders, for to-morrow is Sunday."

"There 'll be time enough for the borders when I get back," he scowlingly replied. "So don't fret, little school-ma'am."

"That's what you always say, 'time enough.' You put off your work to the last, and then it is never done. You 'll not touch those borders to-day, I know you 'll not," she cried, "if you don't do them now."

"You 'll see! I can't be gone long, for I've no ammunition. I am not to be ordered around by you, anyhow!" And Gaspar stalked off.

"Don't say anything more to him," the mother called to Ella. "He will have his way."

"I suppose so," said Ella; "he always has had it, and he always will have it. But it provokes me!" And she stood in the door-way, gazing after him with sparkling dark eyes.

In the lane leading to the wood, Gaspar caught glimpses of a ragged fellow lurking behind some bushes.

"Hallo, Pete!" he cried. "What are you hiding there? Where did you get that melon?" he added, as Pete Cheevy, recognizing him, came out from his ambush with a cantaloupe in his grimy hands.

"Found it rollin' up hill lookin' fer an owner," said the grinning Pete. "Sit down here, an' we 'll rip it open an' hev a jolly treat."

It was a temptation. But Gaspar had been shunning the Cheevy urchin for a week, and he was not to be drawn back to him now by the bribe of a melon which he knew must have been stolen.

"No, thank you," he replied, walking on.

"Thought you tol' me las' Sat'day you wer' n't go'n' ter shoot any more birds, now 't they talk o' tight'nin' up the law on 'em," observed Pete.

"I 'm not," said Gaspar, thinking how Pete and the other fellows would envy him when he had his certificate. "But I may pick up a blue jay; there 's no law about them."

"I 'll go 'long with ye, 'f ye want me ter," Pete proposed.

Gaspar reflected that the egg-hunting season was over, and he needed no assistance in climbing trees.

"Say, shell uh?" (Ragged urchin's phrase for "shall I.")

"Not with that melon," Gaspar replied significantly.

"Never mind the melon! I 'll hide it till we come 'long back." But as Gaspar walked on without more words, Pete bawled after him: "Seems t' me somebody 's awful stiff all t' once! Go 'long 'th yer ol' gun! I don' wan' ter shoot it. An' ye shan't hev any o' my mushmelon, neither."

He pulled out from the pocket of his tattered trousers a knife with half a blade, and proceeded to "rip it open," as he phrased it, under a clump of bushes, where he regaled himself, devouring greedily all the good part of the melon and throwing away the rinds. Then he rose up, stretched himself, wiped his fingers on his trousers and his face on his sleeve, and hardly knowing what else to do for amusement that afternoon, followed Gaspar up into the woods.

"Pleg' on the feller! dunno' what 's got inter him!" he muttered. "He 'll come roun' mebby, 'f I ask him 'f he don't want any kingfisher's eggs; he was pesterin' me fer 'em, las' month."

The woods were very still that afternoon, and Gaspar went a long way without seeing or hearing any but the commonest birds. Not a woodpecker drummed, not a jay screamed. But at length, when he was about a mile from home, in the most ancient part of the forest, where still a few very old trees grew along with those of a younger generation, his quick ear detected a sound which made him stop short and raise his gun.

It was something like a robin's song, and yet he knew it was not a robin's. Two or three times before, he had heard it in deep woods, and had caught glimpses of the brilliant plumage of the bird which uttered it. It came now from the sun-spotted foliage high above his head, into which he gazed eagerly, trembling with excitement, sure that a prize which he had long sought in vain was at last within his reach.

The song was repeated, and then something like a winged flame darted among the branches; only the wings were not flame-like. Black wings and tail, and a body as red as fire,—O joy! It was the one bird he most desired of all, so rare in all that region: *the Scarlet Tanager!*

I can not say that Gaspar forgot his promise to the master. But though his permit had not come, he believed it ought to have come; "and it 's probably on the way now, if it 's coming at all," he reasoned, while he watched eagerly for a good shot. "Anyhow, I 'm not going to let a male Scarlet Tanager escape me, permit or no permit, law or no law!"

He saw a movement of the bright carmine breast through a screen of leaves, drew a quick aim, and fired.

The bird dropped from its perch, but seemed to partially recover the use of its wings before it had fallen far, and alighted, or rather lodged, in the fork of one of the largest old trees in the forest.

It was an oak, the main stem of which had, years before, been broken off about twenty feet from the ground. But from that point two living limbs still grew, one very large, branching toward the south, and a smaller one pushing out in the opposite direction; both rising high among the surrounding tree-tops.

It was in the hollow between these two limbs that the bird had fallen, and well out of sight, as Gaspar found by walking two or three times around the tree.

"A rare bird like that—it is too bad to lose it!" he said, gazing wistfully up at the spot. "But of course nobody can shin up a trunk like that. What a fool I was, not to let Pete come with me! I would make him help me bring a ladder; or he might get on that smaller limb from the branches of this little pine. Pete 's such an exasperating fellow!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Why is n't he here when he 's wanted?"

Having no second charge for his gun, he laid it on a mossy log, where he sat down to wait for the bird to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

CHAPTER V.

PETE CHEEVY AND THE GUN.

At dusk that evening, the minister in his dressing gown, with his black study-cap on his head,—for he was bald,—was pacing to and fro before his door, when Mr. Pike came in at the gate.

Mr. Heth looked up quickly, with a perturbed and lowering face, as if expecting somebody else, and at sight of the school-master made an effort to appear unconcerned and gracious.

After a few commonplace words of greeting had been passed between them, Mr. Pike, declining an invitation to enter the house, took an envelope from his pocket, saying:

"I have called to see Gaspar; I have something which I think will please him."

"What is it?" the minister demanded sharply.

"The permit I promised him," replied the caller, wondering what new shadow of trouble had come over the household, "the permit from the Natural History Society."

"He don't deserve it!" Mr. Heth broke forth, with strong feeling. "He is the most undutiful, ungrateful boy I ever saw! I wonder at myself for expecting better things of him, after his behavior in the past."

Surprised and pained, the master could only ask: "Has anything new occurred, Mr. Heth?"

"Nothing new," replied the agitated father. "It's the same old story. But it is all the more exasperating just at this time, when we had hopes — were beginning to have hopes, — after your talks with him, and his improved behavior, as if he really meant to do better, — but I give him up! I give him up! I find I can place no reliance whatever upon him."

"I can't bear to think he has driven you to that conclusion," said the master, in tones of sympathy and distress. "Where is he now?"

"That 's what I don't know. I have n't seen him since I left home at about two o'clock. I gave him a light task to do, — a very light task, — but told him to be sure to do it; for I wished to try him again and see if there was any conscience or obedience in the boy. He promised heartily; but at about three o'clock he took his gun and went off — no one knows where. His sister Ella reminded him of his work; but he answered her in his usual way, — that he would be back in time for it, that it was no affair of hers, and that she was n't his guardian, — or in words to that effect. He has not been home since."

"He must return now very soon," observed the school-master. "It is too late to shoot anything."

"And it is too late to do his work," said the minister. He may come now when he pleases. I could almost say, in my wrath and grief, that I care little whether he comes at all. But no, no! In spite of everything, I still have his good at heart. Come in. His mother will be glad to see you. By your interest in him, misplaced as it has been, you have won something more than her esteem."

"I can not think my interest has been misplaced," Mr. Pike replied, rallying from his first discouragement. "I have great confidence that a boy of his fine ability and love of nature will come out all right. I think something has occurred to detain him. I will go in and wait a little while."



"'HOW ABOUT THAT GUN?' DEMANDED MR. CHEEVY." (SEE PAGE 617.)

He remained an hour, — two hours. It was half-past nine o'clock, and Gaspar had not returned. It was not an unusual thing for the boy to be absent so late, although that had commonly happened, heretofore, when he had gone out after

supper. He did not often get his supper away from home, and the evening meal was something that held an important place in his esteem. Mr. Pike could not wonder that Mrs. Heth was growing more and more anxious for her son's safety.

"Pete Cheevy, if anybody, will be apt to know where he is," she remarked, as the visitor at last rose to go.

"I think so," said he, "and if there is a light in the house as I go up the street, I will call and make inquiries."

The Cheevys lived in a little old house under the brow of a wooded hill that rose abruptly, with steep, half-hidden ledges, a few rods back from the street. There was no light visible as Mr. Pike approached the place, and he concluded that the family had gone to bed. But looking back, after he had passed, he saw a glow in an upper room under the low gable, the window of which was open.



He hesitated a minute, unwilling to disturb the family; but seeing a shadow pass the window, and thinking the chamber might be Pete's, he entered the yard and leaned against a bank-wall under the cliff. The moon was just rising; the rocks and overhanging woods were picturesquely touched with light; but everything was still, except for the sound of the master's own movements and the shrill notes of the tree-crickets.

Again the shadow crossed the casement, and to make sure that it was Pete in the room, the master mounted the bank-wall. He was rewarded for the effort by seeing our young acquaintance, by the light of a not very brilliant lamp, performing some queer antics with a gun; now petting it as if it were some living creature, now taking aim at some imaginary game, and again trying the lock as if he found in its mechanism a wonderful fascination.

"One would think he had never seen a gun before," the master said to himself, standing high on the bank to get a better view. "Peter!" he called, in a loud whisper.

Peter did not hear; he was pulling up the hammer for another imaginary shot. This time his game seemed to be out of the window, toward which he made a sudden dash, pointing the muzzle in the direction of the school-master.

"Peter!" called the latter, in a sharp, warning voice.

Pete stopped as if he himself had received a shot, and in an instant boy and gun had disappeared in the chamber. Mr. Pike waited in silence, and in a little while saw a head cautiously advance to the casement and peer out into the half-moon-lit night.

"Peter!" The head drew quickly back. "Peter Cheevy!" Peter now came again to the window, but without the gun.

"Who be ye, 'n' wha' d' ye want?" he said, in a startled voice.

"I am Mr. Pike, and I want to know if you have seen Gaspar Heth this afternoon?"

"Me? How sh'd I see him? D'd you say Gaspar Heth?"

"Yes, I did say Gaspar Heth," said the master. "Where did you see him last?"

"Dunno. Have n't seen him lately — not much — not very lately. Though I b'lieve I did," Pete continued, recovering from his embarrassment, and assuming a tone of the utmost candor,—"now I rec'lect, I did see him goin' up into the woods to-day."

"What time?"

"I dunno. Some time t'day. Guess this aft'noon. Yes, I 'm sure 't was this aft'noon. Why?"

"Because he has n't come home, and his folks are anxious about him."

"Be they? Sho! Guess Gap Heth can take care o' himself; he gener'ly 'most alluz could. He 's nobody's fool, Gap Heth!" observed Pete, philosophically.

"Did he have his gun with him?" the school-master inquired.

"I disremember; somehow I can't rec'lect 'bout

the gun. Though 't seems t' me he *did* hev his gun. Yes, I 'm pretty sure on 't, come t' think."

"And you went a little way with him?"

"Me? No, I jes' did n't! Ketch me! Gap Heth 's snubbed me lately, 'n' I 'm not go'n' to tag aft' him!"

"What has he snubbed you for?"

"What fer? I don't know, 'n' I don't care! Talks 'bout you 'n' some folks screwin' up the law on bird-huntin'. That don't trouble me. Bird's-eggin' time 's over, 'n' I don't shoot."

"Don't shoot?" cried the master. "I imagined you did, by the way I saw you handling your gun just now."

Pete made no reply to this simple remark; and if the light had been favorable for such a display, he might have been seen to roll his eyes and open his mouth with a ghostly attempt at a grin.

"So you have n't seen him since this afternoon, when he was going into the woods?" urged the master. "You are very sure?"

"Oh, yis! pos'tive sure!" Pete exclaimed, as if relieved to have the conversation come back to the main topic. "Tell ye 'f I hed; course I would! why should n't I?"

Although suspicious that the boy knew something about Gaspar that he was unwilling to tell, Mr. Pike did not press him further with questions; nor did he think it necessary to go back and inform the Heths of the ill success of his attempt to get news of their son.

CHAPTER VI.

MASTER PETE EXPLAINS.

THE next morning, however, on his way to church, the master turned in at the parsonage gate. He felt sure the boy must be at home by that time; but the first anxious face that met him at the door told a different tale.

It was the face of the mother. "Have you heard from him?" she tremulously inquired.

"Not a word, except that the Cheevy boy saw him going into the woods yesterday afternoon."

As he followed her into the entry, she said to him, with quivering lips, "Do you believe it possible he has run away?"

No, he could not believe that.

"Or that he has met with some accident — with his gun?"

Mr. Pike thought that more probable, but refrained from saying so.

"I don't know what to think," he replied. "I will walk up into the woods and see if I can find any trace of him."

"His father has already been to look for him," said Mrs. Heth. "We had a terrible night; and at daylight he set off, exploring the woods and calling at neighbors' houses, where our poor boy might have been seen. But Mr. Heth came home all tired out. He is lying down now for a little rest. How he is going to get through his sermon this forenoon, I don't know."

Although these words were spoken in a fluttering voice, hardly above a whisper, they roused the minister in his room above, and he called from the door:

"Is that Gaspar, or any news of him?"

"No; it is Mr. Pike; he is going into the woods to look for Gaspar," replied Mrs. Heth.

"It 's no use," the minister replied. "I believe the boy has taken himself out of the way."

Nevertheless, Mr. Pike went to the woods, and spent the time he had intended for church in searching rocks and hollows for what he dreaded to find.

Mrs. Heth remained at home, vainly hoping to see her son come back. But the father, mastering his agitation, and nerving himself for the performance of duty, stood that morning as usual in the pulpit and bravely went through with prayer and sermon, — a pathetic figure to those who knew what grief and apprehension were at his heart.

In the meanwhile the school-master, having spent an hour in unavailing search, bethought him to find Pete Cheevy again, in order to get that experienced youth to show him some of Gaspar's favorite haunts.

Pete was not at home; but his father was, a sort of enlarged edition of Pete himself, — slouching, tattered, unkempt, — who stared innocently enough when told of Gaspar's disappearance.

"I had n't heard a word on 't!" he said.

"I supposed everybody in town had heard of it by this time. And I should think Pete would have told you," remarked the school-master.

"Guess Pete don't know it," replied the elder Cheevy, standing in his door-way, and fumbling his unbuttoned vest.

"Oh, yes, he does; for I stopped last night and told him Gaspar had n't been heard from at half-past nine o'clock."

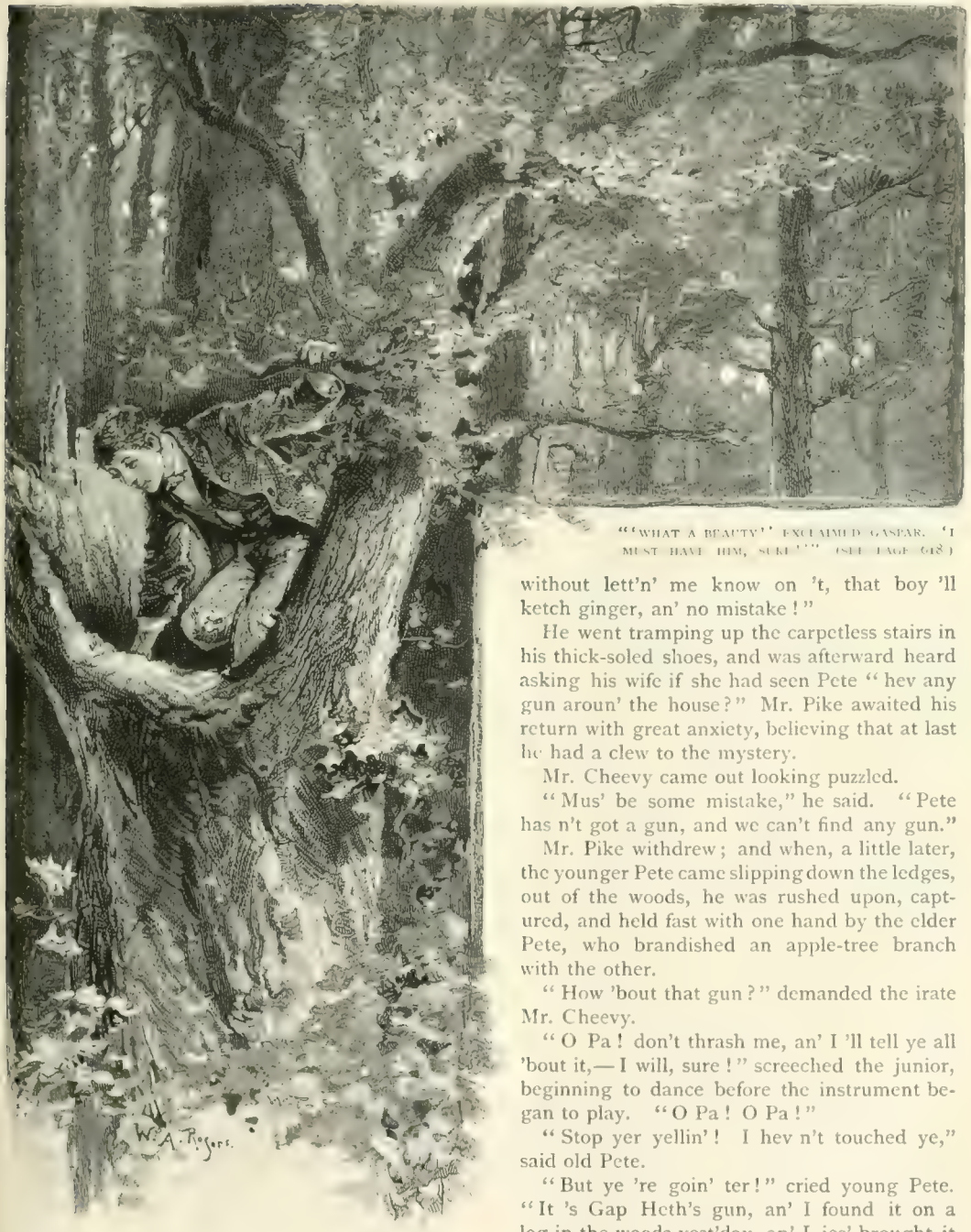
"Half-pas' nine? What 're ye talkin' 'bout? My boy was a-bed and asleep 'fore that time."

"I beg your pardon," said the master, "I saw him through the window, in his room, playing with his gun."

"Ye 're gett'n' things mixed up now, fer cert'n!" said the paternal Cheevy. "My boy has n't any gun."

A sudden suspicion flashed across the master's mind. He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"I can't be mistaken about the gun; and I



"'WHAT A BEAUTY!' EXCLAIMED GASPAR. 'I MUST HAVE HIM, SURE!'" (SEE PAGE 618)

think you will find it in his room now, if you will go and look. I certainly saw it last night."

"Can't be!" said the elder Cheevy. "But I 'll go 'n' look, an' if I find he 's keep'n' a gun without lett'n' me know on 't, that boy 'll ketch ginger, an' no mistake!"

He went tramping up the carpetless stairs in his thick-soled shoes, and was afterward heard asking his wife if she had seen Pete "hev any gun aroun' the house?" Mr. Pike awaited his return with great anxiety, believing that at last he had a clew to the mystery.

Mr. Cheevy came out looking puzzled.

"Mus' be some mistake," he said. "Pete has n't got a gun, and we can't find any gun."

Mr. Pike withdrew; and when, a little later, the younger Pete came slipping down the ledges, out of the woods, he was rushed upon, captured, and held fast with one hand by the elder Pete, who brandished an apple-tree branch with the other.

"How 'bout that gun?" demanded the irate Mr. Cheevy.

"O Pa! don't thrash me, an' I 'll tell ye all 'bout it,—I will, sure!" screeched the junior, beginning to dance before the instrument began to play. "O Pa! O Pa!"

"Stop yer yellin'! I hev n't touched ye," said old Pete.

"But ye 're goin' ter!" cried young Pete. "It 's Gap Heth's gun, an' I found it on a log in the woods yest'day, an' I jes' brought it hum to keep it fer him, 's sure as I live an' breathe this minute!"

"Be them the fac's?" said the father. "Don't you dare try to give me anythin' else but the genooine fac's! No triflin' with *me*, you know."

As the instrument seemed about to strike up a vivacious air, Pete danced again, swinging around the circle of which the radius was the paternal arm. At last, when he seemed to be sufficiently terrified to tell the truth, he was ordered to "stan' still an' tell it." This was his statement:

"I saw Gap a-goin' up int' the woods with his gun, an' by 'n' by I follered him; but I could n't get a sight on him, no way; I never saw him once, an' I dunno where he went. But over by Bingham's Swamp I came across his gun a-layin' on a log; an' he was n't anywheres aroun', an' there was n't anybody in sight, an' I 'd never had a gun, an' that seemed my only chance, an' I took it."

"Hooked it, you mis'ble man's boy!" exclaimed old Pete.

"I did n't mean it fer hookin'; I *found* it!" young Pete exclaimed.

"Wall, that 's another thing," said the father, softening. "Anybody 's li'ble to *find* things. But why did n't you tell *me?*"

"I did n't know 's ye 'd lemme keep it," whimpered the boy.

"Now see what a scrape you 're gettin' inter by not tellin'!" said his father. "When Schoolmaster Pike talked about your gun this mornin', I told him, o' course, that you had n't any gun.—Where is 't now?"

"I got scared, an' hid it under some bushes up int' the woods, fus' thing this mornin'. Old Pickerel scared me las' night."

"Wall, you get it, an' kerry 't back to where ye found it, lively! I don't want any boy o' mine hauled up fer findin' things that there 's go'n' to be so much fuss about as there is 'bout this, now Gap has got lost. Don't you see, if anything 's happened ter him, ye might be put in jail fer murder? S'pose he 's found shot, an' his gun found in your hands! Now you scamper an' git rid on't in a hurry; an' mind, ye leave it jes' where you found it. Now scud!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLLOW TREE.

OWING to the terrors of the situation, Pete had told a tolerably straightforward story. He had found the gun on a log, in the way he described. It was the same mossy log upon which Gaspar had sat down to wait for the scarlet tanager to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

As the bird did not show itself, and as he knew nothing of Pete's following him into the woods, he finally said to himself: "I guess what Pete can do, I can do. I know he could shin up this pine and get off on the oak, and I believe I can."

It was a slender pine, about eight inches through, with a tendency to die at the top, which top, by the way, had had the misfortune to be thrust up into the branches of larger and taller trees. One of these was the great oak with the broken stem, at the summit of which, in the fork of the trunk, the scarlet tanager had lodged.

Gaspar himself was a good climber, as well as a resolute boy. He laid his gun across the log, hugged the pine with knees and arms, and began to work his way upward. He reached the branches without difficulty, and scrambled through them into the scraggly top, above which the smaller limb of the oak made a tremendous sweep, nearly twenty feet from the broken trunk.

In passing the dead, or dying, twigs of the pine-tops, he lost his cap, which lodged in them. "Never mind," he said, "I can get that on my way back." He looked over at the fork of the huge oak, but could not see his bird,—only the decayed hollow into which it had fallen. To reach it, by clasping the limb curved above him, and descending over that, in mid-air, was a feat which made him hesitate. Then he said, "Here goes!" and balancing himself in the pine-top, he stretched up his arms until he could clasp them securely over the oaken limb.

After his arms, up went his legs; and holding fast to the branch with hands and feet, he began to work his way down to the trunk, pausing to look back at the pine, and assure himself that his return that way would be safe.

"Yes," he said, "I can get back as easily as I came." And he slipped daringly down the great limb to the fork.

On reaching it, he found that the broken stem contained, inside the ring of living wood and bark, a rotten cavity, into which the bird must have disappeared. The hole was large at the top, but it narrowed below; and there, looking down, he saw his bird clinging with half-spread wings to the decayed lining of the trunk.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed; "I must have him, sure!"

He rested, with one arm about the limb he had descended, and cautiously thrust the other down into the hollow. With his utmost straining he could not reach the prize with his hand. "Perhaps," thought he, "I can reach him with my foot."

So he got one leg into the cavity, and put it carefully down, his object being to place his foot beneath the bird, which seemed stupefied or exhausted, and force it gently upward.

"If he flies out," reasoned the boy, "he will fall to the ground, and I can catch him."

But instead of flying out, the tanager, roused by

the pressure of the foot, fluttered still further down, and clung again to a projection of the decayed lining.

"I shall lose him that way," Gaspar exclaimed. "I shall lose him anyway, unless I can reach him with my hand. I wish I had a string or something to make a slip-noose!"

The sight of the rich red body and velvety black tail and wings inspired him with that enthusiastic eagerness to possess the specimen which only a naturalist can understand.

Then he ventured on a rash undertaking, believing that he could let himself down into the hollow beside the bird until it would be easy to grasp it. This he did, forcing his toes into the rotten wood — if anything so far gone in decay can be called wood — and keeping as firm a hold as he could of the top of the opening.

When he thought he had gone far enough, he held on by his feet and one upstretched hand, and reached down with the other. There was the bird still; but he had hardly touched it, when it fluttered off again, and he made a sudden, fatal movement to grasp its wing.

The hold of hand and feet on the decayed wood gave way, and he slipped down into the narrow part of the cavity.

There, by desperately spreading legs and arms, and clutching his fingers into the soft lining, he managed for awhile to support himself.

He looked up; his head was about three feet from the top of the opening. It was impossible to seize the rotten rim again. The space below was large enough to let his body slide down, but too small to allow him to use his legs and feet to any advantage. And the punk-like substance into which he thrust his fingers was too slight to yield him much support.

He had been terrified by his first slip. And now he began to realize the horror of his situation.

He could wedge his knees and elbows into the cavity so that the slipping was arrested. But it began again the moment he tried to work his way upward.

There seemed to be nothing he could do but to hold himself in place and scream for help. And scream he did, with what strength he had left. But he soon perceived the futility of any such efforts. His voice was projected upward into the forest-tops and pitiless blue sky; it could not have been heard far in any other direction.

It was a terrible moment to a boy so full of life and hope but a little while before, but whom a sudden and awful death now threatened.

His strength began to fail; he could not even scream any more; he could only think. And all the while he was slowly slipping, slipping.

He thought of his home, which he had often threatened to leave in hate and scorn, but which appeared a paradise to him now. — If he were only there again! It seemed far off and strange; while his collections of birds and eggs, lately so real and all-important to him, faded into a sickening dream.

Then he thought of his parents, whose kindness he had so often repaid with ingratitude, and he called out in his agony:

"O Father! help me! help! help!"

But his father was probably at that moment riding quietly along the village street, thinking perhaps of his perverse son, whom he had left at home to do a trifling task which that son had neglected, and now could never do.

He remembered the prayers his mother taught him in childhood to repeat, but which he had utterly neglected in his later reckless years. He wished he could pray now, for perhaps the angels might help him. But it seemed to him as if he had never prayed; certainly his heart and soul had never gone into a prayer as they did now into the mere wish that he might pray.

All this time he felt himself slipping, slipping.

The tree was probably hollow to the root. Death in that horrible depth seemed certain. And who would ever think of looking for him there?

After a long while, his absence would excite alarm. The woods would be searched, and his gun might be found on the log below there. But would even that give his friends a clew to his fate?

He remembered that, to an observer on the ground, there was no visible sign that the tree had an opening at the top; and who would dream of his having climbed that enormous trunk?

"Oh, why did n't I let Pete come with me?" he said despairingly, little suspecting that Pete was even then prowling in the woods, listening to hear his gun.

Still, inch by inch, he knew that he was slipping, slipping, slipping.

If he only had room to use his knees and feet! If he could clutch with his fingers some solid support! The top of the cavity was so near! why could he not reach it?

"I must! I will!" he cried out, in a choked and stifled voice, and nerved himself for a last determined struggle.

It seemed for a minute that he was actually making progress upward; and he quickened his efforts with the energy of desperation. Then all at once something seemed to give way with his strength, and he had a sense of sliding rapidly, his fingers tearing from their hold, his nails from their sockets, and soul and body rushing down into darkness.

(To be continued.)

A PAGE FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.



"THE FELLOWS AT SCHOOL CALL ME A GIRL 'CAUSE I WEAR DRESSES." (DRAWN FOR "ST NICHOLAS" BY A GIRL OF TEN.)

A VALENTINE.

By PAUL HOFFMAN, aged eleven years.

I KNOW a little girl,
But I wont tell who.
Her hair is yellow gold,
Her eyes are pretty blue;
Her smile is ever sweet,
And her heart is very true.
Such a pretty little girl,—
But I wont tell who.

I see her every day,
But I wont tell where.
It may be in the lane
By the elm-tree there;
Or it may be in the garden
By the roses fair.
Such a pretty little girl,—
But I wont tell where.

I 'll marry her some day,
But I wont tell when.
And I 'll be very rich,
And have millions then;
And she 'll have all she wants,
Which is more than I can ken.
Such a pretty little girl,—
But I wont tell when.

MARGARET'S "FAVOR-BOOK."

By Susan Anna Brown

Margaret Dana was one of the practical, earnest girls who are always ready to try new things, and ambitious to make the most of every opportunity. She had one trial, and that was, that her father would not let people call her Maggie, or Marguerite, or Daisy, or Pearl, or Madge, or anything but plain Margaret. That had been his mother's name, and he said it was good enough for her grand-daughter, without any modern improvements. To be sure, most of the girls in her class at school were Bessies, and Minnies, and Nellies, and Fannies; but in spite of the affliction of having a name which did not end in "ie," Margaret took life pleasantly enough. In school, she studied sufficiently to keep her place in the class, and outside, every moment was filled with work or play.

It was a rule of the Dana household, however, that the children should write at least a few lines every day, in the form of a letter, or a diary, or a composition. Copying did not count, or Margaret would have finished her daily task without much thought. Mrs. Dana had an idea that people found many things burdensome only because they were not accustomed to do them, and resolved that her children should form the habit of expressing their thoughts on paper, hoping that it would be as easy for them as talking when they grew older. Margaret had a brother in college, and three or four cousins, with whom she exchanged letters occasionally, and her school compositions came once in two weeks, so that she was seldom at a loss for an object in her daily writing. Sometimes, when she read stories where the heroine kept a journal in which to record her very sentimental ideas, Margaret was tempted to begin one; but she never proceeded far, for she could not think up any trials to philosophize over, and what she was doing and enjoying seemed unworthy of a place in so dignified a volume. So that after she had written a few pages, in which she had told about their old-fashioned house, which she could never make sound as interesting as the "vaulted halls" and "dim old libraries" which the heroines described, her journal was apt to languish, and, after a few more entries, was usually put into the fire. Once the family tried the experiment of a general diary, which was to be written every night, and was to record the doings of the whole household. But as Mr. and Mrs. Dana, and Grandma Edwards, and Ned, and Kate, and cousin Fanny, and even little John, all were expected to take their turn at it, Margaret wrote in it only now and then. And, besides, it was not half so interesting to write in that great book in the sitting-room as it was to scribble off something of her very own in the sacred privacy of her own corner. This corner was a very cozy sort of place. Kate and Margaret shared a long, low room, which they took great pride in decorating with every pretty thing which came in their way. Sometimes they used to talk over the changes they would make in it if they were rich: The simple, light paper was to be exchanged for an elegant dark tint with a wonderful frieze; the somewhat dingy carpet was to give place to a beautiful inlaid floor, adorned with oriental rugs in soft colors; the air-tight stove was to be replaced by an open fire-place, where a cheerful blaze was always to be glowing (they usually made their plans in the cold weather). In fact, the furniture was all to be of the most new-old-fashioned kind, such as they saw now and then in the house of some friend. To tell the truth, I am very doubtful whether they would have liked the room one bit better if some indulgent fairy had transformed it to the splendid apartment of which they dreamed.

As it was, the two girls took much comfort in its friendly shabbiness. The two windows looked west and south. At the western one, Kate had a table where she used to sit and write or paint, and when she was resting she could look over the river at the low line of blue hills, where the scene seemed the same, and yet ever changing with the changing seasons, like the expression of a familiar face. Often the two girls sat there together and watched the sun sink down behind those wooded slopes, and saw the dark line of trees printed for a moment on his flaming disk, and then standing out distinct and clear on the background of red sky. Sometimes, in the hot July afternoons, they leaned far out at the window to catch the first breath of a summer shower, which they could see coming up over the hills, and watched the thick veil of drops draw nearer and nearer, until the first noisy pattering could be heard on the roof above them. This west window was Kate's corner, where she had all her very special belongings. The southern one was in the slope of the roof, and had little side-lights, which made it almost like a bay-window. In this little nook, Margaret had her low easy-chair, and a sort of folding leaf which could be put up

when she wanted a table, or suffered to hang down when she only wished to read or to look out at the cool freshness of the elms. Directly under the window-sill were two little shelves, where she had a few favorite books and her writing materials. This was *her* cozy corner, and the two girls were very careful to leave each other's possessions undisturbed, so that there might be that sort of separateness which only makes companionship more pleasant. Here they dreamed their dreams, as girls will, and had long confidential talks together; for these two sisters appreciated each other, and if they had friends who seemed at first brighter and more entertaining, they never forgot that close tie of sisterhood which was more than any passing fancy.

One evening, the two sat together in their own room. Kate was writing diligently on an essay which was to be read on the last day of school, and Margaret was biting the end of her pen and half-closing her eyes, as she had a habit of doing when she was thinking intently. At last she burst out with, "I think people who keep journals in books are horrid!"

"How else can you keep one?" inquired Kate, without looking up from her work.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margaret; "I mean that people in books who keep journals are horrid, because they write down such doleful things; and she glanced at the story which she had just finished reading, which certainly was a rather depressing account of the trials and afflictions of a self-scrutinizing young lady. "Why can't they write down the fun they have, and the kind things people do for them, instead of always telling their troubles, and making one feel dreadfully sorry for them?"

"Try it," said Kate, as she wrote the last word in her essay, and then ran down-stairs to read it to her father.

"I declare, I believe I will," said Margaret slowly to herself, after she had thought awhile. "Something pleasant happens almost every day; and if I write down at night what people have done for me during the day, I shall not be always forgetting to thank them for it, as I do now, and it will be great fun to read it over some time."

Margaret was never one of the dilatory sort; when she made up her mind to do anything, she never waited until her enthusiasm had cooled. That very night she sewed a few sheets of paper into a little book, and made her first entry in this novel kind of diary.

"I have resolved to keep a "Favor-Book," and to write down in it all the kind and pleasant things people do for me."

If it had not been for the rule about writing every day, the "Favor-Book" might have been neglected, as the rest of the winter went by; but before the spring came, Margaret was herself surprised to see how full it had grown.

One night, during the first week in March, she sat in her favorite seat and turned over the pages and read the simple record. It was only a list of the little favors of every day, such as all receive, but Margaret was glad to recall every one of them.

Jan. 4. My brother let me read the ST. NICHOLAS first, because I wanted to. I must remember to let him have it first, next time.

Jan. 5. Alice Williams invited me to a party, and I had a splendid time.

Jan. 7. Mother said I might go out skating when the rest did, and she would wipe the dinner dishes for me.

Jan. 8. I received a fine letter from brother Ned, and he hates to write letters to us girls when he has so much other writing to do.

Jan. 9. Cousin Fanny mended my dress for me, because she thought I did n't know how to do it in the best way.

Jan. 10. Kate tried hard and found a capital subject for me to write a composition about.

Jan. 11. Nellie Forbes waited for me to-day, because I was not quite ready to go to walk when the other girls went.

Jan. 12. Mother let me ask two of the girls to tea.

Jan. 14. Because I was so busy, Fred went down street on an errand which Mother had asked me to do.

Jan. 15. Ellen lent me her new story-book.

Jan. 16. Alice came over and brought her work, and taught me some of the stitches for Kensington embroidery.

Jan. 17. Father took Kate and me to a concert.

Jan. 18. Mary came over and stayed with me, because I had a cold. And it was splendid skating, too.

Jan. 19. Ellen came to ask how I was, on her way to church.

Jan. 20. Cousin Fanny read to me quite a while to-day. Fred sat down and played backgammon, because I had such a cold,—and he don't like games very well, either.

Jan. 21. Father taught me how to play checkers, because he said staying in the house was dull work for me. Mrs. Williams sent me some jelly.

Jan. 22. Mary came over again.

Jan. 23. Kate made the bed in our room to-day, although it is my week to keep it in order. I must make it for her some time.

Jan. 24. My kitten climbed up in a tree, and I could not get her to come down, she was so much frightened. Henry Lund came along and said he

would help me; so he went into the house and got a broom, and put my sacque on it, and climbed part way up and coaxed her to get on the sacque, and then got her down.

Jan. 25. Grandma gave me a bottle of cologne this morning. I mean to give half of it to Ellen, for she likes it so much, and hardly ever has any.

Jan. 26. Mother helped me ever so much on my Sunday-school lesson.

Jan. 27. I could not get any more worsted like my cushion, and it was almost done. I felt very much disappointed, because I wanted to finish it for Mother's birthday. Agnes Willis heard me talking about it at recess, and came all the way over here after school, although it rained, and brought her bag of worsted to see if she had n't some that would match. I don't think I have ever been over polite to Agnes, either. I have never tried much to get acquainted with her.

Jan. 29. Mary is getting up a dialogue just for fun, and she has asked me to take the very nicest part in it.

Jan. 30. Mrs. Williams lent me a cape to wear at our dialogue.

Feb. 3. The night of the dialogue, Mary's sister Julia helped us all she could. She fixed my hair for me, and was very kind in many ways. When I told Mother about it, she said, "That 's the sort of older sister I want you to be to Johnny and the baby."

Feb. 4. Grandma told me something which she said would be a good motto for my "Favor-Book." I told her about this book a good while ago, and she said she "heartily favored the 'Favor-Book' idea." The motto was something which a very old lady said to her a long time ago. It was this: "Wherever I go, I learn something, either to avoid or practice." Grandma said that every favor I note down would be something for me to practice. She gave all us children something to do last Sunday, when there was such a dreadful storm that no one could go to church. She made us all find verses in the Bible about doing favors to people. We found ever so many.

Feb. 5. I had a letter from cousin Sarah. I did not answer her last one very promptly, so it was very good in her to write again so soon.

Feb. 6. Old Miss Stone called this afternoon, and I am afraid I was not very glad to see her. She asked Mother why I looked so sad, and Mother told her that my cat was sick, and I felt worried. Miss Stone said, "I must send her some catnip," and before tea her girl came over and brought me a box, and in it was a bunch of dry catnip, tied up with a blue ribbon. And Pussy was almost well the next day.

Feb. 7. Mrs. Williams sent for me to come over and spend the day, and I had a happy time.

Feb. 8. Brother Ned came home and brought a package of candy for us all, and a new book for Kate and one for me.

Feb. 10. Mother went into the city to-day and brought me home a new neck-tie and a box of writing-paper. Johnny was very good all the time she was gone, and helped me amuse the baby.

Feb. 11. Ned took me out sleigh-riding to-day. The last sleigh-ride of the season, we think.

Feb. 13. Agnes helped me with my algebra. She has such a nice way of helping; she does not act as if you did not know anything.

Feb. 14. Aunt Mary helped me about my patch-work and found me some new silk pieces.

Feb. 15. I was walking out to see Agnes Willis, and Ellen Stone overtook me and asked me to ride, and then called at Agnes's house for me, an hour later, and brought me home.

Feb. 18. Yesterday was my birthday, and I had presents from Mother, Ned, and Kate, and cousin Sarah sent me a birthday card. Mother asked two of the girls here to tea.

Feb. 20. I went in to Mrs. Johnson's of an errand this morning, and she went upstairs on purpose to get a new book to lend to me.

Feb. 21. Kate let me use her paints this afternoon.

Feb. 22. I was invited to a lovely party at Ellen's, to celebrate Washington's birthday.

Feb. 24. Mrs. Forbes stopped me on the street to ask how our baby was, and to say she was so sorry to hear she had been sick.

Feb. 27. Miss Saunders found something very interesting for me to read at our missionary meeting, and I know she is very busy and does not have much time to spare.

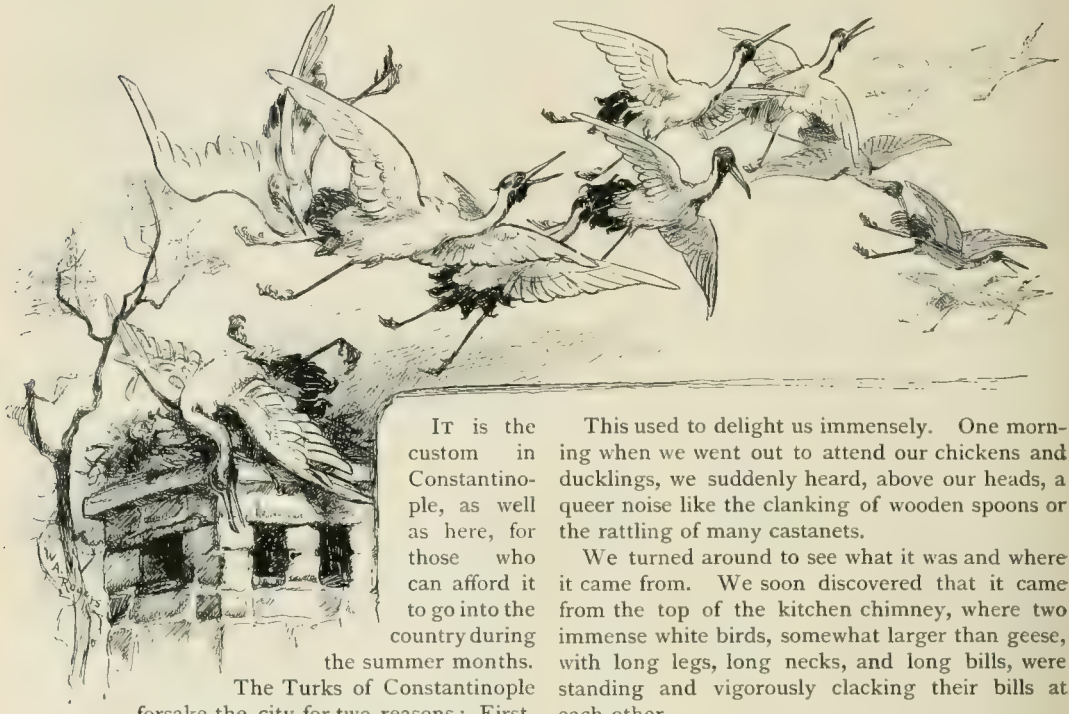
As she read the last entry and laid aside the book, her mother came softly into the room and sat down beside her.

"You told me that your 'Favor-Book' was full, my dear," she said. "I have bought you a new one, that you may keep on remembering the kindnesses which you receive," and she laid down in Margaret's lap a pretty volume in a red leather binding, on which was stamped her name, and underneath it the words,

"*Freely ye have received, freely give.*"

HOW WE FOOLED THE STORKS.

By OSCANYAN.



IT is the custom in Constantinople, as well as here, for those who can afford it to go into the country during the summer months. The Turks of Constantinople forsake the city for two reasons: First, for a change of air; and second, for a dairy diet, of which they are very fond.

One season, Keahat-haneh-Keöy, a cozy little village in the valley of the Sweet-Waters, where the Golden Horn begins, was chosen by our family, for its rich pasture grounds and good milk.

We children were delighted with the place. We had an abundance of pure milk and of fresh eggs, and each of us had also a favorite hen which was his special charge.

Our chief delight was to place ducks' eggs in one of the hen's nests, and when the eggs were hatched to see the mother astonished at the odd appearance of her young.

Yet she was kind and attentive to them, and raised them with care. But we children were most amused when the ducklings grew old enough to waddle and took to the water, setting the mother hen in a fume. Oh, how she would fret and cackle, and strut around the pond in real anger, scolding, scratching the ground, trying by all means to get them out before they were drowned!

This used to delight us immensely. One morning when we went out to attend our chickens and ducklings, we suddenly heard, above our heads, a queer noise like the clanking of wooden spoons or the rattling of many castanets.

We turned around to see what it was and where it came from. We soon discovered that it came from the top of the kitchen chimney, where two immense white birds, somewhat larger than geese, with long legs, long necks, and long bills, were standing and vigorously clacking their bills at each other.

We ran into the house and informed our father of our discovery, and asked him to come out and see the birds.

He said he knew all about them. "They are called storks," he said. They live in Africa, though they may have been born here; for it is their habit to spend their summers in northern climates, where they raise their young, and return home with them before winter. The ancient Egyptians regarded these birds as sacred, and it was considered a crime to hurt them, and in some places they were even worshiped. When summer comes, they leave their homes in a body, that is, a great many of them together, and take a northerly direction. They must have arrived here last night. They separate in pairs, and locate themselves in different places, so you will soon see many others. They choose the chimney-tops wherever they can, because they are warm and they think them safer.* They prefer to live in valleys, because they live on frogs, reptiles, fish, and insects."

Thus enlightened, we went out again to have

* The chimneys in Turkey are built square, and their tops are covered, like school-house ventilators, with holes on the sides for the smoke to escape.

another look at them. We used to gaze and gaze at them with wonderment, and our interest in them increased day by day, as we watched their movements.

They often stood together for hours rattling their bills at each other, or demurely surveying the grounds about them, often starting finally after some object or prey which they had espied.

One day, after "playing the castanet" (as we called it) for some time, they both suddenly darted away, one diving to the ground as though it was shot. Soon, it was seen ascending with a snake dangling from its claws. It rose far up into the air, and then suddenly dropped its prey. The other bird, who was on the lookout for this, instantly pounced upon the fallen victim (which had been killed by the fall), and seized and carried the dead snake to the nest on the chimney-top.

The storks' flight is very pretty. They throw their heads back, extend their legs, and with outstretched wings soar very high. Their movements, when on the ground in search of food, are equally graceful and picturesque; they take long and measured strides, and strut about in conscious dignity and confident security. They rest sleeping on one leg, with the neck folded and head turned backward on the shoulder.

We had a great desire to see their nest. They would let us approach them, but we were afraid to go too near, for when they turned their heads toward us to take a look, their long bills used to frighten us very much. So we watched our opportunity to visit their nest during their absence.

One day when they were away, we got a ladder, and raised it on the top of the small house which served for the kitchen. There we rested it against the chimney, and I ascended to the nest.

We found their bed, or nest, made of the coarsest twigs and pieces of sticks. It contained four eggs, about the size of goose-eggs, but they were of a buff color, while goose-eggs are white.

When we came down, and as we were talking about the nest, the idea struck me that it would be very funny to experiment on the storks as we did on the hens, and see what would be the result. We laughed heartily over the plot, and determined to take away their eggs and replace them with goose-eggs. "But they are not of the same color!" said my brother.



"I REMOUNTED THE LADDER, AND CAREFULLY CHANGED THE EGGS"

It was evident that the birds would discover the deception, and would not sit. My brother suggested that we should paint the goose-eggs exactly the color of the stork-eggs, with some water colors we had, and then all would be right.

We prepared four fresh goose-eggs, and when both the birds were away, I remounted the ladder

and carefully changed the eggs, and came down as rapidly as I could, before the birds returned.

The poor creatures, not perceiving the deception, went on sitting on the new eggs; for we noticed they took turns in their sittings — the male, which was the larger of the two, sitting by day and the female by night.

After four weeks' close watching, we knew, one day, that the eggs were hatched; for there was a great trouble in the stork family. Both the birds were standing and clanking their bills at each other as if they would talk each other down. At last, they both flew away and soon returned with many others of their tribe.

They all perched around the nest (or as many as could do so), the rest hovering over it and waiting for their turn to have a close look at the goslings. After due inspection and careful examination, they set up a clanking of bills that could be heard a great way off. They clanked and rattled, rattled and clanked, until their jaws got tired; then they suddenly ceased, and began pecking at something, after which they all took to flight.

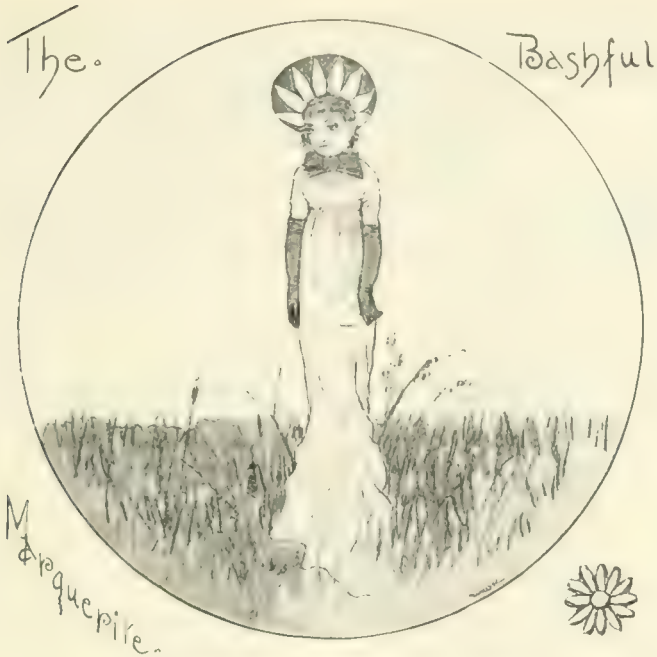
We were curious to know what had happened. We made haste to ascend the ladder and find out the state of affairs before the birds came back. I was the first to explore, and I was both amazed and grieved to find the mother stork lying dead on top of the young goslings which had been hatched, and which were also dead.

I came down the ladder to allow the others to see the catastrophe, and all ascended by turns, and came down with sorrowful faces.

We rushed into the house and informed our father of what had happened. He, without saying a word, ordered the servant to go up and remove the dead birds. When they were brought down, we children dug a grave and buried the poor things. We learned many years afterward that no stork had ever, after that day, perched upon that chimney.



"MY MA SAYS THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO VOTE."



By Alice Wellington Rollins.

SWEET Marguerite looked shyly from the grass
Of country fields, and softly whispered: "Here
I make my home, content; for I,—alas!—
Am not the rose the city holds so dear."

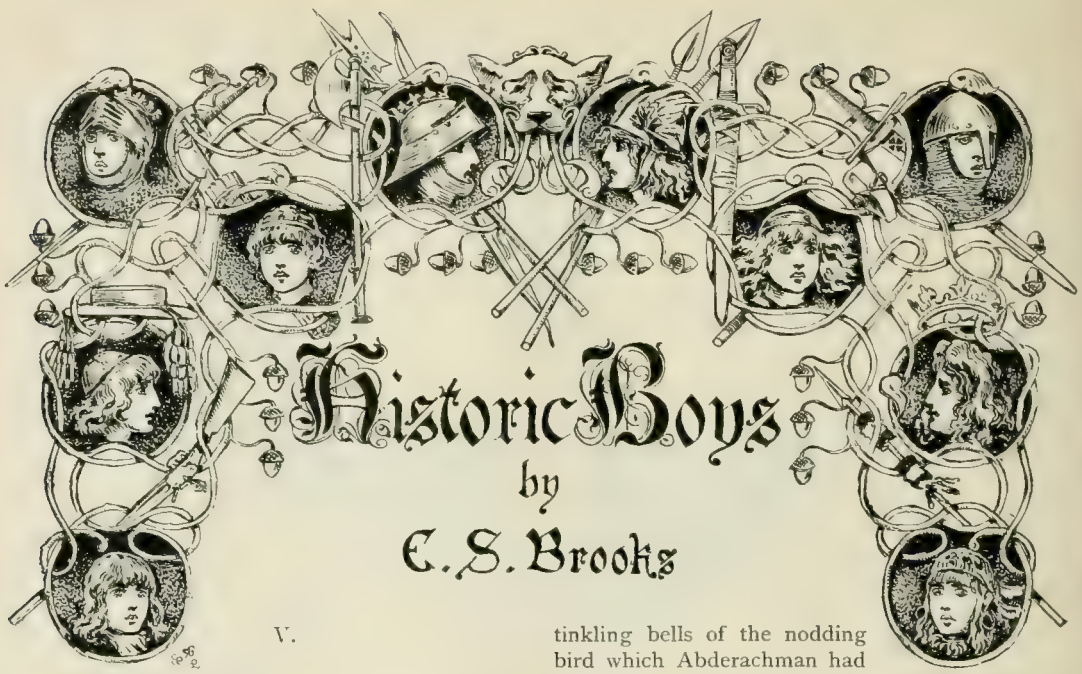
Just then, the Queen, driving by chance that way,
Called to a page: "Bring me that Marguerite;
I am so tired of roses!"—From that day,
The daisy had the whole world at her feet.

Mamma's Moral.

RESTLESS ambition, eager, grasping greed,
Do not gain all things in this world of ours;
Shy merit, modest, unassuming worth,
Oft make the way for men, as well as flowers.

Tommy's Application.

I MUST say things seem rather "mixed" to me;
Please will you tell me, then, dear mother, why
You send me off to that big dancing-school
For fear that I should grow up shy?



V.

FREDERICK OF HOHENSTAUFEN: THE BOY EMPEROR.

A. D. 1207–1212.

[*Afterward Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany.*]

GLEAMING with light and beauty, from the wavy sea-line where the blue Mediterranean rippled against the grim fortress of Castellamare to the dark background of olive groves and rising mountain walls, Palermo, "city of the Golden Shell," lay bathed in all the glory of an Italian afternoon.

It was a bright spring day in the year 1207.

Up the Cassaro, or street of the palace, and out through the massive gate-way of that curious old Sicilian city,—half Saracen, half Norman in its looks and life,—a small company of horsemen rode rapidly westward to where the square yellow towers of La Zisa rose above its orange groves. Now La Zisa was one of the royal pleasure houses, a relic of the days when the swarthy Saracens were lords of Sicily.

In the sun-lit gardens of La Zisa, a manly-looking lad of thirteen, with curly golden hair and clear blue eyes, stood beneath the citron trees that bordered a beautiful little lake. A hooded falcon perched upon his wrist, and by his side stood his brown-skinned attendant, Abderachman the Saracen.

"But will it stay hooded, say'st thou?" the boy inquired, as he listened with satisfaction to the tinkling bells of the nodding bird which Abderachman had just taught him to hood. "Can he not shake it off?"

"Never fear for that, little Mightiness," the Saracen replied. "He is as safely blinded as was ever the eagle of Kairwan, the eyes of which the Emir took for his crescent-tips, or even as art thou, O *el Aaziz*,† by thy barons of Apulia."

The look of pleasure faded from the boy's face.

"Thou say'st truly, O Abderachman," he said. "What am I but a hooded falcon? I, a King who am no King! Would that thou and I could fly far from this striving world, and in those great forests over sea of which thou hast told me, could both chase the lion like bold, free hunters of the hills."

"Wait in patience, O *el Aaziz*; to each man comes his day," said the philosophic Saracen.

But now there was heard a rustle of the citron hedge, a clatter of hoofs rang on the shell-paved road-way, and the armed band that we saw spurring through Palermo's gates drew rein at the lake-side. The leader, a burly German knight, who bore upon his crest a great boar's head with jeweled eyes and gleaming silver tusks, leaped from his horse and strode up to the boy. His bow of obeisance was scarcely more than a nod.

"Your Highness must come with me," he said, "and that at once."

The boy looked at him in protest. "Nay, Baron Kapparon,—am I never to be at my ease?" he asked. "Let me, I pray thee, play out my

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† *El Aaziz*; an Arabic phrase for "the excellent" or "most noble one."

day here at La Zisa, even as thou did'st promise me."

"Tush, boy; promise must yield to need," said the Knight of the Crested Boar. "The galleys of Diephold of Acerra even now ride in the Cala port, and think'st thou I will yield thee to his guidance? Come! At the palace wait decrees and grants which thou must sign for me ere the Aloe-Stalk shall say us nay."

"Must!" cried the boy, as an angry flush covered his face; "who saith '*must*' to the son of Henry the Emperor? Who saith 'must' to the grandson of Barbarossa? Stand off, churl of Kapparon! To me, Sicilians all! To me, sons of the Prophet!" and, breaking away from the grasp of the burly knight, young Frederick of Hohenstaufen dashed across the small stone bridge that led to the marble pavilion in the little lake. But only Abderachman the Saracen crossed to him. The wrath of the Knight of Kapparon was more dreaded than the commands of a little captive king.

The burly baron laughed a mocking laugh. "Well blown, *sir Sirocco!*"* he said, insolently, "but, for all that, Your Mightiness, I fear me, must come with me, churl though I be. Come, we waste words!" and he moved toward the lad, who stood at bay upon the little bridge.

Young Frederick slipped his falcon's leash. "Cross at thy peril, Baron Kapparon!" he cried; "one step more, and I unhood my falcon and send him straight to thy disloyal eyes. Ware the bird! His flight is certain, and his pounce is sharp!" The boy's fair face grew more defiant as he spoke, and William of Kapparon, who knew the young lad's skill at falconry, hesitated at the threat.

But as boy and baron faced each other in defiance, there was another stir of the citron hedge, and another rush of hurrying hoofs. A second armed band closed in upon the scene, and a second knightly leader sprang to the ground. A snow-white plume trailed over the new-comer's crest, and on his three-cornered shield was blazoned a solitary aloe-stalk, sturdy, tough, and unyielding.

"Who threatens the King of Sicily?" he demanded, as, sword in hand, he stepped upon the little bridge.

The German baron faced his new antagonist. "So! is it thou, Count Diephold; is it thou, Aloe of Acerra?" he said. "By what right dar'st thou to question the Baron of Kapparon, guardian of the King, and chief Captain of Sicily?"

"'Guardian,' forsooth! 'Chief Captain,' say'st thou?" cried the Count of Acerra, angrily. "Pig of Kapparon, robber and pirate, yield up the boy! I, who was comrade of Henry the Emperor, will stand guardian for his son. Ho, Buds of the Aloe, strike for your master's weal!"

There is a flash of steel as the two leaders cross ready swords. There is a rush of thronging feet as the followers of each prepare for fight. There is a mingling of battle cries—"Ho, for the Crested Boar of Kapparon!" "Stand, for the Aloe of Acerra!"—when for the third time the purple citron-flowers sway and break, as a third band of armed men spur to the lake-side. Through the green of the foliage flashes the banner of Sicily,—the golden eagle on the blood-red field,—and the ringing voice of a third leader rises above the din, "Ho, Liegemen of the Church! rescue for the ward of the Pope! Rescue for the King of Sicily!"

The new-comer, Walter of Palear, the "fighting bishop of Catania" (as he was called) and Chancellor of Sicily, reined in his horse between the opposing bands of the Boar and the Aloe. His richly broidered cope, streaming back, showed his coat of mail beneath, as, with lifted sword, he shouted:

"Hold your hands, lords of Apulia! stay spears and stand aside. Yield up the King to me—to me, the Chancellor of the realm!"

"Off now, thou false Chancellor!" cried Count Diephold. "Think'st thou that the revenues of Sicily are for thy treasure-chest alone? Ho, Boars and Aloes both; down with this French fox, and up with Sicily!"

"Seize the boy and hold him hostage!" shouted William of Kapparon, and with extended arm he strode toward poor little Frederick. With a sudden and nimble turn, the boy dodged the clutch of the baron's mailed fist, and putting one hand on the coping of the bridge, without a moment's hesitation, he vaulted over into the lake. Abderachman the Saracen sprang after him.

"How now, thou pirate of Kapparon," broke out Count Diephold; "thou shalt pay dearly for this, if the lad doth drown!"

But Frederick was a good swimmer, and the lake was not deep. The falcon on his wrist fluttered and tugged at its jess, disturbed by this unexpected bath; but the boy held his hand high above his head and, supported by the Saracen, soon reached the shore. Here the retainers of the Chancellor crowded around him, and springing to the saddle of a ready war-horse, the lad shouted, "Ho, for Palermo, all! which chief shall first reach St. Agatha's gate with me, to him will I yield myself!" and, wheeling his horse, he dashed through the mingled bands and sped like an arrow through the gardens of La Zisa.

The three contesting captains looked at one another in surprise.

* The *Sirocco* is a fierce south-easterly wind of Sicily and the Mediterranean.

"The quarry hath slipped," laughed Count Diephold. "By St. Nicholas of Myra, though, the lad is of the true Suabian eagle's brood. Try we the test, my lords!"

There was a sudden mounting of steeds, a hurrying gallop after the flying king; but the Chancellor's band, being already in the saddle, had the advantage, and as young King Frederick and Walter the Chancellor passed under St. Agatha's pointed arch, the Knights of the Crested Boar and of the Aloe-stalk saw in much disgust the great gate close in their faces, and they were left on the wrong side of Palermo's walls,—outwitted by a boy.

But the baffled knights were not the men to give up the chase so easily. Twenty Pisan galleys, manned by Count Diephold's fighting-men, lay in the Cala port of Palermo. That very night, they stormed under the walls of Castellamare, routed the Saracens of the royal guard, sent Walter the Chancellor flying for his life toward Messina; and, with young Frederick in his power, Diephold, the usurping Count of Acerra, ruled Sicily in the name of the poor little king.

In the royal palace at Palermo, grand and gorgeous with columns and mosaics and gilded walls, this boy of thirteen — Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor Elect of Germany, King of Sicily, and "Lord of the World" — sat, the day after his capture by Count Diephold, sad, solitary, and forlorn.

The son of Henry the Sixth of Germany, the most victorious but most cruel of the Hohenstaufen emperors, and of Constance the Empress, daughter of Roger, the great Norman King of Sicily, Frederick had begun life on December the twenty-sixth, 1194, as heir to two powerful kingdoms. His birth had been the occasion of great rejoicings, and vassal princes and courtier poets had hailed him as "the Imperial Babe, the Glory of Italy, the Heir of the Cæsars, the Reformer of the World and the Empire!" When but two years old, he had been proclaimed King of the Romans and Emperor Elect of Germany, and, when but three, he had, on the death of his father, been crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, in the great Cathedral of Palermo.

But in all those two sovereignties, no sadder-hearted nor lonelier lad could have been found than this boy of thirteen, this solitary and friendless orphan, this Frederick of Hohenstaufen, the Boy Emperor. In Germany his uncle Philip of Suabia and Otho of Brunswick disputed the imperial crown. And beautiful Sicily, the land of his birth, the land over which he was acknowledged as king, was filled with war and blood. From the lemon groves of Messina to the flowery slopes of Palermo, noble and priest, Christian and Saracen, French and German, strove for power and ravaged the land with fire and sword. Deprived sometimes of even the necessities of life, deserted by those who should have stood loyal to him, often hungry and always friendless, shielded from absolute want only by the pity of the good burghers of Palmero, used in turn by every faction and made the excuse for every feud, this heir to so great power was himself the most powerless of kings, the most unhappy of boys. And now, as he sits in his gleaming palace, uncertain where to turn for help, all his sad young heart goes into an appealing letter which has come down to us across the centuries, and a portion of which is here given to complete the dismal picture of this worried young monarch of long ago:

"To all the Kings of the world and to all the Princes of the universe, the innocent boy, King of Sicily, called Frederick: Greeting in God's name! Assemble yourselves, ye nations; draw nigh, ye princes, and see if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow! My parents died ere I could know their caresses, and I, a gentle lamb among wolves, fell into slavish dependence upon men of various tribes and tongues. My daily bread, my drink, my freedom, all are measured out to me in scanty proportion. No king am I. I am ruled, instead of ruling. I beg favors, instead of granting them. Again and again I beseech you, O ye princes of the earth, to aid me to withstand slaves, to set free the son of Cæsar, to raise up the crown of the kingdom, and to gather together again the scattered people!"

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and before many months came another change in the kaleidoscope of this young king's fortunes. Pope Innocent the Third had been named by the Empress Constance as guardian of her orphaned boy. To him Walter the Chancellor appealed for aid. Knights and galleys were soon in readiness. Palermo was stormed. Count Diephold was overthrown and imprisoned in the castle dungeon. Kapparon and his Pisan allies and Saracen serfs were driven out of Sicily, and the "son of Cæsar" reigned as king once more. Then came a new alliance. Helped on by the Pope, a Spanish friendship ripened into a speedy marriage. Frederick was declared of age when he reached his fourteenth birthday, and a few months after, on the fifteenth of August, 1209, amid great rejoicings which filled Palermo with brilliancy and crowded the narrow and crooked streets with a glittering throng, the "Boy of Apulia," as he was called, was married to the wise and beautiful Constance, the daughter of Alfonso, King of Arragon. This alliance gave the young husband the desired opportunity; for, with five hundred foreign knights at his back, he

asserted his authority over his rebellious subjects as King of Sicily. The poor little prince, whose childhood had known only misfortune and unhappiness, became a prince indeed, and, boy though he was, took so manly and determined a stand that, ere the year was out, his authority was supreme from the walls of Palermo to the straits of Messina.

Meantime, in Germany, affairs had been going from bad to worse. Frederick's uncle, Philip of Suabia, had been assassinated at Bamberg, and Otho of Brunswick, head of the house of Guelf, crossed the Alps, was crowned Emperor at Rome, and marched into southern Italy, threatening the conquest of his boy rival's Sicilian kingdom.

Again trouble threatened the youthful monarch. Anxious faces looked seaward from the castle towers; and, hopeless of withstanding any attack from Otho's hardy and victorious troops, Frederick made preparations for flight when once his gigantic rival should thunder at Palermo's gates.

"Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the North!" said Walter the Chancellor, entering the King's apartment one bright November day in the year 1211. "Here rides a galley from Gaeta in the Cala port, and in it comes the Suabian Knight Anselm von Justingen, with a brave and trusty following. He beareth word to thee, my lord, from Frankfort and from Rome."

"How, then; has Otho some new design against our crown?" said Frederick. "I pray thee, good Chancellor, give the Knight of Suabia instant audience."

And soon, through the gothic door-way of that gorgeous palace of the old Norman and older Saracen lords of Sicily, came the bluff German Knight Anselm von Justingen, bringing into its perfumed air some of the strength and resoluteness of his sturdy Suabian breezes. With a deep salutation, he greeted the royal boy.

"Hail, O King!" he said. "I bring thee word of note. Otho, the Guelf, whom men now call Emperor, is speeding toward the North. Never more need Sicily fear his grip. The throne which he usurps is shaken and disturbed. The world needs an emperor who can check disorders and bring it life and strength. Whose hand may do this so surely as thine — the illustrious Lord Frederick of the grand old Hohenstaufen line, the Elect King of the Romans, the Lord of Sicily?"

Frederick's eye flashed and his cheek flushed at the grand prospect thus suddenly opened before him. But he replied slowly and thoughtfully.

"By laws human and by right divine," he said, "the empire is my inheritance. But canst thou speak for the princes of the empire?"

"Ay, that can I," said the knight; "I bear with me papers signed and sent by them. We have each of us examined as to our will. We have gone through all the customary rites. And we all in common, O King, turn our eyes to thee."

"I thank the princes for their faith and fealty," said Frederick; "but can they be trusty liegemen to a Boy Emperor?"

"Though young in years, O King," said the Suabian, "thou art old in character; though not fully grown in person, thy mind hath been by nature wonderfully endowed. Thou dost exceed the common measure of thine equals; thou art blest with virtues before thy day, as doth become one of the true blood of that august stock, the Cæsars of Germany. Thou wilt surely increase the honor and might of the empire and the happiness of us, thy loyal subjects."

"And the Pope?" queried the boy; for in those days the Pope of Rome was the "spiritual lord" of the Christian world. To him all emperors, kings, and princes owed allegiance as obedient vassals. To assume authority without the Pope's consent and blessing meant trouble and excommunication. Frederick knew this, and knew also that his former guardian, Pope Innocent, had, scarce two years before, himself crowned his rival Otho of Brunswick as Emperor of Germany.

"I am even now from Rome," replied Von Justingen; "and Pope Innocent, provoked beyond all patience at the unrighteous ways of this Emperor, falsely so called, hath excommunicated Otho, hath absolved the princes from their oath of fealty, and now sends to thee, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, his blessing and his bidding that thou go forward and enter upon thine inheritance."

The young Sicilian sat for some moments deep in thought. It was a tempting bait — this of an imperial crown — to one who felt it to be his by right, but who had never dared to expect nor aspire to it.

"Von Justingen," he said at last, "good knight and true, I know thou art loyal to the house of Staufen and loyal to thy German fatherland. 'T is a royal offer and a danger-fraught attempt. But what man dares, that dare I! When duty calls, foul be his fame who shrinketh from the test. The blood of kings is mine; like a king, then, will I go forward to my heritage, and win or die in its achieving!"

"There flashed the Hohenstaufen fire," said the delighted Von Justingen; "there spoke the spirit of thy grandsire, the glorious old Kaiser Red Beard! Come thou with me to Germany, my prince. We will make thee Cæsar indeed, though the false Otho and all his legions are thundering at Frankfort gates."

So, in spite of the entreaties of his queen, and the protests of his Sicilian lords, who doubted the

wisdom of the undertaking, the young monarch hurried forward the preparations for his perilous attempt. The love of adventure, which has impelled many another boy to face risk and danger, flamed high in the heart of this lad of seventeen, as, with undaunted spirit, he sought to press forward for the prize of an imperial throne. On March the eighteenth, 1212, the "Emperor of the Romans Elect," as he already styled himself, set out from orange-crowned Palermo on the "quest for his heritage" in the bleak and rugged North. The galley sped swiftly over the blue Mediterranean to the distant port of Gaeta, and upon its deck the four chosen comrades that formed his little band gathered around the fair-haired young prince, who, by the daring deed that drew him from Palermo's sun-lit walls, was to make for himself a name and fame that should send him down to future ages as *Stupor Mundi Fredericus*—"Frederick, the Wonder of the World!" In all history there is scarcely to be found a more romantic tale of wandering than this story of the adventures of young Frederick of Hohenstaufen in search of his empire.

From Palermo to strong-walled Gaeta, the "Gibraltar of Italy," from Gaeta on to Rome, he sailed with few adventures, and here he knelt before the Pope, who, as he had crowned and discrowned Otho of Brunswick, the big and burly rival of his fair young ward, now blessed and aided the "Boy from Sicily," and helped him on his way with money and advice. From Rome to Genoa, under escort of four Genoese galleys, the boy next cautiously sailed; for all the coast swarmed with the armed galleys of Pisa, the stanch supporter of the discrowned Otho. With many a tack and many a turn the galleys headed north, while the watchful lookouts scanned the horizon for hostile prows. On the first of May, the peril of Pisa was past, and Genoa's gates opened to receive him. Genoa was called the "door" to his empire, but foes and hardships lay in wait for him behind the friendly door. On the fifteenth of July, the boy and his escort of Genoese lancers climbed the steep slopes of the Ligurian hills and struck across the plains of Piedmont for the walls of Pavia, the "city of the hundred towers." The gates of the grand old Lombard capital flew open to welcome him, and royally attended, with a great crimson canopy held above his head, and knights and nobles following in his train, the "Child of Apulia" rode through the echoing streets.

But Milan lay to the north, and Piacenza to the south, both fiercely hostile cities, while the highway between Pavia and Cremona rang with the war-cries of the partisans of Otho the Guelf. So, secretly and at midnight, the Pavian escort rode with the boy out through their city gates, and moved cautiously along the valley of the Po, to where, at the ford of the Lambro, the knights of Cremona waited in the dark of an early Sunday morning to receive their precious charge. And none too soon did they reach the ford; for, scarcely was the young emperor spurring on toward Cremona, when the Milanese troops, in hot pursuit, dashed down upon the returning Pavian escort, and routed it with great loss. But the boy rode on unharmed; and soon Cremona, since famous for its wonderful violins, hailed with loud shouts of welcome the young adventurer.

From Cremona on to Mantua, and then on to Verona, the boy was passed along by friendly hands and vigilant escorts, until straight before him the mighty wall of the Alps rose, as if to bar his further progress. But through the great hill-rifts stretched the fair valley of the Adige; and from Verona, city of palaces, to red-walled Trent, the boy and his Veronese escort hurried on along the banks of the swift-flowing river. Midway between the two cities, his escort turned back; and with but a handful of followers the young monarch demanded admittance at the gates of the old Roman town, which, overhung by great Alpine precipices, guards the southern entrance to the Tyrol. Trent received him hesitatingly; and, installed in the Bishop's palace, he and his little band sought fair escort up the valley and over the Brenner pass, the highway into Germany. But now came dreary news.

"My lord King," said the wavering Bishop of Trent, undecided which side to favor, "'t is death for you to cross the Brenner. From Innspruck down to Botzen the troops of Otho of Brunswick line the mountain-ways, and the Guelf himself, so say my coursermen, is speeding on to trap Your Mightiness within the walls of Trent."

Here was a dilemma. But trouble, which comes to "Mightinesses" as well as to untitled boys and girls, must be boldly faced before it can be overcome.

"My liege," said the Knight of Suabia, stout Anselm von Justingen, "before you lies the empire and renown; behind you, Italy and defeat. Which shall it be?"

"The empire or death!" said the resolute boy.

"But Otho guards the Brenner pass, my lord," said the Bishop.

"Is there none other road but this?" asked Frederick.

"None," replied Von Justingen, "save, indeed, the hunter's track across the western mountains to the Grisons and St. Gall. But it is beset with perils and deep with ice and snow."

"The greater the dangers faced, the greater

the glory gained," said plucky young Frederick. "Now, who will follow me, come danger or come death, across the mountains yonder to the empire and to fortune?" and every man of his stout little company vowed to follow him, and to stand by their young master, the Emperor elect.

So it was that, in the first months of the early fall, with a meager train of forty knights, the Boy Emperor boldly climbed the rugged Alpine slopes, mounting higher and higher, and braving the dangers of glacier and avalanche, blind paths and storm and cold, and pressed manfully on toward an uncertain empire.

But though the risk was great, no one was merrier than he; and at last, with only sixty knights and a few spearmen of Appenzell, the young monarch climbed the steps of the Ruppen, the last of the Alpine passes that had separated him from the land of his forefathers.

But now comes the word that Otho and his knights are on the track of the boy, and certain of his capture. On the young Emperor hurries, therefore, and from the final Alpine slope he sees in the distance the walls of the strong old city of Constance glittering in the sun.

Soon a messenger who has been sent forward comes spurring back. "Haste ye, my liege!" he cries. "Otho is already in sight; his pennons have been seen by the lookout on the city towers."

The hurrying hoofs of the royal train clatter over the draw-bridge and through the great gate. Constance is won! but hard behind, in a cloud of dust, comes Frederick's laggard rival, Otho.

His herald's trumpet sounds a summons, and the Bishop of Constance and the Archbishop of Bari stand forward on the walls.

"What ho, there, warders of the gate!" came



"CLOSE AT THY PERIL, BARON RATHAUS!" (SEE PAGE 634.)

the summons of the herald; "open, open ye the gates of Constance to your master and lord, Otho the Emperor!"

The thronging spear-tips and the swaying crests of Otho's two hundred knights flashed in the sun,

and the giant form of the big Brunswicker strode out before his following. But the voice of young Frederick's stanch friend and comrade, Berard, Archbishop of Bari, rang out clear and quick.

"Tell thy master, Otho of Brunswick," he said, "that Constance gates open only at the bidding of their rightful lord, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Romans and King of Sicily."

Otho, deeply enraged at this refusal, spurred furiously forward, and his knights laid spears in rest to follow their leader; but the Bishop of Constance commanded hastily, "Ho, warders; up draw-bridge — quick!"

The great chains clanked and tightened, the heavy draw-bridge rose in air, and Otho of Brunswick saw the gates of Constance swing shut in his very face, and knew that his cause was lost.

By just so narrow a chance did young Frederick of Hohenstaufen win his Empire.

And now it was won indeed. From every part of Germany came princes, nobles, and knights flocking to the Imperial standard. Otho retired to his stronghold in Brunswick; and on the fifth of December, 1212, in the old Römer, or council-house, of Frankfort, five thousand knights with the electors of Germany welcomed the "Boy from Sicily." Four days after, in the great cathedral of Mayence, the pointed arches and rounded dome of which rose high above the storied Rhine, the sad little prince of but five years back was solemnly crowned in presence of a glittering throng, which with cheers of welcome, hailed him as Emperor.

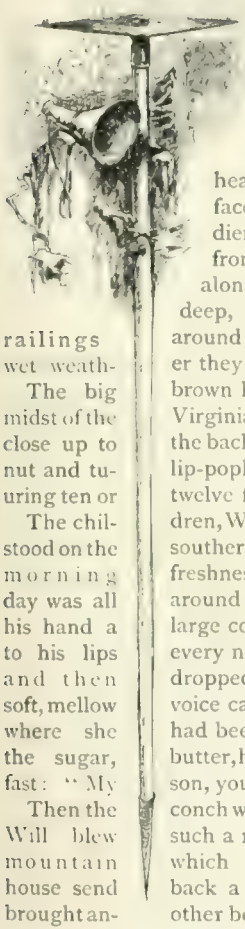


"WHAT HO, THERE, WARDERS OF THE GATE!"

And here we leave him. Only seventeen, Frederick of Hohenstaufen — the beggar prince, the friendless orphan of Palermo, after trials and dangers and triumphs stranger than those of any prince of fairy tales or "Arabian Nights"— entered upon a career of empire that has placed him in history as "one of the most remarkable figures of the Middle Ages."

QUEER GAME.

By Mrs. S. B. Herrick.



THE children's home was a large, rambling frame house with a great many rooms in it, and with long entries that turned off short, as if they had heard an order, "Right about face," and obeyed with soldierly precision. Across the front of the house and all along the southern side were deep, two-storied porches with railings around them; prime play-places in wet weather, too.

The big brown house was set down in the midst of the Virginia mountains. Crowding close up to the back door were immense chestnut and tulip-poplar trees, with trunks measuring ten or twelve feet around.

The children, Will, Harry, and little Emily, stood on the southern porch, waiting. The morning freshness of a perfect summer day was all around them. Will held in his hand a large conch-shell, which he raised to his lips every now and then as he talked, and then dropped again. Mrs. Carrington's soft, mellow voice came from the dining-room, where she had been employed in getting out the sugar, butter, honey, and cream for breakfast: "My son, you may blow the horn now."

Then the conch went up to some purpose, for Will blew such a ringing blast as made the mountain which rose abruptly behind the house send back a quick-replying echo, and brought another boyish figure out of the open door with a sudden rush.

"Well, Will!" said the new-comer, "what on earth was that for? I thought it was the crack of doom."

"That," said Will, very impressively, "was for breakfast."

"How do you manage it, old fellow?" said Arthur, making several ineffectual attempts to blow some sound out from the pierced shell which Will handed to him.

"Oh, it's easy enough when you know how," said Will, with an air of superior wisdom. "I 'll teach you how after breakfast. We have n't time for it, now."

The children's cousin Arthur had come from the North only the evening before, to pay them a visit at their home. It was his first experience of the old-fashioned Virginia way of living, and he naturally inquired about everything that seemed novel or strange to him, while Will felt very important at having so many questions asked which he was able to answer.

"I say, Will," said Arthur, "what are all those queer-looking little baby-houses under the trees? I never saw a whole city of baby-houses before."

"Baby-houses?—*those!*" exclaimed Will, the puzzled look on his face clearing away as he followed the direction of Arthur's gaze, "Oh, those are bee-hives."

"Harry!" continued Will, with more frankness than politeness, "what do you think? Arthur wants to know what the bee-hives are! He calls them baby-houses."

"Bee-hives!" said Arthur, rather contemptuously; "in New York we have round-topped hives, like an Eskimo hut, you know."

"Ho, ho," laughed Will. "Now, do tell me in what part of New York you saw those antediluvian bee-hives."

Brought to book, Arthur was forced to confess that he had not seen any hives at all; that his meager knowledge had been gained from a picture in one of his old scrap-books. And for the honor of his native State, he at last reluctantly admitted that perhaps they *had* given up straw hives and used the patent Langstroth hive, and that New York bee-keepers did not now have to smother every swarm of bees in order to secure their winter stock of honey.

"Of course they don't," said Harry; "Father bought his hives in New York at first, and his Italian queen-bee, too."

The boys' eager talk of bees, bee-keeping, and bee-hunting was interrupted by Mr. Carrington's coming in from the orchard with a basket of great rosy peaches in his hand.

"Come, boys," he said cheerily, "lend us a hand at breakfast; plenty of time for talking afterward."

"Yes; and a safer place for talking, too!" exclaimed Arthur, as he retreated in-doors to escape the hum of a bee which seemed to him to be dangerously near his ears.

"Father," said Will, breaking the silence which

accompanied the first onslaught upon batter-cakes, corn-bread, and rolls, "can't you take Arthur and Harry and me out bee-hunting with you to-day, and give Arthur the bees and honey we find, just as you did last summer with Harry and me? Wont you, Father?"



THE PICTURE IN ARTHUR'S OLD SCRAP-BOOK

"Yes," said Mr. Carrington; "that is a very good idea. To-day is just the day for a bee-hunt. If Arthur does n't feel too tired after his journey, we will go and see if we can find my bee-tree. I have caught and sent out half a dozen wild bees in the pasture just over the mountain, and I think the tree can not be more than two miles away."

"Caught and sent out bees, Uncle Hugh!" said Arthur, bewildered; "what do you mean?"

"I will show you better than I can tell you, if you feel like going," answered his uncle.

"I 'm not tired before breakfast, Uncle," said Arthur; "of course I feel like going."

"In the meantime I will let you into some of the secrets of bee-housekeeping in the village under the chestnuts, as soon as we have finished breakfast," said his uncle.

"Wont they sting?" said Arthur, rather timidly.

"We shall provide against that," Mr. Carrington answered, good-humoredly. "We shall don our coats of mail before we invade their territory."

When the boys had disposed of their breakfast, and were fidgeting in their chairs, longing to be off, Mr. Carrington went into a store-room, called by common consent "the bee-room," and brought out the "coats of mail." First came the helmet, which was a cylinder of wire-gauze about fifteen inches high and nine across, just large enough to slip over his head and rest comfortably on his shoulders. This bee-hat was closed over the top by a round piece of calico; on the bottom was sewed a curtain of the same calico slit up in two places on opposite sides.

Mr. Carrington arranged the cylinder so that these slits came over his broad shoulders, tucking one-half the curtain into the back of his coat, while the other half he buttoned inside his coat in front. He then drew on a pair of india-rubber gardening gauntlets. "Now," he said, "I am bee-proof. Put this other hat and pair of gloves on yourself, my boy, and let us have a look at the hives."

Arthur equipped himself in the novel suit of armor, and followed his uncle out to bee-town.

Mr. Carrington stopped before the shelving platform in front of a hive. Taking hold by the projecting eaves of the flat roof, he lifted off the top, showing a square box in which hung six oblong frames, which were full of delicious honey-combs of a delicate creamy yellow, and fragrant with the odor of flowers. A few bees were crawling over the combs, but only a few, and these seemed very peacefully inclined.

"Did those few bees make all that honey?" said Arthur.

"No, indeed," said his uncle; "we are coming to the bees presently. This is only a store-house where the bees put the honey for me, after they have filled their own hive, which is underneath this. I will come to their home when I have disposed of these combs.

Carefully removing the frames, Mr. Carrington uncovered the lower box, and began taking out the frame of comb from it. This honey looked very different from that in the upper story. Instead of being a delicate yellow, the comb was of an ugly brown, some of the cells capped over with a shallow-

domed roof of wax, others open and full of honey. The whole comb was swarming with bees, sucking away at the honey, as if for dear life.

"What makes this comb so brown, Uncle Hugh?" said Arthur.

"It is old comb," said Mr. Carrington, "and has been used over and over again for different purposes; for storing honey and bee-bread, and even as cradles for the baby bees. When a young bee is hatched and leaves its cell, it leaves behind its first baby-clothes, which, of course, are the cocoon, or chrysalis, in which it grew from the maggot state into its perfect beehood. When the infant bee comes out of its cell, other bees go in to clean out the deserted chamber. Instead of throwing out the baby-clothes they find there, they glue them carefully against the walls of the cell, thus thickening and strengthening it, but at the same time making it look ugly and brown. Some cells have been found to have a series of seven or eight of these linings, one corresponding to each baby that has been hatched there. After awhile the cell gets too small for cradle purposes, and then it is used as a store-room."

"Notice these bees, Arthur; see, here is a brown bee; these others, you see, are yellow. The brown bees are wild bees; the yellow ones are Italian. See, here is a beauty," he said, taking up a light-yellow bee on the forefinger of his clumsy india-rubber glove; "this is a pure Italian bee."

"What is the difference, Uncle Hugh?" asked Arthur.

"The difference?" said Mr. Carrington. "Why, don't you see the golden bands across the body? That shows it to be an Italian."

"And are the Italian bees better than the wild bees?" further queried his nephew, as he carefully examined the pretty one his uncle held.



FIG. 1. [illegible] NATURAL SIZE.
a, drone; b, worker; c, queen.

"They are gentler," said Mr. Carrington, stroking the bee tenderly with the tip of his gloved finger, as though he loved it. "And it is said that the Italian bee has a longer proboscis, and so can get honey from the red clover, which is so abundant hereabout. *I* thought they were better; for, when I was a very poor man, I bought an Italian queen-bee in the big city of New York, and paid twenty dollars for her, and I have never yet repented of my extravagance. I have now sixty-nine hives of pure Italian bees, and they are all the descendants of my pretty queen. Allowing forty thousand bees to a swarm, which is a moderate number, it is not a bad showing for her majesty. Let me see, forty thousand by sixty-nine makes — well, at least two and a half millions of living descendants, besides dozens of queens I have given away, with all their descendants; these, added to the multitudes that have lived and died in the meantime, must make,

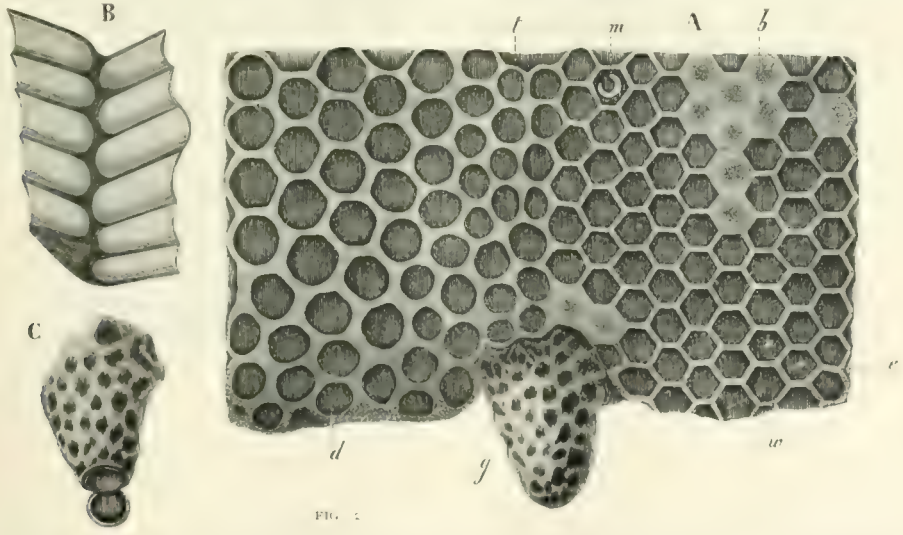


FIG. 2.

A, comb; *d*, drone cells; *w*, worker cells; *t*, store cells of intermediate size; *b*, capped honey cells; *m*, cell with maggot; *e*, cells with eggs; *g*, queen cell; B, sidewise view of comb; C, queen cell with lid cut off by bees to let her majesty out.



THE ORIGINAL BEE-HUNTERS.

all together, not far from two hundred millions in twelve years."

Taking out frame after frame, Mr. Carrington looked carefully over each one as he talked. "See here, my boy; here, in this knot of bees, is the queen. She is the mother of every Italian queen in this hive and of many thousands of bees besides. There she is, the one with the long, slender body. See how different she is from the worker bees. Here is a drone, too, that has somehow managed to escape the August slaughter. See how heavy and clumsy he looks. Here are all three kinds of bees together,— queen, workers, and drones."

"What is the August slaughter? Do you kill the drones in August?" asked Arthur.

"No," said Mr. Carrington, "*I* do not, but the working bees do. In August, usually, but always after midsummer, the bees become tired of supporting the drones in idleness, so they sting them to death. I opened this hive," added Mr. Carrington, "on purpose to show you a queen's cell. Do you see that thing like a peanut, hanging from the

lower edge of the comb? [Fig. 2, g]. That is the cell of a new queen the bees are making. This [Fig. 2, A] is a very irregular piece of comb; on the left are the large cells, the drone cells, on the right are the worker cells, and between the two are intermediate sizes; many people consider the perfect symmetry of honey-comb a great marvel. It seems to me that these irregularities are much more marvelous, for the bees evidently reason about it; they never waste a bit of room.

"These brood cells, that is, the cells in which the queen lays her eggs, are either drone size for drone eggs, or worker size for worker eggs. She makes no mistakes."

"What? Do you mean that the queen always lays the right egg in the right place? How can she know?" said Arthur.

"That is one of the mysteries, but it is a fact. So long as a queen retains her faculties, she makes no mistakes; sometimes a queen grows very old, or for some other well-known reason becomes a little 'cracked,' then she does make mistakes. But our little queen, here, is a very Elizabeth for intelligence. You see, up there among the worker cells, one [Fig. 2, m] with a small white worm in it. Well, that is about as sure to come out a worker when it hatches as that the sun will rise to-morrow. See, here [Fig. 2, d] are some drone cells, and here again [b] capped-over honey cells."

"Uncle, you said just now that the bees were '*making* a queen.' How can they *make* a queen?" asked Arthur.

"That is a long story, and I must leave it for another time. It will keep," answered Uncle Hugh, with a good-humored smile.

After an early dinner Mr. Carrington, Will, Harry, and Arthur, loaded with bee-hats, gloves, and other paraphernalia, stood on the porch, waiting for the start. Little Emily, looking wistfully at them, said: "Father, may n't I go, too?"

"O, no!" said Harry, "girls are a nuisance; they are always tumbling down, or hurting themselves, or tearing their clothes."

"No, little one; I am afraid you would not be able to stand the walk," said her father.

"Yes, I would, Papa. I stood the walk to church last Sunday, and it was three miles."

"Yes, Father," said Will, "she did. If she gets tired, I 'll help her. She 's a brave little body."

"Well, run in and see what Mamma says; tell her it 's a good two miles to the bee-tree and back, and ask her if she thinks you can stand it," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mother says," said Emily, out of breath, "that she thinks I can stand it, and that Aunt Nancy lives in that d'rection, an' if I get tired, I can stay with Aunt Nancy till you come back."

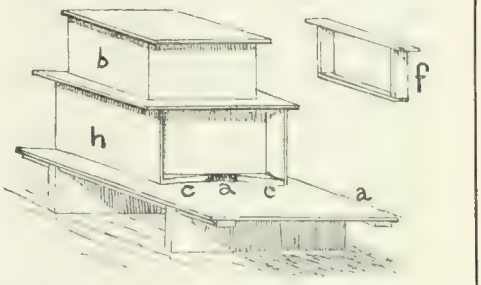
"Aunt Nancy" was an old colored woman, who often worked about the house for Mrs. Carrington.

"Very well, daughter," said her father; "get your own little bee-hat and gloves, and come on."

The party started off, Mr. Carrington taking the lead with his staff, the boys following with boxes and baskets for the bees and the honey they were to capture, little Emily trudging on cheerfully behind with a bundle of rags in one hand, and the other clasped closely in Arthur's. The boys were talking eagerly with their Father and one another.

"I wish to look a little closer at that staff your father has in his hand," said Arthur to Will.

Mr. Carrington's staff [see initial letter] was a long stout stick, having an iron point on the lower

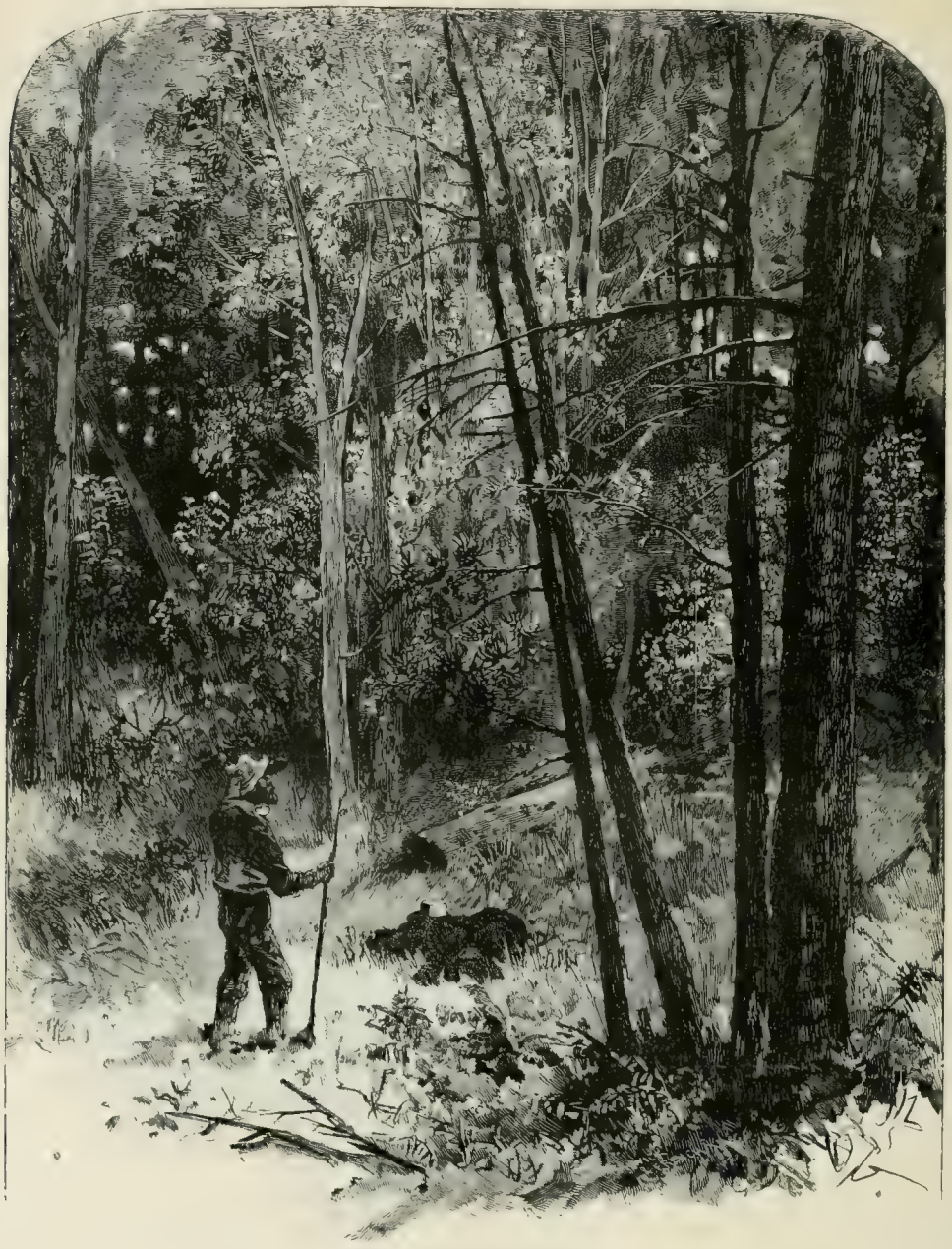


b, honey-box; *h*, hive; *a*, alighting-board; *a*, door; *c*, *c*, blocks placed to narrow the opening; *f*, frame for comb, which hangs inside the hive and the honey-box.

ONE OF MR. CARRINGTON'S HIVES.

end, and on the upper a small diamond-shaped platform, nine by five inches, making it appear, as you looked at it sidewise, a long-legged letter T, with a very short cross-piece above. On the little platform, at the two sharp ends of the diamond, were two pins for "sights," like the little knobs on a rifle by which the hunter takes aim. Besides this staff, Mr. Carrington had with him a small trumpet-shaped implement made out of a common gourd, in the small end of which a piece of glass was fitted,— a sort of gourd-funnel with the small end covered with glass. He also had a piece of full honey-comb and a bottle of anise oil.

"Boys," said Mr. Carrington, "I know just about where our bee-tree is, for I have been looking out for it during all the week; so we can manage the whole business this afternoon. Usually," he said, turning to Arthur, "we hunt our bee-tree and mark it one day, and go out for the bees and honey another. Marking a tree with my initials makes that tree mine, according to the bee-hunters' code, no matter on whose land the tree may be. We always ask permission of the owner, of course, but it is never refused. Trees are not

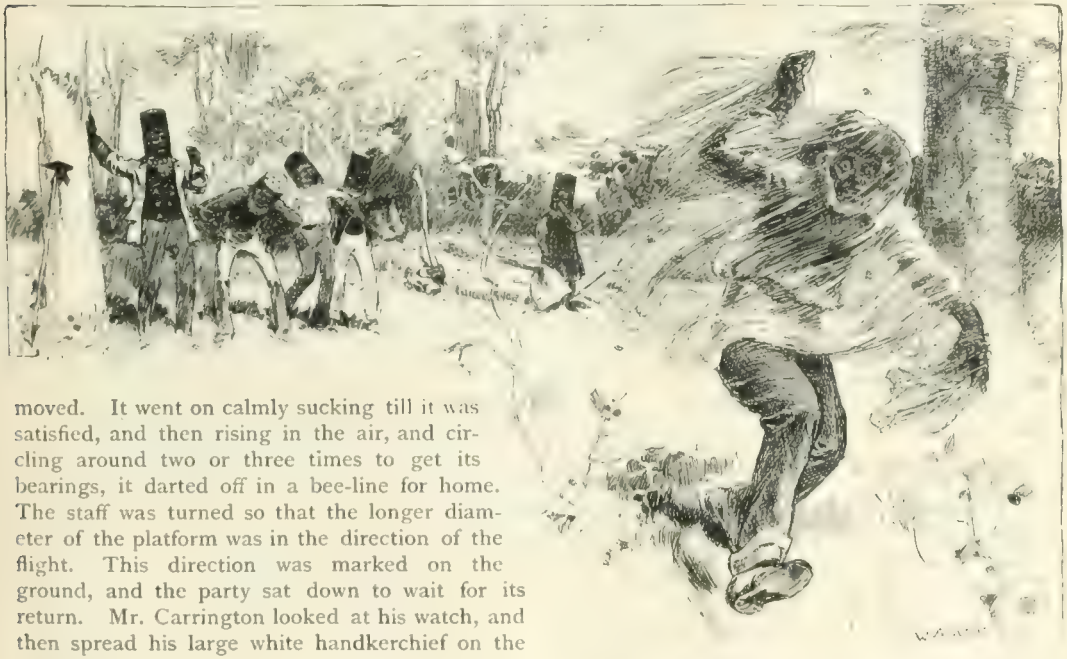


MOSE TAKING THE CROSS-LINE.

counted for much hereabout; besides, the bees always go into hollow trees, which are of very little value. In old times bees were hunted very differently from our modern methods. The bees were sacrificed for the honey: the goose that laid the golden egg was slain. Christian bee-hunters were about upon a par with the original wild hunters of the woods, the bears and the Indians. But now bee-culture is getting to be a great industry all over America, especially in California and the great West."

The party mounted a steep ridge of land north of

the house, went "over the mountain," as the boys called it, and soon were beyond the home bee-pasture. They then began their search for bees. In a few minutes Will caught one tippling in the bell of a wild morning-glory still wide open in the cool shadow of a large rock. He caught it, and brought it — buzzing and scolding in its fragrant prison-house — to his father. Mr. Carrington struck the iron point of his staff into the ground, laid the piece of honey-comb, saturated with anise, on the diamond-shaped platform, and then carefully transferred the bee from the flower to his little gourd, closing the larger end with the palm of his hand, and turning the smaller end (with the glass in it) uppermost. The bee at once rose to the light; he then placed the larger end of the trumpet on the comb and waited, covering the glass end with his hand. The bee, attracted by the smell of honey and anise,—which bees love, —dropped down upon the comb and began to fill itself with honey; this a frightened bee always does. When the bee became tranquil and happy, sucking its beloved nectar, the trumpet was removed. It went on calmly sucking till it was satisfied, and then rising in the air, and circling around two or three times to get its bearings, it darted off in a bee-line for home. The staff was turned so that the longer diameter of the platform was in the direction of the flight. This direction was marked on the ground, and the party sat down to wait for its return. Mr. Carrington looked at his watch, and then spread his large white handkerchief on the grass beside him to help the bee to find them again.



"MOSE WAS FLYING AT FULL SPEED, HIS FOUR DRAPERY STREAMING IN THE AIR." (SEE PAGE 643.)

"Yesterday I told you, Arthur, that I would answer your question about 'making a queen,'" he said. "Now is a good time, while we are waiting for our recent visitor to find us again. Bees do not usually want more than one queen at a time. In fact, they will not have more than one unless the swarm has grown so large as to crowd the hive and they are going to found a colony, or 'swarm,' as it is called; in which case each family will need a sovereign. As soon as it is clear to the wiseacres that it will be necessary to send off a swarm, the bees go to work to make a queen. A worker maggot, or if there happens to be none in the hive, a worker egg, is selected near the edge of the comb. Two cells next door to the one in which this maggot is are cleared out, and the dividing walls are cut down, so that three ordinary cells are turned into one. The food which the worker worm has been feeding on is removed, and the little creature is supplied with a new kind of food,—a royal jelly. Change of food, a larger room, and a different position,— for you remember in the comb I showed you yesterday the queen's cell hangs down instead of being horizontal,— these three changes of treatment turn the bee that is developing from a worker into a queen. She is different in her outer shape, different in almost all her organs, and different in every single instinct. There is nothing else in all nature that seems to me more wonderful than this.

"For fear that one queen may not come out all right the provident little creatures usually start two or three queen-cells at once. It is curious to watch the first queen as she comes out. She moves up and down the combs, looking for other



queen-cells, and if she finds one, she falls upon it in the greatest excitement, and stings her rival to death. Sometimes, by accident, two new queens come out at the same time; then it is wonderful to see the bees. They clear a space and bring the two rival queens together, and stand back to watch the fight. And it is a royal fight indeed; a fight to the death, for they never give up till one or the other is fatally stung. The victor is then accepted as sovereign."

"How is it, Uncle Hugh, if both the queens sting at the same time. What does the swarm do then?"

"That, I believe, never happens. When the two queens find themselves in such a position that they both will certainly be stung, if they go on, they withdraw and 'start fair' again," replied his uncle.

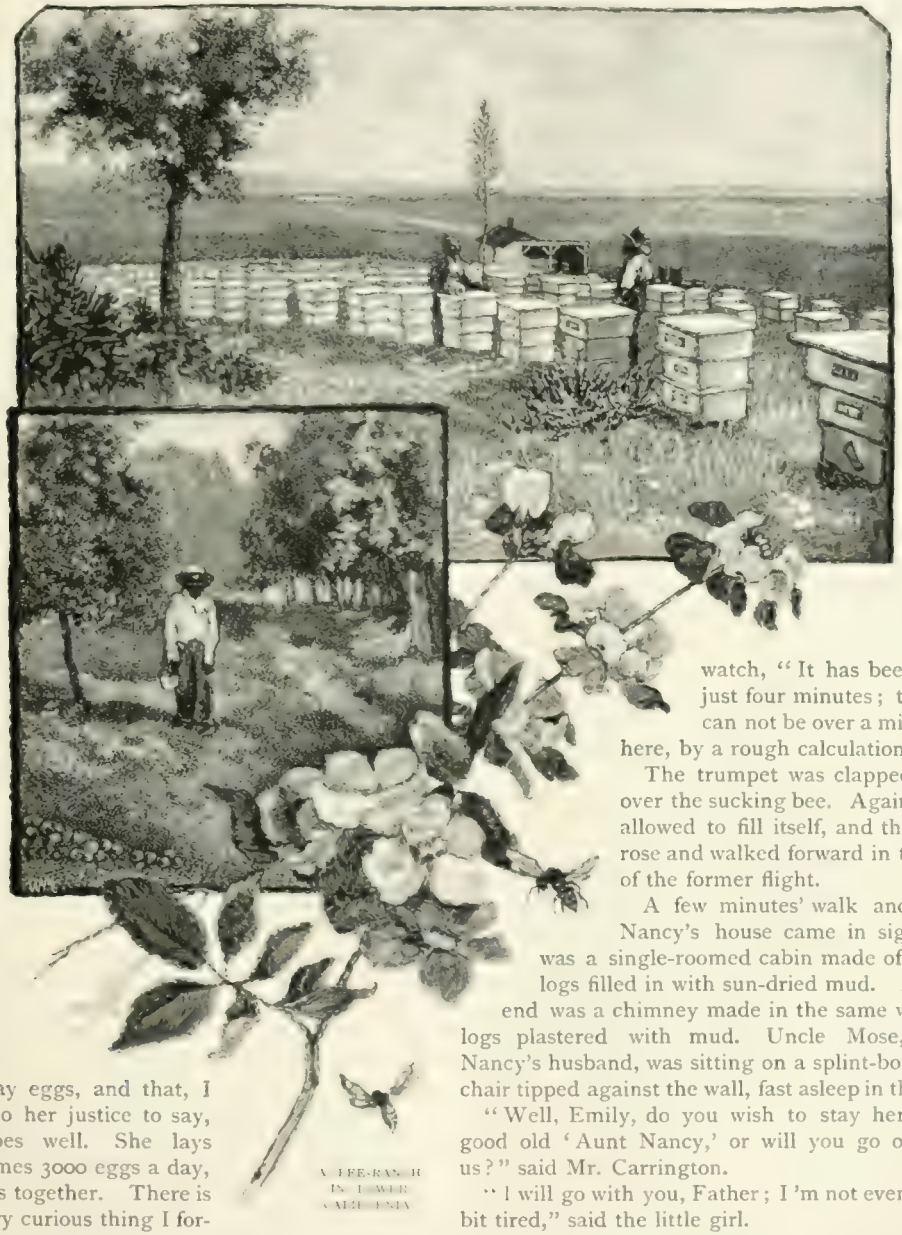
"What happens if a queen dies?" asked Arthur.

"At first the bees seem filled with consternation; there is a great hurrying and scurrying through the hive. Knots of bees gather at the comb-corners, and discuss the political event. They do not speak, exactly, but they manage to make themselves understood; for after a few hours they quiet down and begin making a queen. Huber, the great bee-student, who, though blind, found out more about their ways and manners than all the seeing eyes in the world before him, made a very simple experiment to find out how they did talk. He passed a fine wire grating, too fine for the bees to get through, between the combs in a hive, making two separate colonies out of the one swarm. At first the half left queenless was in a great excitement; pretty soon, however, they quieted down and went to work as usual. Somehow, they had found out that the queen was safe and sound, though they could not see nor touch her. He then put another grating beside the first, but about half an inch from it. The queenless half became excited, and finally began to build queen-cells. If the news had been communicated by sight or smell or sound, it would have gone through two gratings as well as through one; but if it had been told by touching *antennæ*, the two gratings would put

an entire stop to conversation, so he thought; and other people, since, have found that such *is* their way of talking.

"In a great many other ways queens are different from common bees. Her majesty is required to do no work; she is cared for and fed and cuddled up warm by other bees. All she has to do is to lay eggs, and that, I must do her justice to say, she does well. She lays sometimes 3000 eggs a day, for days together. There is one very curious thing I forgot to tell you about the queens; a queen-bee will never sting anything but another queen. You may hold her and tease her, even tear her limb from limb, if you have the heart to be so cruel, and she will never sting you; but just let her meet another queen and then you will see her sting."

"There," said Mr. Carrington, starting up, "see, there is my bee back at the honey, and it has brought a friend with it." Then, looking at his watch, "It has been gone just four minutes; the tree can not be over a mile from here, by a rough calculation."



A TREE-RANGER IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

The trumpet was clapped down over the sucking bee. Again it was allowed to fill itself, and the party rose and walked forward in the line of the former flight.

A few minutes' walk and Aunt Nancy's house came in sight. It was a single-roomed cabin made of rough logs filled in with sun-dried mud. At one end was a chimney made in the same way, of logs plastered with mud. Uncle Mose, Aunt Nancy's husband, was sitting on a splint-bottomed chair tipped against the wall, fast asleep in the sun.

"Well, Emily, do you wish to stay here with good old 'Aunt Nancy,' or will you go on with us?" said Mr. Carrington.

"I will go with you, Father; I 'm not even a tiny bit tired," said the little girl.

"Mose!" called Mr. Carrington. "Come, wake up, and help us cut down our bee-tree!"

"Law, Mars' Hugh, I war' n't 'sleep; I war' jist a-steddyin'," said Mose, rubbing his eyes.

"Well, old man, forego your studies for a little while, and come and help us. You 'd better take one of these boys' bee-hats."

"Law, no, Mars' Hugh; de bees don't eber trouble me, and dose bee-hats hinder my sight."

Mose disappeared in the cabin, and came out bearing a large piece of brilliant pink mosquito-netting and an axe.

"I 'll jist carry 'long dis, wha' de ol' woman kivers up her i'ned clo'es wif, to keep 'em from de flies, and I 'll be all right," said Mose.

"You 'll be sorry if you put that thing on; it 's worse than nothing," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mars' Hugh," said Mose, impressively, "I knows I 's an ign'ant ol' niggah, but I does know some fings."

"Very well," said Mr. Carrington, "this is a free country, and if you like to be stung, far be it from me to interfere with your rights."

The boys laughed, and Mose put on an added shade of dignity.

"Now, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "give me your mosquito-netting, and take my staff with this bee on it, and get the other line while I get mine again with the second bee, which seems to have eaten its full."

"Arthur," said his uncle, "you see if Mose marks a line by one bee from away over there, and I mark another from here by the other bee, since they both fly straight, the bee-tree must be where these two lines meet. If you were a surveyor, you could tell me just where that point would be. I, being a woodsman, can tell you pretty nearly as well."

"The tree is about a half a mile from here, nor' nor' east," he said, returning after a little time, having marked Mose's line. "Now for it, boys, with a will!"

Picking up their traps they started off in good heart over the rough ground, even little Emily, with her parcel of rags, merry at their good fortune. They followed the bee-line as nearly as possible, Mr. Carrington keeping his hat covered with his handkerchief, with staff and anised honey-comb exposed, so as to draw other bees by both sight and smell. They captured many bees, released them, and found their bee-line true. Before long they noticed one of the released bees going back in the direction they had come.

"Ah, little tell-tale!" said Mr. Carrington, "we 've passed your tree, have we? Well, we have not passed it far!"

They turned upon their steps, and soon found an old Spanish oak, which looked as if it might be the tree, but they could see no hole.

"Never mind, boys, trust to the bees again," said Mr. Carrington. "They have not guided us all this way through the woods to fail us at last. Every one of you look at that clear space between the boughs. You will probably see the bees passing and repassing. Look sharp, boys!"

They all looked earnestly at the spot indicated, but could make out nothing.

"Father, *I* see the bees!" exclaimed Emily, in her high treble. "They 're going in right over your head."

Sure enough, the little girl had discovered the opening into the hollow tree, not two feet above her father's hat.

"Here, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "here 's your bobinet."

"Yes, sah," said Mose, enveloping himself in folds of pink mosquito-netting, looking preternaturally solemn as the children all laughed.

"Where are your rags, Emily?" said her father. Taking them, he set them a-smoldering, and pushed them into the hole above his head.

Mose could not get over his grievance, but was heard muttering between the blows of his axe, "Nev' you min', Mars Will, I tole you once, an' I tell you ag'in, de bees don't ever trouble 'bout me."

In a few minutes, after Mr. Carrington, Will, and Mose had taken their turns at the axe, the tree began to show signs of falling; finally it swayed, and under Mose's skillful strokes crashed down, the opening into the wild bees' home lying uppermost. A log about five feet long, containing the hollow, was soon chopped out, and this carefully split open, showing sheets of comb and masses of bees within.

Though much quieted by the smoking, some of the bees dashed out angrily. All the party but Mose being protected by bee-hats were safe, but the old man's mosquito-netting proved a poor protection. Beating off the bees, he rushed away, more and more frantic with their buzzing and their stings, and the last thing Mr. Carrington and the boys saw of Mose he was flying at full speed, his dignity all forgotten, his rosy drapery streaming like an aurora in the air. The boys shouted, and even Mr. Carrington could not help laughing at the poor old fellow. When they turned to their work again, little Em was found sitting by the tree sobbing, and vainly trying to wipe away her tears with the large india-rubber gauntlets through the wire-gauze of her bee-hat. She was a pitiful, absurd little figure, and the boys laughed silently over her unconscious head, while they spoke comforting words to her.

Before the bees had been boxed, and the honey

bucketed, Mose came back, as dignified as ever, to help "tote de fings home."

"How 're your stings, Uncle Mose?" said Will.

"*My* stings 're all right, Mars' Will," said Mose solemnly; "I tol' you de bees did n' ever trouble *me*."

The return cavalcade took up its line of march, Mose carrying the bucket of honey, Will and his father the box of bees, and the other two boys took the little girl between them, jumping her over the rough places.

A weary party reached home just as the cows were coming up to be milked and the cool breath of evening was rising out of its ambush in the deep valleys beyond; but it was a very merry party, in spite of its weariness.

Mr. Carrington and Will carried their box of wild bees — there were almost two pecks of bees — and emptied them out on the alighting-board of a hive ready-stocked with combs and bread to make it seem home-like to them; and then all went upstairs to make ready for their early country tea.

"Arthur," said his uncle, when they were seated around the table, a half an hour later, "you have a nice little nest-egg out there in the hive under the trees. Many a man has made a fortune with a poorer start. Let us see what you will do with your captured treasure, my boy."



MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

By Maurice Thompson.

Chapter III.

Uncle Charley meets an old friend.

Our friends drove on until late in the afternoon before they found a suitable spot on which to camp, under some scrubby oak-trees, beside a sluggish little brook. There was a spring of very good water close by. A farm-house was in sight, on a high swell of the prairie. It was flanked by broad-winged barns, and half-hidden in a dusky apple-orchard. A tall windmill, with a gayly painted wheel, was shining and fluttering in the bright sunlight.

As soon as the wagons were stopped the dogs leaped out and ran to wallow in the brook.

The man who had driven the camp-wagon soon had the horses cared for and the tents put up. The luncheon brought from home was spread upon a clean cloth, and the boys thought they had never before eaten anything quite so good. The long ride in the open air and the excitement of the sport had whetted their appetites. Hugh said the sun had burned the back of his neck so badly that he believed the skin would come off; but he was ready to follow the man-of-all-work to the farm-house, where they got a basket of apples. While they were gone Uncle Charley gave Neil his first lesson in handling a gun.

"The first thing to be learned," said he, "is to stand properly. Plant both your feet naturally and firmly on the ground, so that the joints of your legs are neither stiff nor bent; then lean the upper part of your body slightly forward. Grip the gunstock just behind the guard with the right hand, the forefinger lightly touching the foremost trigger, that is, the trigger of the right-hand barrel. The stock of the gun, a few inches in front of the guard, must rest easily in the hollow of the left hand. Hold the muzzle of the gun up and slanting away from you, so that the lower end of the butt is just lower than your right elbow. Now, if both hammers have been cocked, and you gently and swiftly draw the butt of the gun up to and against the hollow of the right shoulder, you will find yourself in good position for taking aim, which is best done by keeping both eyes wide open, and looking straight over the rib between the barrels with the right eye."

Neil took Uncle Charley's gun, and began to

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try to follow his instructions. "But how am I to tell when I am sighting with my right eye, if I keep both eyes open?" inquired he.

"Oh, you 'll soon discover that trick," said Uncle Charley, "by fixing your aim with both eyes open, and then, holding it perfectly steady, closing the left eye; if the line of sight now changes, you have not sighted correctly; if it remains fixed, the aim has been taken with the right eye."

Neil tried it over and over with great care, until he was quite sure he had mastered the method. He was a cool-headed, methodical boy, not in the least nervous, and what he undertook he always tried to do well.

"Be careful there!" cried Uncle Charley, as Neil lowered the gun to the ground, "never set your gun down with a hammer up. That is the cause of many deplorable accidents."

"Oh, I forgot!" said Neil, his face flushing.

"You must never forget anything when you are handling fire-arms. To avoid accident you must be constantly on the alert and cautious, not overlooking even the slightest precaution."

When Hugh and the man returned from the farm-house, the sun had sunk low down in the west, and the prairie-chickens were booming their peculiar calls far out on the rolling plain.

"Hugh," said Uncle Charley, "I shall leave you and Mr. Hurd" (the man-of-all-work) "in charge of the camp, while Neil and I go for a short tramp among the chickens."

Then he took his gun, and calling the dogs, started down the side of the little stream, closely followed by Neil. Hugh felt quite tired, so he lay down at the root of a tree and soon fell into a light, sweet sleep, while Mr. Hurd went about preparing the supper.

When they had gone a little way from camp, Uncle Charley said to Neil:

"Here, take my gun and let 's see if you can kill a prairie-chicken."

Of course Neil was delighted. He took the gun, and eagerly followed the dogs, as they showed signs of scenting game down the stream. Very soon a large bird flew up from among some low willows and thick grass at the water's edge. As quickly as possible Neil took the best aim he could, and fired first the right barrel, then the left; but the big bird flew on as though nothing had happened.

Uncle Charley laughed heartily, and Neil looked rather stupid and abashed at his failure.

"If you had killed that duck, you would have been liable to a fine," said Uncle Charley.

"Why, was that a duck? I thought it was a grouse," exclaimed Neil.

"Well, you 're saved this time," added Uncle Charley; "those cartridges you fired had no shot in them!"

"I thought something was wrong," said Neil, "for I aimed exactly at that bird."

"Well, I 'll put some properly loaded cartridges in the gun now," said Uncle Charley, laughing grimly; "but you must n't fire at any bird but a prairie-chicken, because the law forbids it at this season."

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a flock of grouse in some low dry grass on a windy swell of the prairie. Neil had seven fair shots, and killed just one bird. He could not understand how this could happen. He tried very hard to aim just as he had been instructed, but he kept missing, nevertheless.

When it had begun to grow dusky on the prairie, and they had turned toward the camp, Uncle Charley explained to Neil why he had missed so many birds. He said:

"For one thing, you are in too great a hurry, and consequently shoot too soon. Then, too, you aim right at a flying bird, which is wrong, save when it flies directly away from you. It is absolutely necessary to aim somewhat ahead of the game when its course is to left or to right of your line of aim."

Neil was thoughtful for a moment. "Ah, I see into the philosophy of it," he said; "you mean that the bird flies a little way while the shot are flying to it, and consequently, if I aim right at it, the shot will probably go behind it."

"Precisely," said Uncle Charley.

"Well, I 'll not forget that lesson," Neil murmured. "The bird that I killed was flying straight away from me."

When they reached the camp, it was quite dark, save that Mr. Hurd had a fire blazing, which lighted up a large space. A pot of coffee was steaming on a bed of coals, and some birds were broiling, filling the air with a savory smell that made Neil very hungry. They were rather surprised to find a strange man sitting by the fire. He stood up when they approached, and then he and Uncle Charley hastened toward each other and shook hands.

"Why, my old friend Marvin, how glad I am to see you!" cried Uncle Charley.

"Charley, my boy, how d' ye do?" said Marvin.

CHAPTER IV.

MARVIN THE MARKET-HUNTER.

HUGH had been quietly sleeping all this time at the root of the tree; but when he heard Uncle Charley's voice, he awoke and sat up, rub-

bing his eyes with his fists. At first he could hardly remember where he was, and stared wildly about him; everything looked so strange in the glare of the firelight.

"See what I brought down!" cried Neil, going up to his brother and holding out the prairie-chicken.

Hugh's memory cleared as by magic, and in a moment he was wide-awake. "Oh, did Uncle Charley let you shoot his gun?" he inquired, his eyes growing bright at the thought.



NEIL'S FIRST PRAIRIE-CHICKEN.

"I should think he did," said Neil; "have n't you heard me firing away?"

"I believe I 've been asleep," said Hugh; "but who is the gentleman Uncle Charley is talking with?"

"His name is John Marvin; they seem to be old friends; Mr. Hurd says he 's a market-hunter."

"What is a market-hunter?" asked Hugh.

"A market-hunter is a man who kills game to sell. He makes his living by hunting," replied Neil.

Supper was soon ready, and Marvin joined them in eating the well-cooked meal. It delighted the boys to hear him and Uncle Charley talk over their hunting adventures and their experiences by flood and field, they had been to so many wild and interesting places, and had seen so many strange birds and animals.

Mr. Marvin said he had been having good luck with prairie-chickens since the opening of the season. Birds, he said, were far more plentiful than usual, and he hoped to make enough money, by the time cold weather came on, to enable him to go South, where he hoped to hunt throughout the coming winter.

Mr. Marvin was a man of about fifty years of age, and had followed market-hunting all his life. He seemed to know everything that is worth knowing about guns and dogs and the habits of wild game. Uncle Charley evidently regarded this man's opinions as authority on outdoor subjects. In fact, Neil and Hugh soon discovered that Mr. Marvin was a very well-known and highly esteemed man among the best class of American sportsmen and naturalists. He was a regular agent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for collecting rare specimens of nests, eggs, birds, fishes, and animals.

They all sat up quite far into the night, planning various little expeditions, and enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh perfume of the prairie; and when they lay down in their tents they slept until the eastern sky was growing bright with dawn.

Marvin's tent was only a little way up the brook from those of Uncle Charley and the boys. Just after breakfast he hastened down to say that he had seen a large flock of grouse alight in a field of oat-stubble on the neighboring farm. Uncle Charley made short work with the rest of his meal, slipped on his long rubber boots to protect his feet and legs from the heavy dew, called the dogs, seized his gun, and was off with Marvin before the boys were half through breakfast. Not many minutes later the guns began to boom.

Neil and Hugh could easily distinguish the sound of Marvin's gun from that of Uncle Charley, for the reason that Marvin used a heavy ten-bore gun with five drams of powder and an ounce and a quarter of shot for a charge.

Hugh said that gun sounded like a young cannon.

As the sun rose higher and the grass began to dry, the boys went for a stroll along the brook. They found many beautiful wild flowers, the loveliest ones being large white water-lilies, with broad thin leaves floating on a still pond. While looking at these, they saw an old duck with her half-grown brood of young ones hastily swimming away to hide among the tall weeds on the farther side of the water.

"I see now why the law forbids shooting ducks in summer," said Neil. "If one were to shoot that old duck now, the young ones would not know what to do; they would probably wander about for a few days and die."

The boys gathered some lilies and carried them back to the camp. Uncle Charley and Marvin returned about ten o'clock with a heavy load of birds. Marvin had killed twenty-three and Uncle Charley nine.

"It 's no use for me to shoot with Marvin," said the latter, in a tone of good-natured chagrin; "he always doubles my score."

Through the middle of the day, while it was too hot to hunt, they all lay in the shade of the trees and talked, or read some books on natural history that Neil had brought from his father's library. Mr. Marvin took great pleasure in listening to Neil reading aloud from "Wilson's Ornithology." Occasionally, he would interrupt the reading to throw in some interesting reminiscence of his wild-wood rambles, or to make some shrewd comment on the naturalist's statements. Neil soon liked Mr. Marvin very much, and so did Hugh. In fact, he was so simple and straightforward and honest in his way, so frank-faced and clear-eyed, that one must like him and trust him. He told the boys a great many stories of his life in Southern Florida, with adventures that befell him while he was exploring the everglades and vast swamps of that wild region. He seemed a very encyclopedia of varied hunting experience. Almost any healthy boy will find such a man to be a charming companion; and if the boy is desirous of obtaining knowledge, he can gather a great deal of it from listening to his conversation.

Mr. Marvin soon discovered the great hope the boys had of one day being good shots, so he went to his tent and brought a little sixteen-bore gun that he used for killing snipe and woodcock and other small birds. He took out the cartridges, and handed the gun to Hugh.

"Now," said he, "let me see how you would handle it if you were going to shoot a bird."

Hugh seized the gun, much as a hungry boy would grab a cut of plum-pudding, jerked it up to his shoulder, shut one eye,— which got his face all in a funny twist,— opened his mouth sidewise, and pulled the trigger. They all laughed at him long and loudly. Uncle Charley declared that he would give a dollar for a correct photograph of that attitude.

But Hugh was too much in earnest to be laughed down. He kept trying until he could get himself into passable form; but it was plain to Uncle Charley that he would never be so cool and graceful as Neil. Hugh's enthusiasm counted for a great deal, however, and might carry him through some tight places where more deliberation and scrupulous care would fail. Mr. Marvin next put some unloaded cartridges in the gun, and allowed Hugh to fire at an apple that he flung into the air. When the cartridges exploded, Hugh winked his eyes and dodged.

"Be perfectly cool and steady," said Mr. Marvin; "you 'll get it all right presently."

"Of course I will," exclaimed Hugh, his voice trembling with excitement and his eyes gleaming. "I 'd have hit that apple if the shell had been loaded."

"No, you 'd have over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin; "you were too slow in pulling the trigger. The apple fell a foot between the time you shut your eyes and the time you fired."

Hugh had a pretty hard time controlling his eyes; but he finally succeeded in keeping them open while firing, and then he began to show some steadiness and confidence.

Mr. Marvin then explained that the first great rule in shooting at a moving object is to learn to look steadily at the point where you wish your shot to go; and the second rule is to learn to level the gun at that point without any hesitation or "poking." You have no time for taking a deliberate aim at a swiftly moving bird, and to attempt such a thing will make of you what sportsmen call a "poke-shot," that is, one who squints, and aims, and pokes his gun along, trying to keep his fore-sight on the flying game. A really good shooter fixes his eyes on the spot to be covered by his aim, at the same time that he swiftly raises his gun and points it in the correct line,— his eyes, his arms, and his right forefinger all acting in perfect harmony together. You observe that when a good musician begins to play on the piano he does not fumble for the keys, but finds them as certainly and as naturally as he winks his eyes. So the shooter must not fumble for his aim, but get it by a swift, steady, sure movement that is only obtainable by careful and intelligent practice.

Mr. Marvin next put a loaded cartridge in the right-hand barrel of the gun and said:

"Now, sir, you 're going to make your first shot, and I wish you to do it just as I have directed; if you do, you 'll hit this apple; if you don't, you 'll miss it. Ready, now, fire!" and he flung the apple into the air.

Hugh forgot everything in a second, raised his gun awkwardly, squinted one eye, and pulled trigger. The report of his shot rang out on the prairie, but the apple came down untouched.

"Over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin, shaking his head. "You 'poked' badly; and such a squint!"

Hugh looked all over the apple, but he could

not find a scratch. "I 'll not miss it next time," he cried; but he did. In fact, he shot seven times before he touched the apple.

Mr. Marvin had to scold him several times about carelessly handling the gun. He once said:

"Never allow the muzzle of your gun to point toward yourself or any one else, no matter whether it is loaded or not. If you are careless with an empty gun, you will be careless with a loaded one."



"HE EXTENDED THE STOCK OF THE EMPTY GUN TOWARD SEE" (SEE PAGE 651)

Then he added: "I once heard a backwoodsman say that his father proved to him that a gun was dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel."

"How could that be?" said Hugh.

"Why, his father whipped him with the ramrod!" said Mr. Marvin. Hugh admitted that the proof was quite relevant, and promised to try to form a careful habit of handling guns.

Chapter V.

A Lesson in Woodcock Shooting.

The prairie upon which our friends were encamped was one of those beautiful rolling plains for which Illinois is so justly famous. There were but few inclosed farms in that immediate region, the greater portion of the land being still in its wild, grassy state, and used mostly for pasturing cattle that were attended by mounted herdsmen. Sometimes these herdsmen would get angry at the hunters for shooting near their cattle. This was not surprising, however, for the reports of the guns often so frightened a herd that each separate steer would take its own course, and run for a mile as fast as it could go, bellowing furiously. Men who know say that a run like that will take a dollar's worth of fat off each steer; so we can not wonder that cattle-men should grumble at careless sportsmen for causing them such loss. But sometimes the chicken-shooters do worse harm than merely frightening the herds. If a bird happens to be flushed near a herd of cattle, a heedless hunter may shoot a steer instead of the game; then, if the owner is near, he is ready to fight; and you may well believe that a big brown-faced prairie herdsman is a dangerous fellow when angry.

Mr. Marvin told of an adventure he once had with a cattle-owner. He said:

"I was shooting on that beautiful little prairie in Indiana called Wea Plain; and when quite near a drove of cattle I flushed a single chicken. I fired, and brought down the bird in good style; but, as luck would have it, the rest of the shot went broadside into a fine fat steer that was grazing about fifty yards away. Such a bawling as that animal set up was terrible to hear, and the whole drove stampeded at once. Well, while I was standing there, gazing after the galloping cattle, suddenly 'bang! bang!' went a gun not far away, and both of my fine dogs fell over dead. I turned quickly, and saw a furious herdsman sitting on his horse with a Winchester rifle smoking in his hand.

"'Now you put on your best gait and walk a chalk-line from here!' cried the man. I began to try to explain, but he grew more and more angry, and said he did n't want to hear a word from me. I saw he was desperate and dangerous, so I made the best of a bad situation, and walked away."

"There is a good lesson in my adventure," said Mr. Marvin, "and you boys must remember it. Never get so excited, in following game, as to forget to be prudent and careful about the safety of others or their property. Of course the herdsman did wrong in killing my dogs; but I did wrong, too, in the first place, by carelessly shooting toward his cattle. Suppose it had been a man or a boy I had hit, instead of a steer,—how miserable I would have been!"

The good advice of Mr. Marvin took hold of Hugh's conscience, and he inwardly declared that he would always be very careful what he did with a gun.

The next day was Sunday, and they all rested and read, or strolled along the brook.

Neil, while out by himself, was passing around the edge of what might be called a little oasis in the prairie, a low, swampy spot of ground grown up with a thicket of low willows and elbow brush, when he flushed a woodcock. At once he rightly suspected that quite a number of these exquisite game-birds had collected here to feed upon the insects and larvæ which they could find by boring with their long bills in the mud. He kept his discovery to himself.

Next morning he went early to Mr. Marvin's tent, and asked him for his little sixteen-bore gun.

"I wish to shoot some woodcock down here in a little thicket," he said, seeing that Mr. Marvin hesitated.

"Suppose I go with you," suggested Mr. Marvin. "Are you very sure there are woodcock there? I looked at that place the other day and thought I 'd examine it again soon."

"I should be delighted if you would go with me," quickly replied Neil; "will your dogs point woodcock?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Marvin, "they know all about them; but are you sure that any birds are there?"

"I flushed one there yesterday," Neil replied; "and I saw many places where others had been boring in the mud."

Mr. Marvin looked sharply at Neil, and said:

"Where did you learn about the ways of woodcock? You never hunted any, did you?"

"I have read all the books on ornithology that I could obtain," replied Neil.

Mr. Marvin was already getting the guns out, and selecting cartridges loaded with small shot.

"Shooting woodcock is quick work," he said. "Almost every shot must be a snap-shot."

"What is a snap-shot?" asked Neil.

"A shot which is made without any aim," answered Mr. Marvin. "When you are in the bushes and brush, and a bird flies up, you must shoot in a great hurry, or it will get away."

Uncle Charley and Hugh saw Mr. Marvin and Neil going off together across the prairie, and Hugh wondered how it chanced that Neil had thus gained the market-hunter's confidence. Neil was carrying the little sixteen-bore across his shoulder with much the air of an old sportsman, though it kept him almost on the run to keep up with Mr. Marvin, who strode along at a great pace, his head thrust forward, and his eyes fixed on the distant fringe of bushes that marked the woodcock swamp.

The morning was cool and sweet, with a thin film of fleecy clouds across the sky. The grass was dewless, and a little cool wind blew from the south-west. In every direction the grouse were crying in their mournful, monotonous way. In the east a great flare of red showed where the sun was just getting up behind the clouds. The distant low hills of the prairie looked like ocean waves. Here and there the herds of cattle were scattered, some lying down and some grazing. Neil had never felt happier in his life.

The thicket, or "cripple," as woodcock feeding-grounds are sometimes called, lay in a low place near the border of a thin wood, where the prairie began to break up into a hilly fringe of timbered land.

Mr. Marvin held in the dogs until they reached the margin of the place; then he loosed them, and bade them work. Those well-trained and intelligent animals were eager for sport, and at once began cautiously scenting along the border of the thicket. They were not the same kind of dogs as Uncle Charley's. They were small wiry pointers, with short hair and smooth, sharp tails. Their names were Snip and Sly, and they seemed never to get tired.

"You 'd better call Snip and go to the left; I 'll take Sly and go to the right," said Mr. Marvin. "We 'll be apt to find more in that way."

Snip seemed perfectly content with the arrangement. He went as Neil directed, after giving him a bright look, as if to say: "Ha! you 're going to shoot my birds for me, are you?"

Mr. Marvin and Neil were soon lost from each other's sight. Neil went along very cautiously, watching every movement Snip made. In some places the bushes and weeds were so tangled that it required a great deal of struggling to get through them. The ground was like jelly in certain spots, shaking and quivering under Neil's feet. Somehow, Snip passed by a woodcock without scenting it, and it flew up from a spot very near to Neil's feet. Whiz! went its wings. Its rise was so sud-

den and unexpected that Neil was really startled, and he stood gazing at the bird until it dropped again down into the cripple. He had entirely forgotten to shoot at it!

The next moment Snip came to a stanch stand a little farther in the thicket. Neil drew a long breath to try to steady his nerves, held his gun in position, and walked slowly forward. Flip! whiz! Out of a tuft of tangled weeds rose a fine strong bird, its wings gleaming brightly, and its long bill thrust forward. Neil tried to keep cool and aim steadily; but he was so eager to kill the game that he fumbled and poked with his gun before pulling trigger, and the bird escaped.

Snip looked inquiringly at the young sportsman, as if at a loss to know what this slow business could mean.

Neil heard Mr. Marvin fire several times. "That means game for the market-men," he said to himself; "*he* does n't get excited."

It required a great deal of tramping before Snip could find another woodcock. This time Neil behaved in a more sportsmanlike way; but he missed the bird, nevertheless. He had shot so hurriedly, in order to hit the bird before it got into the bushes again, that his aim had been wrong.

Bang! bang! he heard Mr. Marvin's gun again, some distance off. Just then he stumbled a little, and stepped upon a soft place, sinking instantly to his armpits in a slimy slush of mud and water. He seized a strong bush as he went down, and this was all that saved him, for his feet did not touch bottom. His gun had fallen across some tufts of aquatic weeds and grass, so that it did not sink.

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted Neil, as the ugly black mud oozed around him.

Then he began to struggle, trying to get out. But the mud clung to him and he could gain no chance to use the strength of his arms. This frightened him, and he called Mr. Marvin in as loud a voice as he could command. There was no answer. He called again and again; still no answer. The whole surrounding country had suddenly grown as noiseless as midnight. Neil was a brave boy, but his heart sank as he thought of what might now befall him. The mud was cold, chilling him with its disgusting touch. He heard a herdsman singing far away on the prairie, and then the double report of a gun in the extreme distance. Had Mr. Marvin gone off after a flock of grouse? The thought made Neil nearly desperate. He struggled hard and long to draw himself out, but to his dismay the bush to which he was clinging began to show signs of giving way. If it should break, he would disappear in the mud and never be seen again.

He called Mr. Marvin again and again, in a high, clear voice. Bang! bang! sounded the gun once more, apparently a little nearer. Neil now screamed and yelled desperately, for his arms were growing tired and weak. He thought of Hugh, and Uncle Charley, and his kind father at home. He looked at the gun, and it flashed into his head that his foolish desire to have a gun had been the cause of his dreadful misfortune. He wished he were at home. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he was quite pale. He kept up his doleful calling, but he was too weak to struggle any longer. Even the dog seemed to have deserted him in his extreme danger.

Chapter VI.

HUGH'S FIRST BIRD.

Soon after Mr. Marvin and Neil had gone away toward the woodcock grounds, Uncle Charley took Hugh and went to look for grouse. Hugh carried Uncle Charley's small gun; and as they walked along, watching the dogs circle about in search of the game, Uncle Charley explained the curious process by which the barrels of fine shot-guns are made. He said:

"Those beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing, operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is

one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best."

Hugh had listened very attentively to what Uncle Charley said, but he was also watching the dogs as they searched in every direction for grouse. In the midst of a slough, Belt came to a stand, but Don refused to back him.

"There 's a prairie-chicken, sure!" exclaimed Hugh, holding his gun ready.

"I think not," said Uncle Charley; "for Belt acts as if he does n't feel interest in what he is doing, and Don, you see, refuses to back him."

"I 'll walk up, anyhow," said Hugh; "there *may* be a chicken."

"Don't be in too great a hurry; be deliberate, and, if a bird flies up, take good aim before you fire," said Uncle Charley.

Hugh proceeded very cautiously through the high grass, keeping his eyes alert and his hands ready. Uncle Charley stood watching him. Belt turned his head to one side, and behaved rather sheepishly, as if ashamed of what he was doing.

Suddenly, with a sharp flapping of wings, a heavy bird rose from a tuft of water-grass and slowly flew along in a straight line away from Hugh. Here was the main chance for a good, easy shot, and the boy did not neglect his opportunity. Up went his gun, a good steady aim was taken, and then the report rang out on the air. The big bird fell almost straight down.

"Well done!" cried Uncle Charley, laughing loudly, "well done!"

But Belt refused to retrieve.

Hugh hurried to where his game had fallen, and picked it up. Uncle Charley kept on laughing.

"Why, it 's a thunder-pumper!" said Hugh, holding the bird high by its long, slim legs. "I was sure it was a chicken!"

"A great sportsman are you!" cried Uncle Charley, "not able to know a bittern from a grouse! Why, Belt knew better all the time!"

"Well, I hit it, all the same, anyhow," responded Hugh.

"That 's nothing to boast of, I should say," remarked Uncle Charley; "do you know how many shot you let fly at that bird?"

"An ounce of number nines, I think," replied Hugh.

"But how many pellets are there in an ounce of number nine shot?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"I don't know," said Hugh.



A THUNDER-PUMPER.

"Well, there are five hundred and ninety-six."

"So many?"

"Yes," said Uncle Charley, "you had five hundred and ninety-six chances to hit it."

"I am sorry I killed it," said Hugh; "but I thought it was a prairie-chicken. It is a very handsome bird; is it of any value?"

"No," replied Uncle Charley; "but the Indians formerly hunted them for their mandibles, with which they used to point their arrows for killing small game. See how sharp they are! I allowed you to shoot at it in order to teach you a lesson. First, whenever you see a dog acting as Belt did, you may be sure it is not pointing a game bird. Second, you ought to know as soon as a bird rises whether or not it is of a kind fit to kill. A true sportsman is always quick with his eyes, and never commits the mistake of shooting a thunder-pumper for a grouse!"

"How did I handle my gun?" inquired Hugh, "did I seem to know how to shoot?"

"You hurried too much. The bird had n't gone twenty feet when you fired. You must remember to be deliberate and to keep your wits about you."

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a small flock of grouse in a field of weeds. The birds were in excellent condition, scarcely grown, and flew slowly; but Hugh missed four before he killed one. He banged away at every wing he saw. Uncle Charley several times scolded him roundly for his careless shooting. He promised to be very cautious; but he had not fired a half-dozen more shots before he hit Belt in the ear with a pellet, making him howl at a terrible rate.

"One more heedless action," cried Uncle Charley, "and I 'll take that gun from you and never allow you to touch it again! I never saw any one so awkward. You act as if you had no eyes!"

Hugh felt greatly chagrined. The tears came into his eyes as Belt ran up, with his ear bleeding, to fondle about him. Of course the hurt was very slight, but Hugh's conscience told him that he had been foolishly careless, after all that had been said to him. He resolved in his heart never again to allow his eagerness and enthusiasm to drive away his prudence and caution.

All the morning, as we have said, the sky had been overcast with a film of clouds. About ten o'clock, it began to drizzle, and so our hunters turned toward the camp. Uncle Charley had killed a dozen chickens and Hugh had killed one. They reached the tents just as the rain began to fall heavily.

Mr. Marvin and Neil had not returned.

"I think they 'll get a good old-fashioned wetting," said Hugh.

"Are n't they coming yonder?" Uncle Charley inquired, pointing at two dark spots far out on the prairie, barely discernible through the gray, slanting lines of rain.

"I can't tell," said Hugh; "they are so far away and the air is so full of mist."

Uncle Charley showed Hugh how to clean his gun inside and how to wipe it dry outside before putting it into its case.

A good gun requires careful usage. Rust must never be allowed to appear anywhere about it, especially on the inside.

Chapter VII.

Mr. Marvin talks about Market-hunting.

When, at last, Mr. Marvin heard Neil's cries, he hastened to the spot whence they proceeded, and perceived at once that the lad was in a dangerous predicament. Picking up Neil's gun, he fired both barrels into the air, to provide against accident, as he wished to use the gun in getting Neil out of the mire. Treading carefully, he extended the stock of the empty gun toward Neil, who clutched it with a strong grip the moment it came within his reach. And thus the boy was drawn slowly but surely out of the mud, and, at last, regained his footing upon firm ground.

So the two dark forms, so indistinctly seen by Uncle Charley and Hugh, proved to be Mr. Marvin and Neil, though the latter looked more like a rough model in mud than like a real live boy. He was completely incrusted in the sticky, slimy muck of the marsh which, being very black, made his face look almost ghostly pale.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Neil?" cried Hugh, as at last he recognized him.

Neil laughed rather dolefully, glancing down over his unpleasant coat of mud-mail.

"I fell into a quagmire up yonder. I think if I had let go I should have gone clear down to China!"

"The boy went swimming in a loblolly of prairie mud," said Mr. Marvin; "it made him very clean, you see."

Neil was soon quite comfortable, and when dinner was ready, he ate heartily, and enjoyed all the jokes the others turned upon his singular and dangerous adventure. But he could not help shuddering now and then as he thought of the desperate situation from which Mr. Marvin had snatched him at the last moment.

The rain continued all the rest of the day, coming steadily down in fine drops, making the prairie look sad and dreary enough. The dogs curled themselves up under a wagon, with their noses between their feet, and slept, no doubt dreaming of grouse and woodcock.

During the afternoon, the conversation turned to market-hunting, and Mr. Marvin told the boys many interesting facts about his business.

"I do not shoot much game for the general market," he said. "Most of what I kill goes to wealthy individuals with whom I have contracts. By taking great care in packing and shipping my game, I have managed to get the confidence of some rich epicures and some private clubs in the cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, and they pay me nearly double what I could get in the general market. They usually allow me twenty-five cents each for prairie-chickens, twenty cents each for quails, and forty cents each for woodcock. So you see the eight woodcock I killed this morning will gain me three dollars and twenty cents. My employers pay the express charges and often send me supplies of ammunition, so that my expenses are very light. I have made as much as fifteen dollars a day shooting geese at fifty cents each. Spring, summer, and autumn I spend in the North and West; in winter I go south to Georgia and Florida, where I find the best of shooting. In North Georgia, for instance, there are many old plantations partly grown up in broom-sedge, the greatest covert for quail that I ever saw. In Florida I do not shoot much game, as it is hard to get ice with which to pack it, and the shipping facilities are not good; but I kill herons and roseate spoonbills and ibises for their feathers, and I collect rare specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. You ought to see some of the curious bird's-nests I have sent

to that institute. Herons' nests from the Okeechobee region, cuckoos' nests from Georgia, rails' nests from the Kankakee, and nests of the Canada jay from the pine-woods of Canada. I have sold great numbers of eggs, too, to collectors and scientific men."

"What a grand time you have had," exclaimed Hugh, "going from one fine hunting-ground to another, always escaping our cold, dreary winters, and always out in the free open air with your dogs and guns. How I should like to be a market-hunter!"

"You'd soon become tired of it," replied Mr. Marvin; "there are many disappointments and vexatious drawbacks connected with it. At some seasons, game of all kinds is scarce, and shooting becomes very dull work. I remember that several years ago I could hardly find chickens enough on the prairie for my own boiling. Of course, I like the business; it just suits me; but I do not advise any boy to think of trying it. With stringent game-laws and the growing opposition to free hunting by the landlords, the time is near when a market-hunter will have a poor chance for a living."

"I am curious to know something more about woodcock-hunting," said Neil, whose disaster had only whetted his appetite for sport.

"I hunted with an Englishman in Michigan, once, who put bells on his dogs when he went woodcock-hunting," said Mr. Marvin.

"Why?" queried Hugh.

"Well, when the dogs got into thick covert, he could trace their course by the sound of the bells, and whenever the tinkling ceased, he knew they were pointing birds."

"That was not a bad idea," said Neil.

"He was a jolly fellow, that Englishman," continued Mr. Marvin; "he liked a droll joke even if it were against himself. He told me that one day he went out to a woodcock covert with a belled dog, and after following the sound back and forth and around and around in the tangled growth, suddenly the tinkling ceased. Very much pleased, he went to the spot expecting to flush a bird, but he could find neither his dog nor any woodcock. Long and patiently he tramped about the spot to no purpose. Then he called his dog; it did not come. Here was a mystery. Could it be possible that his dog had fallen dead in some dense clump of the covert? He called until he was hoarse, and finally went back to camp tired and mystified. And there lay his dog at the tent door dozing, in the sun. It had lost the bell!"

"Where do you find the most profitable market-hunting?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"When the full flight of geese and ducks is good, I get my best shooting in the Kankakee region of Indiana and Illinois," said Mr. Marvin; "but turkey-shooting in North Georgia used to be very profitable."

"Have you never hunted large game, such as deer and bear?" queried Hugh.

"Not much; it does not pay. I don't care for anything larger than a goose or a turkey. When it comes to real sport, quail-shooting is the very best of all," replied Mr. Marvin.

"You are right," said Uncle Charley, "the quail is the noblest game-bird in America."

"A thunder-pumper is not bad game when a fellow is keen for a shot," said Hugh, with a comical grimace. Uncle Charley laughed, thinking of how Hugh looked as he stood holding the bittern up after he had shot it.

Neil and Mr. Marvin did not understand the joke, or they would have laughed, too. It was not fair to Neil, perhaps, to thus keep Hugh's mistake a secret after Neil's mishap had been so fully discussed, but Hugh was the younger, and Uncle Charley favored him on that account.

When night came it was still raining steadily. Mr. Marvin remained talking with Uncle Charley and the boys until late bed-time. He told many of his strange adventures and described a number of pleasing incidents connected with his tramps by flood and field. It was especially interesting to hear him describe the habits of birds and animals as he had observed them. But Neil, whose practical, philosophical turn of mind led him to desire information that would be of general benefit, asked many questions concerning practical gunnery.

"Mr. Marvin," he said, "there is a proposition of natural philosophy laid down in my school-book which bothers me. The book states that a body, say a bullet for instance, thrown upward, will fall to the earth with the same force as that with which it started. Now, if this is true, why do we never hear of any one being hit with a falling bullet, and killed?"

"Your school-book is mistaken, if that is what it says," replied Mr. Marvin. "A bullet shot from a rifle directly upward will start with a force sufficient to drive it through three or four inches of hard oak wood. It will fall with scarcely force enough to dint the same wood. I have, in shooting vertically at wild pigeons flying over, had number eight shot fall on my head and shoulders without hurting me. The difficulty with the philosophical theory is that it does not consider correctly the resistance of the atmosphere and the comparative bulk and shape of falling bodies. Now, an arrow with a heavy point will come much nearer falling with its initial velocity than will a round bullet; because the arrow, falling point downward, has all the weight of the shaft directly over the point, which makes it nearly the same as

if it were a bullet of just the point's diameter, but weighing as much as the whole arrow."

"I see," said Neil; "I wish I could have studied that out myself."

"Oh, I don't like investigations and study and all that," cried Hugh; "I like fun and adventure and the pleasant, merry things of life."

"But the habit of investigation is most important," said Mr. Marvin, gravely; "it prevents accident through ignorance and mistake, and it often leads to valuable discoveries. You will never be a successful man if you refuse to study and investigate. I should not wish to trust a boy alone with a gun, if he thought of nothing but fun and frolic. He 'd soon kill himself or some one else."

After this, Mr. Marvin went away to his own tent, leaving the boys to think over and reflect upon what he had said.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

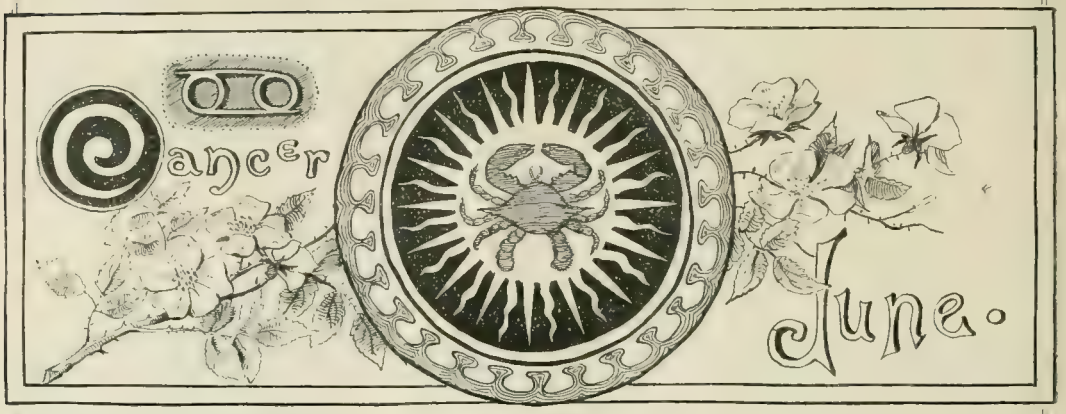
GRANDMA'S SURPRISE PARTY.



THEY all went down the garden-walk.
And saw the flowers bloom.
Each picked a bunch — a pretty bunch —
To put in Grandma's room.

And Grandma will be *so* surprised!
What can she say or do?
She 'll give each girl and boy a kiss,
And give the Baby two.

BY ROYAL AND EARL HILL.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents
				H. M.	
1	☽	8	Virgo	11.58	Whitsunday [Regulus
2	Mon.	9	"	11.58	(1st) Mars very close to
3	Tues	10	"	11.58	☾ near Spica. Venus at
4	Wed.	11	"	11.58	[greatest brilliancy
5	Thur.	12	Libra	11.58	Jefferson Davis b. 1808.
6	Fri	13	"	11.59	Patrick Henry d. 1799.
7	Sat.	14	Scorpio	11.59	Robert Bruce d. 1329.
8	☽	FULL	Ophiuch	11.59	Trinity Sunday.
9	Mon.	16	Sagitt.	11.59	Charles Dickens d. 1870.
10	Tues.	17	"	11.59	Peter the Great b. 1672.
11	Wed.	18	Capri.	11.59	Roger Bacon d. 1294.
12	Thur.	19	"	12.	Charles Kingsley b. 1819.
13	Fri.	20	Aqua.	12.	Dr. Thos. Arnold d. 1842.
14	Sat	21	"	12.	
15	☽	22	Pisces	12.	1st Sunday after Trinity.
16	Mon.	23	"	12. 1	Edward I. of Eng. b 1239
17	Tues.	24	"	12. 1	Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.
18	Wed	25	Aries	12. 1	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19	Thur.	26	"	12 1	James VI. of Scotland b.
20	Fri.	27	Taurus	12. 1	Longest day. [1566.
21	Sat.	28		12. 2	Capt. John Smith d. 1631.
22	☽	29		12. 2	2d Sunday after Trinity.
23	Mon.	NEW		12. 2	
24	Tues.	1		12. 2	Midsummer Day.
25	Wed.	2		12. 2	Bat. of Bannockburn, 1314.
26	Thur.	3	Leo	12. 3	George IV. of England d.
27	Fri.	4	Sextant	12. 3	☾ near Mars [1830
28	Sat.	5	Leo	12. 3	Queen Victoria cr. 1838.
29	☽	6	Virgo	12. 3	3d Sunday after Trinity.
30	Mon.	7	"	12. 3	Sultan Mahmoud d. 1839

"CHILDREN! can you tell me why
The Crab 's the sign for June?"
"Yes, we *can sir;* he backward goes,
And the days will shorten soon."

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

BY HOOK, and by crook, to bother the cook,
The little boy catches some fish;
Then home with his brother, to show to his mother,
O what better fun could he wish?

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

JUNE 15th, 8 30 P. M.

VENUS has lost but very little of that superlative brilliancy which it reached on the 4th, and is by far the most beautiful object in the sky. It will not be Evening Star much longer, for it will soon be lost in the rays of the sun. When it re-appears, it will be as Morning Star, and so remain till next May. It is now standing almost still among the stars and is exactly in line with Castor and Pollux, and JUPITER is only a little to the west. No picture in the heavens made by the stars only can exceed in beauty that now presented in the western sky, with the two most brilliant planets so close together, and Castor, Pollux, and Regulus to complete the scene. MARS, a comparatively insignificant object, has passed to the east of Regulus. SATURN we shall not see in the evening again till the end of the year. Arcturus, far up, nearly overhead, is due south at thirty-three minutes past eight oclock. Spica has now passed nearly one hour to the west of our south mark. High up in the east is the brilliant Vega, the only noticeable star in the constellation *Lyra* or *The Harp*. Being so, the star is generally called Lyra. Between Arcturus and Lyra is the star Alphecca, the brightest in the constellation of the *Northern Crown*, which is formed of a lovely half-circle of stars. Capella is low down in the north-west. Rising in the south-east is Antares, in the constellation of *Scorpio, The Scorpion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

THE BEES AND THE ROBBER.

"EVERYTHING was made for man, and all he has to do is to help himself," said a man lifting up the Hive, and grabbing at the Honey.

"That 's true!" buzzed the whole swarm, settling down upon him, and covering him from head to foot; "we were just made for you, and as you have helped yourself to the Honey, we will make you a present of the Sting;" and so saying, the busy little Bees improved the shining hour.

"Well, well," said the man, when he had at last made his escape, "I 've always heard that stolen fruit is sweet; but I have found that there is more sting in it than honey."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"I 'VE COME with my roses," rippled June, with a voice like a brook murmuring over pebbles; "they 're going to be lovely this year, Mother. Blush Rose really deserves your praise, and little Wild Rose and Sweet Brier have made a special effort. I 've had a good long rest, and am ready to go to work again. Are the peas ready for shelling?"

"No, no, child," said Dame Nature, "you must not soil your hands with such work; but go and take a look at them, and the strawberries, and see if the cherries are beginning to blush, and then get you to your roses. It takes a sharp eye to see the worms at their hearts, but you must not trust too much to appearances; and give me all the smiles you can, my pretty one, to warm my old heart."

WHY?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

WHY have the bluebirds come
With painted wings?
Why is the great earth full
Of lovely things? —
Golden stars in the grass,
Rosy blooms in the trees,—
Wafts of scent and song
Blown on every breeze?

Why? Do you hear afar
The tread of little feet
Touching the golden stars,
Crushing the clover sweet?
Do you hear [illegible]
"We have thrown our books away!
Dear Earth, we come to you
For rest and play?"

Well the good Earth knows
When school is out;
And so she molds the rose
And brings the birds about.
She spreads green boughs abroad
To shade the way;
And makes her meadows meet
For holiday.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes the summer, brimful of flowers and birds and child-folk! And I never felt better in my life. What a world of joy it is!

Well, what shall we begin with *this* time?

I know. You all have slates, and slate-pencils?

You have. How pleasant it is to hear a hundred thousand youngsters reply so promptly!

And where did these slates and pencils come from?

You bought them, eh? I do not doubt that. But where did they come from originally?

Oho! Jack can not hear a hundred thousand clear voices this time. There is a mumbled confusion of sounds such as "don't know;" "out of the ground;" "slate;" "made out of clay;" "never heard any one say, sir;" but no definite answer. Let your Jack hear from you by letter, one at a time, please. Any day that astonishing Little School-ma'am may ask us where slate-pencils come from, and we may as well all be ready with an answer.

Now for

FACTS FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

YOU all may remember that your Jack asked in April if any of you ever had known of a dog over fourteen years of age, or of a horse older than thirty years, a mule older than fifty, or a sheep past nine summers. The Little School-ma'am and I had been informed that these respective ages had sometimes been exceeded, but we were not sure of it, and so we asked for information based on personal knowledge. The deacon, too, wished to get some definite facts on these points.

Many replies have come, and your Jack hereby thanks the writers most truly. Apart from the kindness and painstaking they show, these letters have a practical value; for they answer questions that are often asked by others besides the deacon, the dear Little School-ma'am, and myself. Therefore, I show you some extracts which the deacon has selected for you direct from the letters.

Here they are:

A BLACK-AND-TAN 16 YEARS OLD.

ORONO, Maine.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our next-door neighbor has a black-and-tan dog that will be sixteen the 10th of May. It weighs seven and a half pounds, and is blind at times.

The owner has a daughter of the same age, and that is how they know the age of the dog so well.

Of the other animals I know nothing.

Yours truly, VIRGINIA M. RING.

A SCOTCH COLLIE 17 YEARS OLD.

MANCHESTER, Vt.

DEAR JACK: In answer to your inquiries relative to the age of animals, I would say that we have a full-blood Scotch collie that will be seventeen (17) years old the coming June. I base my knowledge on my always having known him, and that our ages have always been called the same. I would add that Mr. Slap, as we call him, is hale and healthy.

Truly yours, N. M. C.

A MONGREL 16 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Mr. Charles H. Collamore, of Warren, R. I., many years ago possessed a small short-legged mongrel dog, white, with yellow spots, which went by the name of Squint. He had raised it from puppyhood; in fact, it was born on his premises and died there. I remember to have seen it myself in its old age. When it died, the local paper deemed the event worthy to be celebrated in verse. The cause of its death was purely old age.

I knew it to have been very, very old; but was not sure of its exact age at the time of its decease. So, yesterday I obtained from Mr. Collamore the necessary information:

Squint died aged 16 years, 4 months, and 10 days.

Yours truly, GEORGE L. COOKE, JR.

A TERRIER 19 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK: In reply to your query in the April ST. NICHOLAS, here is an instance that I can vouch for:

The Rev. S. Brenton Shaw, 142 Broadway, of this city, has in his possession a brown Russian terrier 19 years old. Mrs. Shaw chops his food, and in other ways provides for the animal's comfort. The dog suffers no inconvenience, apparently, from his extreme old age. Mrs. Shaw will not have the dog destroyed.

S. F. BLANDIN,
Office Chief Police, City Hall.

P. S.—I take the licenses for dogs in the office of the Chief of Police. I will make some inquiries of dog owners, as they come for their licenses. I license between three and four thousand. B.

A BLACK-AND-TAN OVER 18 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK: Our next-door neighbor has a dog that was 18 years of age last August. There is no doubt about his age, because he was born in Mr. Morrison's own

house. The name of the dog is Sport. Sport was shot once, and he carried the ball two years, when a gentleman lanced the place and took the ball out. There still remains a lump on Sport's side where the bullet went into his body, though it does not hurt him now. He is a black-and-tan. All the spots that were tan-color are now gray, except the feet, and they are growing gray. Notwithstanding his great age, Sport is still quite active and playful.

I have heard that General Washington's war-horse lived to the age of thirty-six years. When we were in Wisconsin, papa knew of two horses, one twenty-eight years of age and the other twenty-nine, whose owner occasionally drove them to Galena, Ill., a distance of fifty miles, and returned the next day; and he told papa that when he turned them loose into pasture, they would frolic like young colts. My great-grandmother had a horse that lived over thirty-five years. I am ten years old. Yours truly, HERBERT V. PURMAN.

A HORSE THIRTY-THREE YEARS OLD.

CHESTER, N. J.

MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We had an old family horse that my father had used twenty-eight years. The horse was five years old when purchased, in 1855. This animal died last August, aged thirty-three years and four months, to the regret and grief of us all, having been remarkable for his intelligence and speed up to the last few months of his existence.

Alas, poor "Meteor," for he seemed like one of the family! How we missed his familiar neigh when we went in the stable! Father had taught this horse to perform a splendid trick act — he would take a flag in his mouth and wave it and trot around waving it, then he would take a snap whip, and when father was running from him, would try to whip him when he got within a few feet. Meteor would get down and pull father's boot off, as much as to say: "You can not go to bed with your boots on." Then the horse would lie perfectly still while the whip was snapped and switched violently over him, and not get up till he was told his oats were ready for him, when he would spring to his feet and shake his head up and down to express his satisfaction. Then he would stand on a box about a foot and a half high and turn around to the right and left, holding one foot up extended, and change his feet when he reversed the movement. He also would keep time to music.

We drove him out every day for exercise, and he would trot real fast for a short distance and then subside into a walk. In conclusion, I would state that I have driven this horse since I was eight years old, being at times all alone in the carriage. J. T.

ANOTHER HORSE 33 YEARS OLD, AND CAT 14 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My grandfather owned two horses, one of which lived to be thirty, the other thirty-three years of age. I also owned a cat which lived to the age of fourteen. Although I never heard of a dog as old as that, I thought that I would write and tell you what I know personally concerning "the ages of animals." Yours, MARY R. CHURCH.

A MULE 42 YEARS OLD.

MOORESTOWN.

DEAR JACK: You ask, "Has any one ever heard of a horse older than thirty years?" Yes, *I* have. We have a neighbor who owns a mare thirty-eight years old. Her name is Nelly. Only last summer she was seen to jump a three-rail fence, and seemed to enjoy her dust bath as much as her son Harry does. He is twenty-one,— just eight years older than I. The *Moorestown Chronicle* had a paragraph lately referring to old Nelly:

[illegible] Monday mare which has arrived [illegible] eight years, twenty-two of which [illegible] Though not so spry as [illegible] the usual [illegible] only last [illegible]

I have heard that there is a white mule, now being taken care of at one of our army posts in Texas, which served through the Mexican War, and is now a pensioner of the U. S. Government. Is it true?

Faithfully yours, JENNY H. M.

A MULE 42 YEARS OLD.

NEAR BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Seeing in the ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to hear about a horse over thirty, or a dog over fourteen, I will write you of both. We have here at our home a mare which is forty years old. She was bought when she was three years old, for my uncle to ride when he was a little boy. She has been in the family thirty-seven years. She is too old now to ride, but I drive her. I will be happy to show her to any one who would like to see her. My father owned a dog that lived to be fourteen. It was born in his printing-ink factory in 1855 and died there in 1872.

Your young reader, GEORGE MATHER.

A MULE 43 YEARS OLD.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR JACK: The late Professor Mapes had on his farm, in New Jersey, a mule named Kitty,— a hardy, willing worker,— famous throughout the neighborhood for having gone beyond her fiftieth year, and for being quite able to compete with mules not half that age. Kitty Mule, as we called her, lived to be sixty-three years old, and she was in working order up to within one week of her death. Her history was well known. I saw her daily for twenty-seven years. P. T. Q.

A HORSE 37 YEARS OLD.

NEWTON, Iowa.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about a horse that lived to be thirty-seven years old! He was owned by a Mr. Steele, in Derby, Vt. When he was about thirty years old, Mr. Steele gave him to a gentleman in Barton, Vt., requiring him to sign a contract that he should be well kept and kindly cared for while he lived, and when he died should be well buried in a coffin made of two-inch pine plank. A few years after another friend of the fine old horse took him to Glover, Vt., to live with him, and, according to contract, took the best of care of him; giving him hay-tea to drink and pudding and milk to eat.

One day he received a visit from another friend, who, thinking (perhaps) that a change of air would be pleasant for the old fellow, took him home with him to Northfield, Vt., where he soon after died, aged thirty-seven years, several months, and some days. His beautiful dark bay coat was taken off, made to look as natural as life, and placed in the Museum at the Capitol in Montpelier. He and all his family were noted for their beauty, lofty style, and great intelligence. My papa has owned several of them, and we have a picture of one.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since I was ten years old, am now thirteen, and think, with ST. NICHOLAS to read and a good horse to ride, a boy ought to be all right.

Your friend, FRED K. EMERSON.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

VIRGINIA.—Address Children's Aid Society, New York, New York Foundling Asylum, 68th Street; or New York Orphan Asylum, West 73d Street.

STONY FORD, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number you spoke about Jack Frost being such a beautiful decorator. I saw the piece in the magazine, but did not feel so much interested at the time; but one cold morning last week Jack Frost visited our dining-room windows, and painted lovely fern and oak leaves and a great many other funny but very pretty designs, but the funniest of them all was a little girl standing on what seemed to be a very high mountain, holding out her hands to an imaginary stove. I am not a very big girl, only just eleven years old, and I don't know very much about Jack Frost, still I think I can tell what makes frost on the window-panes. It is the moisture of the room within and the extreme cold outside. The cold draws the moisture on the window-panes and the cold air freezes it. I asked my grandma if she thought I could tell how Jack painted them any better, and she told me to get the encyclopedia; well, I did, and an awfully heavy book it is, too. I looked for frost, but the words were so big and long that I did not very well understand them, and I will have to ask some other little girl to explain it better. Your earnest little reader,

MABEL G. A.

GROVETON, TEXAS, Feb. 5th, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am much interested in the astronomical part of the "ST. NICHOLAS Almanac." All through January we have been able to see the four planets, viz., Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, as well as Sirius, and through the latter part of the month the comet and the new moon also.

The stars shine very brightly here, much brighter than in my old Iowa home, and lately the heavens have been very beautiful.

Your constant reader, ALICE M. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken your valuable book six years, I have never thanked you for the pleasant hours you have afforded me, but I sincerely do now.

My favorite author is Miss Alcott. I am greatly interested in the "Spinning-wheel Stories," and also in "Winter Fun."

E. S. P. thinks he is too old to read ST. NICHOLAS. It 's so natural for me to read it every month, I never thought to consider my age (I was seventeen last December). My mother reads it every month, and enjoys it very much.

I am studying stenography, and also taking piano lessons.

JOSIE S.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, though I have been intending to for a long time.

My father, who when he was a little boy used to live on a farm, often tells us stories, one of which I think will interest the readers of this magazine. They had an old cat with her kittens up in the loft, and one day a tom-cat came in and killed all but one of them. This one the old cat took out to the farm, where she hid it under the hay and fed it every day. None of the family knew where it was until one day, several months afterward, my grandfather, when he took off the hay to feed the cows, found it there. It was as large as a full-grown cat, but its eyes were not open and it could not walk. After a few days it opened its eyes and learned to walk, and became afterward a respectable old cat. Your constant reader,

ELSIE P.

NEWTOWN, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about my kittens. I had three. I named them Prance, Fanny, and Blacky. One day a little girl came to see me, and we were sitting at the dinner-table, when we heard some one playing on the piano in another room. I went to the door and found Fanny sitting on the piano-stool, and putting her paw first on one key and then on another, and looking surprised at the sounds. Whenever my Mamma sat down to write, Prance would spring upon her shoulder, and jump down on the desk and sit on her paper; and when she was sewing, kittie would strike at her thread, and then lie down on her work. My cousin has a cat thirteen years old. He can open doors, and is very fond of sliding down hill. He slides alone, and when the sled is drawn up, he stands ready to get on for another slide, and is never tired of the sport.

JESSIE C. DREW, eight years old.

...3 Bristol Rd., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for some time, and we all like it very much. I think the Spinning-wheel Stories by Miss Alcott are beautiful. Could you tell me how to make jumbles? I have read about them in "What Katy did at Home and at School" and other American books, and the children in them always seem so fond of them. I was thirteen last August. I have a brother of fifteen, and two sisters aged eight and ten.

I am yours truly, ALICE IRELAND.

April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has been giving you to me for four years, and I was delighted when you came again this year. You get better every year, and I don't know what I would do without you. "The Land of Fire" is splendid, and "The Origin of the Stars and Stripes" so interesting. Everybody ought to read it.

Your constant reader, L. E. C.

FORT WARREN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how I am spending the summer. I have a little garden with four-o'clocks, lady-slippers, oxalises, geraniums, poppies, morning-glorys, gladioluses, petunias, and I have planted some mignonette, pansy, and some Joseph's coat that came from General Garfield's garden, and mamma says that when her fuchsia stops blooming she will give me a slip of it. I have no pets except my little brother; he is four years old. I had two canaries; but my aunt spent the spring with us, and when she went away I gave them to her. From one of your readers,

HATTIE I. W.

YONKERS, April 10, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and am one of your readers. I like especially the serial stories of Tierra del Fuego, or "Land of Fire," and "Winter Fun."

Have any of your readers ever seen an open bee's-nest? I found one one day built of hay and sticks on a wood-pile; the bees were very busy at a lump of honey in the center. I thought bees nested in the ground. Your faithful friend, ARTHUR HYDE.

Arthur and other boys who are interested in bee's-nests will welcome the paper entitled "Queer Game," in this number.

THE following letter from Dakota Territory will interest all our readers, we are sure.

BLUNT, DAKOTA, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear from a little girl out in Dakota, many miles from New York.

My mamma is a widow, and has come out here and taken up two claims: one is a tree claim and the other is a homestead. They join each other.

We intend to farm this summer, and have chickens, and set out apple-trees, peach-trees (which we are not sure will grow), plum-trees, cherry-trees, and all the different kinds of trees that will make an orchard.

And we intend to raise small fruits, such as currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, and, too, we intend to raise grapes, and to have a small vegetable garden.

Mamma says she is not going to sow wheat and oats and plant corn, but rent 200 acres to a man and let him raise it on shares.

I said above in this letter that mamma had taken up two claims: perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS do not know what

"taking up claims" means, so "I will rise to explain," as they say in town meeting.

Well, in the first place, Dakota is a large Territory, and nearly all prairie land, and only a few years ago nobody lived here but wild Indians, who made no use of the land, but lived by hunting.

Uncle Sam saw what splendid land it was, and got it for a song, he thought, and so he bought it of the Indians, and now we must buy it of him.

Well, we buy of Uncle Sam a quarter of a section, or 160 acres, and for 5 cents an acre.

But we must make a promise to Uncle Sam that we will live on the land five years, and cultivate it. Then at the end of that time we get a deed of it from him, and the land is ours. This is a homestead.

Now a tree claim is this:

As this is prairie land and there are no trees growing here, so we buy another quarter section of Uncle Sam and plant 10 acres in trees. So when the trees are growing nicely, Uncle Sam gives us a deed for *this* land, and if we take up the two claims together (as mamma has done) it makes us a farm of 320 acres.

I don't know whether this is a very interesting letter or not, but I am only ten years old, and never wrote for a paper before, and all I asked my mamma was how to spell the big words.

With many kind wishes, dear St. Nicholas, I am yours truly,

LILLIE C.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in a newspaper the other day this little story about a painter who died in London last year, and I think other boys might like to read it, too. The painter was named Cecil Lawson, and the paper said that at the age of four he copied in oil a picture by Correggio. Then at six he began to paint the portrait of a lady who lived next door; at ten he was in a dame school, when, being one day reprimanded by the mistress, he left the school and returned with a canvas bigger than himself, and asked whether a boy who could paint like that did not deserve to be more respectfully treated.

Yours truly, I. W. C.

INGLEWOOD, N. J., January 5, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the "Letter-box" this morning about one of your readers having seen "A Ship in the Sun," so I thought I would write and tell you how I saw a pilot-boat in a rainbow.

We were off the banks of Newfoundland in a dense fog, and no pilot. About four o'clock we heard a noise that sounded like distant thunder. It went on so the captain had the ship directed toward the place where it seemed to come from. The sun had come up a few minutes before and formed a beautiful little rainbow on one side of the ship. Through this beautiful arch there sailed suddenly a trim little pilot-boat with all sails set. From it was sent a little row-boat with the pilot. After having taken him on board and after the row-boat had returned, the pilot-boat disappeared as magically as it had come.

I have been taking you for about four years, and think you are the nicest magazine published. I am twelve years old, and at boarding-school. I am your true friend and constant reader,

R. BOLTES.

OUR thanks are due to the following young friends, all of whose letters we would be glad to print if there were room: Maud E. Nellie Little, Josie Buchanan, Edward S. Oliver, Bessie Legg, Hattie C. L., C. R. Brink, Lena W., C. E. R., Grace Whitney, Claire D., M. E., Mamie J. P., Clarice C., Evert F., A. Andrews, B. A. and B., E. S. D., L. H. Moses, Mary Bines, Walter M. Buckingham, E. C. Byam, John Foote, Mary Chamberlain, Daisie Vickers, Ruth W. Hall, L. S. B., C. L. D., Maude L. Roberts, Sarah H., Florence M. L., H. L. Smith, Margaret W. Leighton, M. N., Mary Dogan, Nellie McCune, E. Carman, Hester M. F. Powell, E. M. Jr., Georgene Faulkner, F. C., Jessie Heely, May L. Goulding, Estelle Macpherson, Adelaide L. Gardiner, and Richard Wilson.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

THE following Chapters have been admitted since our latest report:

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
601	West Point, Miss. (A)	16	R. S. Cross.
602	Guelph, Ont. (A)	5	Miss Daisy M. Dill, Box 213.
603	Chicago, Ill. (U)	4	C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Ave.
604	Fredonia, N. Y. (A)	6	Mrs. Jennie N. Curtis.
605	E. Orange, N. J. (B)	6	Frank Chandler.
606	Evansville, Md. (A)	5	C. D. Gilchrist, 421 Chandler Ave.
607	San Francisco (H)	6	R. Dutton, Cal. & Devisadero St.
608	Los Gatos, Cal. (A)	5	F. L. Menefee.
609	Brooklyn, N. Y. (H)	6	Philip Van Ingen, 122 Remsen St.
610	Racine, Wis. (B)	5	Chas. S. Lewis, Racine, Coll.
611	London, England (D)	5	R. T. Walker, 14 Queen's Gardens, W.
612	Urbana, Ohio (C)	13	Edwin M. S. Houston.
613	Winooski, Vt. (A)	4	S. G. Ayres.
614	Baltimore, Md. (H)	7	R. S. Hart, 211 Presstman St.
615	Newport, R. I. (C)	5	J. P. Cotton, 15 Park St.
616	Norwich, Conn. (A)	15	A. L. Aiken.
617	So. W'mstown, Mass. (A).	27	R. C. Campbell.
618	Central Village, Ct. (A)	20	Edgar M. Warner, Esq.
619	Phila., Pa. (T)	5	James McMichael, 520 N. Twenty-first St.
620	Manlius, N. Y. (A)	4	G. C. Beebe.
621	Garden Grove, Cal. (A)	4	Horace C. Head.
622	Utica, N. Y. (B)	5	William White (care On. Co. Bank).

EXCHANGES.

Peacock iron, and coal, Michigan coral and fossils.—I. D. Lowell, 722 West Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with other Chapters.—F. L. Armstrong, Meadville, Pa.

Silver, copper, lead, mica, and sea-urchins.—W. G. Curtis, Abington, Mass.

General exchanges.—Willie Clute, Sec. 514, Iowa City, Iowa.

Eggs and skins of Colorado birds. (Eggs blown through small hole in side, and same sort wished.)—W. F. Strong, 234 Cal St., Denver, Colorado.

Labeled Hemiptera and Coleoptera. (Write first.)—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Eggs.—Frank Burrill, Lisbon, Me.

Bird's-eggs, and skins, and fossils.—F. H. Wentworth, 123 Twenty-fifth St., Chicago, Ill.

Fine specimens of Manganese.—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Labeled fossils, shells, and minerals; and correspondence in South and West.—E. P. Boynton, 3d Ave. and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mounted Canadian insects (labeled), for rare minerals.—Sharlie Hague, 172 E. 87th St., New-York, N. Y.

Correspondence with any one that has a botanical garden.—Miss Jessie E. Jenks, Oneonta, N. Y.

Berries of Abies precatorius (the standard weight of Hindoo goldsmiths), for cocoons or butterflies.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, Sec. 448, 1727 F St., Washington, D. C.

17-year locusts of 1870, for large Trilobites. Devonian fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Pressed plants for a hang-bird's nest and eggs.—Stella B. Hills, Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin.

Correspondence.—T. F. McNair, Hazelton, Pa.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the food of a prairie-dog? 2. What woods are least liable to rot? 3. What is a cidaris? 4. Is a knowledge of the classics necessary to a scientific education? [Not "necessary," but highly helpful and desirable.] 5. Why is mold on the same substance of various colors? 6. Can you give the address of a specialist on fish? [We can't, but should be very thankful if such a person would volunteer his assistance. We are loosing our young hairs.]

ANSWERS.

I will gladly answer any member of the A. A. who may wish to know the publisher, price, etc., of any book or pamphlet, if he will enclose a stamp.—T. Mills Clark, 117 E. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

In answer to the question, "Do ants live all winter?"—Yes. Last Friday, while skating, I found a sheep's skull. I brought it home and put a glass tube near it. About 27 ants crawled into the tube.—L. G. Westgate. [Sir John Lubbock kept two ant queens alive for more than 7 years.]

Pebbles are formed by the violent washing of small fragments of rock, broken and carried along the bed of a stream.—P. K. Graybill.

In answer to A. S. G.: The name "sea-bean" is incorrect, but was given to the large brown beans that are often polished and sold as ornaments, because they are often found on the sea-shore. The real name of this plant is the Scimitar pod, or "Entada scandens."

It is a member of the Leguminosæ, or bean family, and grows in India and South America. It is a strong climber. Its large flat pods are hard and woody in structure, and are from four to six, or even eight feet, in length. These are often curved so as to resemble a scimitar. The beans sometimes fall into the sea, and have been carried by the Gulf Stream as far as the coast of Scotland, where they have been known to germinate.— Hiram H. Bice

Many sea-beans come ashore at Galveston. The tide before full moon brings them in greatest abundance. I have gathered as many as 300 good ones in a walk of 5 miles. I think there are 6 or 8 kinds. Two kinds, I know, grow on vines. The largest are four inches in diameter, half an inch thick, and very dark brown. I planted 6 of them at high-tide mark. All grew, and in less than 4 weeks had run 30 feet, all the vines running toward the west. The leaves were from 2 to 4 inches long, and half an inch wide, and more than an eighth of an inch thick. They were very dark green on the upper side and light on the under side. Edges of leaves smooth. I have planted other kinds, but they do not grow so well. None of them grow in the sea. Possibly, however, the little black-eyed scarlet peas do.— J. G. S., care Box 121, Tyler, Texas.

NOTES.

89. *Coal.*— I have had an opportunity of going into the largest coal mine in Des Moines. Above the vein of coal is a black, soft, crumbling shale, of a very thin laminate structure. Fossils are sometimes found in this. The coal is traversed by thin veins of a grayish rock, dense and heavy; between the veins of coal are layers of fire-clay, gray in color, and greasy. In this clay is found a fossil plant, called Lepidodendron. This was a reed, with a soft pith and a hard and much-scarred bark. It was one of the coal-forming plants, and is often found near coal. Iron pyrites of beautiful golden color, and small globules of sulphur, occur in veins. But the most beautiful thing found in the mine is the saltpetre. This is found in needle-like crystals, transparent, of a light-green color, and decidedly resembling moss. The logs used as props are covered with two sorts of fungi. One is that beautiful little fungus with slender black stem and white creased head, called Marasmus, the other is like the common fungus that grows on old stumps. Both kinds are pure white when they grow underground. As I was labeling my fossils, a gentleman who has taught in a college for fifteen years told me I was all wrong, and that plants never had anything to do with the formation of coal. What do you think of that?— A Friend.

[We think he was mistaken.]

90. *Spring-beetle.*— We put a Spring-beetle, or *Elater*, into our poison jar, and left it there for three days. After it had been out a week, it began to show signs of life, and finally quite revived. The jar had been freshly made, and everything else that was put into it died instantly.— Laurena Streit, Ch. 434.

91. *Pyxis.*— In the 33d report, A. A., Jan., 1884, I find in Prof. Jones's schedule the *pyxis* classed with indehiscent fruits. Is it not a mistake? Was not the peculiar manner of opening, resembling the lid of a box, the reason for its name?— Anna L. J. Arnold, Prin. High School, Urbana, O.

[It was a mistake, as was also the printing of *Figure's Insect World*, for *Figuier's Insect World*, in last number.]

92. *Wheel-bug.*— Alonzo Stewart has been studying the so-called "Nine-pronged wheel-bug." He has found specimens with as many as 12 prongs. This bug is very destructive to other insects, which it kills with its beak, through which is emitted a poisonous fluid. One that he kept from Aug. 11th to 27th ate, among other things, a *Telea Polyphemus*, a poisonous spider, and some katydids, and it ate from 5 to 10 caterpillars an hour.—R. P. Bigelow, Sec. 109.



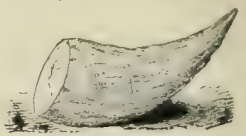
[We would like to hear more of this curious bug; what is its Latin name?]

93. *Seals.*— Seals are able to close their nostrils, and can remain under water 25 minutes.

94. *Promethea.*— I have found 7 Promethea cocoons on a small wild cherry-tree.— F. P. Poster, Sec. 440.

95. *Woods.*— I should like to mention my way of preparing woods for the cabinet. Cut pieces from a log, so that the bark shall form a back like the back of a book. They should be 5 inches in height, 4 in width, and one and a half in thickness. The wood may then be finished in oil or varnish. On the back, about two inches from the top, cut away the bark between parallel incisions, and glue a piece of paper across on which to write the label. So prepared, they present a very handsome appearance on the shelf. The accompanying sketch may make it clearer.— Myron E. Baker.

96. *Parasites.*— On a liriodendron (tulip) tree, I found about 30 Promethea cocoons, one of which, as it would not rattle, I opened, and within I found, closely packed, 7 small, white, soft bodies. They look like larvæ of some sort, but I can not recognize them.— G. C. McKee.



[Perhaps some of our friends will help us name these strange intruders? Meanwhile, you should watch them carefully, make notes on their growth, etc., and report later.]

97. Will some one give me particulars about the fossil here sketched?— W. D. Grier.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

535. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*— I send you the dates at which some of our more common flowers bloom: White violets, Feb. 16; Blue violets, all winter; Hyacinths, Jan. 28; Crocus, Jan. 30; Honeysuckle, Feb. 8; White spirea, Feb. 28; Houstonia, Feb. 3; Daisies, Feb. 29; Butter and eggs, March 1; Cherry-tree, Feb. 20.— Clara J. Martin.

264. *Gainesville, Fla.*— This Chapter has disbanded, as its secretary is dead. Paul E. Rollins was a private in the Gainesville Guards, and on his death, at a special meeting, a series of resolutions was passed, of which the following is one: "His upright and noble life endeared him to us all, and should be a standard for our emulation."

Query.— I am a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS, and notice in the April No. a note, No. 85, that H. A. Cooke, with others, has decided that the rings of a tree do not indicate the years it has lived, "but the number of stoppages in its growth." Having a personal interest in the matter, I would be much indebted to him for the information how many such "stoppages" can occur in a year, and the causes of them.— Respectfully yours, Jno. M. Hamilton.

548. *Cranford, N. J.*— In answer to a March question, the richer the soil is made, the darker the color of flowers will be. Charcoal, indigo and ammonia, put around the roots of plants make the flowers change color, and copperas brightens them.— L. M.

258. *Reading, Pa.*— We have a man here in town that we are very proud of. His name is Herman Strecker. He works in a marble-yard all day, and at night studies for many hours. He has the largest collection of butterflies in the U. S., and the second largest in the world. I think it numbers 75,000.— Helen Baer.

I have decided not only to take notes of what I see, but also to make pencil sketches, for I find that when you try to draw an object, you are forced to observe numerous little points of structure and form that would totally escape your notice otherwise.— W. E. McHenry.

187. Mr. Lintner, the State entomologist, has been very kind to us, and has given us a copy of his first annual report. We have a MS. paper, *The Naturalist*, to which all are supposed to contribute. Our president and secretary form a "literary committee," and decide upon a programme for each meeting, and edit the paper. Each member keeps a note-book, and the reading of these forms an important part of our meetings. Also, at each meeting, each member brings two questions, written on a slip of paper, and hands them to his right-hand neighbor, whose duty it is to answer them the next week.— John P. Gavit, Albany, N. Y. (A).

381. *New Orleans.*— Though a small Chapter, we are one of the many whose interest has never flagged. We have built a cabinet, and will have to build another, as this is full.— P. Benedict.

511. Our Chapter now has 12 members, and we have about 200 specimens of insects.— Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

478. *Comstocks. N. Y.*— Our Chapter is progressing fairly. Our secretary attempted to stuff a red squirrel the other day, from memory of what he had read on the subject. When it was done, it looked as if it had been struck by lightning, but it was stuffed just the same.— G. C. Baker.

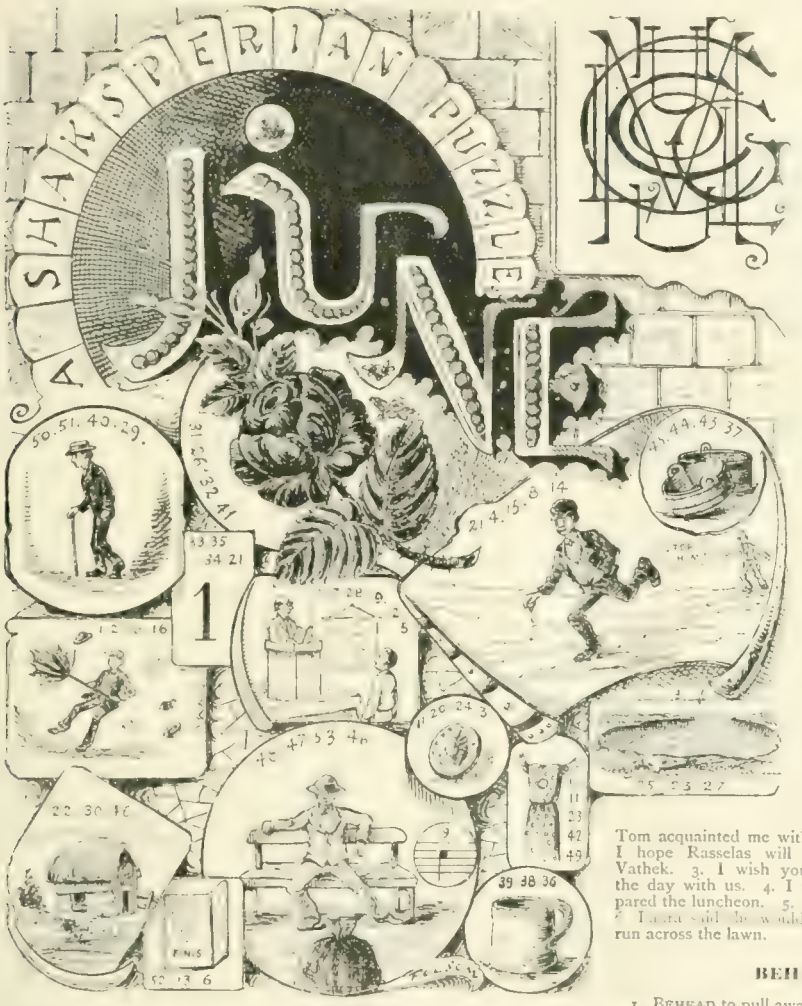
112. *Boston, Mass.*— We gave an entertainment and exhibition of our minerals, and although it was a very rainy evening, we had a fair audience, and made $6.90. We anticipate great pleasure from the numerous field meetings we are planning.— Annie S. McKissick.

Bird's-eggs identified.— I shall be happy to identify bird's-eggs for members of the A. A., if sent to me.— D. C. Eaton, Woburn, Mass., Box 1255.

The reports from our Chapters have been continually increasing in interest, and we wish to express our thanks to the faithful secretaries. We must hint to them, however, that they try to condense their monthly letters a little more. Please don't use two words if one will serve the purpose. Take these printed reports as models. But once a year we desire a long, and detailed report from each Chapter. This should be written as carefully as possible, and sent on or near the anniversary of the Chapter's organization. Remember to put the number of your Chapter at the head of the first page, and always give address in full. Address all communications, except questions about specimens, to the President.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer is a quotation from the play of "Coriolanus." The letters of the monogram in the upper right-hand corner spell the name of an actor who is very popular in the character of "Coriolanus."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in German, but not in waltz;
My second in errors, but not in faults;
My third is in trappings, but not in gear;
My fourth is in finding, but not in pear;
My fifth is in [illegible], but not in bear;
My sixth is in labor, but not in care;
My seventh in salmon, but not in smelts;
My whole is in Venice, and nowhere else.

MAY [illegible].

A DICKENS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the names alluded to contains seven letters, and all may be found in the works of Charles Dickens. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a [illegible] and [illegible] in Nicholas Nickleby appeared for a brief [illegible] as private secretary to [illegible] Hall. [illegible] name of the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall. 2. The surname of Peter Parker, who proves himself in being a practical man. 3. The surname of a pompous, self-satisfied poet, who alludes to his daughter Georgiana as "the young person." 6. The Christian name of a great friend of Philip Pirrip. 7. The surname of a fellow-inmate in the service of Augustus Cates, Portman Lane. 8. The surname of a wonderful Mr. Crummles's dramatic company. 9. The surname of a neighbor of Mrs. Copperfield.

SYLVIA B.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

. . .
. .
.
. .
.

IN the following sentences are concealed words which may replace the dots in the above diagram. When rightly selected, the lines will read the same across as up and down.

1. When we [illegible]ched Vepper, Tom acquainted me with the real facts of the case. 2. I hope Rasselas will prove more entertaining than Vathek. 3. I wish you would invite Nettie to spend the day with us. 4. I told Clara to rest while we prepared the luncheon. 5. If ma told you to, do it at once. 6. I [illegible] said he would do it [illegible]. 7. Then he [illegible] run across the lawn.

ALMA.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to pull away by force, and leave repose. 2. Behead to hang about, and leave [illegible]. 3. Behead [illegible] and leave to distribute. 4. Behead to agree, and leave a confederate. 5. Behead a fish, and leave to put to flight. 6. Behead angry, and leave to estimate. 7. Behead flushed with success, and leave behind time. 8. Behead a wanderer, and leave above.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a poet.

F. M. N.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

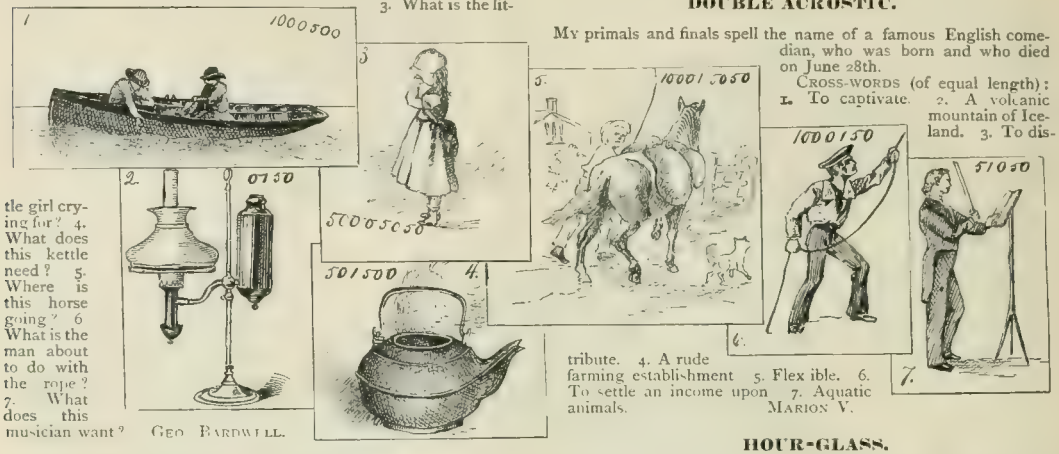
TAKE a certain word from each proverb. When the selections have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

1. "[illegible]"
2. "As ugly as a hedge fence."
3. "As [illegible]"
4. "As knowing as an owl."
5. "As full as an egg is of meat."
6. "As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment."
7. "As busy as a hen with one chicken."
8. "As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot."
9. "As lively as a cricket."
10. "As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good."

[illegible] DEANE

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

WHEN the figures in each picture have been translated into letters they will spell the word necessary to answer the question for the picture. EXAMPLE: Picture No. 1. What are these men fishing for? ANSWER: Cod. (C, 100; o; d, 500.) 2. What does this lamp contain? 3. What is the little girl crying for? 4. What does this kettle need? 5. Where is this horse going? 6. What is the man about to do with the rope? 7. What does this musician want?



GEO. BARDWELL.

BURIED FLOWERS.

1. Bring me a hammer or chisel, Ellen. 2. When put in the sun flowering plants generally do well. 3. See the tear, O see the tear that I must mend. 4. From such a malignant fever, few, if any, recover. 5. "Do tell me another story about that sly old fox," a listening child said. 6. In hunting the opossum, a child was the first to spy it. 7. "See what that child has done with his treacle, ma; 'tis all over his apron." 8. Let us each buy some of those delicious sweet pears at the fruiterer's. FLORENCE AND HER COUSIN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals spell the name of a famous English comedian, who was born and who died on June 28th.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To captivate. 2. A volcanic mountain of Iceland. 3. To distribute. 4. A rude farming establishment. 5. Flexible. 6. To settle an income upon. 7. Aquatic animals. MARION V.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, spell the name of a restorer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To destroy. 2. Compact. 3. A small fruit. 4. In anemone. 5. The nickname of a President of the United States. 6. To direct. 7. Very wise. CHARLOTTE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE. Primals, Decorations; finals, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. pray, DraM. 2. task, EasE. 3. fall, CalM. 4. slip, OliO. 5. peat, ReaR. 6. Emma, AmmI. 7. dogs, TogA. 8. odor, IdoL. 9. ibex, ObeD. 10. sort, NorA. 11. glad, SlaY.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, Logwood; from 3 to 4, Monitor; from 5 to 6, Portion; from 7 to 8, Horizon. Included word-square: 1. Red. 2. Eve. 3. Den.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Jasmine: from right to left, Diamond. Cross-words: 1. JointeD. 2. pAcifIc. 3. paSsAge. 4. comMand. 5. prOvIde. 6. eNsigNs. 7. DisputE.

CREMATION-CHARADE. Carbon-dale.

BEHEADINGS. Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. A-jar. 2. B-and. 3. R-end. 4. A-rid. 5. H-our. 6. A-men. 7. M-oat. 8. L-ark. 9. I-bid. 10. N-ail. 11. C-owl. 12. O-men. 13. L-ear. 14. N-eat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

Among the changing months May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Uranus. 2. Recent. 3. Accuse. 4. Neuter. 5. Unseen. 6. Sterne.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Russia; finals, Odessa. Cross-words: 1. RanchO. 2. UniteD. 3. SalutE. 4. SerieS. 5. IssueS. 6. AlaskA.

DECORATION DAY REBUS

"Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their generous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes."

Prospect of Peace, by Ticknell.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I.: 1. C. 2. Vat. 3. Valet. 4. Calomel. 5. Temen. 6. Ten. 7. L. II.: 1. L. 2. Bet. 3. Braid. 4. Learned. 5. Tinny. 6. Dey. 7. D. III. 1. L. 2. Nit. 3. Naked. 4. Likened. 5. Tense. 6. Dee. 7. D. IV.: 1. L. 2. Sat. 3. Synod. 4. Languid. 5. Touse. 6. Die. 7. D. V.: 1. D. 2. Era. 3. Eland. 4. Dragoon. 5. Anode. 6. Doe. 7. N.

ZIGZAG. Brooklyn Bridge. Cross-words: 1. tuB. 2. oRb. 3. Owl. 4. bOy. 5. arK. 6. oLd. 7. Yes. 8. oNe. 9. huB. 10. iRe. 11. Ice. 12. aDd. 13. biG. 14. cEl.

MAY DIAGONAL. May-day. Cross-words: 1. Months. 2. tArbox. 3. crYing. 4. maiDen. 5. ashmAn. 6. SundaY.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 6 — Lily and Agnes Harburg, France, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from B. P. B. and Co. — S. R. T. — "Three Units" — Arthur Gride — H. and Co. — Katie L. Robertson — Madeline Vultee — "Two Stones" — Fannie, Carrie, and Saidie — Maggie T. Turrill — Hattie, Clara, and Mamma — Zealous — Hyslop — Charles Haynes Kyte — Wm. H. Clark — Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William — Shumway Hen and Chickens — Kina — Francis W. Islip — Hugh and Cis — M. W. Hickok — E. Muriel Grundy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Frank Hoyt, 1 — Harry J. Lynch, 1 — L. O. Gregg, 1 — Willie D. Grier, 1 — Minnie E. Patterson, 1 — Mary Chamberlin, 1 — Cousin Mamie, 2 — Julia Hayden Richardson, 2 — Walter Lindsay, 1 — Laura G. and Lilian, 1 — Paul Resse, 11 — Viola Percy Conklin, 3 — Susan Pottles and Zenobia Higgins, 4 — Jessie E. Jenks, 2 — F. and H. A. Davis, 11 — Chas. Crane, 1 — K. L. M., 3 — Julian A. Keeler, 2 — Eva Halle, 4 — "Pepper and Maria," 10 — Mabel Vida Budd, 1 — Mary Ashbrook, 1 — Fred S. Kersey, 1 — Jennie Balch, 4 — "Sinbad the Sailor," 6 — Gracie Smith, 6 — Ettie E. Southwell, 2 — R. K. Miller, 2 — Emma M. L. Tillon, 2 — F. Sweet, 1 — "Flip," 1 — Mabel Palmer, 1 — F. Cora Deemer, 3 — E. Gertrude Cosgrave, 11 — Leon Robbins, 1 — Grace Zublin, 1 — Clara Powers, 1 — Alfred Mudge, 1 — Edith and Lawrence Butler, 1 — Natalie Sawyier, 5 — Dickie Welles, 1 — Cooper, Charley and Laura, 7 — James M. Barr, 2 — "Fin I. S.," 8 — Ruth and Sam Camp, 8 — Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1 — Marian C. Hatch, 3 — Alan M. Cohen, 1 — Van L. Wills, 1 — Jessie and Madge Hope, 1 — Effie K. Tallboys, 7 — "Rex Ford," 6 — "Worcester Square," 1 — Mary A. and Helen R. Granger, 1 — Helen W. Gardner, 1 — Mamie H. Hand, 4 — Hessie D. Boylston, 2 — Alice F. Wann, 1 — Susie May Lum, 1 — Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1 — Anna Schwartz, 1 — No Name, New York, 11 — Bertha Feldwish, 9 — Hattie E. Bacon, 1 — Arthur Hyde, 3 — Albert Lightfoot, 4 — Edith Moss, 1 — C. H. Aldrich, 10 — Mamie W. Aldrich, 2 — Irma and Mamie, 3 — Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 3 — Alex. Laidlaw, 7 — "The Newsome Family," 5 — Angela V., 1 — Unknown, 5 — William H. Clark, 11 — Julie and Tessie Gutman, 1 — Edward Livingston Hunt, 2 — Jennie and Birdie, 5 — Mary Mayo, 1 — George Habenicht, 1 — E. D. and S. S., 5 — Janet Burns, 6 — Fred. E. Stanton, 6 — Horace R. Parker, 5 — Alice Westwood, 9 — Ruth and Nell, 7 — Rose W. Greenleaf, 1 — Fred. J. Wheeler, 1 — "An Amateur," 3 — Marguerite Kyte, 1 — Marie and Florence, 4 — Appleton H., 7 — Bess Burch, 8 — Professor and Co., 8 — Emily Danzel, 1 — Millie and Mamma, 3 — Arthur Barnard, 2 — Maggie, Nellie, and Alice Smith, 2 — Lois Hawks, 2 — Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 5 — George Lyman Waterhouse, 10 — L. C. B., 7 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7 — Charlotte and Harry Evans, 5 — H. I. D., 2 — Mary Stuart, 7 — Crocus, 9 — "Captain Nemo," 11 — Vessie W. and Millie W., 8 — B. S. Latham, 2 — Lulu and Mamie, 4 — J. A. Platt, 11 — C. W. F., 4 — W. Sheraton, 1 — Jennie M. Jones, 1 — B. Palmer, 4 — J. C. Winne and G. C. Beebe, 5 — Buzz Gree and Co., 3.



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"MY BIG BRUDDER CAN MAKE IT GO!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HOW THE TORIES BROKE UP "MEETING."

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

FOR the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad flat stone that served as a door-step, and shading her eyes with her hand looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows; "it's almost supper-time and they have n't come, and Sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fire-place.

"Well, Daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, Mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry. "Perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I *should* do!"

Mrs. Holley raked the embers forward and threw a fresh log on the fire. "I would n't borrow any trouble, Daughter," she said quietly; "real trouble comes thick and fast enough in these dark days without any need of borrowing more."

The kitchen door opened, and a tall gray-haired man entered.

"I 've put the milk in the pantry, Mother. Where are Molly and the children? Have n't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, Father, for fear that they 've been caught by Tories or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horsewoman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he 's like a lamb with Molly. And as for being caught by the Tories,—why, I 'd just like to see 'em do it, that 's all! There is n't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, Father, for then when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it 's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days — dark days, Mother! It 's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the Red-coats, it 's almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest

ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible. Early in 1781, several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast lived in constant fear of the British, who occupied New York City and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien), and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the Red-coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire, and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark-blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse dash up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was four-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment, Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They 've had a terrible winter, Father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes and had only miserable rags for clothing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they have had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and General Greene has had some splendid victories in the South; and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened, and his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, Mother, that we 'd certainly win in the end."

"But these victories cost so, Father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress's voice, he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the critter, Mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him, if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can, for the sake of our country," said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and opening the big, leather-bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

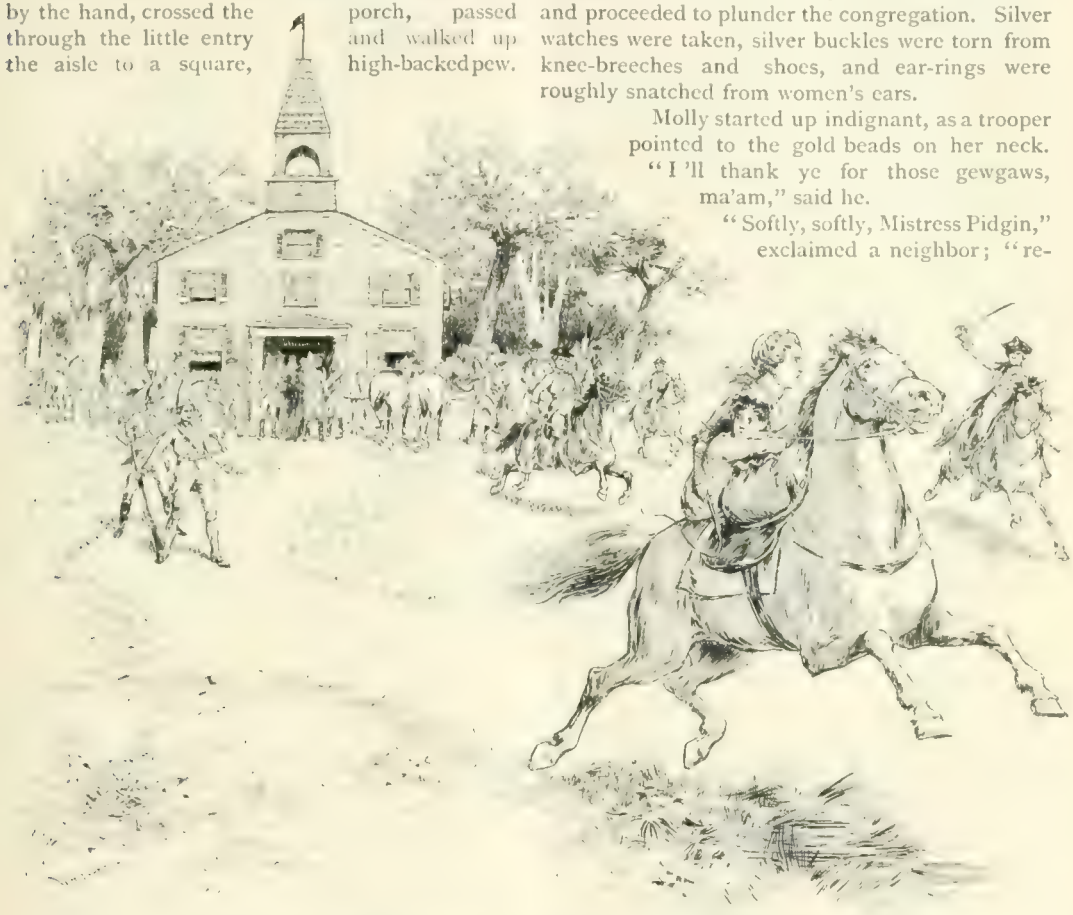
"I believe I 'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service, and I 'll take Ruth with me for company."

Shortly before noon, Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he, that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace, through the gate and down the old post-road, and Canaan Parish was soon left far behind.

After a few pats and a little coaxing, Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting-house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it, Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the

growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I 'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination!"

The bell was still ringing, and Molly went behind the church, where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry and walked up the aisle to a square, high-backed pew.



"DUKE DASHED ACROSS THE GLEN, AND LEAPED UP THE HILL." (TO NEXT PAGE.)

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intently for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding-board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips. He closed his book and remained motionless, with his eyes riveted on the open door.

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee-breeches and shoes, and ear-rings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant, as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck. "I 'll thank ye for those gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "resistance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close by me, Little Sister! Do just as I do — keep getting nearer the door — a step at a time — without attracting attention. If I *can* only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray-haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you 'll feel the prick of my bayonet — we must make

haste, or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone, addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeped out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed up on a stone fence, untied Duke, and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over Duke, and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and, with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded re-assuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill, Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them, and they had turned back.

"O my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Canaan Parish, and as soon as they reached home safely, the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison-ships in New York Bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime, Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental Army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the wild cheers of the people. For, as she looked up the street she saw, amid the waving of flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved—the noble Washington.



"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED"

The Scarlet Tanager;

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPRISONED.



ASPAR was stunned by the fall, but not seriously hurt.

On coming to himself, he found that he was in a narrow dungeon, perhaps three feet in diameter, which smelled strongly of damp and decay. He was sitting on a soft, rotting mass of stuff, which must have served to break his fall; his legs were buried in it to the knees. He had a sense of having been terribly wrenched and jarred, with a sick and giddy feeling about the head.

The hollow was dark. He felt the rough, moldering walls with his hands, and then looked up. A round spot of light, which did not seem very far above, showed the aperture by which he had been entrapped.

"If I had room enough to work in that narrow part up there, I could get out," he said to himself. For he had his knife in his pocket, and he believed he could cut foot-holds into wood sufficiently solid to bear his weight.

"But it will take so long!" he thought. "I shall starve first, or smother"— for he was feeling the need of fresh air.

His mind was quickly diverted from that project by an incident. One could hardly expect to meet with an adventure at the bottom of such a tube as that; yet one happened to Gaspar.

As he was getting upon his feet, he felt something stir in the rubbish beneath him, and thought of his scarlet tanager. He thrust down his hand and seized something which was less like feathers than fur, but loosed his hold instantly on receiving a bite in the thumb. The creature thereupon scampered over his knees and darted across his shoulder and down the back of his coat, with a quick chipper which told plainly enough what sort of companion he had in his dungeon.

"A chipmunk!" he exclaimed. "Where did the fellow go to?" For all was still again in a moment.

This trifling incident seemed important to the prisoner, and it gave him hope. He reasoned:

"It is not the habit of chipmunks to climb trees. This one never came in at the top of the trunk; he must have a hole somewhere down here. There is probably an opening on one side as there is at the roots of most hollow trunks."

If the squirrel had his summer home there, it seemed strange that he had not run out of his door when he saw so extraordinary a visitor coming down the chimney. Some dislodged fragments of the crumbling interior must have fallen, Gaspar thought, and suddenly stopped the hole. Had the frightened animal now dived down amongst them to find his way out? If so, they had closed after him; for the prisoner could discern no glimmer of light except what came in at the top.

His eyes growing accustomed to the obscurity, he could see about all that was to be seen in that dismal place. This was very little indeed; only the dim outline of the litter beneath his feet, and the walls consumed by the slow combustion of time. He soon had out his knife, and began to chip into them, quickly striking the rings of the hard wood which supported the living branches.

"My best chance," he said, "will be to find the natural opening, if there is one." And he set himself to search for that.

After poking awhile with his feet, he was rewarded by seeing a faint gleam of light which did not come in at the top. With fresh hope and joy, he dug the rubbish away from it, and discovered a

narrow, jagged slit, apparently in the angle between two branching roots.

Exploring it with his hands, he found it not more than three or four inches in breadth and inclosed by solid folds of wood and bark. But if it did not promise immediate escape to the prisoner, it offered what was almost as welcome, a prospect of fresh air.

"If I can breathe," he said, "I will cut my way out in time."

He burrowed still farther, throwing the rubbish in a heap behind him; but could not find that the slit enlarged as he went deeper. On the contrary, it soon grew narrower, as if the two roots — if they were two, originally — were crowded together at the surface of the ground.

He could now look out and see the waning afternoon light on the dead leaves that strewed the forest floor. He had not thought that he should ever look upon that peaceful scene again; and as he fixed his yearning eyes upon it, and drew the fresh air into his lungs, a deep sense of gratitude filled his heart, such as he had not felt in all his life before.

He could not see the pine he had climbed, nor the log on which he had left his gun; and he concluded that they must be on the opposite side of the hollow tree. The slant of the sunlight among the forest stems, and the apparent falling away of the ground in the direction of Bingham's swamp, confirmed him in this opinion.

The first thing he did, after looking out and inhaling fresh draughts of air, was to call again for help. But now, as much of his voice as was not muffled in the tree seemed to strike down upon the earth, and to penetrate the forest no farther than when he sent it straight up into the sky.

"No use in my losing time this way!" he said, and at once set about enlarging the aperture with his knife.

The decayed part of the bark was easily scraped from the edges of the separated folds; but hard enough he found the green wood beneath. He worked away at it with right good will, however, knowing that the slightest splinter or shaving he removed diminished by so much the barrier that kept him from liberty and home.

For home meant liberty and happiness to him now. How could he ever have scoffed at it, and nursed a moody discontent, with the blessings he enjoyed? Was it not his own fault that his father had opposed the killing of birds, and the hunting of nests and eggs, which had been so large a part of his boy life; seeing him with those low associates, in whose company he seemed to forget all the love and duty he owed his parents and friends?

He made slow progress, hurting his hand with the short-bladed knife and on the rough edges of the wood. But still he worked away, and as he worked, he thought:

"Why was I never willing to do anything to please them, while they were always doing so much for me? Why could n't I have seen that it was only my good they thought of when they sent me to school, and tried to have me keep better company, and be industrious, and respectful, and decent? Oh, what a fool I have been!"

Yes, he had been worse than a fool; he had been headstrong in his selfish, thankless, often cruel opposition to their wishes. All this he said to himself, recalling many instances of his unworthy conduct, and longing for freedom, that he might begin life over again and redeem the past.

"What if I had died in this hole — what if I should die here now — leaving all my bad actions to be remembered? The very last thing I did was to disobey my father and break my promise to School-master Pike; the last words I spoke to Ella were mean and unjust!"

It was growing dark; the sunlight had disappeared from the boughs and stems, and deep shadows were creeping over the solitary forest. Occasionally he ceased cutting, to look out and call, and listen. No voices answered, no footsteps approached; nor was he much disappointed, for he knew well that it was not yet time for his absence from home to excite alarm, and he was in the most unfrequented part of the woods.

It would soon be quite dark; he must make the most of what daylight was left. He expected nothing else than that he must spend the night where he was, with no near neighbors but the katydids and owls. Supperless, lonesome, oppressed by the gloom, the odors of decay, and his own terrors and regrets — the prospect was one to make a better and braver boy shudder.

"I shall work a part of the night, anyway; for when I can't see, I can feel. Then when I am tired out, I can perhaps sleep."

The night insects had struck up their monotonous notes in the darkening woods; and now a fine, incessant hum about his ears, with an occasional sting on face or hands, gave warning that a swarm of mosquitoes had found him out. He could imagine them rising like a misty cloud from Bingham's swamp, and dividing into two parties, one of which filed in at the aperture where he was at work, while the other poured down upon him through the opening above. They interrupted his work; how then could he hope that they would let him sleep?

Fighting the invaders with one hand, he plied his knife with the other, blistering his palm and bruising his knuckles, but determined not to give

over his toil till he had made a hole that he could squeeze his body through, and get out of that terrible place. The darkness closed in upon him; he could no longer see where he thrust his blade. Patience was not one of his virtues, and he was growing desperate. The tough, green fibers would not come away fast enough, and he began to work off thicker chips, pressing and prying with the knife.

Suddenly something snapped. He uttered a cry of dismay. The knife had but one whole blade, and that had broken under his hand.

To the misery of the night that followed, was now added the horrible apprehension that he might not be traced to that remote part of the woods, and that he was destined to perish in the hollow tree.

"But I can at least put my hand and some part of my clothing out of the hole," he said; "and there is my gun, which will be found some time; that will set people to looking hereabouts. But perhaps it may not be found till long after I am dead!"

He did not know that his gun had already been carried off by the prowling Pete, while he lay silent and stunned in the bottom of the hollow trunk.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CREW, AND WHAT IT DID TO.

HAVING obtained possession of the fowling-piece, Pete felt it a great grievance that he should be obliged to give it up.

"He 's dead, or run away; I don't see why I can't hev it 's well 's anybody," he muttered, as



"'AL CAN HEAR IT NOW!' SAID PETE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

he crawled into the bushes where he had concealed the gun that Sunday afternoon. "Might 's well leave it here. B'sides, ther' might be folks in the woods that 'ud see me with it."

He persuaded himself that it would be well to wait until night, at all events; in the meantime he would not go home, but live on melons, which he knew well enough where to find.

"What 's b'come o' the feller, anyhow?" he said, as he crept out of the bushes again, without the gun. And that strange fascination which often attends the wrong-doer led him to wander again through the woods in the direction of Bingham's swamp.

He stopped often to look about him, and often changed his course; but invariably his feet would turn again, and his eyes look off toward the spot where he had found the gun.

At last he came in sight of the log. Then he stopped and sat down on a mossy root. After a while he went on again, not directly toward the log, but walking around it, wondering more and more how the gun ever got there, and what had become of its owner. The woods were strangely still; and he was frightened at the thought of Gaspar having shot himself and crawled away to die, perhaps in some of the hollows of the great swamp.

He stopped to pick and chew a few fresh checkerberry leaves; then, resolved not to be a coward, having looked all about again to see that nobody was in sight, he walked straight to the log.

He was still in a nervous tremor, looking first at the ground for traces of Gaspar, and then peering about in the silent woods, when all at once he heard a voice.

Where did it come from? It seemed quite near, and yet there was nobody in sight. He looked up into the trees, he looked all around again in the quiet forest, with superstitious fear — waiting quakingly until he heard the mysterious voice again, then he took to his heels.

He ran like a deer, and never stopped until, leaping over a ridge of rock, he came face to face with a man. It was Mr. Pike, the school-master.

"Peter," he exclaimed, "you are the boy I was looking for!"

"Wha' d' ye want o' me?" said the breathless Pete.

"Wait, and I 'll tell you," replied the master, seeing the boy inclined to avoid him and continue his flight. "What were you running for?"

"Jes' for fun — I dunno — sometimes I run, an' sometimes I don't," stammered Pete. "Is n't any law aginst a fellow's runnin', is ther'?"

"No," said the master, sternly. "But there are laws against some other things. Don't try to get away! You are going with me, or I am going with you, whichever way it happens. But I promise to be your friend in this matter, if you 'll tell me the truth."

"Truth 'bout what?"

"About Gaspar Heth."

"'Bout Gap Heth?" gasped Pete, with wild eyes.

"Yes; what has become of him?"

"Dunno what 's become on him; I tol' ye so last night."

"Well, then," said the master, laying hold of his ragged collar, "tell me what has become of his gun, and where you found it."

Pete glared up at him, pale and chattering with fright. He did not know how much Mr. Pike knew of the truth, and was afraid to utter a straightforward lie.

"If you wont speak, then you and I go straight to Squire Coburn's," and Mr. Pike started to lead him off.

As Squire Coburn was the village justice, Pete struggled and hung back; but at last he exclaimed:

"Lemme go, an' I 'll tell ye. I found the gun on a log over yender by Bingham's swamp, but Gap Heth wa'n't anywheres around, sure 's I'm alive!"

"Come and show me the place," said the master.

Pete started, but presently hung back again.

"I don't want to!" he said. "That 's what I was runnin' away from — his *ha'nt*."

"His what?" Mr. Pike demanded, impatiently.

"His ha'nt. I heard it, jes' as plain! But could n't see a thing. That 's what scairt me. I 'm awful 'fraid o' ha'nts!"

"What do you mean by haunts? — Ghosts? Do you imagine you 've heard Gaspar's ghost?"

"I know I hev!" cried Pete.

"Come along and show me the spot," said the master. "If you heard Gaspar's voice, it was Gaspar himself who called, and not his '*ha'nt*.' Come! for he must be in trouble."

Partly re-assured, Pete accompanied him; but paused again before they had gone far over the ridge.

"Ye can hear it now!" he said.

Mr. Pike listened a moment. "It is certainly Gaspar calling!" he exclaimed; and, leaving the reluctant Pete to his fears, he set out to run in the direction of the voice.

Curiosity prompted Pete to follow at a safe distance. "That 's the log!" he shouted, as the master paused, not knowing which way to turn; "right afore ye!"

The voice sounded again; and Mr. Pike, standing by the log, was as much puzzled at first as Pete had been to decide whence it came. Proceeding from the hollow tree, it was like the speech of a ventriloquist; and one could imagine it almost anywhere except where it was.

But instead of running away as Pete had done, Mr. Pike called:

"I hear you, Gaspar! where are you?"

"In the hollow tree," replied the voice. "Come around the other side."

The master had already seen far enough to assure himself that Gaspar was not behind the tree. He now obeyed the voice, and was more disturbed than he had ever been in all his life, to see a grimy hand thrust out of an opening in the bark. If the voice was like ventriloquism, the appearance of the hand was like magic.

"Why, Gaspar!" he cried, hastening to the aperture, and seizing the hand as if to make sure of it, "how did you ever get in there?"

"I slipped in at the top, trying to get a bird."

Gaspar spoke in a stifled voice, and as he could not bring his mouth to the outer rim of the orifice, it sounded almost as if the tree itself had spoken.

Mr. Pike looked up, and the manifest impossibility of a boy's climbing that prodigious trunk added to his bewilderment. But his eyes followed the limb that curved across the top of the pine, where he saw Gaspar's cap lodged; and he required no further explanation of the mystery.

"Run as you would for your life!" he said to the staring Pete. "Bring the nearest farmer with his ax. And get word to the Heths, if you have a chance. Say that Gaspar is found — alive — in a hollow tree!"

Pete was off again in a moment, plying those nimble legs of his.

"You can stand it ten or fifteen minutes longer," Mr. Pike said, turning again to Gaspar.

"Oh yes," replied the prisoner, in feeble and quivering accents. "After a night and a day in such a place as this, I sha' n't care for half an hour more, if you wont leave me!"

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathizing master; "how you must have suffered! I wont leave you; never fear."

It is strange how the voice of pity will sometimes stir depths of the heart which agony itself could not reach. In all the wretchedness and horror of his imprisonment, Gaspar had not wept as he wept now that he was found and a friend was speaking to him consoling words.

"It has n't been very gay in here," he said, checking his sobs, and trying to speak cheerfully. "I 'm nearly starved. And the mosquitoes — you never saw such a place for mosquitoes! But I don't care for anything now that you ——" Here his sobs choked him again.

"Was there no way of getting out?" Mr. Pike inquired.

"I might have cut my way out if I had n't broken my knife. Then, this morning, I tried climbing. The hollow is pretty large at the top and bottom, but there is a spot I could n't get through; it 's so narrow I had no chance to use my legs and arms. Then I tried digging under the trunk, but tore my fingers for nothing. There 's no *under* to it. You just go right down into the hard roots."

"It 's one of the most astonishing adventures I ever heard of!" exclaimed the master. "I came in sight of this place once, this morning, hunting for you, but who would ever have thought of finding you in a hollow trunk? I don't wonder Pete Cheevy thought it was your ghost that called!"

"Did he?" said Gaspar, with a faint laugh. "I did n't know whether anybody would be hunting for me or not; I was afraid I might n't be thought worth the trouble."

"What do you mean by that, Gaspar?"

"Oh, you know what I mean!" said the voice in the tree, breaking again. "I heard all your talk with my mother that first day you called at our house; and every word she said to you was true — only it was n't half the truth! It took a night and a day in a hollow tree to bring me to my senses, and show me what a worthless wretch I have been."

It required an effort for the master to control his voice and reply, stooping to the dark aperture within which he could hear sounds of weeping:

"It will take more than that — it will take a great many hollow trees and their lessons to convince your mother and me that you are as worthless as you think yourself now. I told her then that I was sure there was good in you which only needed to be developed."

"I know you did; I heard you," said Gaspar. "That 's what made me like you. But I have treated you as I have treated all my friends, and I have got my pay for it. If I had n't broken my promise to you about shooting birds, I should n't have got into this scrape. What did my folks say?"

"They have n't known what to say or think. Your disappearance has been a terrible thing to them. I believe your father concluded that you had run away; but your mother feared something worse had happened — that you had met with a fatal accident. They passed a dreadful night, as well as you, Gaspar!"

"I suppose so. I have thought of them a thousand times," murmured the boy; "knowing so well that I never was worth the least part of the trouble I have caused them."

"You may have had some reason to think so," said the master. "But I trust we shall all have reason to think very differently in the future."

"I hope so!" breathed Gaspar, devoutly. "If I did n't, I should wish never to get out of this tree alive."

Chapter X.

"What was left of him."

During the latter part of this conversation between the boy in the hollow tree and the man outside, the man began to look anxiously at his watch. Ten — fifteen — twenty minutes passed; and still no farmer came with his ax, and no Pete re-appeared.

"Wont they ever come?" said Gaspar, despairingly.

"They are a long while about it," replied the

master. "If you can bear to have me leave you a few minutes, I believe I can bring somebody, or find an ax; it is n't far out of the woods on one side." He consulted his watch again, adding: "I have n't much confidence in that Pete."

"Oh, he will bring somebody, I 'm certain," said Gaspar. "Don't go! It seems to me as if I could n't be left alone again."

"Wait! I hear shouts!" said the master. "I believe the men Peter sent have mistaken their way and gone on the wrong side of the swamp."

He was right in his conjecture. He answered the shouts, and the men answered back. And soon the woods resounded with cries from other directions, where men and boys who had caught up the news that Pete had left on his way to the village came hurrying to see Gaspar Heth taken out of a hollow tree.

The voice of the school-master, standing guard by his young friend, guided all comers to the place. And now appeared Pete himself with the gun, and his father with an ax; and the two men first named, who had lost their way, came struggling through the swamp; and that spot in the woods, which had been so silent and solitary a little while before, became a scene of surprising activity. Shouts answered shouts as other comers appeared; the oddest guesses and comments were made regarding Gaspar's situation; and every one had to go and peep in at the narrow aperture for a glimpse of his mosquito-bitten face or his blotched and smeary hands.

"However did he squeeze in through that leetle hole?" said Simon Crabbe, the cobbler, who was near-sighted as well as dull-witted, and who had not yet taken in the significance of the tree's broken top. "Reminds me of a toad in a rock; but they say a toad crawls in when he 's small, and grows there."

Mr. Pike explained that Gaspar was climbing after a bird; adding,—"Run up the tree there, Pete, and get his cap; he will want it in a few minutes."

"After a bird!" said grim-looking old Dr. Kent. "I thought we were going to put a stop to this bird business. How is it, Mr. Pike?"

Mr. Pike appeared too busy just then to heed the question.

"Stand back," he cried, "and make room for the axes!"

The crowd drew back and the elder Cheevy was the first to strike into the tree, making the bark and chips fly into the faces of those who remained too near. Although accounted a sort of vagabond, lazy and shiftless in his habits, he was athletic and handy with an ax; and now he had a good opportunity to show his skill. The first of the men from the swamp took a position facing him, and offered to strike in on the other side of the loop-hole he was enlarging; but old Pete warned him off.

"You 'll hinder more 'n you 'll help," he said. (Hack! hack!) "You jes' lay low with the rest (hack!) an' you 'll see a hole 'n this 'ere shell 'n half a jiffy (hack!) that a hoss 'n cart could back out of!" (Hack, hack!) And off fell the great chips.

If it was a strange event to those looking on, waiting to see a lost boy cut out of a hollow oak, what was it to the boy himself, crouched beyond the possible reach of the ax, watching every stroke which opened wider the door of his prison and let the broad daylight in?

"That will do!" he called to the chopper. "I can get out now."

But Cheevy did not mean that he should creep out.

"You 're go'n' ter walk out like a man!" he said, ending, at last, with: "Now, how 's that?" as he drew back and poised his ax.

"All right!" And Gaspar leaped into the light and air of the beautiful August afternoon. "I 'm much obliged to you, Mr. Cheevy! I 'm much obliged to you all for coming to see what a fool I have made of myself!"

His eyes glistened and his voice was unsteady as he received the congratulations and answered the questions of friends crowding around. Suddenly he said, "Excuse me!" and, to the amazement of everybody, walked back into the tree.

"Have n't you had enough of it yet?" cried the master, looking in after him.

"Quite enough and to spare," replied Gaspar. "But there 's one thing I must n't forget." And he took down from the inner coating of the trunk something he had fastened to it with a pin.

It was his scarlet tanager, found while he was digging in the rubbish which had treacherously flaked off and come down with him when he slipped through the narrow part of the cavity.

"I must keep this to remember this adventure by," he said, with a rueful smile and a long breath, as he once more stepped out of the tree, and instinctively brushed the particles of decayed wood from the brilliant plumage. "Now where's my gun?"

"Here 't is; I 've be'n keepin' on 't fer ye!" cried young Pete Cheevy, springing forward with alacrity. "An' here 's yer cap that I jes' got out o' the tree."

"Thank you very much for both, Pete!" said Gaspar earnestly, as he put on the cap; while Master Pike smiled significantly at old Pete, and old Pete winked deprecatingly at Master Pike.

Then all the young fellows, and some of the

older ones, had to take turns getting into the hollow trunk, or at least putting their heads in; "jes' so 's to see," as Cobbler Crabbe expressed it, "how it must have seemed to the boy shet up there for nigh about twenty-four hours."

Meanwhile grim old Dr. Kent looked hard at the bird in Gaspar's hand, and repeated his still unanswered question to Master Pike:

"How is it about this bird-shooting? Did n't I understand that we were all going to unite in frowning it down and putting a stop to it?"



"'YOU 'RE GOIN' TO WALK . . . LIKE A MAN,' SAID CRABBE."

"Yes, I believe that was the understanding," replied Master Pike.

"And did n't we agree that we 'd have the first boy that should break the law prosecuted? That 's what was publicly given out as a notice and warning to all; was n't it?"

The school-master nodded a reluctant assent.

"Well," said the doctor, with an emphasis meant to clinch his argument, "I don't want to mar the good feeling of a time like this. Gaspar has been rescued from a bad fix, and I 'm glad of it. But let 's be consistent; don't let us be respecters of persons. His father 's a minister, and a man we all respect, and a good friend of mine besides; but if his son — and I 'd say the same if he were mine — is guilty of breaking the law we 've pledged ourselves to see enforced, I don't see but that we ought to make an example of him. It will be a good beginning."

"Your remarks are just," replied Master Pike. "And though I think Gaspar has been punished enough for a good many faults besides bird-shooting, I should n't object to seeing him prosecuted and fined, if he had broken the law in this case. But he has not."

"Not broken the law?" cried the grim-featured doctor, "with that dead bird in his hand?"

All eyes turned upon Gaspar, who was about to speak, when the master forestalled him.

"No, Doctor; and a prosecution in this case would n't hold water. Gaspar is an ornithologist, or is going to be one; and he has a certificate from the Natural History Society which allows

him to take birds for scientific purposes. Here it is."

He took from his pocket the paper which he was to have given Gaspar the night before.

"It is dated, you see, two days ago; so that the shooting of this tanager is a case exempt from the action of the law."

"To be sure! to be sure!" said the doctor; while Gaspar stared with mingled feelings of astonishment and gratitude.

"You had it for me all the time, and to think I did not know it!" he said to Master Pike, on their way out of the woods. "You are too easy with me; for I really deserved to forfeit it for breaking my promise."

"I think," replied the master, indulgently, "you will keep your promises better in future."

He had good reason for such a belief; thenceforward his influence over his pupil was complete.

Before they emerged from the woods, they were met by Minister Heth, who had heard the news, and was hastening to the scene of the rescue. At sight of his son, saved from a horrible fate, haggard, famished, insect-bitten, with soiled and blood-smeared hands, he forgot all his resentment, and like waters from a broken dam his paternal love gushed forth.

All he said, however, was simply,— in a voice and with features which a strong will controlled,—

"Gaspar! is it you at last?"

"Yes, what there is left of me!" replied Gaspar, with the same self-control. "How's mother?"

"She will be better for seeing you, Gaspar!" said the minister, his resolute voice beginning to quaver and give way. "Come, my boy!"

What was left of him, after twenty-four hours in a dungeon with remorse and fear and starvation and mosquitoes — Gaspar might well say that. He had lost something which he could well spare; and what was left was the better part of him, as his conduct thenceforward, up to this date, has proven.

He has not yet chosen the career by which he is to earn his living; but he is preparing himself for usefulness by laying a broad foundation of knowledge; and whatever work he may do in the world, he means that the pursuit in which he still delights — the study of birds — shall be his recreation.

He has learned to stuff and mount his specimens; and if you visit the family, you will see on the parlor mantel-piece a beautiful sample of his work, which, from the associations connected with it, has an especial value in the eyes of his friends.

It is the Scarlet Tanager.

TO A KATYDID.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

SPRITE, in leafy covert hid,
'Twixt your "did n't" and your "did,"
Simple folk are quite in doubt
What your talk is all about.

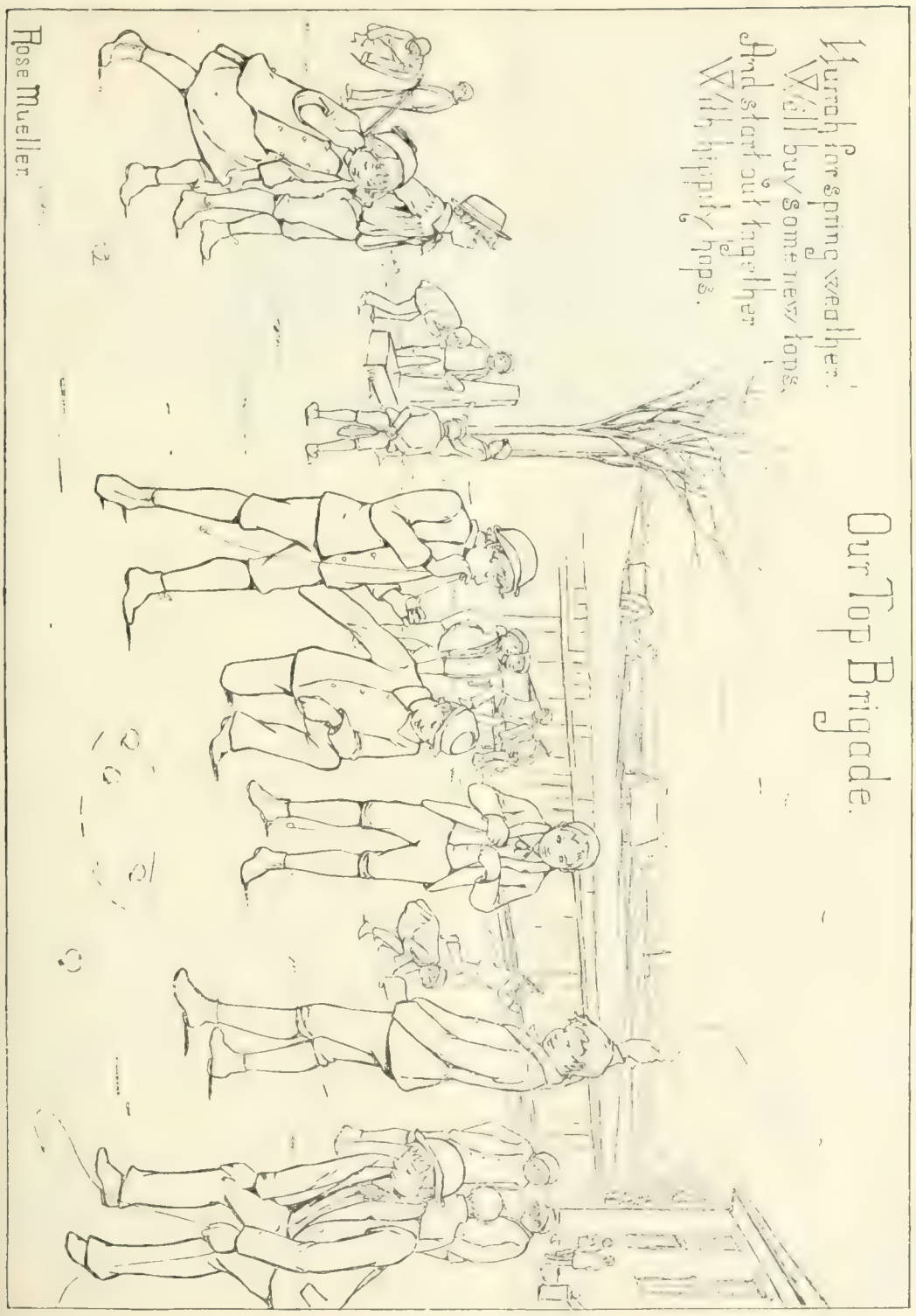
"*Did*" and "*did n't*"! That 's a clear
Contradiction, Katie dear;
One would think you scarcely knew
Any odds between the two.

"Did?" — but what? And where? And when?
"Did n't!" — There you go again!
Such a slippery little chit! —
After all, what matters it?

Who — do you imagine — cares,
Katie, for your small affairs?
Hold your peace; and, for the rest,
We 'll concede you did your best.

If you did n't, more 's the shame;
If you did, then where 's the blame?
So give o'er: You wont be chid
Though you did n't or you did.

Only, — your own counsel keep,
Letting honest people sleep.
If you did, then be it so;
If you did n't, let it go!


Our Top Brigade.
Hurrah for spring weather!
We'll buy some new togs,
And start out together
With happy hearts
And happy hopes.
Rose Mueller



SEVENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"Now, my lads and lasses, we must hurry, or we shall never empty this portfolio. Find easy places, and I will read several to-night; we are so early, there will be time enough," said Aunt Elinor, as the flock settled down, ready, as usual, for an unlimited supply.

"Never mind about choosing. Take the first that comes. We shall like it, whatever it is," answered Min, twirling her wheel busily and with a good deal of skill.

"This is my one ghost story, and such a very mild one it wont frighten anybody." And amid a little stir of interest the reader began:

"Well, what do you think of her? She has only been here a day, but it does n't take *us* long to make up our minds," said Nelly Blake, the leader of the school, as a party of girls stood chatting about the register one cold November morning.

"I like her, she looks so fresh and pleasant, and so strong. I just wanted to go and lean up against her, when my back ached yesterday," answered Maud, a pale girl wrapped in a shawl.

"I 'm afraid she 's very energetic, and I do hate to be hurried," sighed plump Cordelia, lounging in an easy-chair.

"I know she is, for Biddy says she asked for a pail of cold water at six this morning, and she 's out walking now. Just think how horrid!" cried Kitty with a shiver.

"I wonder what she does for her complexion. I never saw such a lovely color; real roses and cream," said Julia, shutting one eye to survey the freckles on her nose with a gloomy frown.

"I longed to ask what sort of braces she wears to keep her so straight. I mean to, by and by; she looks as if she would n't snub a body," and Sally vainly tried to square her round shoulders, bent with much poring over books; for she was the bright girl of the school.

"She wears French corsets, of course. Nothing else gives one such a fine figure," answered Maud, dropping the shawl, to look with pride at her own wasp-like waist and stiff back.

"She could n't move about so easily and gracefully if she wore a strait-jacket like you. She 's not a bit of a fashion plate, but a splendid woman, just natural and hearty and sweet. I feel as if I should n't slouch so much if I had her to brace me up," cried Sally in her enthusiastic way.

"I know one thing, girls, and that is *she* can wear a jersey and have it set elegantly, and *we* can't," said Kitty, laboring with her own, which would wrinkle and twist, in spite of many hidden pins.

"Yes, I looked at it all breakfast time, and forgot my second cup of coffee, so that my head aches as if it would split. I never saw anything fit so splendidly in my life," answered Nelly, turning to the mirror, which reflected a fine assortment of many-colored jerseys; for all the girls were out in their fall suits, and not one of the new jackets sat like that worn by Miss Orne, the new teacher who

had arrived to take Madame's place while that excellent old lady was laid up with a rheumatic fever.

"They are pretty and convenient, but I 'm afraid they will be a trial to some of us. Maud and Nelly look the best, but they have to keep stiff and still or the wrinkles come. Kit has no peace in hers, and poor Cordy looks more like a meal-bag than ever, while I am a perfect spectacle with my round shoulders and long, thin arms. A jersey on a bean-pole describes me; but let us be in the fashion or die!" laughed Sally, exaggerating her own defects by poking her head forward, and blinking through her glasses in a funny way.

There was a laugh and then a pause, broken in a moment by Maud, who said in a tone of apprehension:

"I do hope Miss Orne is n't full of the new notions about clothes, and food, and exercise and rights and rubbish of that sort. Mamma hates such ideas, and so do I."

"I hope she *is* full of good, wise notions about health and work and study. It is just what we need in this school. Madame is old and lets things go, and the other teachers only care to get through and have an easy time. We ought to be a great deal better, brisker, and wiser than we are, and I 'm ready for a good 'stirring-up' if any one will give it to us," declared Sally, who was a very independent girl and had read as well as studied much.

"You Massachusetts girls are always raving about self-culture, and ready for queer new ways. I 'm contented with the old ways, and wish to be let alone and 'finished off' easily," said Nelly, the pretty New Yorker.

"Well, I go with Sally, and want all I can get in the way of health, learning, and manners while I 'm here, and I 'm really glad Miss Orne has come, for Madame's old-fashioned 'niminy-priminy' ways did fret me dreadfully. Miss Orne is more like our folks out West — spry and strong and smart, see if she is n't," said Julia, with a decided nod of her auburn head.

"There she is, now! Girls, she 's running! actually trotting up the avenue — not like a hen, but like a boy — with her elbows down and her head up. Do come and see!" cried Kitty, dancing about at the window as if she longed to go and do likewise.

All ran, in time to see a tall young lady come up the wide path at a good pace, looking as fresh and blithe as the goddess of health, as she smiled and nodded at them so like a girl, that all returned her salute with equal cordiality.

"She gives a new sort of interest to the old tread-mill, does n't she," said Nelly, as they scattered to their places at the stroke of nine, feeling unusually anxious to appear well before the new teacher.

While they pull down their jerseys and take up their books, we will briefly state that Madame Stein's select boarding-school had for many years received six girls at a time and 'finished them off' in the old style. Plenty of French, German, music, painting, dancing, and deportment turned out well-bred, accomplished, and amiable young ladies, ready for fashionable society, easy lives, and entire dependence on other people. Dainty and delicate creatures usually, for, as in most schools of this sort, minds and manners were much cultivated, but bodies rather neglected. Heads and backs ached, dyspepsia was a common ailment, and "poorlies" of all sorts afflicted the dear girls who ought not to have known what "nerves" meant, and who should have had no bottles in their closets holding wine and iron, cough-mixtures, and cod-liver oil for weak lungs. Gymnastics had once flourished, but the fashion had gone by; and a short walk each day was all the exercise they took, though they might have had, in good weather, fine rambles about the spacious grounds, and glorious romps in the old coach-house and bowling-alley, when it rained; for the house was in the suburbs and had once been a fine country mansion. Some of the liveliest girls did race down the avenue now and then, when Madame was away, and one irrepressible creature had actually slidden down the wide balusters, to the horror of the entire household.

In cold weather all grew lazy, and cuddled under blankets and around the registers, like so many warmth-loving pussies, poor Madame's rheumatism causing her to enjoy a hot-house temperature and to indulge the girls in luxurious habits. Finally, she had been obliged to give up entirely and take to her bed, saying, with the resignation of an indolent nature:

"If Anna Orne takes charge of the school I shall feel no anxiety. *She* is equal to anything."

She certainly looked capable as she came into the school-room ready for her day's work, with her lungs full of fresh air, her brain stimulated by sound sleep, wholesome exercise, and a simple breakfast, and her mind much interested in the task before her. The girls' eyes followed her as she took her place, involuntarily attracted by the unusual spectacle of a robust woman. Everything about her seemed so fresh, harmonious, and happy, that it was a pleasure to see the brilliant color in her cheeks, the thick waves of glossy hair on her spirited head, the flash of white teeth as she spoke, and the clear, bright look of eyes

both keen and kind. But the girls' most admiring glances were bestowed upon the dark-blue jersey that showed the fine curves of the broad shoulders, round waist, and plump arms, without a wrinkle to mar its smooth perfection.

Girls are quick to see what is genuine, to respect what is strong, and to love what is beautiful; and before that day was over Miss Orne had charmed them all, for they felt that she was not only able to teach but also to help and amuse them.

After tea, the other teachers went to their rooms, glad to be free from the clatter of half a dozen lively tongues, but Miss Orne remained in the drawing-room and set the girls to dancing till they were tired, then gathered them round the long table to do what they liked till prayer-time. Some had novels, others did fancy-work or lounged, and all wondered what the new teacher would do next.

Six pairs of curious eyes were fixed upon her as she sat sewing on some queer bits of crash, and six lively fancies vainly tried to guess what the articles were, for no one was rude enough to ask. Presently she tried on a pair of mittens, and surveyed them with satisfaction, saying as she caught Kitty staring with uncontrollable interest:

"These are my beautifiers, and I never like to be without them."

"Are they to keep your hands white?" asked Maud, who spent a great deal of time in caring for her own. "I wear old kid gloves at night after putting cold-cream on mine."

"I wear these for five minutes night and morning, for a good rub, after dipping them in cold water. Thanks to these rough friends I seldom feel the cold, always have a good color, and keep well," answered Miss Orne, polishing up her smooth cheek till it looked like a rosy apple.

"I 'd like the color, but not the crash. Must it be so rough, and with *cold* water?" asked Maud, who often privately rubbed her pale face with a bit of red flannel, rouge being forbidden.

"It is best so; but there are other ways to get a color. Run up and down the avenue three or four times a day, eat no pastry, and go to bed early," said Miss Orne, whose sharp eye had spied out the little weaknesses of the girls, and whose kind heart longed to help them at once.

"It makes my back ache to run, and Madame used to say we were too old now."

"Never too old to care for your health, my dear. Better run now than lie on a sofa by and by with a back that never stops aching."

"Do you cure your headaches in that way?" asked Nelly, rubbing her forehead wearily.

"I never have them;" and Miss Orne's bright eyes were full of pity for all pain.

"What do you do to help it?" cried Nelly, who firmly believed that it was inevitable.

"I give myself plenty of rest, air, and good food. I never know I have any nerves except by the enjoyment they give me, for I have learned how to use them. I was not brought up to believe that I was born an invalid, and I was taught to understand the beautiful machinery God gave me, and to keep it religiously in order."

Miss Orne spoke so seriously, that there was a brief pause in which the girls were wishing that some one had taught them this lesson and made them as strong and lovely as their new teacher.

"If crash mittens would make my jersey sit like yours, I 'd have a pair at once," said Cordy, sadly eying the buttons on her own, which seemed in danger of flying off if their plump wearer moved too quickly.

"Brisk runs are what you want, and less confectionery, sleep, and lounging in easy-chairs," began Miss Orne, all ready to prescribe for these poor girls, the most important part of whose education had been so neglected.

"Why, how did you know?" said Cordy, blushing as she bounced out of her luxurious seat and whisked into her pocket the paper of chocolate creams she was seldom without.

Her round eyes and artless surprise set the others to laughing and gave Sally courage to ask, then and there, what she had been secretly longing to ask.

"Miss Orne, I wish you would show us how to be strong and hearty, for I do think girls are a feeble set nowadays. We certainly need a 'stirring-up,' and I hope you will kindly give us one. Please begin with me, and then the others will see that I mean what I say."

Miss Orne looked up at the tall, overgrown girl who stood before her with the broad forehead, near-sighted eyes, and narrow chest of a student; not at all what a girl of seventeen should be physically, though a clear mind and a brave spirit shone in her clever face and sounded in her resolute voice.

"I shall very gladly do what I can for you, my dear. It is very simple, and I am sure that a few months of my sort of training will help you much, for you are just the kind of girl who should have a strong body to keep pace with a very active brain," answered Miss Orne, taking Sally's thin, inky fingers in her own with a friendly pressure that showed her good will.

"Madame says violent exercise is not good for girls, so we gave up gymnastics long ago," said Maud in her languid voice, wishing that Sally would not suggest disagreeable things.

"One does not need clubs, dumb-bells, and bars

for my style of exercise. Let me show you," and, rising, Miss Orne went through a series of energetic, but graceful evolutions, which put every muscle in play without great exertion.

"That looks easy enough," began Nelly.

"Try it," answered Miss Orne, with a sparkle of fun in her blue eyes.

They did try it, no doubt to the astonishment of the solemn portraits on the wall, unused to such antics in that dignified apartment. But some of the girls were out of breath in five minutes, and others could not lift their arms over their heads. Maud and Nelly broke several bones in their corsets trying to stoop, and Kitty tumbled down in her efforts to touch her feet without bending her knees. Sally made the best motions, being easy in her clothes, and full of enthusiasm.

"Pretty well for beginners," said Miss Orne, as they paused at last, flushed and merry. "Do that regularly every day and you will soon gain a few inches across the chest and fill out the new jerseys with firm, elastic figures."

"Like yours," added Sally, with a face full of such honest admiration that it could not offend.

Seeing that she had made one convert, and knowing that girls, like sheep, are sure to follow a leader, Miss Orne said no more then, but waited for the lesson to work. The others called it one of Sally's notions, but were interested to see how she would get on, and had great fun, when they went to bed, watching her faithful efforts to imitate her teacher's rapid and effective motions.

"The wind-mill is going!" cried Kitty, as several of them sat on the bed, laughing at the long arms swinging about.

"That is the hygienic elbow-exercise, and that the Orne quickstep—a mixture of the grasshopper's skip and the water-bug's slide," added Julia, humming a tune in time to the stamp of the other's foot.

"We will call these the Jersey Jymnastics, and spell it with a J, my dears," said Nelly; and the name was received with as much applause as the young ladies chose to give it at that hour.

"Laugh on, but see if you don't all follow my example sooner or later when I become a model of grace, strength, and beauty," retorted Sally, as she turned them out and went to bed, tingling all over with a delicious glow that sent the blood from her hot head to warm her cold feet, and bring her the sound, refreshing sleep she so much needed.

This was the beginning of a new order of things; for Miss Orne carried her energy into other matters besides gymnastics, and no one dared oppose her when Madame shut her ears to all complaints, saying, "Obey her in everything, and don't trouble me."

Pitchers of fresh milk took the place of tea and coffee; cake and pie were rarely seen, but better bread, plain puddings, and plenty of fruit.

Rooms were cooled off, feather beds sent to the garret, and thick curtains abolished. Sun and air streamed in, and great cans of water appeared suggestively at doors in the morning. Earlier hours were kept, and brisk walks taken by nearly all the girls, for Miss Orne baited her hook cleverly and always had some pleasant project to make the wintry expeditions inviting. There were games in the parlor, instead of novels and fancy work, in the evening; shorter lessons and longer talks on the many useful subjects that are best learned from the lips of a true teacher. A cooking class was started, not to make fancy desserts, but the plain substantial dishes all housewives should understand. Several girls swept their own rooms, and liked it after they saw Miss Orne sweep hers in a becoming dust-cap; and these same pioneers, headed by Sally, boldly coasted on the hill, swung clubs in the coach-house, and played tag in the bowling-alley on rainy days.

It took time to work these much-needed changes, but young people like novelty; the old routine had grown tiresome, and Miss Orne made things so lively and pleasant that it was impossible to resist her wishes.

Sally did begin to straighten up after a month or two of regular training; Maud outgrew both corsets and back-ache; Nelly got a fresh color; Kitty found her thin arms developing visible muscles; and Julia considered herself a Von Hillern after walking ten miles without fatigue.

But dear, fat Cordy was the most successful of all, and rejoiced greatly over the loss of a few pounds when she gave up over-eating, long naps, and lazy habits. Exercise became a sort of mania with her, and she was continually trudging off for "a constitutional," or trotting up and down the halls when bad weather prevented the daily tramp. It was the desire of her soul to grow thin, and such was her ardor that Miss Orne had to check her sometimes, lest she should overdo the matter.

"All this is easy and pleasant now, because it is new," she said; "and there is no one to criticise our simple, sensible ways, but when you go away I am afraid the good I have tried to do for you will be undone. People will ridicule you, fashion will condemn, and frivolous pleasures will make our wholesome ones seem hard. Can you be steadfast and keep on?"

"We will!" cried all the girls; but the older ones looked a little anxious, as they thought of going home to introduce the new ways alone.

Miss Orne shook her head earnestly, wishing

that she could impress the important lesson indelibly upon them; and very soon something happened which had that effect.

April came, and the snowdrops and crocuses were up in the garden beds; Madame was able to sit at her window peering out like a dormouse waking from its winter sleep, and much did the good lady wonder at the blooming faces turned up to nod and smile at her, the lively steps that tripped about the house, and the amazing spectacle of *her* young ladies racing round the lawn as if they liked it. No one knew how Miss Orne reconciled her to this new style of deportment, but she made no complaint, and only shook her impressive cap when the girls came beaming in to pay little visits full of happy chat about their affairs. They seemed to take a real interest in their studies now, to be very happy, and all looked so well that the wise old lady said to herself:

"Looks are everything with women, and I have never been able to show such a bouquet of blooming creatures at my breaking up as I shall this year. I will let well enough alone, and if fault is found, dear Anna's shoulders are broad enough to bear it."

Things were in this promising state, and all were busily preparing for the May fête, at which time this class of girls would graduate, when the mysterious events to which we have alluded occurred.

They were gathered — the girls, not the events — around the table one night, discussing with the deep interest befitting such an important topic what they should wear on examination day.

"*I* think white silk jerseys and pink or blue skirts would be lovely, and so pretty and so appropriate for the J. J. Club, and so suitable for our exercises. Miss Orne wishes us to show how well we go together, and of course we wish to please her," said Nelly, taking the lead, as usual, in matters of taste.

"Of course!" cried all the girls with an alacrity which plainly showed how entirely the new friend had won their hearts.

"I would n't have believed that six months could make such a difference in my figure and feelings," said Maud, surveying her waist with calm satisfaction, though it was no longer slender, but in perfect proportion to the rest of her youthful shape.

"I 've had to let out every dress, and it 's a mercy I 'm going home, if I 'm to keep on at this rate;" and Julia took a long breath, proud of her broad chest, expanded by plenty of exercise and loose clothing.

"I take mine in, and don't have to worry about my buttons flying off *à la* Clara Peggotty. I 'm *so* pleased that I wish to be training all the time, for I 'm not *half* thin enough yet," said Cordy, jumping up for a trot around the room, that not a moment might be lost.

"Come, Sally, you ought to join in the jubilee, for you have done wonders and will be as straight as a ramrod in a little while. Why so sober tonight? Is it because our dear Miss Orne leaves us to sit with Madame?" asked Nelly, missing the gayest voice of the seven, and observing her friend's troubled face.

"I 'm making up my mind whether I 'd better tell you something or not. I don't wish to scare the servants, trouble Madame, or vex Miss Orne, for I know *she* would n't believe a word of it, though I saw it with my own eyes," answered Sally in such a mysterious tone, that the girls with one voice cried:

"Tell us this minute!"

"I will, and perhaps some of you can explain the matter."

As she spoke, Sally rose and stood on the rug with her hands behind her, looking rather wild and queer, for her short hair was in a toss, her eyes shone large behind her round glasses, and her voice sank to a whisper as she made this startling announcement:

"I 've seen a ghost!"

A general shiver pervaded the listeners, and Cordy poked her head under the sofa pillows with a faint cry, while the rest involuntarily drew nearer to one another.

"Where?" demanded Julia, the bravest of the party.

"On the top of the house."

"Good gracious!" "When, Sally?" "What did it look like?" "Don't scare us for fun!" cried the girls, undecided whether to take this startling story in jest or earnest.

"Listen, and I 'll tell you all about it," answered Sally, holding up her finger impressively.

"Night before last I sat studying till eleven. Against the rules I know, but I forgot; and when I was through, I opened my window to air the room. It was bright moonlight, so I took a stroll along the top of the piazza, and coming back with my eyes on the sky I naturally saw the roof of the main house from my wing. I could n't have been asleep, could I? yet I solemnly declare that I saw a white figure with a veil over its head roaming to and fro as quietly as a shadow. I looked and looked, then I called softly, but it never answered, and suddenly it was gone."

"What did you do?" quavered Cordy in a smothered voice from under the pillow.

"I went right in, took my lamp, and marched up to the cupola. But there was not a sign of any

one, all the doors were locked and the floor was dusty, for we never go there now, you know. I did n't like it, but I just said to myself: 'Sally, go to bed; it 's an optical illusion and serves you right for studying against the rule.' That was the first time."

"Mercy on us! Did you see it again?" cried Maud, getting hold of Julia's strong arm for protection.

"Yes, in the bowling-alley at midnight," whispered Sally.

"Do shut the door, Kit, and don't keep clutching at me in that scary way; it 's very unpleasant," said Nelly, glancing nervously over her shoulder as the five pairs of wide-opened eyes were fixed on Sally.

"I got up to shut my window last night, and saw a light in the alley,—a dim one, but bright enough to show me the same white thing with the veil going up and down as before. I 'll confess I was nervous then, for you know there *is* a story that in old times the man who lived here would n't let his daughter marry the lover she wanted, and she pined away and died, and said she 'd haunt her cruel father, and she did. Old Mrs. Foster told me all about it when I first came, and Madame asked me not to repeat it, so I never did. I don't believe in ghosts, mind you; but what on earth is it that I saw trailing about in that ridiculous way?"

Sally spoke nervously and looked excited, for in spite of courage and common sense she *was* worried to account for the apparition.

"How long did it stay?" asked Julia, with her arm round Maud, who was trembling and pale.

"A good fifteen minutes by my watch, then vanished, light and all, as suddenly as before. I did n't go to look after it that time, but if I see it again, I 'll hunt till I find out what it is. Who will go with me?"

No one volunteered, and Cordy emerged long enough to say imploringly: "Do tell Miss Orne, or get the police;" and then she dived out of sight again and lay quaking like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

"I wont! Miss Orne would think I was a fool, and the police don't arrest ghosts. I 'll do it myself, and Julia will help me, I know. She is the bravest of you, and has n't developed her biceps for nothing," said Sally, bent on keeping all the glory of the capture to themselves, if possible.

Flattered by Sally's compliments, Julia did not decline the invitation, but made a very sensible suggestion, which was a great relief to the timid till Sally added a new fancy to haunt them.

"Perhaps it is one of the servants moon-struck or love-lorn," said Julia. "Myra looks sentimental, and is always singing sentimental songs."

"It 's not Myra; I asked her, and she turned pale at the mere idea of going anywhere alone after dark, and said the cook had seen a banshee gliding down the garden path one night when she had had the face-ache and had risen to get the camphor. I said no more, not wanting to scare them; ignorant people are so superstitious."

Sally paused, and the girls all tried not to look "scared" or "superstitious," but did not succeed very well.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nelly, in a respectful tone, as Julia and Sally stood side by side, like Horatius and Herminius waiting for a Spurius Lartius to join them.

"Watch like cats or a mouse, and pounce as soon as possible," answered Sally. You must all promise to say nothing; then we can't be laughed at if it turns out to be some silly accident or mistake, as it probably will."

"We promise!" solemnly answered the girls, feeling deeply impressed with the thrilling interest of the moment.

"Very well; now don't talk about it or think about it till we report, or no one will sleep a wink," said Sally, walking off with her ally as coolly as if, after frightening them out of their wits, they could forget the matter at word of command.

The oath of silence was well kept, but lessons suffered, and so did sleep; for the excitement was great, especially in the morning, when the watchers reported the events of the night, and in the evening, when they took turns to go on guard. There was much whisking of dressing-gowns up and down the corridor of the west wing, where our six roomed, as the girls flew to ask questions early each morning or scurried to bed at night, glancing behind them for the banshee as they went.

Miss Orne observed the whispers, nods, and eager congratulations, but said nothing, for Madame had confided to her that the young ladies were planning a farewell gift for her. So she was blind and deaf, and smiled at the important airs of her girlish admirers.

Three or four days passed, and no sign of the ghost appeared. The bolder openly scoffed at the false alarm, and the more timid began to recover from their fright.

Sally and Julia looked rather foolish as they answered, "No news," morning after morning, to the inquiries which were rapidly losing the breathless eagerness so flattering to the watchers.

"You dreamed it, Sally. Go to sleep and don't do it again," said Nelly, on the fifth day, as she made her evening call and found the girls yawning and cross for want of rest.

"She has exercised too much, and produced a morbid state of the brain," laughed Maud.

"I just wish she would n't scare me out of my senses for nothing," grumbled Cordy; "I used to sleep like a dormouse, and now I dream dreadfully and wake up tired out. Come along, Kit, and let the old ghosts carry off these silly creatures."

"My regards to the 'Woman in White' *when* you see her again, dear," added Kitty, as the four went off to laugh at the whole thing, though they carefully locked their doors and took a peep out of the window before going to sleep.

"We may as well give it up and have a good rest. I 'm worn out and so are you, if you 'd own it," said Julia, throwing herself down for a nap before midnight.

"I shall *not* give it up till I 'm satisfied. Sleep away, I 'll read awhile and call you if anything comes," answered Sally, bound to prove the truth of her story if she waited all summer.

Julia was soon asleep, and the lonely watcher sat reading till past eleven; then she put out her light and went to take a turn on the flat roof of the piazza that ran around the house, for the night was mild and the stars companionable. As she turned to come back, her sharp eye caught sight of something moving on the house-top as before, and soon, clear against the soft gloom of the sky, appeared the white figure flitting to and fro.

A long look, and then Sally made a rush at Julia, shaking her violently as she said in an excited whisper:

"Come! she is there. Quick! upstairs to the cupola! I have the candle and the key."

Carried away by the other's vehemence Julia mutely obeyed, trembling, but afraid to resist; and noiseless as two shadows they crept up the stairs, arriving just in time to see the ghost vanish over the edge of the roof, as if it had dissolved into thin air. Julia dropped down in a heap, desperately frightened, but Sally pulled her up and led her back to their room, saying, when she got there, with grim satisfaction, "Did I dream it all? Now I hope they will believe me."

"What was it? Oh, what could it be?" whimpered Julia, quite demoralized by the spectacle.

"I begin to believe in ghosts, for no human being could fly off in that way with nothing to walk on. I shall speak to Miss Orne to-morrow; I 've had enough of this sort of fun," said Sally, going to the window, with a strong desire to shut and lock it.

But she paused with her hand raised, as if turned to stone, for as she spoke the white figure went slowly by. Julia dived into the closet with one spring. Sally, however, was on her mettle now, and, holding her breath, leaned out to watch. With soundless steps the veiled thing went along the roof, and paused at the further end.

Never waiting for her comrade, Sally quietly stepped out and followed, leaving Julia to quake with fear and listen for an alarm.

None came, and in a few minutes, that seemed like hours, Sally returned, looking much excited; but she was sternly silent, and to all the others' eager questions she would only give this mysterious reply:

"I know all, but can not tell till morning. Go to sleep."

Believing her friend offended at her base desertion at the crisis of the affair, Julia curbed her curiosity and soon forgot it in sleep. Sally slept also, feeling like a hero reposing after a hard-won battle.



THE LONELY WATCHER SAT READING TILL PAST ELEVEN

She was up betimes and ready to receive her early visitors with an air of triumph, which silenced every jeer and convinced the most skeptical that she had something sensational to tell at last.

When the girls had perched themselves on any available article of furniture, they waited with respectful eagerness, while Sally left the room for a few minutes, and Julia rolled her eyes, with her finger on her lips, looking as if she could tell much if she dared.

Sally returned, somewhat flushed, but very sober,

and in a few dramatic words related the adventures of the night up to the point when she had left Julia quivering ignominiously in the closet, and, like Horatius, had faced the foe alone.

"I followed till the ghost entered a window," she said, finally.

"Which?" demanded five awe-struck voices at once.

"The last."

"Ours?" whispered Kitty, as pale as her collar, while Cordy, her room-mate, sat aghast.

"As it turned to shut the window the veil fell back and I saw the face." Sally spoke in a whisper and added, with a sudden start: "I see it, now!"

Each girl sprang or tumbled off her perch as if moved by an electric shock and stared about as Nelly cried wildly:

"Where? Oh, where?"

"There!" and Sally pointed at the palest face in the room, while her own reddened with the mirth she was vainly trying to suppress.

"Cordy?"

A general shriek of amazement and incredulity followed the question, while Sally could not help laughing heartily at the dumb dismay of the innocent ghost.

As soon as she could be heard, however, she proceeded to explain:

"Yes, it was Cordy walking in her sleep. She wore her white flannel wrapper and a cloud around her head, and took her exercise over the roofs at midnight so that no time might be lost. I don't wonder she is tired in the morning after these dangerous gymnastics."

"But she could n't vanish off the house-top in that strange way without breaking her neck," said Julia, much relieved, but still mystified.

"She did n't fly nor fall, but went down the ladder left by the painters. Look at the soles of her felt slippers, if you doubt me, and see the red paint from the roof. We could n't open the cupola window, you remember, but just now I ran out and looked up and saw how she did it asleep, though she never would dare to do it awake. Somnambulists do dreadfully dangerous things, you know," said Sally, as if her experience with those peculiar people had been vast and varied.

"How could I? It 's horrible to think of. Why did you let me, Kit?" cried Cordy, uncertain whether to be proud or ashamed of her exploit.

"I never dreamed of *your* doing such a silly thing, and never waked up. People say that sleep-walkers are always quiet. But even if I had seen you I 'd have been too scared to know you. I 'll tie you to the bed-post after this, and not let you scare the whole house," answered Kitty, regarding it all as a fine joke.

"What did I do when I got in, Sally?" asked Cordy, curiously.

"You took off your things and went to bed, as if glad to get back. I did n't dare to wake you, and so kept all the fun to myself till this morning. I thought I ought to have a good laugh for my pains since I did all the work," answered Sally in high glee at the success of her efforts.

"I did wish to get as thin as I could before I went home—the boys plague me so there—and I suppose it weighed upon my mind and set me to walking at night. I 'm very sorry, and I never will do it again if I can help it. Please forgive me, and don't tell any one but Miss Orne; it was so silly," begged poor Cordy, tearfully.

They all promised, and then joined in comforting her, and praising Sally, and plaguing Julia; and so they had a delightfully noisy and exciting half hour before the breakfast bell rang.

Miss Orne wondered what made the young faces so gay and the laughter so frequent, as mysterious hints and significant nods went around the table, but as soon as possible she was borne into the school-room and was made to hear the thrilling tale.

Her interest and surprise were very flattering, and when the subject had been well discussed, she promised to prevent any further escapades of this sort, and advised Cordy to try the Banting method for the few remaining weeks of her stay.

"I 'll try anything that will keep me from acting ghost and making every one afraid of me," said Cordy, secretly wondering why she had not broken her neck in her nocturnal gymnastics.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Orne?" asked Maud, who did believe in them, in spite of the comic explanation of this one.

"Not the old-fashioned sort, but there is a modern kind that we are all afraid of, more or less," answered Miss Orne with a half-playful, half-serious look at the girls around her.

"Do tell about it, please," begged Kitty, while the rest looked both surprised and interested.

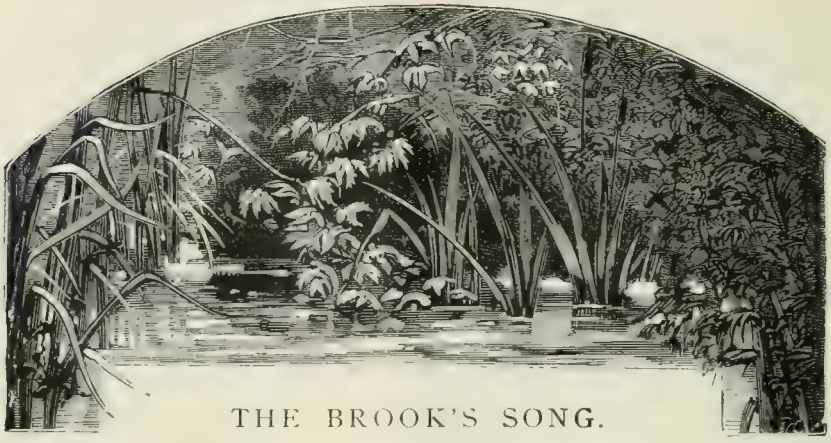
"There is one which I am very anxious to keep you from fearing. Women and young girls are especially haunted by it. 'What—will—people—say?' is the name of this formidable ghost, and it does much harm; for few of us have the courage to live up to what we know to be right in all things. You are soon to go away to begin your lives in earnest, and I do hope that whatever I have been able to teach you about the care of minds and bodies will not be forgotten or neglected because it may not be the fashion outside our little world here."

"*I* never will forget or be afraid of that ghost, Miss Orne," cried Sally, quick to understand and accept the warning so opportunely given.

"I have great faith in *you*, dear, because you have proven yourself so brave in facing phantoms more easily laid. But this is a hard one to meet and vanquish, so watch well, stand firm, and let these jerseys that you are so fond of cover not only healthy young bodies but happy hearts bent on your becoming sweet, wise, and useful women in the years to come. Dear girls, promise me this, and I shall feel that our winter has not been wasted and that our spring is full of lovely promise for a splendid summer."

As she spoke, with her own beautiful face bright with hope and tenderness, Miss Orne opened her arms and gathered them all in to seal their promise with grateful kisses more eloquent than words.

Long after their school days were over, the six girls kept the white jerseys they wore at the breaking-up festival as relics of the J. J.; and long after they were scattered far apart, they remembered the lessons which helped them to be what their good friend hoped—healthy, happy, and useful women.



THE BROOK'S SONG.

By Mrs. M. F Butts.

King Frost comes and locks me up,
The sunshine sets me free;
I frolic with the grave old trees,
And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life
As a gypsy's out of Spain;
Till grim King Frost comes from the North
And locks me up again.



A FOURTH OF JULY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By W. P. Hooper.



Real Indians—real, live Indians were what we, like all boys, wanted to see, and this was why, after leaving the railroad on which we had been traveling for several days and nights, we found ourselves at last in a big canvas-covered wagon lumbering across the monotonous prairie.

We were on our way to see a celebration of the Fourth of July at a Dakota Indian Agency.

It was late in the afternoon of a hot summer's day. We had been riding since early morning, and had not met a living creature—not even a bird or a snake. Only those who have experienced it know how wearying to the eyes it is to gaze all day long, and see nothing but the sky and the grass.

However, an hour before sunset we *did* see something. At first, it looked like a mere speck against the sky; then it seemed like a bush or a shrub; but it rapidly increased in size as we approached. Then, with the aid of our field-glass, we saw it was a man on horseback. No, not exactly that, either; it was an Indian chief riding an Indian pony. Now, I had seen Indians in the East—"Dime Museum Indians." I had seen the Indians who travel with the circus—yes, and I had seen the untutored savages who sell bead-work at Niagara Falls; but this one was different—he was quite different. I felt sure that he was a genuine Indian. He was unlike the Indians I had seen East. The most striking difference was that this one presented a grand unwashed effect. It must have required years of patient industry in avoiding the wash-bowl, and great good luck in dodging the passing showers, for him to acquire the rich effect of color which he displayed. Though it was one of July's hottest days, he had on his head an arrangement made of fur, with bead trimmings and four black-tipped feathers; a long braid of his hair, wound with strips of fur, hung down in front of each ear, and strings of beads ornamented his neck. He wore a calico shirt, with tin bands on his arms above the elbow; a blanket was wrapped around his waist; his leggings had strips of beautiful bright bead-work, and his moccasins were ornamented in the same style. But in his right hand he was holding a most murderous-looking instrument. It was a long wooden club, into one end of which three sharp, shining steel knife-blades were set. Though I had been complaining of the heat, still I now felt chilly as I looked at the weapon, and saw how well it matched the expression of his cruel mouth and piercing eyes.

He passed on while we were trying to make a sketch of him. However, the next day, an interpreter brought him around, and, for a small piece of tobacco, he was glad to pose while the sketch was being finished. We learned his name was "Can-h-des-ka-wan-ji-dan" (One Hoop).

A few moments later, we passed an iron post set firmly into the ground. It marked one of the



"One Hoop" in his Stovepipe [illegible]

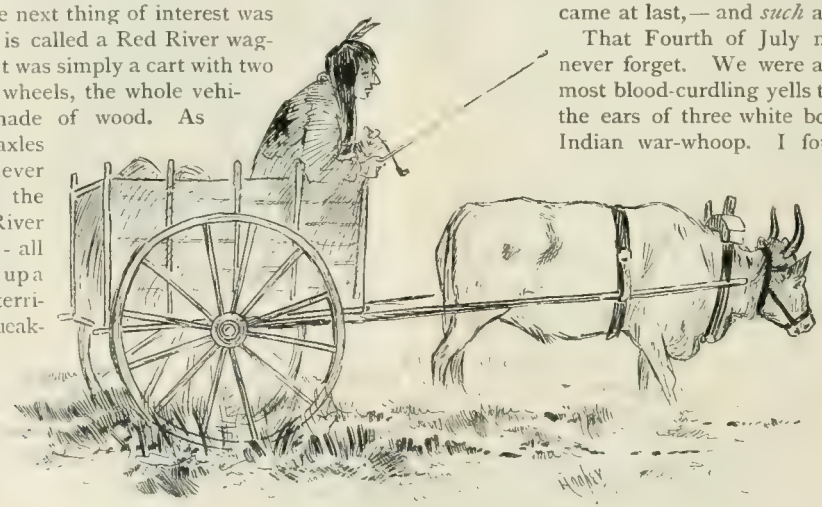
boundaries of the Indian Reservation. We were now on a tract of land set aside by the United States Government as the living-ground of sixteen hundred "Santee" Sioux Indians. We soon saw more Indians, who, like us, seemed to be moving toward the little village at the Indian Agency.

Each group had put their belongings into a big bundle, and strapped it upon long poles, which were fastened at one end to the back of a pony. In this bundle, the little pappooses rode in great comfort, looking like blackbirds peering from a nest. In some cases, an older child would be riding in great glee on the pony's back among the poles. The family baggage seemed about equally distributed between the pony and the squaw who led him. She was preceded by her lord and master, the noble red Indian, who carried no load except his long pipe.



GOING TO THE AGENCY.

The next thing of interest was what is called a Red River wagon. It was simply a cart with two large wheels, the whole vehicle made of wood. As the axles are never oiled, the Red River carry-all keeps up a most terrible squeaking. This charming music-box was drawn by one ox, and contained an Indian, who was driving with a whip. His wife and children were seated on the bottom of this jolting and shrieking cart.



A RED RIVER CARRY-ALL

As we neared the Agency buildings, we passed many Indians who had settled for the night. They chose the wooded ravines, near streams, by which to put up their tents, or "tepees," which consisted of long poles covered with patched and smoke-stained canvas, with two openings, one at the top for a "smoke-hole" and the other for a door, through which any one must crawl in order to enter the domestic circle of the gentle savage. We entered several tepees, making ourselves welcome by gifts of tobacco to every member of the family. That night, after reaching the Agency and retiring to our beds, we dreamed of smoking great big pipes, with stems a mile long, which were passed to us by horrible-looking black witches. But morning came at last,— and *such* a morning!

That Fourth of July morning I shall never forget. We were awakened by the most blood-curdling yells that ever pierced the ears of three white boys. It was the Indian war-whoop. I found myself instinctively feeling for my back hair, and regretting the distance to the railroad. We lingered indoors in a rather terrified condition, until we found out that this was simply the beginning of the day's celebration. It was the "sham-fight"; but it looked real enough, when the Indians came tearing by,

their ponies seeming to enter into the excitement as thoroughly as their riders. There were some five hundred, in full frills and war-paint, and all giving those terrible yells.

Their costumes were simple, but gay in color — paint, feathers, and more paint, with an occasional shirt.

For weapons, they carried guns, rifles, and long spears. Bows and arrows seemed to be out of style. A few had round shields on their left arms.

Most of the tepees had been collected together and pitched so as to form a large circle, and their wagons were placed outside this circle so as to make a sort of protection for the defending party. The attacking party, brandishing their weapons in the air with increased yells, rushed their excited and panting ponies up the slope toward the tepees, where they were met by a rapid discharge of blank cartridges and powder. Some of the ponies became frightened and unmanageable, several riders were unhorsed, and general confusion prevailed. The entrenched party, in the meantime, rushed out from behind their defenses, climbing on top of their wagons, yelling and dancing around like demons. Added to this, the sight of several rider-



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT BY THE NIGHT.



THE SHAM FIGHT.

less ponies flying wildly from the tumult made this sham-fight have a terribly realistic look.

After this excitement was over, the regular games which had been arranged for the day began.



RUNNING COSTUME.



LA CROSSE COSTUME.

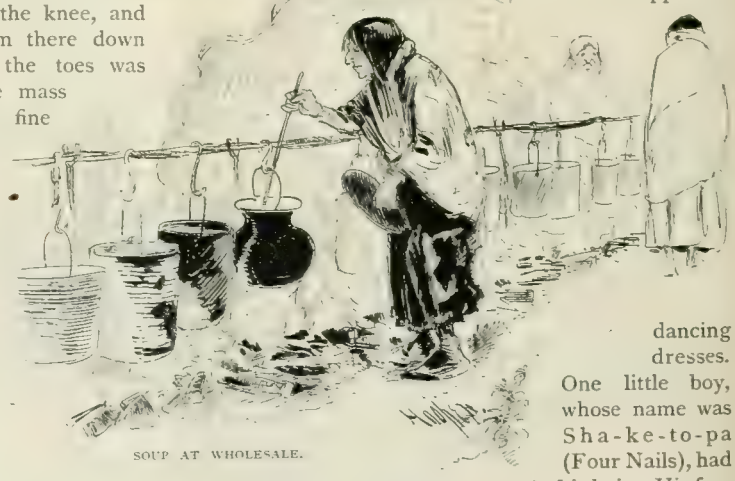
In the foot-races, the costumes were so slight that there was nothing to describe—simply paint in fancy patterns, moccasins, and a girdle of red flannel. But how they could run! I did not suppose anything on two legs could go so fast. The *la crosse* costumes were bright and attractive. The leader of one side wore a shirt of soft, tanned buckskin, bead-work and embroidery on the front, long fringe on the shoulders, bands around the arms, and deep fringe on the bottom of the skirt. The legs were bare to the knee, and from there down to the toes was one mass of fine glittering bead-work. In the game, there were a hundred Indians engaged on each side. The game was long, but exciting, being skillfully played. The grounds extended about a mile in length. The ball was the size of a common base-ball, and felt almost as solid as a rock, the center being of lead. The shape of the Indian *la crosse* stick is shown in the sketch.



SHA-KE-TO-PA, A YOUNG BRAVE.

Then came games on horseback. But the most interesting performance of the whole day, and one in which they all manifested an absorbing interest, was—the dinner.

At 3 A. M. several oxen had been butchered, and from that time till the dinner was served all the old squaws had their hands full. Fires were made in long lines, poles placed over them, and high black pots, kettles, and zinc pails filled with a combination of things, including beef and water, were suspended there, and carefully tended by ancient Indian ladies in picturesque, witch-like costumes, who gently stirred the boiling bouillon with pieces of wood, while other seemingly more ancient and worn-out-looking squaws brought great bundles of wood from the ravines, tied up in blankets and swung over their shoulders. Think of a dinner for sixteen hundred noble chiefs and braves, stalwart head-men, young bucks, old squaws, girls, and children! And such queer-looking children—some dressed in full war costume, some in the most approved dancing dresses. One little boy, whose name was Sha-ke-to-pa (Four Nails), had five feathers—big ones, too—in his hair. His face was painted; he wore great round ear-rings, and rows of beads and claws around his neck; bands of beads on his little bare brown arms; embroid-



SOUP AT WHOLESALE.

ered leggings and beautiful moccasins, and a long piece of red cloth hanging from his waist. In fact, he was as gaily dressed as a grown-up Indian man, and he had a cunning little war-club, all ornamented and painted.



When the dinner was nearly ready, the men began to seat themselves in a long curved line. Behind them, the women and children were gathered. When everything was ready, a chief, wearing a long arrangement of feathers hanging from his back hair and several bead pouches across his shoulders, with a long staff in his left hand, walked into the center of the circle. Taking a spoonful of the soup, he held it high in the air, and then, turning slowly around, chanting a song, he poured the contents of the spoon upon the ground. This, an interpreter explained to us, was done to appease the spirits of the air. After this, the old squaws limped nimbly around with the pails of soup and other food, serving the men. After they were all bountifully and repeatedly helped, the women and children, who had been patiently waiting, were allowed to gather about the fragments and half-empty pots and finish the repast, which they did with neatness and dispatch.

Then the warriors lay around and smoked their long-stem pipes, while the young men prepared for the pony races.

The first of these races was "open to all," and more than a hundred ponies and their riders were arranged in a row. Some of the ponies were very spirited, and seemed to fully realize what was going to take place, and they would persist in pushing ahead of the line. Then the other riders would start their ponies; then the whole line would have to be re-formed. But finally, they were all started, and such shouting, and such waving of whips in the air!—and how the little ponies did jump! When the race was over, how we all crowded around the winner, and how proud the pony, as well as the rider, seemed to feel! Now we had a better chance to examine the ponies than ever before, and some were very handsome. And such prices! Think of buying a beautiful three-year-old cream-colored pony for twenty dollars!



A WAITRESS.



AFTER THE PONY-RACE.

But as the hour of sunset approached, the interest in the races vanished, and so did most of the braves. They sought the seclusion of their bowers, to adorn themselves for the grand "grass dance," which was to begin at sunset.

What a contrast between their every-day dress and their dancing costumes! The former consists of a blanket more or less tattered and torn, while the gorgeousness of the latter discourages a description in words; so I refer you to the pictures. Of course, we were eager to purchase some of the Indian finery, but it was a bad time to trade successfully with the Indians. They were too much taken up with the pleasures of the day to care to turn an honest penny by parting with any of their ornaments. However, we succeeded in buying a big war-club set with knives, some pipes with carved stems a yard long, a few knife-sheaths and pouches glittering with beads, and several pairs of beautiful moccasins,—most of which now adorn a New York studio.

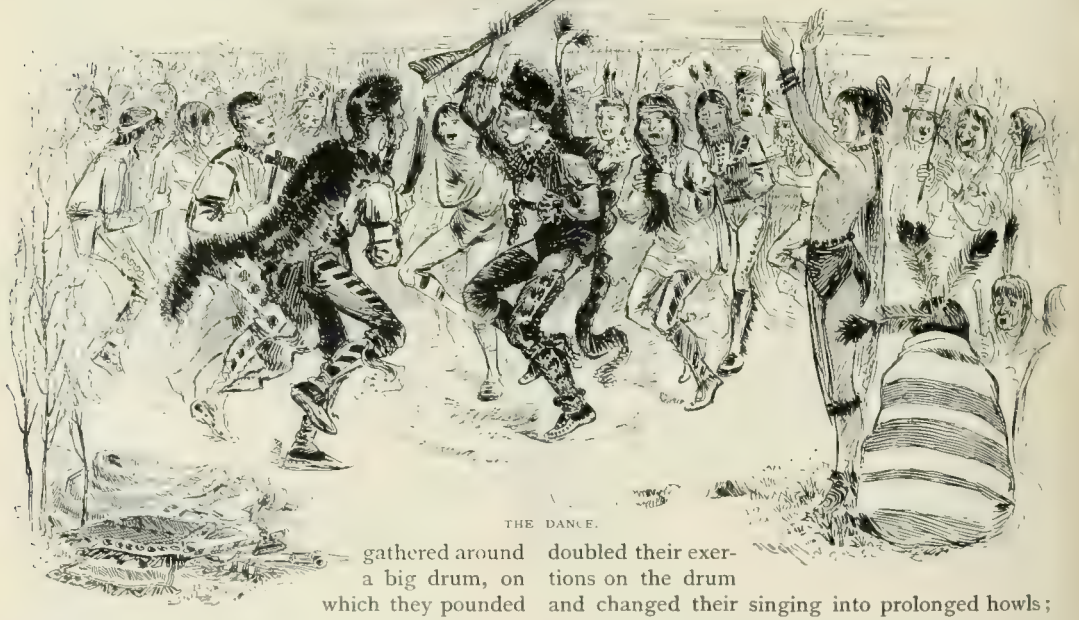
Soon the highly decorated red men silently assembled inside a large space inclosed by bushes stuck into the ground. This was their dance-hall. The squaws were again shut out, as, according to Santee Sioux custom, they are not allowed to join in the dances with the men. The Indians, as they came in, sat quietly down around the sides of the inclosure. The musicians were gathered around a big drum, on which they pounded with short sticks, while they sang a sort of wild, weird chant. The effect, to an uneducated white man's ear, was rather depressing, but it seemed very pleasing to the Indians.



HOLIDAY CLOTHES AND EVERY-DAY CLOTHES.

The ball was opened by an old chief, who, rising slowly, beckoned the others to follow him. In his right hand the leader carried a wooden gun, ornamented with eagles' feathers; in the left he held a short stick, with bells attached to it. He wore a cap of otter skin, from which hung a long train. His face was carefully painted in stripes of blue and yellow.

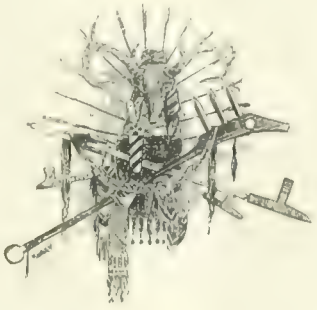
At first, they all moved slowly, jumping twice on each foot; then, as the musicians struck up a more lively pounding and a more inspiring song, the dancers moved with more rapidity, giving an occasional shout and waving their arms in the air. As they grew warmer and more excited, the musicians redoubled their exertions on the drum and changed their singing into prolonged howls; then one of them, dropping his drum-sticks, sprang to his feet, and, waving his hands over his head, he



THE DANCE.

yelled till he was breathless, urging on the dancers. This seemed to be the finishing touch. The orchestra and dancers seemed to vie with each other as to who should make the greater noise. Their yells were deafening, and, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, they sprang around with wonderful agility. Of course, this intense excitement could last but a short time; the voices of the musicians began to fail, and, finally, with one last grand effort, they all gave a terrible shout, and then all was silence. The dancers crawled back to their places around the inclosure, and sank exhausted on the grass. But soon some supple brave regained enough strength to rise. The musicians slowly recommenced, other dancers came forward, and the "mad dance" was again in full blast. And thus the revels went on, hour after hour, all night, and continued even through the following day. But there was a curious fascination about it, and, tired as we were after the long day, we stood there looking on hour after hour. Finally, after midnight had passed, we gathered our Indian purchases about us, including two beautiful ponies, and began our return trip toward the railroad and civilization. But the monotonous sound of the Indian drum followed us mile after mile over the prairie; in fact, it followed us much better than my new spotted pony.

My arm aches now, as I remember how that pony hung back.



THE FLOWER GIRL.

From an Algonquin Indian Story.[*]

By Charles G. Leland.

I'm going to the garden
Where summer roses blow;
I'll make me a little sister
Of all the flowers that grow;

I'll make her body of lilies,
Because they're soft and white;
I'll make her eyes of violets,
With dew-drops shining bright;

I'll make her lips of rose-buds,
Her cheeks of rose-leaves red,
Her hair of silky corn-tops
All braided 'round her head;

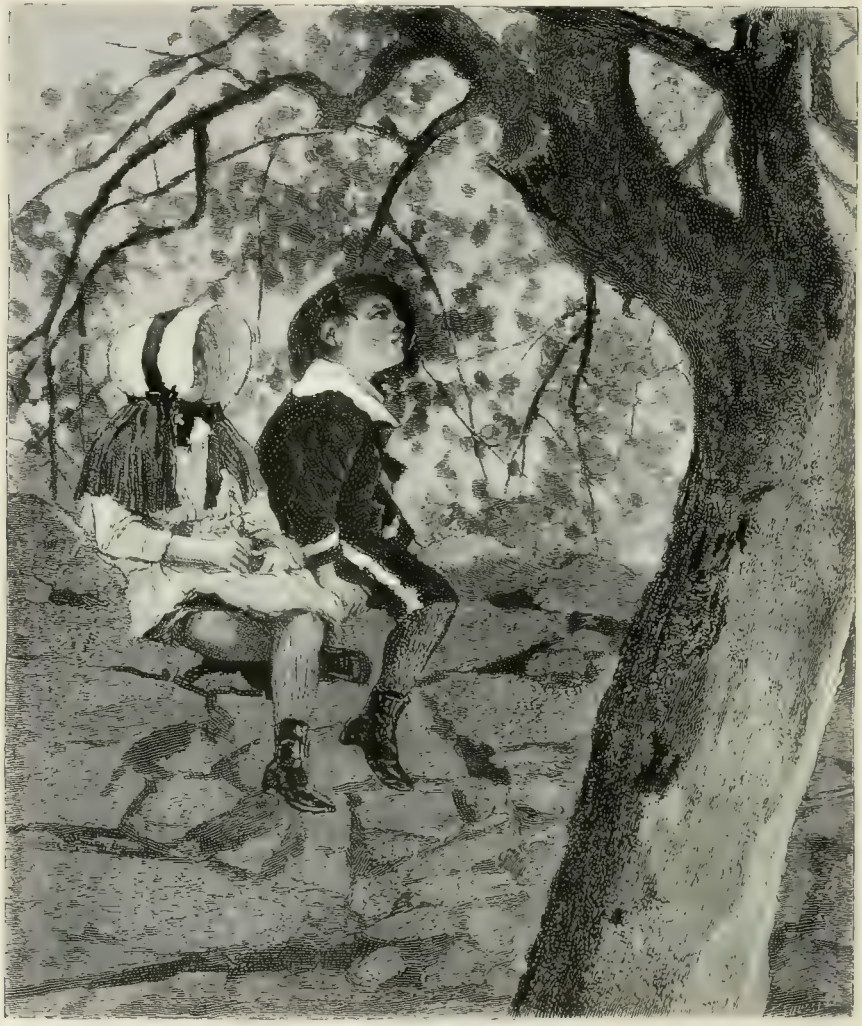
With apple-tree and pear leaves
I'll make her a lovely gown,
With rows of golden buttercups
For buttons, up and down.

I'll dance with my little sister
Away to the river strand,
Away across the water,—
Away into Fairy-land.

[*] Several of the Algonquin tribes have a legend of a girl who was made entirely of flowers.

GOLD-ROBIN.

By Celia Thaxter.



THE children came scampering down the lane,—
"Mamma! Gold-Robin 's come back again!
Of all the elm trees he likes ours best,—
Look, Mamma, look! he is mending his nest!"

They pulled mamma to the open door,
"O yes," she said, "but I saw him before;
The very moment the beauty came,
I saw him flit like a living flame

"Hither and yon through the green leaves gay,
Till he seemed to add a light to the day;
And my very heart rejoiced to hear
His fairy bugling so deep and clear.

"There 's his pretty mate. See! Up in the tree.
A soberer dress and cap wears she.
They 've been at work here the whole day long,
Except when he stopped just to sing her a song.

"What a piece of good fortune it is, that they
Come faithfully back to us every May!
No matter how far in the winter they roam,
They are sure to return to their summer home."

The little ones capered and laughed aloud.
Of such a neighbor who would n't be proud?
See, how like a splendid king he is dressed,
In velvet black with a golden vest!

What money could buy such a suit as this?
What music can match that voice of his?
And who such a quaint little house could build,
To be with a beautiful family filled?

O happy winds that shall rock them soft
In their swinging cradle hung high aloft!
O happy leaves that the nest shall screen!—
And happy sunbeams that steal between!

O happy stars of the summer night,
That watch o'er that delicate home's delight,—
And happy and fortunate children we,
Such music to hear and such beauty to see!

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

By W. W. CRANNELL.

In the early part of the year 1777, the leaders of the Revolution found themselves faced by new and very perplexing embarrassments. It was reported that General Burgoyne had arrived at Quebec, purposing to advance from the North with a strong support; hearing which, General Schuyler, fearful that the enemy might capture Ticonderoga and then force their way to Albany, strenuously called for reënforcements and supplies. It was also reported that the British were active in and around New York, having received large reënforcements composed partly of German mercenaries. Early in June, Sir William Howe left his head-quarters in New York, crossed the river into New Jersey, and established himself at New Brunswick.

In the Continental Army, the terms of service of many of the men who had enlisted for a year or less were expiring; and they, anxious to be released from the severe duties of soldier-life, were returning to their homes. Men were wanted to fill up the ranks thus depleted, and the several States were urged to furnish the recruits. General Knox wrote, "Nothing but the united efforts of every State in America can save us from disgrace and probably from ruin." To this appeal no State responded more readily than Connecticut; and when the great struggle was over, Washington wrote, "If all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

It was during these disheartening times, or, to be exact, on the twentieth day of June, 1777, that Richard Lord Jones, a boy who had but just passed his tenth birthday, fired by the same spirit of patriotism that animated the breasts of the lusty farmers of that day, offered himself as a volunteer to serve in the ranks for his oppressed country.

Richard was born at Colchester, Conn., on the fifteenth day of May, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable General James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife. In a short time, he showed so much proficiency that he was deemed one of the best fifers in the regiment.

About two months after Richard's enlistment, he was sent to the regiment, at White Plains. After remaining there a short time he, with the regiment, went on up the Hudson to Peekskill, the head-quarters of General Putnam, whose command embraced the fortified posts in the Highlands on both sides of the river. On the sixth day of October, 1777, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, situated on the west side of the river, were captured by the enemy under Sir Henry Clinton. Putnam with his troops on the east side, unable to render timely assistance, after being under arms all night, started early in the morning and retreated up the Hudson, our young soldier breakfasting, before the start, on a hard biscuit and a slice of raw pork. When opposite New Windsor, Putnam detached one division of his forces under Governor George Clinton, which crossed the river; while he, with the other, continued up the east side to protect the country from the ravages of the enemy, who had removed the obstructions in the Hudson and were on their way up the river. Dick, as he was familiarly called, went with the troops under Governor Clinton, who continued the march until within sight of Kingston, which was found in flames, having been fired by the enemy under General Vaughn, who had preceded Clinton by a few hours.

During a halt on the way, the arrest of the British spy, Daniel Taylor, was made. From Dick's statement it appears that Sergeant Williams, of Colonel Webb's regiment, and another soldier, strolled away from the camp a short distance, and fell in with two men, one of whom questioned the sergeant as to who was in command. Upon the sergeant's answering "Clinton," the stranger said that he would like to see him; whereupon Williams conducted him to Governor Clinton's quarters. On being presented to the Governor, the stranger appeared confused, and said that this was not the man he wished to see. He then swallowed hastily something which he put into his mouth. This act immediately excited the suspicions of the Governor, who called for a physician and had an emetic administered which brought forth a small silver bullet. Upon its being opened, a note was revealed intended for the British general, Burgoyne, and written by Sir Henry Clinton. It contained the information that "nothing but Gates was between them." (General Gates was then in command of the American forces farther up the Hudson). The man who was captured supposed that he was in the British camp, as Colonel Webb's regiment wore a uniform similar to that worn by the British army; and he was also deceived by hearing the name "Clinton," believing it to be Sir Henry, Commander of the British forces, instead of Governor George Clinton, who was in command of the Americans. Taylor was condemned as a spy and executed.

At Hurley, a small village west of Kingston, the regiment remained about two weeks. There the news was received of the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, and also of the retreat of the British on the Hudson to New York. The regiment was then ordered to Norwalk, Conn., and was soon after engaged in an enterprise, planned by General Putnam, having in view the destruction of a large quantity of lumber on the east end of Long Island, which was being prepared by the enemy for their barracks in New York. General Samuel M. Parsons was entrusted with the execution of the enterprise, aided by Colonel Webb, who was to land near Huntington. Parsons succeeded in destroying the lumber and one of the enemy's vessels, and returned safely with his entire party unhurt and twenty of the enemy prisoners; but Colonel Webb was not so fortunate, he having encountered in his passage the British sloop of war "Falcon." Being in a common transport without guns, he could not offer battle or attempt a defense; so he was obliged to steer for a creek on Long Island. He reached it, but missing the channel, the vessel struck on a bar at its mouth. Colonel Webb and the captain of the vessel then took to the small boat on the windward side, and Dick was called for by the colonel, with whom he was a great favorite; but a stout soldier had already taken him in his arms and was clambering over the side of the sloop, when the small boat upset. The surf was running high, but Colonel Webb caught a rope on the lee side, and regained a footing on board the vessel again. The captain swam the creek and was rescued by some people on shore.

In the meantime the "Falcon" had anchored and begun firing, and as there was no chance to escape, the colors were struck and the enemy took possession. When the tide permitted, the sloop was floated off and taken to Newport, R. I., with the colonel, four officers, twenty privates of his regiment, and forty militia, all picked men.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The colonel being called forward was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer noticing the little fellow at the heels of his colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can *you* do for him?" asked the officer, with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young continental, asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of, "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough," and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the War of Independence,

the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty. About the same time, Colonel Webb was released on parole, and in company they left on a small sloop for Providence, where horses were procured on which they continued their journey to Norwich. At this place they found Major Ebenezer Huntington, of their regiment, at the house of his father. They journeyed on through Wethersfield, and in less than a week Dick arrived



FACE OF BILL PRESENTED BY MRS MARTHA WASHINGTON TO RICHARD LORD JONES, MAY, 1780.

at his father's house in Hartford. After remaining at home a short time, he rejoined his regiment at West Point, which, owing to the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the military authorities had decided to fortify. Huts were built in the upper edge of the bank, just below the point, and here the winter of 1777 was passed. Early in the spring of 1778, the regiment, under Kosciusko, built Fort Webb, which formed a portion of the works at that stronghold. A chain was stretched across the river above the point, and a battery built at each end, while Fort Clinton, situated on the point, commanded the river.

In the early summer, the regiment was sent to Providence, and thence to Tiverton, where it remained for a short time. General Sullivan was in command of the troops in Rhode Island at this time, and our young hero was in all the engagements on the island that had in view the recapture of Newport, and which were unsuccessful in consequence of the failure of the French fleet under Count D'Estaing to coöperate with the continental forces.

The regiment wintered that year at Warren, in the vicinity of Newport. In the spring of 1779, the regiment was inspected by Baron Steuben. During this period the men were mustered every morning for exercise. As Dick was sometimes late on parade, the fife-major threatened to send a file of men for him on the next occasion of his tardiness; and one morning, in accordance with this threat, a corporal with a file of men escorted him to the parade, amidst the merriment of the soldiers, who hugely enjoyed seeing three men escort the little lad to the parade ground.

At Warren the regiment remained until the British evacuated Rhode Island, on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1779, when it was marched to the island by way of Bristol. About two weeks were spent at Newport, when it was ordered westward. Passing through Greenwich, Hartford, and New Haven, it crossed the Hudson River at Dobb's Ferry, and brought up on the heights of Morristown, N. J., the headquarters of General Washington. The entire march of about two hundred miles, over rough and frozen ground, was made by Dick with bare feet. Soon after reaching Morristown, the regiment commenced building huts, which were first occupied on the twelfth day of January, 1780.

The winter at Morristown was one of unusual severity, and aggravated the sufferings of the army, which, for want of clothing and the necessities of life, endured as much distress as was experienced the previous winter at Valley Forge. For days the army was without meat, and for weeks it subsisted on half rations. In January, Washington wrote: "For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost famishing." But with spring came encouragement and hope; for Lafayette had returned from France with promises of renewed support.

A review by General Washington and his staff being anticipated, the officers of Colonel Webb's regiment cut up their shirts into pieces the size of a collar, and gave one piece to each soldier. At that time, not a private soldier in the regiment had a shirt to his back. The men made an appearance on that occasion that was both ludicrous and pathetic, but they accepted with a proper pride the enthusiastic and appropriate comments on their display of shirt collars.

Our hero, Dick, having a good voice, and being a favorite among both officers and men, was brought into prominence on several occasions, and it was at a dinner party given in the month of May by Colonel Webb to General Washington and staff, that the most interesting incident in his army life occurred.

The colonel sent for him, and, after handing him a small silver cup filled with wine, requested him to sing a song. Dick drank the unfamiliar beverage as if it were water, the result of which caused so strangling a sensation, that immediate compliance with the request was impossible. Upon Colonel Webb's suggestion, he marched up and down the room until the effect had passed away, and then in his clear, boyish voice sang a patriotic song.

After the applause that followed the song had subsided, the colonel directed Dick to go to Colonel Jackson's hut, where Mrs. Washington and other ladies were, and to tell Mrs. Washington that Colonel Webb had sent him to sing her a song. Dick obeyed orders, and at the conclusion of his song received from Mrs. Washington, in acknowledgment of her thanks, a three-dollar Continental bill. This bill was sacredly kept by Dick until the day of his death, in loving remembrance of the noble woman who gave it to him. It is now the property of Major Richard Lord Annesley, of Albany, N. Y., a grandson of the youthful patriot. An engraving of one side of this bill is here presented. The following certificate concerning it was written by the recipient of the bill, more than seventy years after the date of its presentation to him :

"The bill of three dollars, accompanying this, is a sample of the currency of the United States during the War of the Revolution. This bill was presented to R. L. Jones (the subscriber) by Mrs. Martha Washington, at Colonel Jackson's hut, on the heights of Morristown, New Jersey, in May, 1780 — immediately after the extreme hard winter, when Col. S. B. Webb's Regiment, to which he was attached, struck their tents and took possession of their huts, January 12th,— snow two or three feet deep. He was then, when the bill was received, just thirteen years of age, and just at the end of his term of enlistment of three years,— supposed to be the youngest person on the pay-roll of the army.

"Richard L. Jones.

"New Albany, Indiana, October 12th, 1850."

After the singing of the song, the officers joined the ladies and started for a walk. When about half-way down a long hill, they seated themselves on some fallen trees, and Dick was again requested to sing. Upon the completion of the song, they arose, and an officer, accompanied by a lady, beckoned Dick with one hand, while he placed the other behind his back, from the open palm of which Dick took three English shillings. The officer was General Lafayette, who but a few days before had returned from France.

A short time afterward, the regiment left the huts, and was marched toward Springfield, where it was engaged in the action with the enemy under General Knyphausen, on June 23. Prior to the battle, on June 20, Dick's term of three years expired, and he was honorably discharged. In company with two men of his regiment, whose terms had also expired, he started for home, walking the entire distance of nearly two hundred miles.



RICHARD LORD JONES, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

How pleasant were his anticipations of re-union with loved ones, as he bravely plodded along the highway and across fields until he reached his father's home in Hartford!

At home! All the long, cold winters of cruel want lay behind, and before him rose the future, bright with anticipations of prosperity and peace. But the soldier-life of the boy became one of the brightest memories to the old man, and, in his last years, his greatest pleasure consisted in recounting the incidents connected with the days of his soldierhood to a willing listener. After reaching manhood, he engaged in the cotton-manufacturing business in his native State, which he carried on successfully for a while; but the times and he were out of joint. The war of 1812 brought him financial ruin. In the year 1818, he moved west and settled at Gallipolis, Ohio. He afterward became a farmer near New Albany, Indiana, where he resided many years and where he died July 23, 1852.

A WAY TO GROW WISE.

BY MARTHA HOLMES BATES.

ALMOST all of my girl and boy friends are fond of good books; but I have noticed that many of them, when they have read a volume through to the period at the end, toss it quickly aside, and without giving a second thought to the contents of its pages, hasten away in search of some new entertainment or occupation.

Now, I want to give a bit of advice on this subject of reading, which I hope every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will follow, for a few weeks at least, so as to give my suggestion a fair trial.

You all, of course, wish and intend to become intelligent and well-informed men and women; it is for this end that we all learn to read in the beginning: in order, however, to succeed in our ambition, we must not only know *how to read*, but how *to make use of what we read*. And some knowledge of the nature of our minds is a great assistance in learning this important lesson. The writings of all the learned men in the world could not make us wise if our mental faculties were not first trained to think, reason, and remember.

So here is my advice: After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

Now, shut your eyes, and see if you can remember my advice.

A GOOD DRUGGIST.

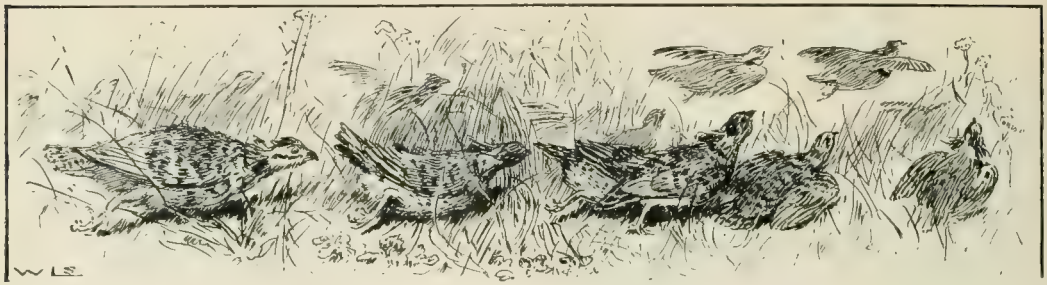
BY MARY LANG.

A MAN who kept a store
Once wrote upon his door:

"Oh, I can make a pill
That shall ease ev'ry ill!
I keep here a plaster,
To prevent disaster;
Also some good ointment,
To soothe disappointment."

When customers applied,
These words are what he cried:

"Now, *Patience* is the pill
That eases ev'ry ill;
Take-care is a plaster,
Which prevents disaster;
Good-humor an ointment,
Soothing disappointment."



MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

By Maurice Thompson.

Chapter VIII.

IN THE PRAIRIE WEEDS.

Next morning the sky was bright and clear. The sun soon dried the grass, and the boys were eager to be off after the game.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin had arranged for a hunt in a stretch of weed prairie lying about a mile and a half west of the camp. One side of this field was bordered by a luxuriant corn plantation, another side by a wheat field.

Neil and Hugh, armed with the small-bore guns belonging to Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, stepped proudly and briskly along, listening to the words of advice and caution which those kind gentlemen were speaking for their benefit.

It was a beautiful sight to see the four dogs ranging at a brisk gallop, each ambitious to scent the first bird. Snip took the prize before reaching the weedy part of the prairie, by coming to a stanch stand on a high knoll where the grass was very short and thin. In a moment the three other dogs had backed him. "Surely there are no birds there," said Neil; "we could see them; there 's nothing to hide them."

Hugh had nervously brought his gun to the position of "ready." He was suffering from what is called hunter's fever; his eagerness to get a shot had overcome his nerves.

They all moved on in a row, keeping about ten paces apart, Mr. Marvin at one end, Uncle Charley at the other, and the boys in the middle; every dog stood as rigid as a post.

A few more steps, and up rose a scattered flock of birds — grouse, scarcely old enough to fly with full power, but in excellent plight for market. Uncle Charley fired right and left, bringing down two; Mr. Marvin did the same. Neil killed a bird at his second shot, but Hugh blazed away somewhat at random and did not touch a feather.

"Mark where they pitch down," exclaimed Mr. Marvin; "they 're fine birds — just old enough to suit the epicures." He was a little excited, too; but he was quite deliberate, nevertheless.

At last the birds, rounding a little in their course, settled into the weeds.

"Where 's your game, Hugh?" said Uncle Charley, as the dogs brought in the dead grouse.

"I think I missed," murmured Hugh.

"Better luck next time," remarked Mr. Marvin, in a tone of encouragement. They all reloaded their guns and started on at a brisk pace.

Presently they reached a fence that stood between them and the weed field. Mr. Marvin halted and took the shells out of his gun.

"What are you unloading for?" asked Hugh.

"I never climb over a fence with a loaded gun in my hands," said Mr. Marvin; "a large number of the dreadful hunting accidents are caused by not observing this simple rule."

Hugh took out his shells, too, and by a side glance saw Uncle Charley and Neil do likewise.

"One of my best friends was killed by falling off a fence with a loaded gun in his hand," Mr. Marvin added. "One can never be too careful."

The weed covert into which the game had gone proved to be troublesome. The rich soil of the prairie had sent up such a tall growth that Hugh and Neil would have been lost in it, so they had to stay on the edges of the thickest part while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley went in with the dogs and flushed the grouse. Soon a lively firing began.

The boys banged away at every bird that came near them. Neil was beginning to show some skill, fetching down his game quite often and in good style; but Hugh could not be patient and painstaking enough.

The birds that escaped the guns went over into the wheat-stubble and, scattering widely, offered a chance for some good sport. Hugh took Snip and

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went to where he had marked down three of them. The dog soon pointed one in a place where, owing to some thick weeds, the wheat had been left uncut. Hugh stopped for a minute to try to steady himself, and then went slowly on, glancing rapidly in every direction, for he did not know just at what point the game would rise. Now, a good sportsman never allows his eyes to wander at such a time, but keeps them fixed steadily to the front; in that way he can see a bird rise anywhere within the space covered by even the dimmest part of his vision. Then, too, he trusts to his ears to warn him of the first flutter of a wing in the covert.

Hugh felt his heart beating rapidly, but he kept himself fairly steady until he flushed the bird. Then his gun flew up too quickly, and he did n't wait to take aim. Of course he missed, but he quickly recovered himself and did better with the left barrel, bringing down the game. Snip retrieved the bird and was fetching it in, when suddenly he stopped and pointed with the game in his mouth. This was a very rare exhibition of scenting power. Hugh flushed the bird from the stubble and weeds. It rose almost vertically and flew right over his head in the direction toward which his back was turned. The shot was a difficult one at best, but Hugh turned quickly and pulled first the right-hand trigger, then the left-hand one. The gun failed to fire. He looked, and found that he had forgotten to reload! Snip seemed disappointed. His eyes turned inquiringly toward Hugh's face, as if to say: "That was a poor response to my splendid performance!" Hugh acknowledged to himself that here was another result of his impetuosity and carelessness.

"I shall learn something after a while, if I keep on trying," he thought, as he opened the breech of his gun and slipped in the shells.

Meantime, Neil had been having some fine luck. His coolness and carefulness excited the admiration of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. In fact, he hit nearly as often as he missed, and when the shooting was over, his game-bag held seven birds.

Chapter IX.

A NEW PROSPECT OPENS TO THE BOYS.

A few more days spent on the prairie in delightful tramps and instructive conversation with Mr. Marvin, and the hunt was ended. Uncle Charley declared the time up, and gave orders to have the tents struck and the wagons made ready for the return to the village.

Before separating, however, Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley held a long consultation, the result of which was an arrangement for a winter's campaign in the finest game regions of Georgia and Florida.

Uncle Charley promised Neil and Hugh that he would try to get their father to let them go along with him.

"If he will let you go," continued Uncle Charley, "I will buy you each a good gun and a complete outfit."

Hugh fairly bounded for joy, and Neil's face grew rosy with his great delight.

They bade Mr. Marvin good-bye, with a great hope of meeting him a month or two later; and then, with their faces set toward home, they drove off across the rolling prairie. Those had been happy days, and the boys, all sunburned and ruddy with health, were now anxious to get back to their father and the young friends with whom they associated in the village. Their mother had been dead for some years; consequently, their father was much more to them than a father usually is.

The boys' hearts jumped when at last the church spires and painted roofs of the home village came in sight.

As they drove up to the front gate of their home, Mr. Burton saw them from his library window, and came limping down the carriage-way to meet them.

"Why, you are almost as black as little Hottentots!" he exclaimed, looking at their sunbrowned faces.

"But we 've had a glorious time," said Hugh. "I never did enjoy anything so much. And, Papa, we wish to go home with Uncle Charley, and hunt in the South this winter, and he 's going to buy us guns and everything,—are n't you, Uncle Charley?"

"I should think, from your looks, that you have had hunting enough for one season, at least," said Mr. Burton. "Have they been reasonably good boys, Charles?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Charley, "they have behaved in a very creditable way. I am proud of them."

Weeks passed before Neil and Hugh were tired of recounting to their young friends in Belair their many pleasing and their few thrilling adventures on the great prairie.

Neil, with his usual foresight and philosophical prudence, fully believing that they would go South with Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, sent for a book on wing-shooting, and fell to studying it carefully. He also renewed his readings in natural history. But Hugh was so full of fun and so restless, that he avoided any close application to study.

"I am resolved," said Neil, "to know all I can about the haunts and habits of game, as well as about the best methods of hunting and shooting.

Whatever is worth knowing and doing is worth knowing and doing well."

He also took an old blunderbuss out of the garret, and, although it had no lock, he used it to practice aiming. This exercise accustomed his hands, arms, and eyes to work in concert, a thing of prime importance in wing-shooting.

Uncle Charley observed Neil's close application to the study of the matter in hand, but he said nothing. He knew that it meant success. He had arranged with Mr. Burton for the boys to go South with him, and had sent for their guns, which were to be made to order. He had also agreed to pay Mr. Marvin a sum of money sufficient to compensate him for the loss of the autumn shooting on the Kankakee, in order that he might go South early enough to make everything ready for a whole winter in the field.

Mr. Marvin came to Belair on the same day that the boys' new guns arrived by express from New York. Those guns were beauties, too, just alike, weighing six and a half pounds each, sixteen-bore, Damascus barrels, with low hammers and pistol-grip stocks; in fact, the very finest little guns that Blank Brothers could make.

"You 're patriotic boys," said Mr. Marvin, after examining the weapons; "you go in for American guns, do you?"

"I think our American work is quite equal to that of the English now," said Uncle Charley, "and these guns are recommended as very close, hard shooters."

"So they are, and cheap. An English gun of their grade would have cost at least three hundred dollars."

"Are n't they beauties, though?" cried Hugh, dancing around with his gun in his hand. "I 'm going to name mine "Falcon," because it will be such a bird-destroyer! What shall you name yours, Neil?"

"Mine shall be anonymous," said Neil, "but it will do good work, all the same!"

"When do we start to go South, Uncle Charley?" queried the always impatient Hugh.

"Some time next week, perhaps," was the reply; "are you in a hurry?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Hugh, "I want to to be off just as soon as possible!"

"The first thing to do is to target those new guns," said Mr. Marvin.

"What is targeting a gun?" inquired Hugh.

"I 'll show you," said Mr. Marvin. He took some white sheets of printer's paper, large enough to hold a circle thirty inches in diameter drawn with a pencil. In the center of the circle he made a small black spot.

"Now," said he, "we shall see what kind of pattern the guns will make. If they are good or bad we shall soon know it."

They took a dozen or so of these paper targets and went beyond the town limits, where they placed them one at a time against the side of an old disused barn. Each barrel of the two guns was fired at a separate target, at the distance of forty yards, with shells loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of number-eight shot.

"These are most excellent guns," was Mr. Marvin's decision, after giving them a careful test. "See how evenly and close together they distribute their shot with the left barrels, and how nicely the right barrels scatter the shot a little wider. Yes, young gentlemen, you have first-class guns."

"But why are the right barrels made to scatter wider?" inquired Hugh.

"Because you shoot that barrel first and usually at short range, while you keep your left barrel for the second shot, which is nearly always at long range," replied Mr. Marvin.

Neil had found this out long ago from his reading.

All the boys in Belair soon discovered that Neil and Hugh had fine guns, and this fact was the subject of lively conversation among them. And when the news of the proposed Southern trip leaked out our young friends were the heroes of the village.

Neil and Hugh had to answer hundreds of questions, and tell their plans over and over again to their less fortunate playmates.

And so at length the time for their going arrived.

Chapter X.

Away to the South!

When the time came for the departure for the South, and everything had been packed and sent to the railway station, Mr. Burton gave his boys over into the care of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. His last words to Neil and Hugh were:

"Be good boys, and be careful how you handle your guns."

Quite a number of the playmates and schoolfellows of Neil and Hugh gathered at the station to see them off. The boys promised to send them specimens of birds, alligators' teeth, and other trophies of their prowess.

It was on the eve of the second night following, that they reached Uncle Charley's house, a large building, set back some distance from a broad country road in the midst of a grove of big cedar trees. In fact, the place was known as "The

Cedars," and the farm was one of the largest and best in East Tennessee. The boys were given a large, airy room, with a tall, high, old-fashioned bed in it, as their own. A bright fire was burning on the hearth of a broad-mouthed fire-place, and an old colored woman, named Rhoda, came to wait upon them.

Next morning before breakfast Uncle Charley called them up to show them his kennels and stables. He had a great number of fine dogs and horses, of which he was very proud. Then he showed them his fat cattle and his Cotswold sheep and his drove of young mules. It was quite plain that Uncle Charley was a thrifty and energetic farmer. His house was on a hill, from which one could see all over the broad rolling farm, consisting of about a thousand acres of rich brown land, fenced with cedar rails and under a high state of cultivation.

"You see I don't hunt all the time," said Uncle Charley. "I have this big farm to oversee and take care of."

"I should think it would be a very delightful business to take care of such a beautiful farm," said Neil, looking about on the clean fields and well-kept flocks and herds.

"I like it very much," said Uncle Charley. "It pleases me to see my crops of corn and wheat grow and ripen and my cattle get fat and sleek. After I have worked hard and have been successful, then I can take my gun and go off for a long hunt, feeling that I have earned the right to enjoy it."

Uncle Charley had a coal-black negro servant, a boy about Neil's size, called Judge, who soon became acquainted with the boys. He was a bright fellow, whose mind was stored with all the queer notions peculiar to Southern negroes. He at once formed a great liking for Hugh, whose enthusiastic temperament captivated him. The two began to associate together a great deal, the negro taking Hugh over all the big farm and pointing out many places of curious interest — the cotton-gin, no longer in use; the little corn-mill, with its big overshot wheel, beside a brook; the mill-pond, where in summer Judge went in swimming; the vast peach-orchards, and many farm implements quite different from those which Hugh had been accustomed to see in the barns of farmers at the North.



"HUGH FLUNG DOWN HIS GUN AND RAN BACK TO THE FENCE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took time to carefully arrange their plans and collect their supplies for the winter. It was agreed that their first hunting should be done in North Georgia, where quail was plentiful and the facility for shipping the game to a good market was all that could be desired by Mr. Marvin.

There is one kind of shooting allowed in the Southern States which is strictly forbidden in most Northern and Western States, namely, dove-shooting. Doves are great pests to the Southern farmer. In autumn they collect in immense flocks, and sometimes utterly destroy whole fields of peas; so that the saying "Innocent as a dove" is not of much force there, and the birds are often killed in

large numbers and sent to market, mostly by negro hunters and trappers.

Neil and Hugh were extremely anxious to try their new guns, and it chanced that one day a grand flight of doves settled in one of Uncle Charley's pea fields. This was a good excuse for the boys. They seized their weapons and were off in a surprisingly short space of time. Even Judge brought forth a gun, and such a gun as it was! A short, clumsy, big-bored affair, with only one barrel and a flint-lock.

"I think I 'd better go with the boys," said Mr. Marvin, getting out his smaller gun; "they 'll need some watching and directing." And it turned out that they did need very close watching; for Hugh and Judge went wild as soon as they got among the doves, banging away in every direction, and apparently not caring much who or what was in the way. Neil and Mr. Marvin had to be very careful to keep out of the way of danger. Much to every one's surprise, Judge killed a greater number of birds than either Neil or Hugh. He used his old flint-lock with real expertness.

A funny thing happened to Hugh. He killed a dove, which fell over in a little field where Uncle Charley kept a fine English bull. The fence was a very high one, but Hugh climbed over it and ran to get his game. The bull, thinking he had come to give it some salt, ran toward Hugh, bellowing loudly.

The boy cast one wild, horrified glance at the wrinkled face and sharp horns of the huge animal, and then flung down his gun and ran back to the fence, screaming at every jump. The bull followed briskly, bellowing brokenly, until it came to where Hugh's gun lay, then it stopped and began to bellow and to paw the earth with one of its fore feet.

Hugh climbed over the fence and stood peeping through a crack, trembling and panting. The bull was striking his gun with its foot and knocking it about as if it were a straw.

Mr. Marvin, hearing the boy's wild screams, ran to the spot as quickly as he could, but Judge outran him and reached Hugh just in time to see the bull break the stock of the gun short off at the pistol-grip.

Judge did not stop at the fence, but scrambled over it, and, rushing up, drove the bull away and picked up the shattered weapon, which he brought back to where Hugh and Mr. Marvin stood.

"Dat 's a mighty much ob a pity, Mahs' Hugh," said the negro, rolling his big white eyes commiseratingly. "What yo' gwine to do 'bout dis purty gun, now?"

Hugh could not speak. His voice stuck in his throat, and his lips were purple with excitement and distress.

Mr. Marvin looked very much disappointed. He took the mutilated gun in his hands and examined it in silence. Neil came up and joined the solemn group.

"Why, what 's the trouble?" he inquired.

"De bull 's smashed de young boss's new gun all to bits," said Judge. "He was just a-pawin' it an' a-pawin' it when I got heah. Mahs' Hugh 's de 'fraidest boy I ebber see, an' dat 's a fac'!"

"Well, the harm 's done," said Mr. Marvin, "and it can't be helped now."

They formed a doleful procession as they trudged homeward in silence across the fields. Hugh felt that all his dreams of sport were at an end. He looked at Neil's bright, clean gun, and then at his own battered and broken weapon. The tears would force their way out of his eyes in spite of all he could do.

"I suppose it is n't right to kill doves," he said, at last, regretfully.

"It is n't right to fling down a fine gun and run away every time you hear a bull bellow!" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, rather gruffly. "I should like to know what you 'd do if you should see a bear or an alligator!"

"Dat chile 'ud jes' break his neck a-runnin'," said Judge.

"I hate to have Uncle Charley know I have broken my gun," muttered Hugh.

"De bull broke dat gun; you did n't break it," said Judge.

"I think it can be mended," remarked Neil. "A gunsmith could put a piece of silver around the broken place and fasten it so that it would be nearly as nice as before."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Hugh; "Oh, but I do hope it can be done! I will never be careless again if I can have my gun all right once more."

Uncle Charley was surprised, but he spoke kindly to Hugh, and said he would see what could be done. Next day he took the gun away to a neighboring town and left it with a gunsmith to be mended. When it was brought back, the silver splice had engraved upon it the following words:

"Always keep cool."

The work had been very nicely done, and the weapon was really quite as good, and as pretty as it had been before it was broken.

Hugh's spirits immediately revived, and he was just as happy as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND A CAMP-FIRE.

IT was on a beautiful November day, almost as warm as in September, that our friends started from Uncle Charley's house to make an excursion into

North Georgia to shoot quail and wild turkeys, or whatever other seasonable game could be found. A big Tennessee wagon, covered with a roofing of white cotton cloth, and drawn by two strong mules, was to be the pack vehicle. It was driven and managed by an old colored man named Samson, whose hair and beard were like white wool. A long-bodied hack, or road-wagon, with three seats in it, and covered with oil-cloth, had been fitted up for the hunters to ride in. Judge was to drive this equipage, which was drawn by two of Uncle Charley's beautiful work-horses. The dogs were to go in the big wagon with Samson and the stores.

The mountain region of East Tennessee and North Georgia is one of the most charming countries in the world. The valleys are warm and fertile, lying between high ranges of blue mountain peaks and green foot-hills covered with groves of pines and cedars, oaks and hickory-trees. The air is pure and healthful and the water is the best that cold mountain springs can afford. Vast tracts of this region are so broken up with ravines, abrupt hills, and rugged cliffs of rock, that they are not fit for agriculture, and consequently are not inhabited, save by hardy hunters, trappers, or nut-gatherers. Here and there, in the wildest parts of the mountain ranges, are found what are called "pockets"; they are small valleys, or dells, walled in by the cliffs, and are usually garden-spots of fertility, where are found families of settlers who live peaceful, quiet lives, entirely shut away from the rest of the world.

The first day after leaving Uncle Charley's farm, our friends traveled about forty miles, reaching the foot-hills of a range of mountains close to the northern line of Georgia. They had crossed some large streams and passed over some outlying spurs of another mountain range, and were now ready to begin the ascent of the lofty pile before them.

They pitched their tents beside a clear spring just as darkness began to gather in the woods. On one side of them rose a steep escarpment of broken cliffs; in every other direction a dense forest of pines, undergrown with bushes and vines of various sorts, stretched away gloomy and silent.

Judge built a fire while Samson was feeding the animals, and then the two went to work to get supper. They broiled slices of ham and baked a hoe-cake, made a pot of coffee, and roasted some potatoes and apples. The flaring yellow flames from the pine-knots that Judge had put on the fire threw a wavering light far out among the dusky trees, and the black smoke rolled lightly up among the overhanging boughs.

They all were very hungry. There is nothing like the mountain air to whet one's appetite. Any food seems to taste much better out in the woods than it does at home.

"I should think there might be bears in these mountains," said Hugh, as he leisurely sipped his coffee, "and deer, too."

"There are some deer, and there may be a few black bears," said Uncle Charley, "but they are too scarce and shy to be hunted with profit. Wild cats are plentiful, however, in all this region."

"I should like to see a wild cat," said Hugh. "What does it look like?"

"Very like a common gray house-cat, only two or three times as large, and it has a larger head in proportion to its body and a short tail. It is a savage creature and very dangerous at times. The claws and teeth are long and sharp, and it is very muscular and powerful."

"Do wild cats ever attack people?" inquired Hugh, helping himself to another roasted apple.

"I have heard of such a thing, said Uncle Charley, "and I should n't care to meet one at close quarters, especially if it were wounded."

"I want to hunt something dangerous and have some adventures worth talking about," said Hugh.

"Why, your bull adventure was stirring and dangerous enough, was n't it?" growled Mr. Marvin over his plate of ham.

"That bull *looked* dangerous, anyhow; and besides, if I 'd stood still and it had gored me, you would have said I was foolish for not running."

"Yes, but you threw down your gun; that was what I blamed you for," said Mr. Marvin. "It 's a rule among good soldiers never to drop their guns. A hunter should follow the same rule."

When supper was over, they all sat in a circle around the fire listening to hunting-stories by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. Even old Samson crept up near enough to hear, while he smoked his cob pipe with great show of satisfaction.

Mr. Marvin's best story was about a panther-hunt in a jungle of the Florida everglades. He was describing how, in the course of the hunt, he chanced to come suddenly face to face with the panther, which was crouching on a mass of boughs and vines about ten feet above the ground.

"I was carrying a double-barreled gun," he said, "of which one barrel was a rifle, the other for shot. I saw the savage beast just as it was making ready to spring upon me. I believe I felt very much like doing as Hugh did when the bull came bellowing toward him; but the trouble in my case was that I *could* not run. I was hemmed in by strong bushes and vines. So I summoned all my nerve power and raised my gun to take aim.

Just as I did so the panther leaped straight toward me."

At this point in Mr. Marvin's narration, and as if to sharply emphasize the climax, there came from the woods right behind Hugh a wild shriek altogether startling in its loudness and harshness. Hugh sprang to his feet and leaped clear over the fire.

"Ugh! O-oh! what was that?" he cried, his eyes seeming to start almost out of his head.

Old Samson laughed aloud and said: "Bress yo', chile, dat nuffin' but an ole owl; he 's not gwine ter hurt ye!"

"I think we 'll have to send you home, Hugh," said Uncle Charley; "you 'll never do for one of our party if you keep on in this way."

Hugh crept back to his place, and Mr. Marvin resumed his story:

"I fired both barrels point blank at that brute as it sailed through the air, and at the same moment I dropped flat upon the ground, thinking that the panther would go beyond me before it struck. But I reckoned wrongly; it came right down upon me, almost crushing me. My legs were tangled in some briery vines and my right arm was doubled under me. The panther struggled terribly, tearing the ground with its feet on each side of me, uttering at the same time a sort of gurgling growl. It was very heavy, and my position made its weight seem double what it really was. I tried to throw it off, but my strength was not sufficient. With another hard struggle it died right there, lying across my back. If my legs had not been so badly tangled I could have got out from under the dead brute. As it was, I could do nothing but lie there and halloo. It was not the weight so much as my cramped and tangled situation that held me down. To add to the terror of my predicament I heard the panther's mate scream in the jungle close by. My hunting companions were beating about somewhere in the neighborhood, but I could not hear them. I screamed like a steam-whistle, but no answer came. It was then that I suddenly realized the awful possibilities of my situation. If my companions were out of hearing, how could I ever get help? As I lay there, I could see for some distance along an opening in the undergrowth to where a big cypress tree grew at the edge of a little pond. The other panther leaped a few feet up the bole of this tree and screamed again. That was to me the most terrific sound I ever heard. Just then it struck me that I must go systematically to work to free myself. I lay quite still for a time, thinking. Then I began working my feet out of the tangle of vines. It was hard work, but I persevered and finally succeeded. Then by a strong effort I freed my right arm and, turning myself a little, I rolled the panther off me. The next thing I did was to load both barrels of my gun, for I could now hear the other savage beast growling close by in the jungle. Fear made me alert and steady. Soon I saw a pair of eyes glaring at me not more than two rods away. I took deliberate aim and fired both barrels, sending a ball and nine large buckshot to the spot between those eyes. That was a great adventure for me. I never have known another man who has killed two full-grown panthers on the same day. My companions had heard my firing, and came to me. There lay my two royal enemies dead within a few feet of each other and each shot in the face. But from that day to this I never have had the slightest desire to hunt panthers."

It was now time to go to bed, so Uncle Charley ordered Samson and Judge to their wagon in which they were to sleep.

Mr. Marvin rolled himself in his blankets and lay down by the fire, a way of resting he preferred to being cramped in a tent, especially when the weather was so dry.

At about eleven o'clock the moon came up in the East, filling the woods with a pale light that flickered on the gray mountain cliffs like a silver mist. The big horned owl that had so scared Hugh came and perched itself upon the top of a dead pine near the camp, giving forth now and then its peculiar, wild cry. As it sat upon the highest spire of the tree, it looked double its real size, outlined against the clear gray sky. It would turn its large head from side to side, as if keeping a vigilant outlook for danger.

Hugh awoke from a sweet sleep and heard the owl. He chanced to remember that his father had long wanted a stuffed owl for his library. Why would n't it be just as well to get this one for him?

Very slyly and quietly Hugh arose and put on his clothes. Slipping his gun from its case and loading it with heavy-shotted cartridges, he stole noiselessly out of the tent. Every one else was sleeping. Even Samson's big yellow 'coon dog, that lay under the wagon, did not seem to awake.

Hugh crouched and crept along under cover of a small cedar bush until he got within long range of the owl; then, taking aim as best he could, he fired.

What a noise that gun did make in the still forest! The report went bellowing off in the distance, and then, flung back by some echo-making cliff or hollow, returned with mellow, fragmentary rattling. The dogs began to bark, the horses and mules snorted, old Samson leaped out of his wagon, Mr. Marvin sprang from his sound sleep beside the embers of the fire. In fact, there was a general alarm in the camp.

Chapter XII.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

When Hugh fired, the owl came tumbling down from its lofty perch, flapping its wings as it fell. That was a good shot, and Hugh felt a thrill of gratification and pride as he saw the effect of it. He ran to the spot where the great bird lay, and hastily picked it up. Immediately he screamed with pain and tried to drop it; but it had seized his hand with its beak and talons and would not let go. "O! O! O!" he cried, "it 's killing me! it 's killing me! O, Uncle Charley! Mr. Marvin! come here, quick!"

The owl was not much hurt, the tip of one wing having been broken. Its strong hooked beak and its long talons were piercing Hugh's hand cruelly. The pain was almost unbearable.

Mr. Marvin seized his gun and ran to the spot, expecting to find a bear or a catamount tearing Hugh to pieces. Uncle Charley, Neil and Samson snatched up whatever weapon was nearest and hurriedly joined Mr. Marvin.

But by the time they had all collected around Hugh, he had choked the owl to death with his free hand. The bird had given him some ugly scratches, however, and his face looked ghastly pale in the moonlight.

Fortunately no arteries or large veins had been pierced by the owl's talons or beak. Samson, who was not a bad doctor in affairs of this kind, bound up Hugh's wounds, and they did not afterward give him much trouble.

Next morning, Mr. Marvin skinned the owl and packed the skin away for mounting.

The party resumed their journey, and at once began following a zigzag road that led up the steep side of the mountain they had to cross.

Neil preferred to walk. He was keeping a diary of all that happened and of what he saw and heard. Being nimble of foot, he was easily able to keep ahead of the wagons, and whenever he saw a new plant or tree or some rare bird, he would sit down upon a stone beside the road, and write a description of it in his book. He could draw a little, too, and he made sketches, as best he could, of such objects and bits of landscape as he thought might be interestingly described in a more comprehensive account of their journey, which he meant to prepare at his leisure.

There were not many birds on the mountain, but Neil had a good opportunity to note the appearance and habits of the pileated woodpecker, a bird very rare in the Middle and Western States. It is next to the largest of American woodpeckers, being nearly the size of a crow, almost black, with a tall scarlet crest on the back of its head. The mountaineers call it log-cock, because it is so often seen pecking on rotten logs in the woods. It makes its nest in a hollow which it digs in decaying tree-boles.

When our friends reached the top of the mountain, they found a fine grove of chestnut-trees loaded with their opening burrs. Samson, Hugh, and Judge gathered a large bagful of the nuts and put them in the wagon.

Neil climbed to the top of a great stone-pile from which he beheld a grand view of the surrounding country, for miles and miles. He could see beautiful valleys and shining streams, cozy farm-houses and scattering villages, while far off, against the horizon in every direction, rose an undulating line of blue mountains.

It was late at night when they reached a good camping-place among the foot-hills on the Georgia side. They all were very hungry and tired. The smell of broiling bacon and steeping coffee soon filled the dewy air. A small cold mountain-brook bubbled along beside the tents, and not far off was the log cabin of a family of mountaineers.

"We are near to the quail country, now," said Uncle Charley, "and I think we may count upon some good shooting to-morrow. The valley just below us is covered with farms of growing wheat and corn, and no one ever comes there to hunt."

"But will the farmers let us shoot their birds?" inquired Neil, who recollected the angry remonstrations of some of the prairie folk against the shooting of grouse.

"O, yes," said Uncle Charley; "these mountain people are the most hospitable and accommodating folk you ever saw. Their leading thought, so long as we stay among them, will be to make us thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

Samson announced supper. All were quite ready to do justice to the meal he had prepared, and they were busily engaged in eating, when a man and two boys approached them, bearing flaming torches made of long splinters of pitch-pine.

"Hello, strangers, how d' ye do?" exclaimed the man in a hearty, friendly voice.

"Good evening," said Uncle Charley, very cordially.

"Seein' your fire down here, I thought that mebbe you 'd like to join in a little fun up the hollow," said the stranger.

"Well, what is the fun?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"My old dog Bounce has treed a coon up the hollow, and we 're just going to cut the tree. Can't you come and go along?" The man, as he spoke, took an ax from his shoulder and rested it on the ground

by his feet. "Don't you hear the dog baying?" he added.

Sure enough, the hoarse mouthing of a cur came echoing from the depths of the wood.

"Ef you 're shoor dat it 's a coon," said Samson, "why, den, I'd like ter go."

"So would I!" said Hugh.

"Well, it 's a coon," said the man. "Old Bounce does n't bark for anything but coons or wild cats. It might *possibly* be a wild cat."

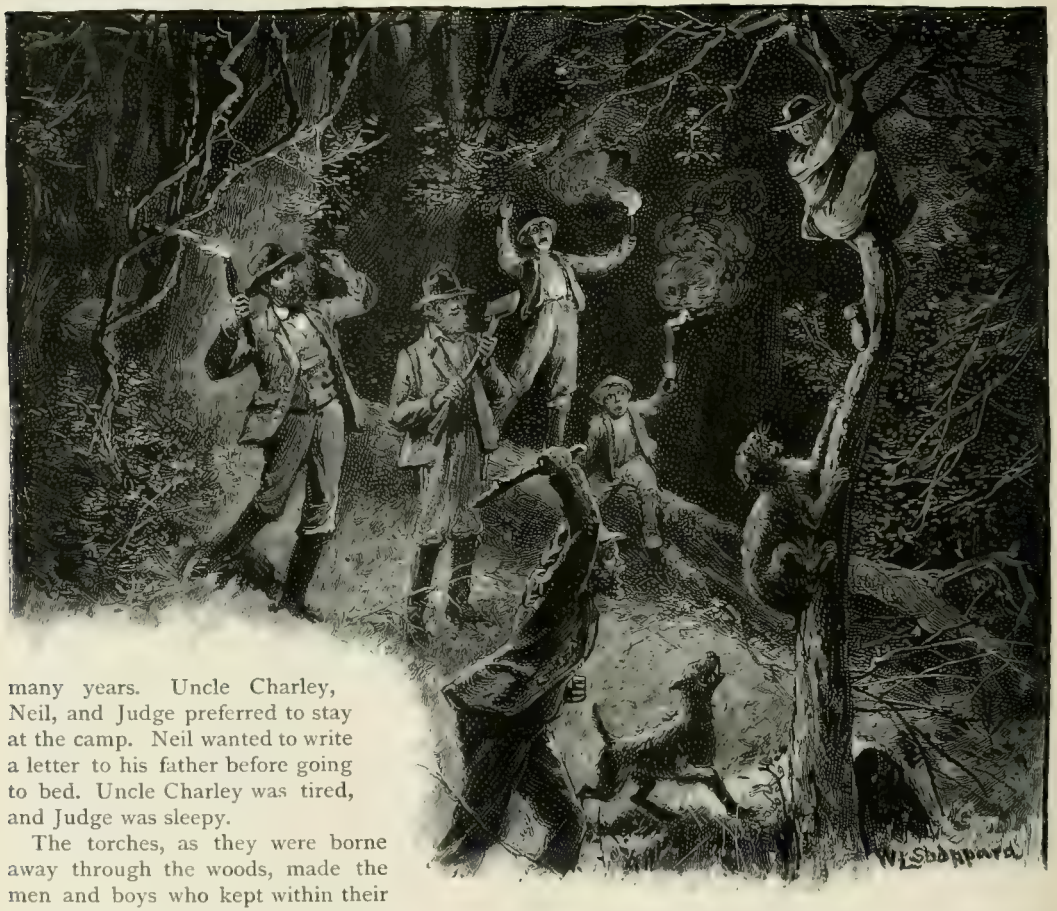
Mr. Marvin said he thought that he would go, too, as he had n't seen a coon fight for a great many years. Uncle Charley, Neil, and Judge preferred to stay at the camp. Neil wanted to write a letter to his father before going to bed. Uncle Charley was tired, and Judge was sleepy.

The torches, as they were borne away through the woods, made the men and boys who kept within their light look like restless specters. If Neil had known what an exciting event was about to happen, up in that little hollow, he would not have stayed in camp, as he did. He presently heard the sound of an ax ringing on solid timber, and, after a long while, a great tree fell to the ground with a loud crash. Then there arose a perfect bedlam of voices. The yelping of a dog was mingled with shouts and screams and a sound as of some savage animal snarling and fighting. Uncle Charley sprang to his feet and listened.

"It is a wild cat," he said, "and it is 'punishing' that dog terribly. Just listen! What a fight they 're having!"

They could hear Hugh's clear voice and Samson's loud shouts mingling with the general din.

"Is there any danger? Do you think Hugh will get hurt?" exclaimed Neil, whose first thought was for the safety of his brother. Uncle Charley did not at once reply. He was too much absorbed in listening to the exciting racket.



THE FIGHT WITH THE WILD CAT.

"Let's go to them," continued Neil; "they may need help."

"It 's too far," said Uncle Charley; "we could not get there in time to be of any service." And even as he spoke, the noise began to subside.

"They 've killed it, or it has escaped," Uncle Charley continued; "they 'll be coming back directly. It must have been a hard fight while it

lasted, and very exciting, too, for I heard Marvin yell loudly once or twice."

"I wish I had gone along," said Neil, moving restlessly about; "I would n't have missed it for anything."

"If it was a wild cat, and I think it was," said Uncle Charley, "it must have escaped. I don't think they could have killed it in so short a time. There was n't a gun in the party, and I know, from the way the dog howled, that the victory was not due to him; he was whipped."

"Why did n't Mr. Marvin and Hugh take their guns? I never heard of such carelessness!" said Neil, adding anxiously: "Perhaps some one of them is badly hurt."

After long waiting, Uncle Charley and Neil at last saw the flash of torches.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAMSON DESCRIBES THE BATTLE.

THE party of coon-hunters soon came up, all of them more or less excited. The tall, strong mountaineer carried a dead wild cat strung upon a pole.

"Ah, you killed it, did you?" exclaimed Uncle Charley.

"Y-e-s, the boy killed it," replied the man; "he knocked it on the head with a light'd knot."

The man alluded to Samson when he said "boy." Southern men usually call colored men *boys*.

"Mahs' Hugh ud 'a' been a gone chile ef I had n't 'a' knocked de varmint," said Samson.

"How was that?" demanded Uncle Charley, with a look of alarm.

"Was it after Hugh?" exclaimed Neil, excitedly.

"Oh, it was a-bowsin' around an' a-snappin' an' a-clawin', an' Mahs' Hugh he climb'd a tree up a little ways, an' de dog was a-howlin' at a great rate, an' I was a-poundin' away at the varmint, an' it clim de tree, too, an' nearly cotch up wid Mahs' Hugh afore he got six feet high up de tree, an' Mahs' Hugh he was a squeechin' powerful, an' den I whack'd it on de head an' down it came! Den dat dog he got berry sabbage all to once, seein' dat de varmint wus kickin' its last, an' he got braver an' braver, an' fell to fightin' it like mad. But dat varmint had done gib dat dog 'nuff fore dat, I tell ye!"

Next morning, our friends descended into the valley and pitched their tents among the fertile farms.

A railway crossed the lower end of this valley, where there was a small village and a station from which Mr. Marvin could ship his game.

The camping-place was beside a deep, narrow little river, or rivulet, the winding course of which through the valley was marked by parallel fringes of plane and tulip trees.

The farms were very rich, having that peculiar sort of soil called "mulatto," in which the famous Georgia red wheat grows to such perfection as it never attains elsewhere.

Here the blue jays, cardinal grosbeaks, brown thrushes, and crested fly-catchers were found by Neil. Gray squirrels, already growing scarce in the Western States, seemed to be quite plentiful in this region, and were the only small game hunted by the farmers, whose long flint-lock rifles were quite interesting to Neil and Hugh.

Judge was sent to the neighboring village, that afternoon, to get some needed supplies, and to post some letters, among which was a long one from Neil to his father.

Since they had crossed the mountain and descended into Georgia, they noticed a certain sweetness and warmth in the air, and even at that late season the sky had a summer-like tenderness of color. Many of the deciduous trees still retained their leaves, and the farmers were in the midst of wheat-sowing.

Neil and Hugh were surprised to see boys smaller than Hugh plowing in the fields or "shucking" corn.

Every one, old and young, seemed happy, industrious, and contented.

Most of the houses were built of split logs, with no chinking in the cracks, and covered with clapboards. The chimneys were made of sticks of wood built up pen-fashion and covered with mud or clay.

In fact everything, even to the trees and the wild flowers, was strange and interesting, especially to Neil. The people were exceedingly kind and hospitable, giving the hunters all the aid in their power.

And so their first quail-hunt promised to be all that they could desire.

(To be continued.)

NABBY BLACKINGTON.

By Virginia L. Townsend.

"General Gage had received early in the morning of April 19, 1775, the request for reënforcements. He sent out twelve hundred men. They marched through West Cambridge, on their way to Concord. A little girl named Nabby Blackington was watching her mother's cow while she fed by the roadside. The cow took her way directly through the passing column, and the little girl, faithful to her trust, followed through the ranks bristling with bayonets. The soldiers allowed her to pass. 'We will not hurt the child,' they said."

In the Middlesex woods the south winds blew
'Round the pale anemones wet with dew;

And the great farm-orchards, amid their glooms,
Held the first faint scent of the apple blooms;

And fair with the young year's leafy green
Did the elm-boughs over the roadsides lean:

And the robins sang on that ancient day
The old, sweet songs that they sing each May.

And a little girl out on the lone highways
Watched the cow, in the sunshine sent to graze,—

Watched and wandered thro' light and dew
Of that April morning, where south winds blew;—

Till a something thrilled thro' the silence 'round,
And it seemed that a thunder shook the ground.

For she heard the hoofs of horses beat,
And the rhythmic tread of men's swift feet;

And a moment later, a wondrous scene
Was framed in the wide old turnpike's green;

For gay on the air the banners streamed,
The scarlet glittered, the bayonets gleamed,

Where the British column, twelve hundred strong,
On the Middlesex highway swept along.

For the troops that were marching to Concord town,
To mow—like a swathe—the rebels down,

Had seen the Lilies of Bourbon glance
On fields that had shivered the pride of France;

And it seemed, to King George's veterans, play
To scatter the yeomen like chaff that day.

The girl stood still in the flickering shade
Which the fresh-leaved maples around her made,—
Stood by the stone wall low and old,
While the long bright column before her rolled;

And it seemed to her wide and dazzled eyes
That the splendor dropped from the sweet spring skies.

But the cow stopped munching the roadside grass.
And across the highway set out to pass,

Freely she roamed, where, broad and still,
The lush spring-pastures o'erspread the hill;

And straight in the hurrying column's face
She came with her slow and lumbering pace.

To follow the cow seemed a duty plain
To the girl's young heart and bewildered brain,

And she passed out quickly from the shade,
By the low stone wall, which the maples made;—

And out on the turnpike, all alone,
And before the ranks where the bayonets shone,

A moment later, a creature slight,
She stood in the wondering army's sight,—

A sunbrowned girl, with small flushed face
And bright scared eyes, and the nameless grace

Of childhood hov'ring about her there;
And a glint of gold in the tumbled hair

Out of her sun-bonnet fallen down.
—So swift she came, so slight and brown,

That under the soldiers' very eyes
There seemed for the moment an elf to rise.

Then a rush of the sweet old memories fell
On their hard, fierce mood, like a sudden spell;

And the sound of the wind among the trees
Seemed the singing of thrushes across the seas;

And the glad green meadows of England spread
Where the Cambridge pastures had stretched instead;

And the red wild rose of the English spring
Flushed the ancient lanes with its blossoming

For the eyes in her brown face seemed to be
The eyes of his own child over the sea.

And the close-set lips thro' their sternness smiled
As they spoke out: "We will not hurt the child."



And around the fields like drifting snow
The hawthorn hedges were all in blow.

Till the slight, scared girl, with the tumbled hair,
To each soldier's gaze drew a vision fair;

The sign for the halt was quickly made,
And the girl to the column drew, half afraid:

For over her head the banners streamed,
And all about her the bright steel gleamed;

And she could not see, so swift she went,
What the smiles and the softened glances meant;

But safe thro' the bristling ranks she stept,
And calmly her onward way she kept.

And she joined the cow on the roadside brown,
While the troops marched on toward Concord town.

Oft told in story and sung in song,
The deeds of that day to the world belong.

And the scenes of that time have power to thrill
The heart of a mighty nation still;

Tho' a hundred years have come and gone
Since the sun rose bright in that April dawn.

But whenever the tales of the ancient strife,
And the forms of its heroes start to life,

One picture will always come up to me;
The girl and the grazing cow I see,

And the troops to the signal have halted swift,
And the plumes on the soft air gayly drift,

And the highway burns with the column's red,
As when "We will not hurt the child" they said.

THE EGYPTIAN BIRD-MOUSE.

BY MRS. H. MANN.

THE little fellow shown in the picture on the opposite page deserves the name bird-mouse, because he hops about like a bird on the ground, and has even been mistaken for one; yet in shape and manners he is like a mouse.

He has four legs, but the two in front are held so closely against his breast that they are hardly seen, and he never uses them for getting about. He walks on his hind legs alone. When in no haste, he walks and runs on these two as easily as a bird, not hopping, but putting one foot before the other as you do; and if he is frightened or has any need to go quickly, he simply brings the two long legs up together, stretches his long tail out in the position of a letter S laid on its side, with the tip touching the ground, and goes off with leaps as great, in proportion to his size, as those of a kangaroo. So fast does he go, and so lightly does he touch the ground when he comes down between the leaps, that in rapid flight he looks exactly like a bird skimming over the sand; and nothing can catch him, not even a greyhound with his marvelous leaps.

This pretty little creature lives in Africa, in the hot sand of the desert, a place so dismal that he has it nearly all to himself, for few animals can endure it. He prefers it, however, perhaps for its safety from enemies, and he digs out for himself and his family a snug, underground house, containing many passages, with little rooms here and there, and in the deepest and safest corner of all, a cozy nursery for the mamma-mouse and her babies.

In this quiet place the mother-mouse prepares a soft nest, it is said by lining it with hair from her own breast, and here she keeps safely her two or three funny little mice till they are big enough to walk about and hop off for themselves.

The little family is never lonely; for near at hand are many other bird-mice, living in similar homes, which are connected with one another by the passages, and so form in fact a real city under the sand. To this safely hidden town there are many doors; so that, if one is closed by any accident, another may always be found by which to get in or out; and once out on the ground, as I said before, few enemies can catch him.

One would think there could be no enemies to fear in that far-off desert. There are not many; but there is one,—the same who often makes himself the greatest enemy of all birds and beasts,—man. The Arabs, who also live in the desert, are very fond of the flesh of the bird-mice, and they hunt the small burrowers by stopping up all but one of the doors to a colony of nests. They then gather around the one door left open, and thus catch the little fellows as they come out.

This interesting animal is about six inches long, or as large as a small rat. His coat is gray on the back, and white underneath, or nearly the color of the sand he lives in. He has large thin ears, and great bright eyes.

His tail is nearly twice as long as his body, with a thick tuft like a brush at the end. This tail is of very great use to him, both in walking upright and in his long leaps. If an unfortunate little fellow loses this useful member, he not only can not jump,—or, at least, is afraid to do so,—but he can not even walk. When he tries to get up, he

rolls over on his side. It is as important for steadying him as one of his legs.

I said that he walks, and runs, and hops, only on two feet; and one of his scientific names, *Dipus*, meaning two-footed, was probably given him because of that fact. The hind feet are curious, having only three toes, and being covered even on the soles with stiff hairs, so that we may say that he is really protected from the heat by

He can dig out his burrow whenever he likes, and he is obliged to keep his digging tools in good order, for his food consists mostly of roots.

But with all this hard work to do, his life is not entirely confined to digging. He is a jolly little fellow, and when the desert is silent and no caravan or wandering Arab is in sight, he comes out of his house, basks in the hot sunshine, of which he is fond, and plays and sports with his friends.

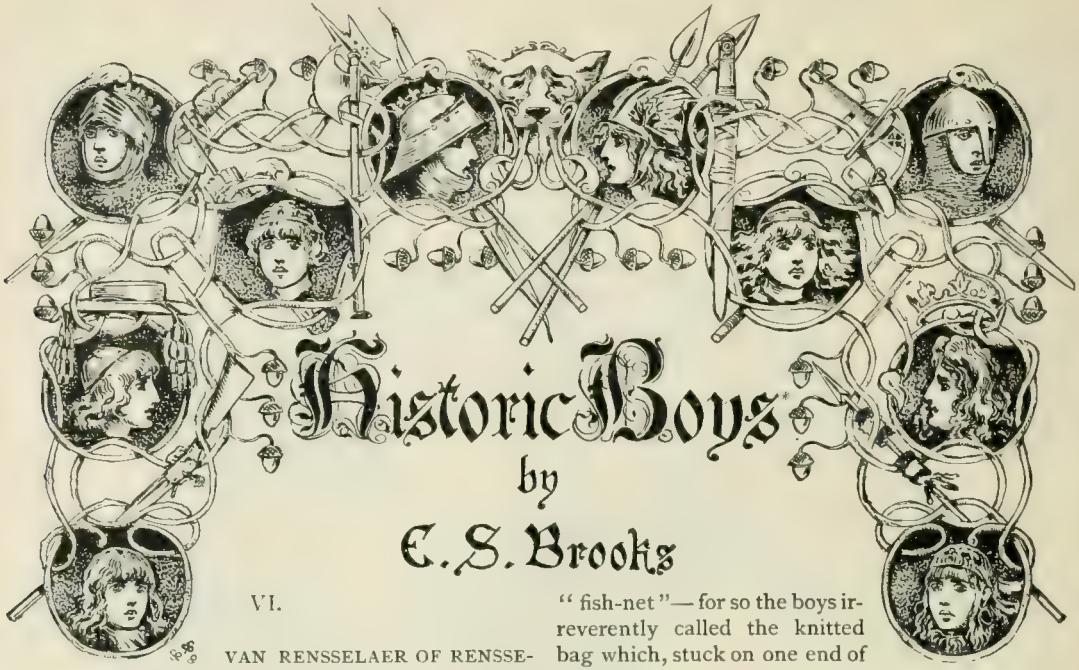


fur boots. Under the hairs, too, he has many elastic balls on the soles of his feet, so that he does not hurt himself, however suddenly or weightily he may alight upon the ground.

It is almost impossible to keep this creature in confinement, for he has powerful teeth and very strong claws on those little fore feet, and he is able to dig and gnaw through not only the baked earth, but even thin layers of stone.

If a person can manage to hide himself, and keep so still as not to be noticed, it is interesting to watch the frolics of the pretty creatures when they think no one is near.

I have called the little animal a bird-mouse, but he is known generally by the name of Jerboa, and his scientific name is *Dipus Ægypticus*—or, as we might freely translate it—The Egyptian two-foot.



VI.

VAN RENSSELAER OF RENSSELAERSWYCK, THE BOY PATROON.

A. D. 1777.

[*Afterward Major-General, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York.*]

I QUESTION whether any of my young readers, however well up in history they may be, can place the great River of Prince Maurice *(De Riviere Van den Voorst Mauritius)*, which, two hundred years ago, flowed through the broad domain of the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck. And yet, it is the same wide river upon the crowded shore of which now stands the great city of New York; the same fair river above the banks of which now towers the noble front of the massive State Capitol at Albany. And that lofty edifice stands not far from the very spot where, beneath the pyramidal belfry of the old Dutch church, the boy patroon sat nodding through Dominie Westerlo's sermon, one drowsy July Sunday in the summer of 1777.

The good dominie's "seventhly" came to a sudden stop as the tinkle of the deacon's collection-bell fell upon the ears of the slumbering congregation. In the big Van Rensselaer pew it roused Stephanus, the boy patroon, from a delightful dream of a ten-pound *twaalf*, or striped bass, which he thought he had just hooked at the mouth of Bloemert's Kill; and rather guiltily, as one who has been "caught napping," he dropped his two "half-joes" into the deacon's "fish-net"—for so the boys irreverently called the knitted bag which, stuck on one end of a long pole, was always passed around for contributions right in the middle of the sermon. Then, the good dominie went back to his "seventhly," and the congregation to their slumbers, while the restless young Stephanus traced with his finger-nail upon the cover of his psalm-book the profile of his highly respected guardian, General Ten Broek, nodding solemnly in the magistrate's pew. At last, the sands in the hour-glass, that stood on the queer, one-legged, eight-sided pulpit, stopped running, and so did the dominie's "noble Dutch"; the congregation filed out of church, and the Sunday service was over. And so, too, was the Sunday quiet. For scarcely had the people passed the porch, when, down from the city barrier at the *colonie* gate, clattered a hurrying horseman.

"From General Schuyler, sir," he said, as he reined up before General Ten Broek and handed him an order to muster the militia at once and repair to the camp at Fort Edward. St. Clair, so said the dispatch, had been defeated; Ticonderoga was captured, Burgoyne was marching to the Hudson, the Indians were on the war-path, and help was needed at once if they would check Burgoyne and save Albany from pillage.

The news fell with a sudden shock upon the little city of the Dutchmen. Ticonderoga fallen, and the Indians on the war-path! Even the most stolid of the Albany burghers felt his heart beating faster, while many a mother looked anxiously

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at her little ones and called to mind the terrible tales of Indian cruelty and pillage. But the young Van Rensselaer, pressing close to the side of fair Mistress Margarita Schuyler, said soberly: "These be sad tidings, Margery; would it not be wiser for you all to come up to the manor-house for safety?"

"For safety?" echoed high-spirited Mistress Margery. "Why, what need, Stephanus? Is not my father in command at Fort Edward? and not for Burgoyne and all his Indians need we fear while he is there! So, many thanks, my lord patroon," she continued, with a mock courtesy; "but I 'm just as safe under the Schuyler gables as I could be in the Van Rensselaer manor-house, even with the brave young patroon himself as my defender."

The lad looked a little crest-fallen; for he regarded himself as the natural protector of this brave little lady, whose father was facing the British invaders on the shores of the Northern lakes. Had it not been one of the unwritten laws of the *colonie*, since the day of the first patroon, that a Van Rensselaer should wed a Schuyler? Who, then, should care for a daughter of the house of Schuyler in times of trouble but a son of the house of Rensselaer?

"Well, at any rate, I shall look out for you if danger does come," he said, as he turned toward the manor-house. "You 'll surely not object to that, will you, Margery?"

"Why, how can I?" laughed the girl. "I certainly may not prevent a gallant youth from keeping his eyes in my direction. So, thanks for your promise, my lord patroon, and when you see the flash of the tomahawk, summon your vassals like a noble knight and charge to the rescue of the beleaguered maiden of the Fuyck."* And, with a stately good-bye to the little lord of seven hundred thousand acres, the girl hastened homeward to the Schuyler mansion, while the boy rode in the opposite direction to the great brick manor-house by the creek.

Twenty-four miles east and west, by forty-eight miles north and south, covering forest and river, valley and hill, stretched the broad *colonie* of the patroons of Rensselaerswyck, embracing the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia, in the State of New York; and over all this domain, since the days of the Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, first of the lord patroons, father and son, in direct descent, had held sway after the manner of the old feudal barons of Europe. They alone owned the land, and their hundreds of tenants held their farms on rentals or leases, subject to the will of the "patroons," as they were called,—a Dutch adaptation of the old Roman *patronus*, meaning patrician or patron.

Only the town-lands of Beverwyck, or Albany, a territory stretching thirteen miles north-west, by one mile wide along the river front, forced from an earlier boy patroon by the doughty Peter Stuyvesant, and secured by later English governors, were free from this feudal right; and at the time of our story, though the old feudal laws were no longer in force and the rentals were less exacting than in the earlier days, the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck respected the authority and manorial rights of Stephen Van Rensselaer, their boy patroon, who, with his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters, lived in the big brick manor-house near the swift mill creek and the tumbling falls in the green vale of Tivoli, a mile north of the city gate.

And now had come the Revolution. Thanks to the teaching of his tender mother, of his gallant guardian, and of the good Dominie Westerlo, young Stephen knew what the great struggle meant — a protest against tyranny, a blow for human rights, a defense of the grand doctrine of the immortal Declaration that "All men are created free and equal." And he had been told, too, that the success of the Republic would be the death-blow to all the feudal rights to which he, the last of the patroons, had succeeded.

"Uncle," he said to his guardian, that stern patriot and whig, General Abram Ten Broek, "you are my representative and must act for me till I grow to be a man. Do what is best, sir, and don't let the Britishers beat!"

"But, remember, lad," said his uncle, "the Revolution, if it succeeds, must strip you of all the powers and rights that have come to you as patroon. You will be an owner of acres, nothing more; no longer baron, patroon, nor lord of the manor; of no higher dignity and condition than little Jan Van Woort, the cow-boy of old Luykas Oothout on your cattle farm in the Helderbergs."

"But I 'll be a citizen of a free republic, wont I, Uncle?" said the boy; "as free of the king and his court across the sea as Jan Van Woort will be of me and the court-leet of Rensselaerswyck. So we 'll all start fair and even. I 'm not old enough to fight and talk yet, Uncle; but do you fight and talk for me, and I know it will come out all right."

And so, through the battle-summer of 1777, the work went on. Men and supplies were hurried northward to help the patriot army, and soon General Ten Broek's three thousand militia-men were ready and anxious for action. The air was full of stirring news. Brandt and his Indians, Sir John Johnson and his green-coated Tories, swarmed into the Mohawk Valley; poor Jane McCrea fell a victim to Indian treachery, and the whole northern country shuddered at the rumor that twenty dollars had been offered for every rebel scalp. And fast upon these came still other tidings. The

* The Fuyck, or fishnet,—an old Dutch name for Albany.

noble General Schuyler, fair Mistress Margery's father, had, through the management of his enemies in the Congress and the camp, been superseded by General Gates; but, like a true patriot, he worked just as hard for victory nevertheless. Herkimer had fallen in the savage and uncertain fight at Oriskany; in Bennington, stout old Stark had dealt the British a rousing blow, and Burgoyne's boast that with ten thousand men he could "promenade through America" ended dismally enough for him in the smoke of Bemis Heights and the surrender at Saratoga.

But, before that glorious ending, many were the dark and doubtful days that came to Albany and to Rensselaerswyck. Rumors of defeat and disaster, of plot and pillage, filled the little city. Spies and Tories sought to work it harm. The flash of the tomahawk, at which Mistress Margery had so lightly jested, was really seen in the Schuyler mansion.* Good Dominie Westerlo kept open church and constant prayer for the success of the patriot arms through one whole anxious week, and on a bright September afternoon, General Ten Broek, with a slender escort, came dashing up to the "stoop" of the Van Rensselaer manor-house.

"What now, Uncle?" asked young Stephen, as he met the general in the broad hall.

"More supplies — we must have more supplies, lad," replied his uncle. "Our troops need provisions, and I am here to forage among both friends and foes."

"Beginning with us, I suppose," said the young patroon. "O, Uncle, can not I, too, do something to show my love for the cause?"

"Something, Stephen? You can do much," his uncle replied. "Time was, lad, when your ancestors, the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck, were makers and masters of the law in this their *colonie*. From their own forts floated their own flag and frowned their own cannon. Their word was law, and their orders were obeyed without question. Forts and flags and cannon are no longer yours, Stephen, and we would not have it otherwise; but your word still holds as good with your tenantry as did that of the first patroon. Try it, lad. Let me, in the name of the young patroon, demand from your tenantry of Rensselaerswyck provisions and forage for our gallant troops."

"O, try it, Uncle, try it — do," young Stephen cried, full of interest; "but will they give so much heed, think you, to my word?"

"Ay, trust them for that," replied the general. "So strong is their attachment to their young patroon that they will, I know, do more on your simple word than on all the orders and levies of the Continental Congress."

So, out into the farm-lands that checkered the valley and climbed the green slopes of the Helderbergs, went the orders of the boy patroon, summoning all "our loyal and loving tenantry" to take of their stock and provender all that they could spare, save the slight amount needed for actual home use, and to deliver the same to the commissaries of the army of the Congress at Saratoga. And the "loyal and loving tenantry" gave good heed to their patroon's orders. Granaries and cellars, stables and pig-sties, pork-barrels and poultry-sheds, were emptied of their contents. The army of the Congress was amply provisioned, and thus, indeed, did the boy patroon contribute his share toward the great victory at Saratoga — a victory of which one historian remarks that "no martial event, from the battle of Marathon to that of Waterloo — two thousand years — exerted a greater influence upon human affairs."

The field of Saratoga is won. Six thousand British troops have laid down their arms, and the fears of northern invasion are ended. In the Schuyler mansion at Albany, fair Mistress Margery is helping her mother fitly entertain General Burgoyne and the paroled British officers, thus returning good for evil to the man who, but a few weeks before, had burned to the ground her father's beautiful country house at Saratoga. Along the fair river, from the *colonie* to the peaks of the Katzbergs, the early autumn frosts are painting the forest leaves with gorgeous tints, and to-day, the first of November, 1777, the children are joyously celebrating the thirteenth birthday of the boy patroon in the big manor-house by the creek. For, in Albany, a hundred years ago, a children's birthday party really meant a *children's* party. The "grown-folk" left home on that day, and the children had free range of the house for their plays and rejoicing. So, through the ample rooms and the broad halls of the Van Rensselaer mansion the children's voices ring merrily, until, tired of romp and frolic, the little folks gather on the great staircase for rest and gossip. And here the fresh-faced little host, in a sky-blue silk coat lined with yellow, a white satin vest broidered with gold lace, white silk knee-breeches and stockings tied with pink ribbons, pumps, ruffles, and frills, is listening intently while Mistress Margery, radiant in her tight-sleeved satin dress, peaked-toed and bespangled shoes, and wonderfully arranged hair, is telling the group of girls and boys all about General Burgoyne and the British officers, and how much they liked the real Dutch supper her mother gave them one day — "suppawn and malck† and rullichies,‡ with chocolate and soft waffles, you know" — and how General the Baron Riedesel had said that if they staid till Christ-

* See the "Story of a Brave Girl," in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1883 (p. 665–6).

† Mush and milk.

‡ A kind of chopped meat.

mas he would play at St. Claes (Santa Claus) for them.

"O, Margery!" exclaimed Stephen, "you would n't have a Hessian for good old St. Nick, would you?"

"Why not?" said Mistress Margery, with a toss of her pretty head. "Do you think you are the only patroon, my lord Stephen?"

For Santa Claus was known among the boys and girls of those old Dutch days as "the children's patroon" (*De Patroon Van Kinderevengd*).

at the manly-looking little lad, resplendent in blue and yellow, and gold lace, and greeted him with a rousing birthday cheer — a loyal welcome to their boy patroon, their young *opper-hoofdt*, or chief.

"My friends," the lad said, acknowledging their greeting with a courtly bow, "I have asked you to come to the manor-house on this, my birthday, so that I might thank you for what you did for me before the Saratoga fight, when you sent so much of your stock and produce to the army simply on my order. But I wish also to give you something



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY — MARGERY TELLS ALL ... THE PATROON GAVE ... A DEAL ...

But, in the midst of the laughter, a quick step sounded in the hall, and General Ten Broek came to the children-crowded staircase. "The Helderberg farmers are here, lad," he said to his nephew; and the young patroon, bidding his guests keep up the fun while he left them awhile, followed his uncle through the door-way and across the broad court-yard to where, just south of the manor-house, stood the rent-office. As the boy emerged from the mansion, the throng of tenants who had gathered there at his invitation gazed admiringly

besides thanks. And so, that you may know how much I value your friendship and fealty, I have, with my guardian's approval, called you here to present to each one of you a free and clear title to all the lands you have, until now, held in fee from me as the patroon of Rensselaerswyck. General Ten Broek will give you the papers before you leave the office, and Pedrom has a goodly spread waiting for you in the lower hall. Take this from me, my friends, with many thanks for what you have already done for me."

Then, what a cheer went up. The loyal tenantry of the Helderberg farms had neither looked for nor expected any special return for their generous offerings to the army of the Congress, and this action of the boy patroon filled every farmer's heart with something more than gratitude; for now each one of them was a land owner, as free and untrammeled as the boy patroon himself. And, as fair Portia says in the play,



"THE TENANTS GREETED HIM WITH A ROUSING BIRTHDAY CHEER."

> "So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"

that, when young Stephen Van Rensselaer went joyfully back to his children's party, and the Helderberg farmers to black Pedrom's "spread" in the lower hall, it would have been hard to say which felt the happier — the giver or the receivers of this generous and manly gift.

The years of battle continued, but Dominie Doll's boarding-school, smoked out of 'Sopus when the British troops laid Kingston in ashes, found shelter in Hurley; and here the boys repaired for instruction — for school must go on though war rages and fire burns. The signs of pillage and desolation were all around them; but, boy-like, they thought little of the danger, and laughed heartily at Dominie Doll's story of the poor 'Sopus Dutchman, who, terribly frightened at the sight of the enemy, fled wildly across a deserted hay-field, and stepped suddenly upon the end of a long hay-rake left behind by the "skedadling" farmers. Up flew the long handle of the rake and struck the terrified Dutchman a sounding whack upon the back of his head. He gave himself up for lost. "*Oh, mein frent, mein frent!*" he cried, dropping upon his knees and lifting imploring hands to his supposed captors, "I kivs up, I kivs up. Hooray for King Shorge!"

Nearly two years were passed here upon the pleasant hill-slopes that stretch away to the Catskill ridges and the rugged wildness of the Stony

Clove; and then, in the fall of 1779, when the boy patroon had reached his fifteenth birthday, it was determined to send him, for still higher education, to the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. Of that eventful journey of the lad and his half-dozen school-fellows, under military escort, from the hills of the Upper Hudson to the shot-scarred college on the New Jersey plains, a most interesting story could be told. I doubt whether many, if any, boys ever went to school under such delightfully exciting circumstances. For their route lay through a war-worried section; past the dismantled batteries of Stony Point, where mad Anthony Wayne had gained so much glory and renown; past the Highland fortresses, and through the ranks of the Continental Army, visiting General Washington at his head-quarters at West Point, and carrying away never-forgotten recollections of the great commander; cautiously past roving bands of cruel "cow-boys" and the enemy's outposts around captured New York, to the battered college buildings which had alternately been barracks and hospital for American and British troops. And an equally interesting story could be told of the exciting college days when, almost within range of the enemy's guns, the boom of the distant cannon would come like a punctuation in recitations, and the fear of fusillades would help a boy through many a "tight squeeze" in neglected lessons. But this was education under difficulties. The risk became too great, and the young patroon was finally transferred to the quieter walls of Harvard College, from which celebrated institution he graduated with honor in 1782, soon after his eighteenth birthday.

The quiet life of an average American boy would not seem to furnish very much worth the telling. The boy patroon differed little, save in the way of birth and vast estate, from other boys and girls of the eventful age in which he lived; but many incidents in his youthful career could safely be recorded. We might tell how he came home from college just as the great war was closing; how he made long trips, on horseback and afoot, over his great estate, acquainting himself with his tenantry and their needs; how, even before he was twenty years old, he followed the custom of his house and married fair Mistress Margery, the "brave girl" of the Schuyler mansion, according to the ST. NICHOLAS story; and how, finally, on the first of November, 1785, all the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck thronged the grounds of the great manor-house, and, with speech and shout and generous barbecue, celebrated his coming of age — the twenty-first birthday of the boy patroon — now no longer boy nor patroon, but a free American citizen in the new Republic of the United States.

His after-life is part of the history of his State and of his country. At an early age he entered public life, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility. An assemblyman, a state senator, a lieutenant-governor, a member of Congress, a major-general, and the conqueror of Queenstown in the war of 1812, one of the original projectors of the great Erie Canal, and, noblest of all, the founder and patron of a great school for boys,—the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy,— he was, through all, the simple-hearted citizen and the noble-minded man. But no act in all his long life-time of seventy-five years became him better than the spirit in which he accepted the great change that made the great lord patroon of half a million acres the plain, untitled citizen of a free republic.

"Though born to hereditary honors and aristocratic rank," says his biographer, "with the history of the past before him, in possession of an estate which connected him nearly with feudal times and a feudal ancestry, and which constituted him in his boyhood a baronial proprietor, he found himself, at twenty-one, through a forcible and bloody revolution, the mere fee-simple owner of acres, with just such political rights and privileges as belonged to his own freehold tenantry, and no other." And though the Revolution, in giving his country independence, had stripped him of power and personal advantages, he accepted the change without regret, and preferred his position as one in a whole nation of freemen to that feudal rank which he had inherited from generations of ancestors, as the Boy Patroon, the last Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerswyck.

A STRANGER.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

AN old man went by the window,
Shrunken and bent with care;
He 'd a scythe swung over his shoulder,
And white were his beard and hair.

My little one earnestly watched him
Up the hilly roadside climb,—
Then said, in a tone of conviction,
"Mamma, that was Father Time!"

PICNICS.

By Susan Anna Brown.

SOME writer has defined a picnic as "a day's laborious frolicking, under the impression that you are having a good time"; and that is certainly an excellent description of some out-of-door entertainments. But almost all of us can recall some picnics which were not at all "laborious," and of which even the recollection is very pleasant.

It is possible that you have heard your mothers express some dismay at the thought of fitting out a party for a day in the woods. It seems to bring up to them visions of baskets which must be filled with a variety of eatables, difficult to procure, and almost impossible to pack. A person needs to live through a generation of picnics in order to know the easiest and best way of carrying them out.

One common mistake is that of taking too much food. The result is that it must either be brought back, not at all improved by the journey, or else wastefully thrown away. This trouble usually arises from want of forethought. Have it clearly understood beforehand what part of the lunch each person is to provide. This will be less trouble for each one, and the necessary quantity can be easily estimated. One should provide all the bread and butter, another the cold meat, another the cake, and so on. Pack the articles with care, so that their appearance will not be injured in carrying them. Always take the bread in the loaf, as it dries so quickly after it is cut. Press the butter into a cup, and push a bit of ice into the center to keep it cool. Spread each slice before cutting it from the loaf. Have a sharp knife and you will find it easy to cut it thin without breaking the slices. Cake should never be cut beforehand, as it is in that case sure to crumble. Wrap the food tightly in old napkins, which can be lost without breaking a set. Japanese paper napkins are not strong enough to keep the loaves in shape, but they are very useful in serving the lunch.

Cold meat should be sliced, sprinkled with salt, and wrapped in a damp napkin, or put in a tin box.

Be careful to have nothing in the baskets which can be spilled. All liquids should be put into tightly closed bottles or jars. Sugar and salt in boxes, with the covers carefully secured. A large piece of ice is very desirable. The only objection to taking it is the weight; but if it is put in a tightly covered pail, it can be carried without much inconvenience, and a supply of cold water will be very refreshing.

Do not try to take too many dishes. They are very heavy, and if you can not be content without all the comforts of a well-appointed table, you 'd better stay at home, and eat in peace in a convenient dining-room. A wooden plate for each of the company is almost indispensable. These are very light, and cheap enough to be thrown away after using. A cup or tumbler should be provided for every one. Tin teaspoons are also a great convenience. Sometimes they are ornamented with a bit of bright ribbon, and brought home in remembrance of the day. A table-cloth should be carried, and each should bring what is necessary in serving his or her part of the entertainment, a can-opener and fork for sardines, a spoon for jelly, etc.

It is much easier to squeeze the lemons for the lemonade and put the sugar with the juice, before leaving home. A pound of sugar is about the right quantity for a cup of lemon juice. It can be carried in a glass jar, and will only need the addition of water when it is to be used.

If coffee is to be made in the woods, you will need to take for a party of twelve at least three cups of ground coffee. This should be tied in a flannel bag, allowing room for it to swell; and when you have three quarts of water boiling hot, throw in the bag of coffee, and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes before serving.

This is all very pleasant, especially as you can roast potatoes or green corn in the ashes; but it should never be attempted unless some of the party are experienced in the matter. To safely kindle a fire out-of-doors requires considerable skill, as some unnoticed spark or creeping line of flame may reach the dry grass and bushes, and break out hours afterward into a serious forest-fire.

When the time comes to unpack the baskets, let two or three of the girls spread the cloth, and arrange everything as tastefully as possible, with the ready ornamentation of flowers or ferns, if they like. They must be careful, however, not to sacrifice convenience to effect. It is much better to avoid as far as possible the necessity of passing the dishes. Put several plates of bread and butter on the cloth, and divide the other eatables in the same way, as reaching is almost impossible when the table-cloth is spread on the grass.

After the meal is finished do not let the *débris* remain, but re-pack the baskets at once. Put back neatly the food which is left, remembering that if you do not want it, some one else may. See that the dishes and napkins are put into the baskets from whence they came, and do not leave an unsightly pile of banana-skins and sardine boxes to disfigure the place for the next picnic party, but throw them all out of sight.

The most important part of a picnic, however, is not the weather or the place or the dinner. You may choose the most beautiful spot in the world, and spread the most delicious lunch ever prepared, and yet have the whole thing a complete failure, simply because the company was not well selected. Out-of-doors, where people are free from formality, unless they are congenial friends, and what Mrs. Whitney calls "Real Folks," they will be likely to feel ill at ease, and miss the support given by company clothes and manners. Small picnics, for this reason among others, are usually much pleasanter than large picnics.

In making up the party, be sure to leave behind the girl who is certain to be too warm or too cold, or to think some other place better than the one where she is, and who has "a horrid time," if she has to submit to any personal inconvenience for the sake of others; and with her, the boy who loves to tease, and who is *quite* sure that his way is the only good way. Put into their places some others, young or old, who have a taste for simple pleasures, and are ready to help others to enjoy them.

Next in importance to the company is the place. It must not be at a great distance, or you will all be tired, not to say cross, when you arrive there. It must be reasonably shady, and not too far from a supply of good drinking water. If the company are to walk, you must be especially careful not to be overburdened with baskets and wraps, as carrying all that is necessary, even for half a mile, is not easy, and the bundles which seemed so light when you started are sure to weigh down heavily before you reach your destination. Be careful to have this work fairly distributed.

Never start until you are sure that you know just where you are going, and the best way of getting there. Wandering about to choose a place, and thinking constantly to find one more desirable, is very fatiguing. That matter should be settled beforehand by two or three of the party, and the others should go straight to the spot, and make the best of it. If any do not like it, they can choose a different place when their turn comes to make the selection. As the ground is always more or less damp, be sure to spread down plenty of shawls, and do not let a foolish fear of appearing over-careful cost you a cold which may lead to a severe illness.

In regard to the matter of dress, fine clothes are never more out of place than at a picnic. Thick, comfortable shoes and clothing which will not be injured are always in fashion among sensible people for such occasions.

Those who truly love the woods will not be at a loss for amusement, in wandering about, seeking flowers, or in search of the finest views. Perhaps some of the company can sketch a little, and even if they attempt nothing more difficult than a bunch of grasses or a rustic seat, they will find pleasant occupation, and secure for themselves a little souvenir of every excursion.

Singing is better still; for those who can not join in this can have the pleasure of listening to others.

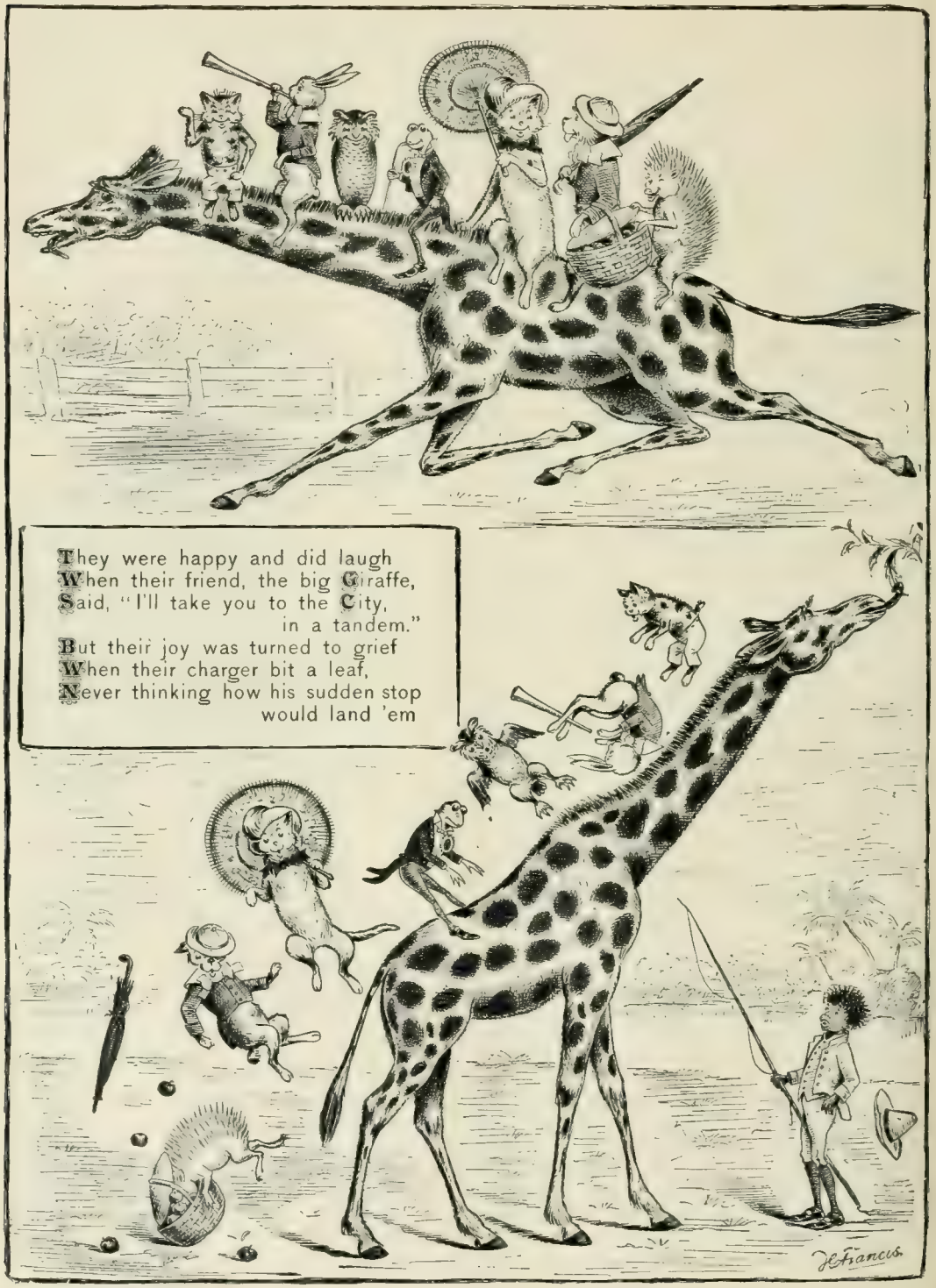
Sometimes all the party will like to unite in games. If the day is warm, these must be of the quiet kind; but if the weather will allow, it is always pleasant for young and old to join in the active sports which are usually left to little folk.

People on a picnic must lay aside their conventionalism, and come down to the simple pleasures of childhood. Only remember always that there is a certain sort of self-respecting dignity which can never be laid aside, and be careful not to let your fun degenerate into a rude romp which you will be ashamed to remember afterward.

All sorts of pleasant amusements will suggest themselves to sociable people, and there will be no fear that the time will drag heavily, unless you have made the mistake of planning to stay too long.

It is always better to come away while you all are enjoying yourselves than it is to wait until the fun begins to grow tiresome, and most of the party hail the proposal to start for home with ill-concealed relief. It is better to have it close like Sam Weller's valentine, while they "wish there was more of it."

But oh, the coming back! Let each one watch tongue and temper carefully; for the memory of many a pleasant picnic has been spoiled by hasty words from those who seemed the most amiable of the party when they started in the morning. It is so much easier to be smiling and good-natured with a pleasant day in prospect, than it is when one returns, sun-burned, tired, and dusty, with a general feeling that all the fun is over. And even a picnic is not "all well" unless it "ends well."


They were happy and did laugh
When their friend, the big Giraffe,
Said, "I'll take you to the City,
in a tandem."
But their joy was turned to grief
When their charger bit a leaf,
Never thinking how his sudden stop
would land 'em
J. Francis.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

By Charles Barnard.

For twelve days the steamer had been steaming on and on toward the western horizon, and, just as fast, the horizon had seemed to fly away, leaving the ship always in the center of the great circle. Soon the magical change was to come, and the land would appear to rise out of the water. Already the sea-gulls had come back; the sun was warmer, and it seemed as if we were coming to a new country.

Every one was on deck, watching for the first sight of the land. More than a thousand men, women, and children were on board,— and to most of them the great continent just under that pale blue horizon was a land of hope and promise. Land must be very near, for at the foremast head a sailor ran up a new flag. It seemed to flutter over them all in a friendly way, and perhaps some of them looked at it with new hope and fresh courage.

"Fire Island abeam!" cried out the sailor on the lookout. Every one gazed off to the right. There it stood, just a gray tower, apparently standing up in the water. Strange they had not noticed it before. Then some one began to point at a blue cloud low down on the water. Was it mist, or fog, — or something else? The forward deck was packed with people of every nation and tongue, and all were of the great nation of poor people, which somehow seems to be the greatest nation of all. There had been loud laughter, talking, and confusion of tongues for days. Now, under the intense white sunlight, the warm, languid air, and the faint smell of land, they were hushed and silent. The new home was rising from the sea. Slowly the wonders grew,— the great mass of the Highlands with its two white eyes ever looking down on the sea; the magic city on the white beaches; the strange ships and boats; the vast bay and the rising shores, green with deep woods; then the grand entrance between the gray old forts, so different from European forts; the harbor, the great river, the wonderful bridge, and the city.

By tens of thousands, month after month, year after year, just such throngs of people sail into New York harbor, looking for liberty and a fair chance in the world. Once a certain man from France was on board one of these ships, as it sailed into the bay. Perhaps he too saw the great assemblage of the emigrants looking in hope and wonder on the new land; and the thought came to him — What a joy and encouragement it would be to these people if they should see something to welcome them, to remind them that this is a republic. What if there stood, like a great guardian, at the entrance of the continent, a colossal statue — a grand figure of a woman holding aloft a torch, and symbolizing *Liberty enlightening the World*!

The man was a sculptor, and his name was Auguste Bartholdi. When he went home to France, he broached his idea of the great statue, and discussed it with his friends and acquaintances. Some doubted, but others approved; gradually, many people — including leading men of the nation — became interested in the scheme; and, after several years of working and waiting, the money required for building the statue came in from the rich and the poor of France. The French people decided to build the statue, and to present it to the American people.

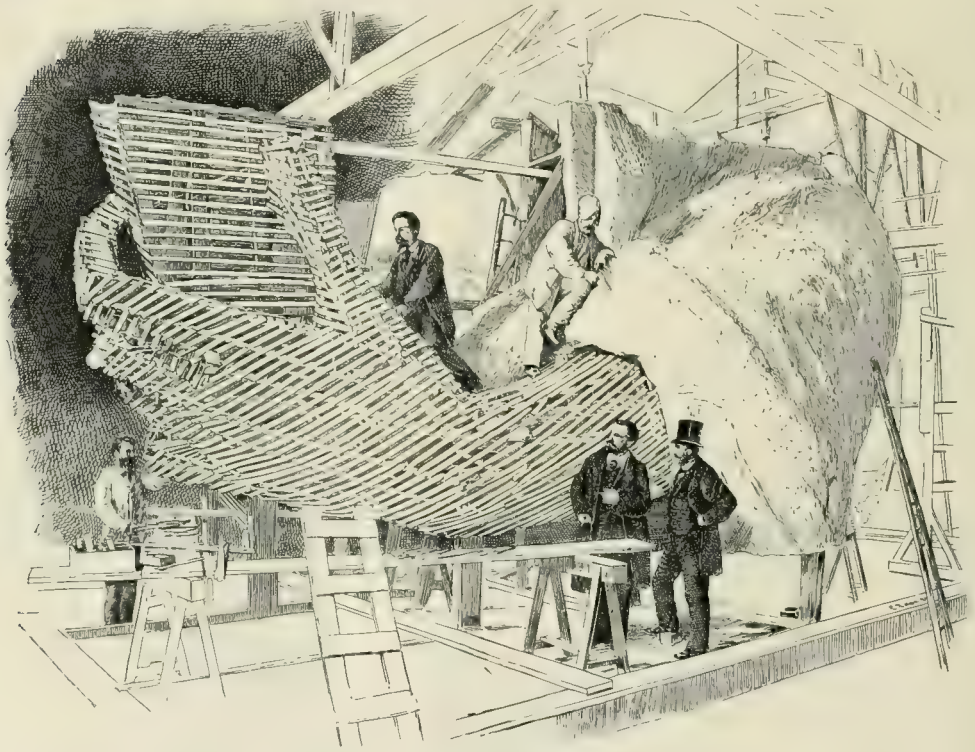
When the sculptor conceived the idea of the statue, he, no doubt, thought of the different ways in which it could be made. It could be carved in stone or cast in metal. Think of a stone statue almost one hundred and fifty feet high,— higher than many a church-steeple, and about as high as the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge. Who could lift it into place? Who could carve such a monster? It might be constructed of smaller stones put together. But that would never do. The cracks between the stones would show, and it would be liable to fall to pieces. The Obelisk in Central Park is in one stone, but then its height is less than half the height named for the proposed statue. Clearly, stone would never do. Could it be cast in bronze — even in small pieces — and then put together? Not easily; it would be too heavy and too costly.

At one time a certain sculptor, called "Il Cerano," built a colossal statue near Arona, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, in Italy. It was made on quite a different plan from those employed with carved statues or with statues cast in bronze. It was made of copper, in thin sheets, laid upon a frame or skeleton of stone, wood, and iron. Such a method of work is called *repoussé*, which means "hammered" work, because the thin sheets of metal are hammered into shape. Bartholdi, the projector of the great statue of Liberty, decided that it, too, must be done in *repoussé*, or sheets of hammered bronze.

So when the money for the work had been fully secured, the actual labor began; and a strange, curious labor it was. First, there had to be a sketch or model. This was a figure of the statue in clay, to give an idea of how it would look. The public approved of this model, and then the first real study of the work was made,—a plaster statue, just one-sixteenth the size of the intended statue.

The next step was to make another model just four times as large, or one-fourth the size of the real statue. Now the model began to assume something of the proportions intended, and it was carefully studied and worked over to make it as perfect as possible. This quarter-size model being finished, then came the task of making the full-size model in plaster. But this had to be made in sections. For instance, the first section would include the base on which the figure stood, the feet, and the hem of the garment. The next section would include a circle quite round the long flowing dress, just above the hem. The third section would stand above this and show more of the folds of the dress, and reach part way up to the knee. In like manner, the whole figure would be divided into sections.

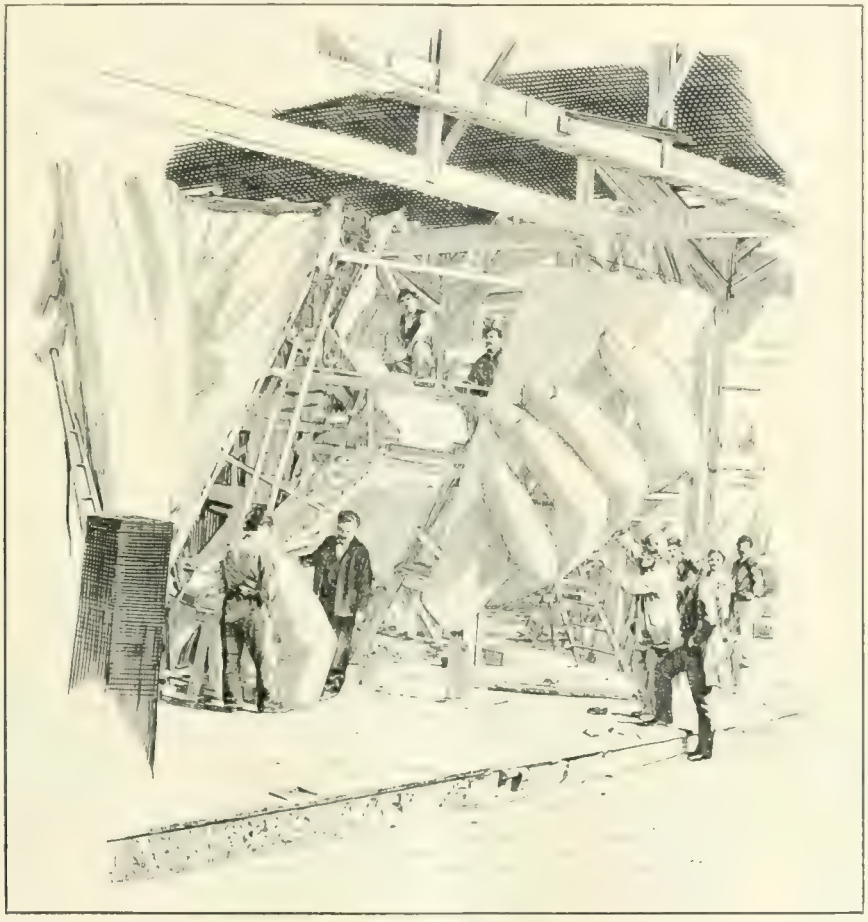
The quarter-size model was first divided in this way, and then to lay out the full-size plan it was only necessary to make a plan of each section four times as large as the section actually was in the model. Every part of the model was covered with marks or dots for guides, and by measuring from dot to dot, increasing the measurement four times, and then transferring it to the larger model, an exact copy just four times as large was made. For each of these large sections, however, there had to be a support of some kind, before the plaster could be laid on. Having marked on the floor an outline plan of the enlarged section, a wooden frame-work was built up inside the plan. Then upon this frame-work plaster was roughly spread. It soon resembled, in a rude way, the corresponding section of the quarter-size model, but was four times as large. Then the workmen copied in this pile of plaster every feature of the model section, measuring and measuring, again and again, from dot to dot, correcting by means of plumb-lines, and patiently trying and retrying till an exact copy — only in proportions four times as large — was attained.



BUILDING THE FULL-SIZE PLASTER MODEL OF THE LEFT HAND.—(SHOWING THE WOODEN FRAME-WORK.)

The picture on this page shows the wooden frame of one of the hands, and a portion of the plaster already laid on the frame.

The great irregularity of the drapery made it necessary to put three hundred marks on each section, besides twelve hundred smaller guide-marks, in order to insure an exact correspondence in proportion between the enlarged sections of the full-size model and the sections of the quarter-size model. Each of these marks, moreover, had to be measured three times on both models, and after that came all the remeasurements, to prove that not a single mistake had been made.



AT WORK ON THE LEFT HAND.

When these sections in plaster had been completed, then came the work of making wooden molds that should be exact copies both in size and modeling of the plaster. These were all carefully made by hand. It was a long, tedious, and difficult piece of work; but there are few workmen who could do it better than these French carpenters. Each piece was a mold of a part of the statue, exactly fitting every projection, depression, and curve of that portion of the figure or drapery. Into these wooden molds sheets of metal were laid, and pressed or beaten down till they fitted the irregular surfaces of the molds. All the *repoussé*, or hammered work, was done from the back, or inside, of the sheet. If the mold is an exact copy of a part of the statue, it is easy to see that the sheet of metal, when made to fit it, will, when taken out and turned over, be a copy of that part of the statue.

These sheets were of copper, and each was from one to three yards square. Each formed a part of the bronze statue, and of course no two were alike.

In this complicated manner, by making first a sketch, then a quarter-size model, then a full-size model in sections, then hundreds of wooden copies,

and lastly by beating into shape three hundred sheets of copper, the enormous statue was finished. These three hundred bent and hammered plates, weighing in all eighty-eight tons, form the outside of the statue. They are very thin, and while they fit each other perfectly, it is quite plain that if they were put together in their proper order they would never stand alone. It would be like building a dwelling-house out of boards placed on edge. It would surely tumble down by its own weight or be blown over by the first storm. These hammered sheets make the outside of the statue; but there must be also a skeleton, a bony structure inside, to hold it together. This is of iron beams, firmly riveted together, and making a support to which the copper shell can be fastened.

On page 731 is a picture of the great statue partially finished. The lower half of the figure appears almost completed. Above that can be seen, inside the staging, the great iron skeleton that supports the figure. High above the staging rise the iron bones of the uplifted arm,— not a handsome arm as yet, because it is not clothed with its rich, dark copper skin. The houses seen in the background give a good idea of the height and proportions of the great statue. The head and the hand, already finished, can be seen on the ground at the left of the statue. The right hand and torch were made first, and were shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and, after that, were for some time erected in Madison Square, New York City. The head was also shown in Paris at the time of the last exposition. A picture on page 730 shows the head as it stood in the work-shop.

In erecting such a great statue, two things had to be considered that seem very trifling, and yet, if neglected, might destroy the statue in one day, or cause it to crumble slowly to pieces. One is the sun, the other is the sea breeze. Either of these could destroy the great copper figure, and something must be done to prevent such a disaster. The heat of the sun would expand the metal and pull it out of shape, precisely as it does pull the Brooklyn Bridge out of shape every day. The bridge is made in four parts, and when they expand with the heat of the sun they slide one past the other, and no harm is done. The river span rises and falls day and night, as heat and cold alternate. The great copper statue is likewise in two parts, the frame-work of iron and the copper covering; and while they are securely fastened together they can move one over the other. Each bolt will slip a trifle as the copper expands in the hot August sunshine, and slide back again when the freezing winds blow and the vast figure shrinks together in the cold. Besides this, the copper surface is so thin and elastic that it will bend slightly when heated and still keep its general shape.

The salt air blowing in from the sea has thin fingers and a bitter, biting tongue. If it finds a crack where it can creep in between the copper surface and iron skeleton, there will be trouble at once. These metals do not agree together, and where there is salt moisture in the air they seem to quarrel more bitterly than ever. It seems that every joining of points of copper and iron makes a tiny battery, and so faint shivers of electricity would run through all the statue, slowly corroding and eating it into dust. This curious, silent, and yet sure destruction must be prevented, and so every joint throughout the statue, wherever copper touches iron, must be protected with little rags stuffed between the metals to keep them from quarreling. It is the same wherever two different metals touch each other. Imagine what a tremendous battery the Liberty would make, with its tons of copper surface and monstrous skeleton of iron. However, a little care prevents all danger, as provision will be made, of course, for keeping the metals from touching each other.

When, in 1870, Bartholdi sailed into our beautiful bay, and had his grand day-dream of this wonderful bronze figure lifting aloft her torch, he saw away to the south-west of the Battery, and opposite the New Jersey shore, a grassy island on which stood a stone fort.

This island, which contains only twelve acres, lies about a mile and a half south of Jersey City, and all vessels going in or out of port must pass it. It is also in full view of the lower parts of New York and Brooklyn. To the west and south spreads the wide bay, with the low Jersey shore and the blue Orange Mountains beyond. To the south rise the hills of Staten Island and the Narrows, with a glimpse of the sea between. On clear days, even the Highlands can be seen glimmering on the far southern horizon, nearly thirty miles away.

And here, alone on an island, but in sight of three cities, the great statue of Liberty will stand. Her torch, indeed, will be in plain sight of all the cities round about; Newark, the Oranges, all the white villages clinging to the hills beyond, the summer cities by the sea, and that green and wooded city that with dull white eyes looks down on the bay from the silent hills on Long Island. Two million people can plainly see the great bronze figure from their homes, and another million, in country homes, will see her lamp by night; while men, women, and children of every nation will pass in ships beneath her mighty shadow.

They call the place where the statue is to stand Bedloe's Island, because old Isaac Bedloe, a sturdy Dutchman of New Amsterdam, bought it of the



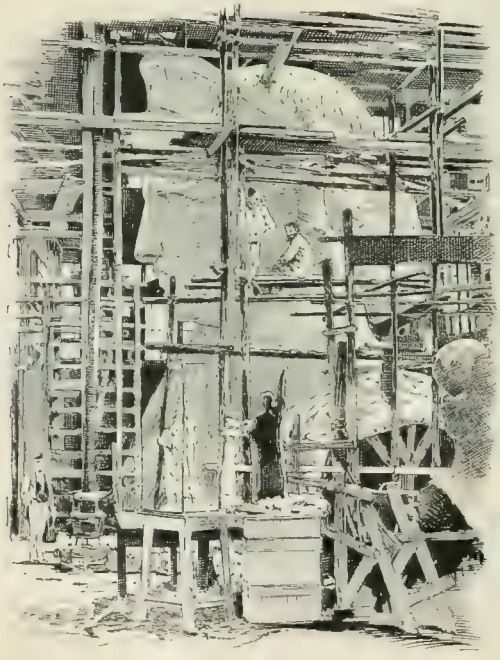
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"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

The colossal Statue by A. Bartholdi, to be erected on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

colonial government. We do not know much about him, except that he died in 1672. However, we may confidently assume that the island was seen by Hendrick Hudson when he first explored the Hudson River. The Dutch colonists must have passed close to it on their way to Communipaw, where they first settled before they founded New Amsterdam.

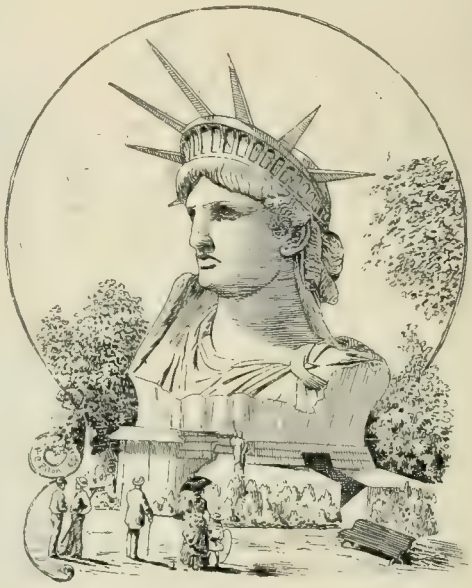
Afterward, during the Revolution, it was called Kennedy's Island, as Captain Kennedy, commander of the British naval station in New York, bought it. He built a house upon the island and used it as a summer residence. At the end of the war it became the property of the State of New York, and at the time of the yellow fever alarm, in 1797, it was used as a quarantine for a short time. In 1800 it was given by the State to the United States, and in 1814 the Government began to build a fort on the island. In 1841 the present star-shaped fort was built, at a cost of $213,000. It was thought at the time to be a fine affair, as it would mount over seventy guns and hold a garrison of three hundred and fifty men. During the Rebellion the place was used as an hospital, and a number of hospital buildings were built on the island. With this exception, the



THE HEAD, IN THE WORK-SHOP.

fort has never been practically utilized. We are not at war with any one, nor do we wish to harm any nation; so it happens that this, like many of our forts, has never been fully supplied with guns or men. And the great guns now used on ships would soon shell to pieces a stone fort like that on Bedloe's Island.

It is a queer place, indeed, and reminds one of



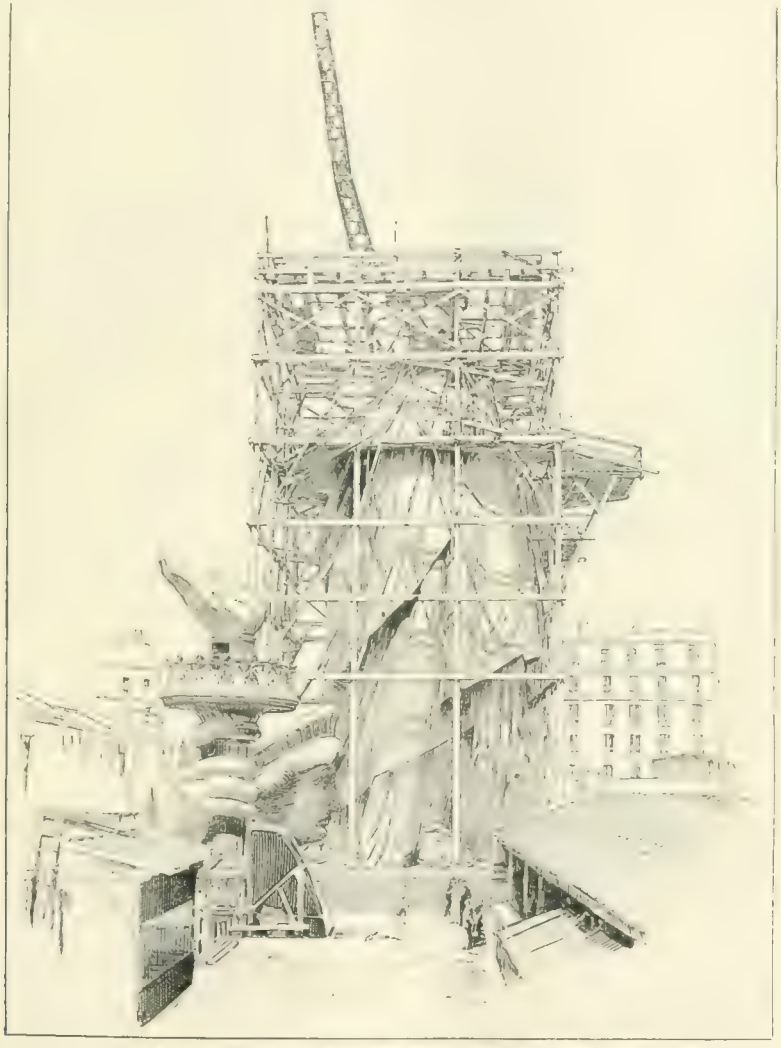
THE HEAD, AS EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

the illustrations in an old picture-book. As you go up from the wharf on the east side, you cross a road that follows the top of the sea-wall, and come at once to the outside battery, already falling to ruin. Here are a few rusty old guns, and behind them rise the granite walls of the fort. There are on the west side an arched entrance, a moat, and a place for a draw-bridge — like those of an old castle. In the south-east corner is a sally-port, a cavern-like entrance, dark and crooked and closed by massive iron doors, not unlike the doors of a big safe. Within the fort there was a parade-ground, or open space, a few houses for the men and officers, and immense tanks for storing water, and great bomb-proof vaults where the men could hide if the shells flew too thick.

It was decided that the lofty pedestal for the statue should be built in the square within the fort. The parade-ground, however, appeared to be level sand. Clearly, it would not do to rest so great a weight on sand, and it would be necessary, therefore, to make excavations until a firm foundation was secured, far below. This seemed an easy task, but it proved to be an exceedingly difficult one. Under the parade-ground were the old water-tanks, the store-rooms, and bomb-proof vaults, and these were of solid brick and stone, very heavily built.

A pit or excavation, ninety feet square, was made and was carried deep enough to go below the fort to the solid ground beneath. Then the great pit had to be filled up again with some material that would not yield or sag. For this purpose, wet concrete was used — a mixture of cement, broken stones, and water. As soon as it is put into place and beaten down, it hardens and becomes like stone. Layer after layer of concrete was put in, till the whole pit was filled up solidly. The mass of concrete is fifty-three feet deep and ninety feet square at the bottom. It will be like one solid block of stone-work, sunk deep in the ground, and rising to the level of the broad walk on top of the walls of the fort; but it is only the foundation on which the pedestal is to be built. The pedestal will be eighty feet high, and the base of the statue will rest upon the top of the pedestal.

At the beginning of this year the filled-in foundation had reached to the level of the old parade-ground, and at the same time came the news from Paris that the statue was finished. The last sheet of dark bronze-colored copper was ready, and every bar and beam and bolt of the large iron skeleton was complete. As you are reading this, preparations are making to go on with the work on our side. The French people have done their part. They have built and paid for the statue, and it lies ready to be sent over in hundreds of pieces, each marked, and ready to be fitted together



THE PARTIALLY-FINISHED STATUE SURROUNDED BY SCAFFOLDING.

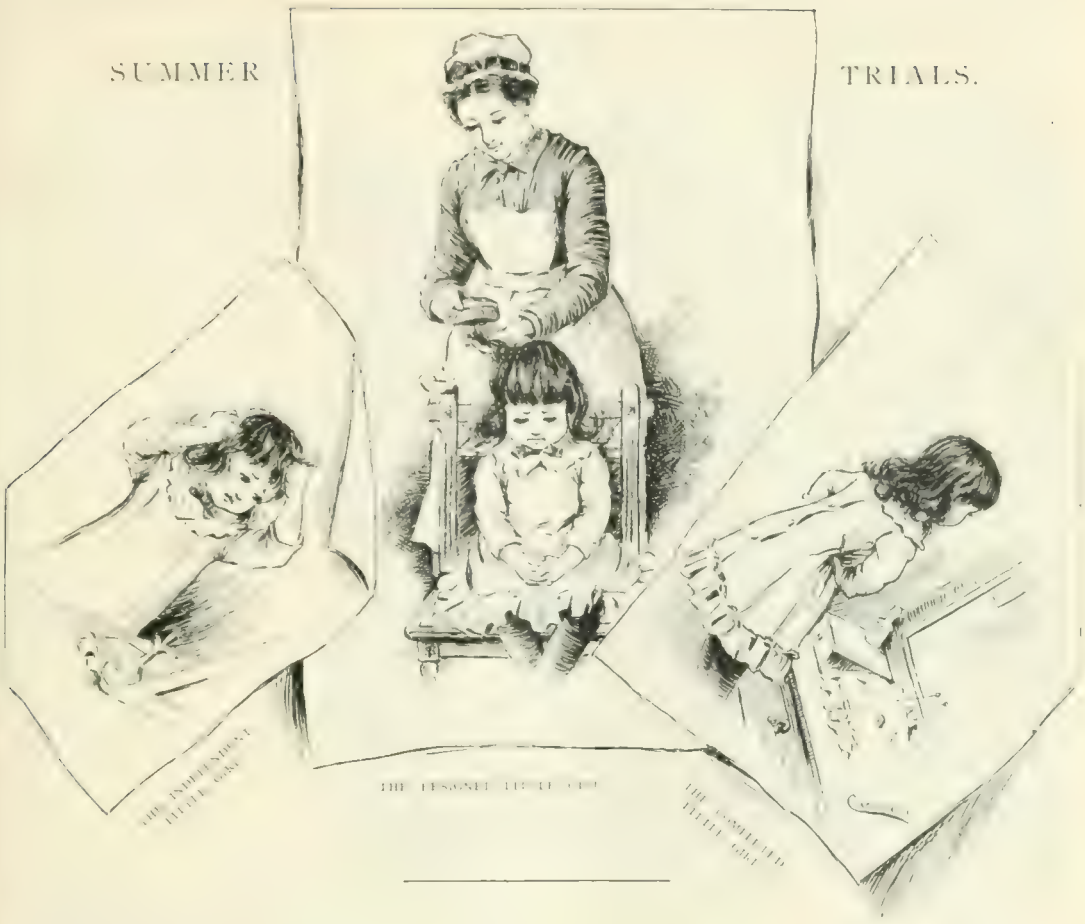
to form the immense figure. Now it is our turn. The statue is a gift — a free present of respect and good-will from the people of France. It is our part to receive it with honor, and put it up in the place assigned to it. America is to build the pedestal on which the great bronze figure will stand.

The pedestal will be of stone, rising in a massive square eighty-two feet above the ground. The solid block of concrete will be hidden under the grass, securely holding up the pedestal and the statue above. There will be stair-ways within the pedestal and balconies near the top, commanding a fine view of the beautiful bay and the three cities. The figure itself, from the top of the head to the foot, on which it stands posed as if about to step forward, is one hundred and ten feet and a half high; the forefinger is eight feet long and four feet in circumference at the second joint; the head is fourteen feet high, and forty persons can stand within it. There will be a stair-way within the statue, leading to the head, and another in the extended arm, by which ascent may be made into the torch, which will hold fifteen persons. A great light will be placed in the torch, and the pointed diadem, encircling the head, will be studded with electric lights. The total weight of the statue, including both the iron skeleton and the copper covering, will, it is said, amount to one hundred thousand pounds.

As the summer advances, the work on the pedestal will be resumed; if all goes well, the corner-stone will be laid on the 4th of July, 1884. When the entire pedestal is finished, the great Liberty, in hundreds of separate pieces, will arrive from France; and then will come the grand work of putting the noble statue together. It will be well worth seeing, for it will be a repetition, in part, of the curious work of building it. The pedestal being finished, the first step will be to fasten the great iron frame-work securely to the stone-work. Long bolts will extend deep into the pedestal, and be anchored firmly in the concrete, so that nothing less than an earthquake can ever throw the structure down. The skeleton in place, then will come the work of putting on the thin plates of copper that make the outside of the figure. These pieces will be fastened with bolts that will not show on the outside, and the joints between the sheets will be so fine that it will be difficult to find them, and so the work will appear from the outside like one solid piece of rich dark bronze.

In Union Square, New York, and facing the statue of Washington, is a bronze figure of Lafayette. It represents a man, of graceful figure and handsome, open face, in the act of making offer of his sword to the country he admired — the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword. The statue well expresses the warm and generous devotion which, as we all know, the French Marquis rendered to this country during the War of the Revolution, and is a fitting memorial to the noble friend of Washington and of America. Look at this statue the next time you pass Union Square or visit New York City. For it, also, was designed by Bartholdi — who planned the great bronze Liberty. He has made many other statues, and almost every one seems to have this strong and vigorous character, and to embody and express a meaning that all who see can understand. He has done good work, and we need have no fear that after the great figure is complete it will not be grand or beautiful. But no matter how imposing its appearance, it might be a failure, in one sense, if it did not clearly express a meaning. The Lafayette in Union Square seems ready to speak. And so, too, the new Liberty evidently has something to say.

What will this grand figure mean? Well, in the first place, it will commemorate the generous part which the French played in the War of Independence, one hundred years ago. And it will represent the good-will and kindly feeling existing between the two nations which are, to-day, the only republics among the leading nations of the world. But there is a still wider meaning in this noble statue, and it is this meaning which the sculptor has embodied in the pose and expression of the figure itself. This colossal statue stands for Liberty enlightening the World. In one hand she lifts aloft a torch; in the other she clasps a book. Perhaps the book means law, or right doing. She stands for liberty; but it is the true, unselfish liberty which respects the rights of others. Moreover, she stands for the people. She means that, under the shadow of liberty, the people are greater than king or emperor; that peace is better than war, friendship wiser than enmity, love and respect better than selfishness and unkindness; and that liberty is for all peoples throughout the wide world.



DANDELION

By Nellie M. Garabrant.

There 's a dandy little fellow
Who dresses all in yellow,—
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the spring-time bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fire-flies camp;
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.
Spick and spandy, little dandy,
Golden dancer in the dell!
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the little children love him well!

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;—
For he very old is growing,
And with hair all white and flowing
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning,—
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

THE TALE OF THE TOAD-FISH.



I AM a little fish, a Toad-fish. One bright day I looked up out of the water and saw Daisy sitting on the stone wall, fishing. Near her sat Aunt May, making a picture—perhaps a picture of me, I thought. I swam up to see what it was, and just then Daisy dropped her line, bob, hook, sinker, pole and all, into the water.

"Oh, Aunty May," said Daisy, "what shall I do?"

Aunty May called a boy who was playing on the rocks.

"Please, little boy," said she, "go get a boat and pick up Daisy's fish-line, and I will give you ten cents."

Off ran the boy, and soon a boat came over my head, and soon I saw Daisy all smiling again, with the fish-line in her hand; and the little boy all smiling, with the money in his hand; and Aunt May all smiling, with her paint-brush in her hand. Daisy looked down at me, and I saw her eyes shining as bright as my scales, and I thought I would like to go up and see her. She dropped a piece of good beef into the water. I opened my mouth wide, and down went the beef and the hook inside of it, and up went I.

The hook did not stick into me. I was caught by the big thing in my throat, and was just going to choke, when somebody pulled it out, and popped me into a round thing with water in it, all shiny, with other fishes swimming round the sides, who kept bumping me with their noses. Suddenly I saw Daisy and somebody else looking at me. "That is a Toad-

fish," said the other somebody; "he lives under a stone at the bottom of the water."

I wonder how she knew that—and then she poked me, and bothered me so—you may be sure I was glad when Aunt May came up and said:

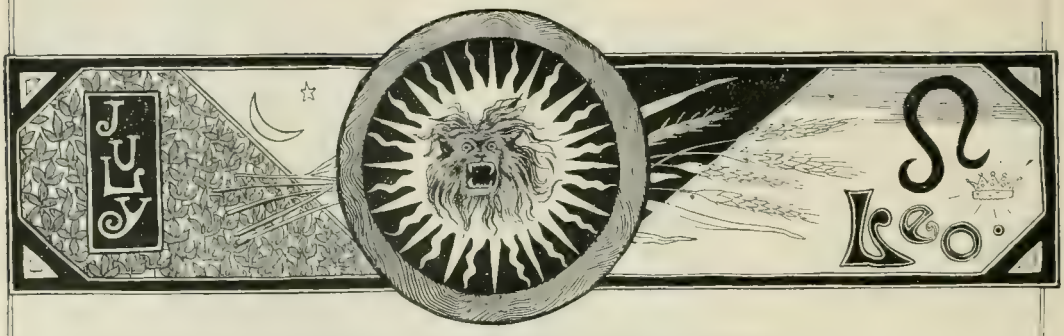
"Keep still, little fish, I 'm going to make a picture of you."



I felt very proud, and kept just as still as I could. Then the round thing began to move, it turned upside down, and there I was again in my sea home! Mother, and all my brothers and sisters were having dinner off the rest of the bait Daisy threw overboard, and they began to scold me, but I said: "Just wait till you hear where I 've been, and how I 've had my picture taken!" So they all sat down and heard this story, which they said was good enough to print. I think so, too. Do you?



BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



It is the merry circus time, and the Sun must have his share,
So he goes to see the Lion, a-lying in his lair

Day of Month	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Tues.	8	Virgo	12. 4	Adm'ble Crichton, d. 1582.
2	Wed.	9	Libra	12. 4	Klopstock, b. 1724.
3	Thur.	10	"	12. 4	Louis XI. of Fr'ce, b. 1423
4	Fri.	11	Ophiuch	12. 4	Independence Day.
5	Sat.	12	"	12. 4	
6	☩	13	Sagitt.	12. 5	4th Sunday after Trinity.
7	Mon.	14	"	12. 5	
8	Tues.	FULL	"	12. 5	La Fontaine, b 1621.
9	Wed.	16	Capri.	12. 5	
10	Thur.	17	Aqua.	12. 5	John Calvin, b. 1509.
11	Fri.	18	"	12. 5	Alex. Hamilton, d. 1804.
12	Sat.	19	Pisces	12. 5	Caius J. Cæsar, b. 100 B.C.
13	☩	20	"	12. 6	5th Sunday after Trinity.
14	Mon.	21	"	12. 6	Mme. De Stael, d. 1817.
15	Tues.	22	"	12. 6	
16	Wed.	23	Aries	12. 6	Sir Jos'a Reynolds, b. 1723.
17	Thur.	24	Taurus	12. 6	Isaac Watts, b. 1674.
18	Fri.	25	"	12. 6	☾ close to Aldebaran.
19	Sat.	26	"	12. 6	☾ near Saturn.
20	☩	27		12. 6	6th Sunday after Trinity.
21	Mon.	28		12. 6	Robert Burns, d. 1796.
22	Tues.	NEW		12. 6	Garibaldi, b. 1807.
23	Wed.	1		12. 6	
24	Thur.	2		12. 6	Jane Austen, d. 1817.
25	Fri.	3	Leo	12. 6	Thos à Kempis, d. 1471.
26	Sat.	4	Virgo	12. 6	☾ close to Mars.
27	☩	5	"	12. 6	7th Sunday after Trinity.
28	Mon.	6	"	12. 6	☾ near Spica.
29	Tues.	7	Libra	12. 6	Albert I. of Ger., b. 1289.
30	Wed	8	"	12. 6	Sebastian Bach, d. 1750.
31	Thur	9	Scorpio	12. 6	Andrew Johnson, d. 1875.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

'T is the month of July, see all the flags fly,
Cannons bang, bells go clang,
And all the time the crackers pop,
As if they never were going to stop.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

JULY 15th, 8.30 P. M.

One month has sufficed to dispel the glory of the western skies, for the sun has advanced to the point where last we saw the planets. VENUS has passed to the west of the sun, and is now the Morning Star. JUPITER sets only an hour after the sun and only MARS is left, and he is not at all conspicuous, though well to the left of Regulus, which is setting in the west. Spica is in the south-west, three hours west of our south mark. Exactly in the south is Antares, the star of the *Scorpion*. It is the most curiously scintillating star in the heavens. Let us now take two more steps in marking the path of the sun among the stars. If we look a little above the line joining Spica and the Antares, about half way between them, we shall see Alpha Libræ, one of the only two conspicuous stars in *Libra, The Scales*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. Now remember that the sun is a little above Spica on the 15th of October, almost covers Alpha Libræ on the 5th of November, and on the 22d of November passes between the two bright stars we see to the west and somewhat higher than Antares. No visible star marks the lowest point reached by the sun on the 21st of December; he does not go near so far south as Antares.

THE LAMB AND THE EAGLE.

"Look here!" said the old Ram, as the Eagle helped himself to a Lamb, "it seems to me you make pretty free with my family."

"True!" replied the Eagle proudly, "I 'm the Bird of Freedom, you know."

"Bah!" cried the Lamb, "I 've no patience with such airs," and she managed to pull the wool over his eyes so effectually, that he could not see his way, and kicked so vigorously with her little hoofs, that he was obliged to drop her.

"Well!" said the Eagle, as he smoothed his ruffled feathers, while the Lamb trotted placidly back to the fold, "Ram, Lamb, Sheep, or Mutton!—I sha'n't have any Fourth-of-July dinner."

* The names of planets are printed in CAPITALS,—those of constellations in italics.



"HERE am I!" cries July, waving her blue flags and fleur-de-lis. "I know I was awfully noisy last year, dear Mother, but I am going to try to be more lady-like; I am sorry I am such a spread-eagle sort of a month, and really wish I was more like May and June."

"Well, my dear," replied Mother Nature, "I wont scold, if you will try to coax Corn along a little bit; I've had a time with the whole vegetable family this year. All the garden has been saucy, and even Old Pumpkin said that he had about made up his mind not to grow any more, not being appreciated as he used to be."

"Now, don't worry, Mother," cried July, "I will go, this minute, and give them such a scorching as will teach them good manners."

THE CARAVAN.

AND they all of them went to the caravan;
There was little boy Dan, and sister Ann, and
baby Fan,
Away they all ran
To get their seats of the ticket man;
And such a cram, and such a jam,
Was never seen at a caravan
Since the days that Noah's ark set sail,
With the animals packed in, head and tail;
The lamb and the tiger side by side;
The crocodile with his tough old hide;
The ramping, roaring, great gorilla
With the little, dusty, gray moth-miller;
But I hope that Noah, that good old man,
Had no such time with *his* caravan,
As befell the man who had this show,
Which at first delighted the children so.

As soon as they entered the great big tent,
They were all quite silent with wonderment,
At seeing so many singular things,
With tails, and claws, and horns, and wings.
But all of a sudden the tiger growled,
The lion roared, and the jackall howled,
The monkeys chattered, and scolded, and scowled,
While up and down the panther prowled,
In his iron cage, so fierce and grim,
With his glaring eyes, with blood-red rim;—
And the whole of the caravan joined in the
noise,
Until, at last, all the girls and boys,
Had to run to get out of the way,
And this was the end of their holiday.
For the animals, tired of being a show,
Had all resolved to the woods to go;
They crashed, and dashed,
And clashed, and lashed,
And all together their cages smashed;
They roared, and gored,
And soared, and poured
Out of the tent in a mighty horde;
And there never was heard such a terrible
din,
Since the day Noah drove the animals in.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SINCE we had our little talk last month, a number of letters about the ages of animals have been sent to me. Some of them are so interesting that I think I shall have to show them to you the next time we meet.

To-day, however, you shall have a story, to begin with, in honor of the Fourth of July. It is called

THE YELLOW FIRE-CRACKER.

THERE was once a yellow Chinese fire-cracker that lived in a bunch of red ones. They were all tied together by their pigtails, so that not one could get away.

The yellow cracker was lonely and unhappy, or he thought that he was, for he was different from the rest, and his brothers used to laugh at him and whisper softly:

"Yellow, yellow,
What a fellow!"

He would lie awake at night, and wonder how he could get away. "I should like to go off and never come back," he would say to himself; "yes, I should like to go off very much, indeed."

One day he went off, and I will tell you how. He and his brothers had their home in a shop window. A red ball lived on one side of them, and a box of slate-pencils on the other, both very pleasant neighbors. They all liked to watch the children who pressed their noses flat against the glass of the window and "chose" what they would like to have. It was a lovely home, but no one ever chose the yellow fire-cracker, and so he grew quite unhappy. One day one of the slate-pencils was taken away, never to come back, and "little yellow" kept saying to the other pencils, the ball, and all of his brothers:

"If they would only take me, then I should be happy, for I am sure there must be other yellow people in the world. It is very hard living where every one else is red or gray. Oh, dear!"

"I want some fire-crackers, please," said a little boy to the shop-man. "How d' you sell 'em a pack?"

"Six cents," answered the man.

"Whew!" said the boy. "How many do you give for a cent?"

"Five," said the man.

"Will you give me five and throw in the yellow one?"

When "little yellow" heard this he was delighted. The man took up the bunch of crackers, and, untying their pigtails, he put the yellow one and five of its red brothers into an old piece of newspaper, and, handed them to the boy.

Then the fire-crackers started off on a journey in the dark; but soon they were taken out of the paper and laid in a row across the little boy's hand. Other children stood around and looked at them. The crackers began to feel very proud.

"Let 's send the yellow one off first. He 's a good one, and wont he make a noise!" said one child.

"Of course I 'm good," said the cracker, to himself. "I will not make a noise at all, for I 've always been a quiet fellow." Just then a yellow dog ran down the street, and the boys started after him.

"Let 's tie the two yellows together, and send 'm off," said another boy.

"How nice!" said the cracker. "The dog is yellow, and they are going to tie us together. Now I shall have a real brother, and we 'll have fun going off together."

But before the boys could catch the dog, one of them held a lighted match to "little yellow's" pigtail.

"Now I am off, indeed," said "little yellow"; "but what is going on inside of me? I shall burst! I shall burst!"

And he did.

ABOUT UNCLE SAM

TALKING of fire-crackers naturally makes one think of our country, and that again reminds me of something that our wonderful Little School-ma'am lately told right here in my meadow. She explained why the Government of the United States is so often called "Uncle Sam." It appears that some well-informed person in Washington, in looking over old books and papers in the Capitol library the other day, came across the whole story and wrote it down in a letter. The Little School-ma'am saw his account and recited it to the children of the red school-house, at the close of the noon play-time.

You must know that, according to our Washington friend, this term "Uncle Sam" originated at Troy, in New York State, during the war of 1812.

The Government inspector there was called Uncle Sam Wilson, and, when the war opened, Elbert Anderson, the contractor at New York, bought a large amount of beef, pork, and pickles for the army. These goods were inspected by Mr. Wilson, and were duly labeled E. A., U. S., meaning Elbert Anderson, for the United States. The term U. S. for United States was then somewhat new, and the workmen concluded it referred to Uncle Sam Wilson. After they discovered their mistake they kept up the name for fun. These same men soon went to the war. There they repeated the joke. It got into print and went the rounds. From that time on the term "Uncle Sam" grew to be the nickname of the United States, and now it is everywhere understood that Uncle Sam and our national Government are one and the same thing.

THE DAISY IS INTERVIEWED.

IT appears that the children — who are very fond of imitating the ways of grown folk — have lately taken to interviewing certain flowers and animals, thus obtaining from them a good amount of strictly personal information.

The following account of a little girl interviewing a daisy — as taken down by our poetical reporter — is not without interest:

"Oh, where did you come from, you dear dainty flower,
With your heart like the sun, and your hair like the snow?"
"Oh, I came from the land of the sunshine and shower,
Where the [illegible]

"But what did you do when the leaves were all dying,
And the meadows were covered with billows of snow?
When to lands of soft breezes the robins were flying,
Pray, where [illegible]

"When the bleak winds were blowing o'er mountains and meadows,
I was out in the field sleeping under the snow,
And I dreamed of still woods in soft sunlight and shadows,
And of banks where the violets grow."

"But how did you know when the winter was over?
And how did you know when the spring-time was here?
Did you dream that the fields were all purple with clover,
And wake to find summer was near?"

"I heard the birds sing, and I heard the brook flowing,
And the sunshine and rain called in tones soft and clear:
'The green grass is growing, the flowers are blowing,
Wake, daisy, for summer is here!'"

BREEZE CHILDREN.

"SOME boys and girls," remarked the Deacon, last Saturday, to his young friends, "are very like a certain flower that I read about lately: they come out best in a breeze. The quiet peacefulness that makes the daisy sort of youngster all the more sweet and charming, makes these breeze-children seem stupid and dull. They need a brisk wind, or even a gale, to show what they really are."

Well, the good man proceeded to illustrate his point, and as the listening youngsters laughed and nodded "yes," I suppose he made his meaning quite clear. But what interested your Jack the most was the flower or plant itself. This the Deacon described as a truly wonderful thing — a South American shrub that stands about two or three feet in height and usually looks something like a dark knobby cane with a crook on top. But when the wind blows, these knobs on the stalk open out into beautiful flowers that shut again as soon as the air is still.

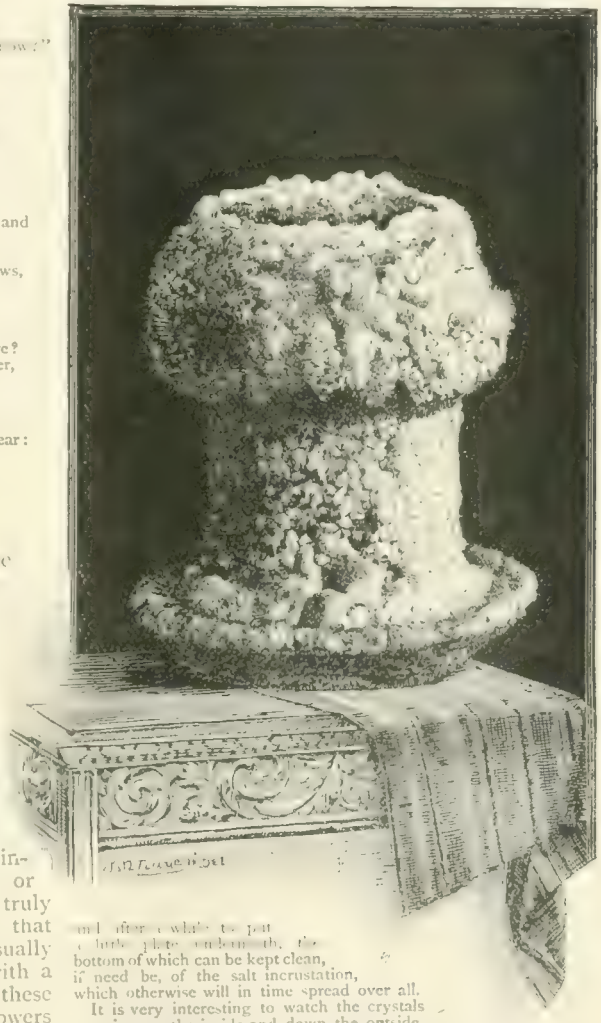
OUR FRIENDS THE SCAPHIRHYNCHOPENÆ.

INFORMATION is wanted of the Scaphirhynchopenæ. Have you heard from them lately? They are quite a dashing family, I'm told — high livers, good swimmers, fond of racing and so on — and strong teetotalers in the bargain. When last heard from, they were taking a swim near London.

A SALT TUMBLER.

Dear [illegible] the other day I saw in [illegible] some sitting-room, something that attracted my attention. When I remarked on "the pretty new crystal vase," my friend laughed, and told me how easily the vase had been made — or had made itself. Her account so interested me that I resolved to ask you to repeat it [illegible] portrait of the pretty piece of home-made crystal work.

The directions are simple enough. One has only to take a slender tumbler, partly fill it with water and put in a good handful of salt. That is all, except from time to time to add more water and salt,



and after a while to put [illegible] bottom of which can be kept clean, if need be, of the salt incrustation, which otherwise will in time spread over all.

It is very interesting to watch the crystals creeping up the inside and down the outside, and thickening, till the whole is white, covered with a mass of little stalactites, beautifully irregular on the surface, but symmetrical in general shape. This takes several months. If a blue tumbler is desired, bluing may be added to the salt and water (a teaspoonful of bluing to a tumbler of water).

Yours truly, MARGARET MEREDITH.

WHY TUMBLER?

BY the way, it occurs to me to ask why the glass drinking-vessel in common use, standing so firmly on its foundation, should have so very unsteady a name as "the tumbler." Who knows?

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

A MASCULINE young contributor sends us this mischievous drawing as a Fourth-of-July contribution:



A DANGEROUS DOLLY.

NEW YORK, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my little house which I have in the country. It is called "Gable Lodge," and it is painted red and has a piazza all around it. It is quite large and it is all furnished, and has a carpet on the floor and some chairs in it, and shelves to keep my china on, and a wardrobe to keep my doll's clothes in. I have a very big doll and she lives in the house I am telling about. Her name is "Violette." Good-bye, this is all now; perhaps I will write another letter to you.

MARGUERITE L. WINSLOW.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for four years. My mother gave you to me for a Christmas present in 1879, and I have taken you ever since. I think you are the best magazine that I have ever read. I carry the paper called *The Chronicle* here and have to get up at four o'clock in the morning. I wonder if many of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like that. I think it is fun. I like Louisa M. Alcott's Spinning-wheel Stories very much.

Your constant reader, PERRY M. RILEY.

LONDON, ENGLAND, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your readers, and I am a Californian living in England. I am nine years old, and I thought I might interest some of your readers of the Letter-box by telling a story about the Chinese which my mother told me. They copy everything exactly. A gentleman once sent a plate to China to have a certain number made like it, and as he did not like to send one of his best plates, he sent one with a crack in it, and so, when he got them all, each one had a crack in it just like the one he had sent. I like your stories very much.

Your little friend, CHARLIE DELANY.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes your precious magazine and likes it better than any other that it has ever subscribed for.

Seeing the article given in the January number about "Jericho Roses," and having one in our school cabinet, we tried the experiment and met with great success, although it was not tried on Christmas Eve or the night before Easter. Your faithful readers,

MARGARET S. and MARY B.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONN., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were very much interested in the letter written by Lucy C. A., White Rock, Elko Co., Nevada, and we want to know more about her. My Papa lived in that locality and has told us so much about the country that we felt very interested. His name was Martin R. Burnham, a stock-man. Does she know of him? I wonder if this will ever reach her eyes? If so, will she reply? I would like so much to tell her of my beautiful home in the Connecticut Valley, and to hear from a little girl who lives in a country my Papa knows so well. So, dear ST. NICHOLAS, will you please print this for one of your readers? MARY B.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see you have scarcely any letters from your little friends abroad. So I thought I would write you one. I am a little American girl, eleven years old, and am traveling all around Europe with Mamma, Papa, and my pug, "Punch." We had an earthquake the other day, and a black fog to-day,—so black, that the hansoms had their lamps lighted I found a little daisy in Hyde Park, and it looks like ours only it has a pink border. Queen Victoria's grand-daughter is to be married on Wednesday to the Duke of Hesse. I have written an awful long letter; but, dear ST. NICHOLAS, if you only knew half the trouble I have had with it, between the spelling and naughty "Punch," who keeps knocking my arm, you would surely publish it. Punch has just chewed up my dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your English friends,

"PUNCH" AND MILDRED SHIRLEY.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from here in "the Best of Magazines," and think we ought to be represented, so I take upon myself the duty of writing to you. It is a pleasure to tell you how much I appreciate this dear book and how eagerly I watch for it. I have been a reader for some time and think each number is better than the last. I would like to see my letter in print, and for fear it may be too long, will close with kind wishes to all the readers and "Dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit."

Your true friend, "BLUE BELL."

49 HUNTINGDON ST., BARNSBURY, LONDON, ENG., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a red-letter day with us when papa brings each number of ST. NICHOLAS home, as all of us enjoy reading it very much. We have been in England now nearly two years, and we wish we were back in Kentucky again. We have seen a great deal since we came, but we enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS more than all. We are now anxiously looking forward for the May number, which we shall all enjoy reading.

We are, your affectionate readers,

MAGGIE, NELLIE, and ALICE SMITH.

I (Maggie) am 13, Nellie is 12, and Alice will be 8 on Easter Sunday.

72 BELSIZE PARK GARDENS, LONDON, N. W., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an anecdote that I think might please some of the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS. I shall call it

"A CURIOUS DINNER-PARTY."

One day our dog's dinner was put out for him as usual in the back-yard. In about five minutes, the servant, going through the back-yard, saw, to her amazement, that the dog was giving a dinner-party, for at the dish were our cat, our bantam cock and hen, and a rat. The rat and cat were close together. The rat was a very bold fellow, and a very "cheeky" one, too, for he used to fight with quite a big kitten, and after a while they became great friends.

Yours truly, MARGARET G. ANDERSON.

SOUTH BOSTON, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please do me a great favor by asking your girl-readers if any of them have ever succeeded in culti-

vating a vegetable garden. I have raised poultry. I am very much interested in the question as to how girls may earn money at home. In the city there are many ways of earning, but in the country very few ways can be [illegible]. One of the most healthful [illegible] for country girls is [illegible]. Of course, a girl must not expect to become rich, but considerable [illegible] can be [illegible] this way.

A well-attended strawberry-bed yields well, and repays one bountifully; the raising of grapes, currants, raspberries, blackberries, and other small fruits is profitable. Then there are the vegetables; I suppose a girl would think raising them to be outside her "sphere," but I have raised, in a half-acre garden, bushels of onions, tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, potatoes, cucumbers, for pickling, and, in fact, all of the common vegetables; they repaid me well, too, and I planted, weeded, hoed, and harvested them all myself. You would hardly believe how good a profit a little patch of land will yield, if properly attended.

Besides gardening, taking care of poultry or lambs well repays a girl for her trouble; but, of the two, poultry-keeping is the easier and the more profitable in the end. A flock of pretty, shining hens was dearer to me than all the puppies and kittens that ever saw daylight. Eggs will always sell, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas dressed poultry is much in demand.

I have had a great deal of experience in farming, in all of its various forms, from the raising of garden seeds to the gathering of apples and rearing of stock; and I can advise any girl to take up farming, for it is a pure, healthful, and pleasant occupation. I do not live in the country now, but I take as much interest in what is passing there as if I did.

I hope soon to hear from some of your rural friends who have had experience in farming. Yours expectantly,

MABEL PERCY H——.

[illegible], Pa., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been looking over the letters and I see none from Louisiana, so I thought I would write to you. My Aunt [illegible] St. Nicholas [illegible] present, and I think it is such a splendid one. I think the Spinning-wheel stories [illegible] Mabel [illegible] interesting. We have a [illegible] and I like reading. I have three sisters and one brother, and our baby sister is so sweet, she is just beginning to talk; I cannot write very long letters because I am not old enough. I am only ten. I want to see my letter in print very much.

Your little unknown friend, L. G. B——.

WE have received correct answers from the following young friends in reply to the little Baltimore boy's letter in the May Letter-box: [illegible], Ella S. Gould, Walter A. Mathews, A. C., Mamie Mead, K. L., A. H. C., Edgar G. Banta, Mary McGowan, Helen D. H., E. C., Charles Baldwin, William E. Ireland, Phil. Jennings, J. D. W., Mabel Holcombe, C. W. N., Kitty W. B., F. A. Frere. We have also received pleasant letters from Phil. H. Sawyer, Bessie W., [illegible], Tracie, Martie Rindland, J. J. Coachman, Lizzie Lee Filles, James H. C. Richmond, Ina M., Florence E. S., Mattie B. Wells, "Hermes," Mina Nicholas, Mabel L. F., J. M. M., Gracie Knight, [illegible], "Subscriber," [illegible], Mabel Douglas, Edwina Alberta, "Questioner."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-NINTH REPORT.

JULY finds the Association actively engaged in midsummer work. The responses to circulars recently issued show that, as was to be expected, many Chapters have disbanded, owing to the graduation of classes, etc., but there is also shown a large increase in the membership of most of our branches. The amendments have been carried by something more than the requisite three-fourths vote, and the Amended Constitution is given in full in THE NEW HAND-BOOK, which is now ready, price, 50 cents.

THE SEPTEMBER CONVENTION.

The subject of a General Convention of the Agassiz Association, as proposed in May, has excited much interest. A change of plan is suggested that seems to us excellent. It is that our meeting be held in Philadelphia instead of Nashua. The Philadelphia Chapters have expressed their willingness to accept the responsibility of the necessary preparations, and the Nashua Chapter has gracefully waived its prior claim.

It is proposed to hold the meeting on the 2d and 3d of September. It is so nearly impossible to get at a full expression of opinion from all our Chapters, that, to expedite matters, we venture to call the meeting for Philadelphia on the two days mentioned, subject to the approval of the various Chapters. The advantages of the city are many: It is the home of several strong Chapters; it is central; it has ample room for the whole of the Agassiz Association, and on the 4th and 5th there is to assemble there the American Association for the Advancement of Science,—whose meetings, as well as the Electrical Exhibition of same date, will prove of great interest and value to all. This question must now be promptly and definitely decided, and we earnestly request the opinions of all Chapters, and the names of those that can attend such a meeting. If the responses are favorable, details will be given later.

ADDITIONAL AID.

The thanks of the A. A. are due to the writers of the following generous offers:

WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

On the subject of human physiology, I may be able to assist by answering questions. If so, I am at your service.

WM. M. BAIRD, M. D.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 30, '84.

Dear Sir: I am working on the jumping-spiders—*attidæ*—of the world, describing new species and getting ready to publish a monograph of the family. I should be very happy to determine spiders in this group from any locality for members of the A. A. I will be very glad to give to the club that will send the best collection of jumping-spiders (the collection not to be less than fifteen species) Hentz's *United States Spiders*, with Emerton's Notes, 21 plates and upward of four hundred figures. The spiders should be in alcohol and ought to be sent to me before the last of October. Any club that desires to compete had better communicate with me, and I can then send them instructions that will aid them.

Yours truly, THEO. PECKHAM.

THE RED CROSS CLASS.

The very pleasant class in practical anatomy that Dr. Warren began a month or two ago has been interrupted, from a most sad necessity. Dr. Warren was suddenly called to go to Florida to attend his father in a serious illness. As soon as he shall be able to return, he will again communicate with his correspondents.

VACATION.

During the months of July and August, the President of the A. A. will be away from Lenox, and for those months the regular "Chapter Reports" may be omitted. All other correspondence will be attended to as usual, though with a delay of a day or two, caused by forwarding the mails.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name	No. of Members	Address.
623	Manlius, N. Y. (B)	[illegible]	C. H. Cleaver, St. John's School.
624	Abington, Conn. (A)	13	Miss Jessie E. L. Dennis.
625	Hudson, N. Y. (A)	4	Harry W. George.
626	Petoskey, Mich. (A)	11	W. B. Lawton.
627	Brighton, Ont. (A)	12	Miss Lizzie Squier.
628	Harrisonburg, Va. (A)	5	Mrs. [illegible] Daugerfield
629	Chicopee, Mass. (A)	14	Miss E. L. Mitchell, Box 210.
630	New York, N. Y. (Q)	6	W. T. Demarest, 106 Varick St.
631	Fremont, O. (A)	10	Theo. H. Jangk.
632	Davenport, Iowa (B)	7	Miss Sarah G. Foote

633	Terre Haute, Ind. (B).	8	.	O. C. Newhinney.
634	Macon, Mo (A)	6	.	C. W. Kimball.
635	Annapolis, Md. (A)....	9	.	A. A. Hopkins, St. John's Coll.
636	Rockville, Ind. (A)	8	.	E. C. Thurston.
637	Putnam, Conn. (A)	7	.	Harry W. Chapman.
638	St. Louis, Mo. (D). ..	4	.	Frank M. Davis, 3857 Washington Ave.
639	Montclair, N. J. (A)...	6	.	Miss Lucy Parsons.
640	Millville, N. J. (A). .	4	.	Carder Hayard.
641	Normal Park, Ill. (A)..	14	.	Miss Charlotte Putnam, Bx. 173.
642	Florence, Mass. (A).....	9	.	A. T. Bliss.
643	Higganum, Conn. (A).	5	.	Miss Estella E. Clark.
644	Philadelphia, Pa. (U)...	4	.	M. C Knabe, Jr, 470 N. 7th St
645	Bath, N. Y (B)	5	.	Charles L. Kingsley.
646	Janesville, Wis. (A).....	7	.	Miss A. E. Prichard.
647	Union City, Mich. (A)..	9	.	Carl Spencer.
648	Peoria, Ill. (D).....	6	.	H. J. Woodward.
649	Chicago, Ill. (V).....	4	.	J. H. Manny, 242 Bissel St.
650	Sandusky, O. (A)	5	.	John Youngs, Jr., 415 Franklin St.

REORGANIZED.

338	Wareham, Mass (B).....	6	.	Arthur Hammond.

EXCHANGES.

Lepidoptera and correspondence.—Geo. C. Hollister, Old Nat. Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.

White Chinese rats.—J. P. Cotton, Newport, R. I.

Birds' eggs.—H. J. Woodward, Peoria, Ill.

British eggs and lepidoptera.—L. Hayter, Gleuggle, Wood Lane, Highgate, London, England.

Minerals for eggs.—W. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.

Eggs and coral (write first).—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.

Buffalo's tooth, for iron ore.—Jessie Sharpnack, Grafton, D. T.

Eggs.—Albert Garrett, Lawrence, Kansas.

Bird-skins, eggs, and insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Avenue, Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Frank H. Foster, Keene, N. H. Box 307.

Cannel coal, halite, hematite, limonite, selenite, for stilbite azurite, amazon stone serpentine.—Robert E. Terry, Sec., Hudson, N.Y.

Correspondence.—J. H. Jones, Sec. Chap. 463, Dayton, O.

Mounted microscopic objects, for insects.—Charles C. Osborn, 27 West Thirty-second Street, New York.

Illinois minerals.—Sec. Chap. 550, 208 N. Academy Street, Galesburgh, Ill.

Botanical specimens of California, for works (new or second-hand, if in good order) on botany, geology, and mineralogy.—Mrs. E. H. King, Napa, Cal.

Mounted diatoms, Isthmia nervosa, from Santa Cruz, for diatomaceous earth from Richmond, Va., or elsewhere.—L. M. King, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Fossils of Lower Silurian, for coleoptera and lepidoptera.—G. M., 35½ Sherman Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Shells, minerals, and fossils.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lamberton St., New Haven, Conn.

Green malachite, and others, for opalized wood, etc.—Herbert D. Miles, 2417 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Indicolite and many others, for minerals or insects.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOTES.

98. *Alligator (a).*—The alligator is found only in fresh water, while the crocodile lives in both fresh and salt water, usually in the mouth of a large river where the tide comes in.

(b.) The lower canine teeth of the alligator fit into the notches in the edge of the upper jaw, while in the crocodile the lower teeth fit into pits in the upper jaw. This causes a difference in the outline of the head, the muzzle of the crocodile being narrowed behind the nostrils, while that of the alligator forms an unbroken line to the mouth.—Josie Ford.

99. *Moss on trees.*—A very long kind of moss grows on tamarack trees here (Pine City, Minn.) It grows from the tree about two feet, then widens out at the end into a sort of plate from which more runners spring, which again widen into a plate, and so on. I have found pieces eight feet long.—E. L. Stephan.

[The name of this moss, please?]

100. *Pebbles*, in answer to C. F. G.—Owing to alternate freezing and thawing, large blocks of rock are broken from the mountain side. These are broken into smaller fragments by rolling and attrition, and by the action of the water and friction against each other are ground down into rounded forms called pebbles. For a full and clear account, see *Pebbles*, published at 30c. by Ginn & Heath, Boston.

101. *Blue-jay.*—March 8th. It was snowing hard. I espied a blue-jay in an apple-tree, picking away like mad at a frozen apple. The spiteful, hammer-like force with which he pecked at it, attested the power of his bill as well as his hunger. He stayed a full half-hour, the chilling blast ruffling his feathers, and the snow at times completely veiling him. He appeared very tired. He probably got scarcely a spoonful of frozen apple.—L. M. Howe, Hallowell, Me.

CHAPTER REPORTS.

604. *Fredonia, N. Y.*—Our Chapter is working with steady enthusiasm. We meet every Wednesday for two hours' united study. Our head-quarters, "Agassiz Hall," already has a scientific look.—Mrs. J. N. Curtis, Sec.

595. *Oneonta, N. Y.*—In astronomy we think we have been quite successful, as when we began we did not know the name of a single star, and have had no one to help us except ST. NICHOLAS. Now we can trace the Ecliptic by means of its principal stars, and have learned the names of all the constellations of the Zodiac.—Jessie E. Jenks.

544. *Oxford, Miss.*—We have raised tadpoles from the spawn, have caught and placed in a tank three minnows, one perch, and one catfish, which we observe daily; we have several cocoons awaiting transformation, and a large white grub in a clay ball. Great eagerness to learn pervades this little Chapter.—C. Woodward Hutson.

246. *Bethlehem, Pa.*—Our collection of woods contains a majority of all that grow here. Our department of bird-skins is growing rapidly. Our minerals are fine, not very large, but all good specimens. We have collected 147 specimens of insects during the year. At an entertainment we realized a net profit of $14.00.—Geo. G. Grider.

261. *E. Boston.*—Please change the name of our Secretary to Miss Ruth A. Odiorne, 118 Lexington St.

135. *Jackson, Mich.*—We now have sixteen members, and all are very much interested. We have been obliged to change our Secretary to Mr. James Bennett, 306 First St.

537. *Mansfield, O.*—The class from the High School visited our museum recently, and expressed a strong desire to enter the lists and become practical workers, which convinced us that even *we* could be of some benefit. We will offer to the Chapter sending us the largest and best collection of coleoptera or lepidoptera by November 1st, a beautiful specimen of native silver from Chihuahua. We respectfully solicit correspondence, with a view to exchange, from all working Chapters.—E. Wilkinson, Sec.

532. *Lewickley, Pa.*—At every meeting we have at least three essays, and the best one is placed in the scrap-book.—M. A. Christy, Sec.

413. *Denver, Col.*—At our last meeting we had an essay on Audubon's Warbler, skins of both sexes being shown to illustrate the paper, also on Herring Gull, and Great Northern Shrike (specimens shown), the Burrowing Owl, and Bullock's Oriole. One of our number prepared over one hundred bird-skins while in the Rocky Mountains this summer, some of which are very rare here, among them the Black Swift.—W. H. Henderson, Cor. Sec.

138. *Warren, Me.*—We had an interesting discussion on the question, "Resolved, that a knowledge of Natural History is of more value to the farmer than a knowledge of Mathematics." Can any one tell us what time is represented by the rings of a beet?—A. M. Hilt.

229. *Chicago, Ill.*—Here is a specimen of our meetings: Met at 4 P. M., Pres. Davis in the chair. Only two members absent. *Music.* Appointment of Critic. Minutes of previous meeting. Secretary's report. Treasurer's report. Essay, Camphor. *Music.* Select reading, Wild Cat. Experiment with camphor. Essay, Insect Collecting.—Criticism of previous meeting. *Music.* Select reading, Blue Jay. Essay, Chamois. Experiment, the extraction of pure copper from the ore. Experiment, production of hydrogen from zinc by hydrochloric acid. Select reading, Fish. Essay, the Llama. *Music.*

The meeting was *very* pleasant. The essay on insect collecting was illustrated by drawings, 4 x 4 in.—Ezra Larned, Sec.

[It would be a pleasure to attend a meeting like that.]

514. *Iowa City.*—Our essays are written on letter-paper with wide margins for binding. We shall bind them every year and keep them.—W. M. Clute, Sec.

485. *Brooklyn Village, O.*—We now number over forty members. We have in our room an excellent picture of Agassiz. At each meeting, the time is divided into quarter hours for the different branches of Nat. Hist., after which there is general discussion.—Lewis B. Foote.

All communications concerning the Agassiz Association must be addressed to the President,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the beheaded letters, when read in the order here given, will spell the name of a distinguished sculptor.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Behead healing substances and leave charity. 2. Behead solitary and leave desolate. 3. Behead a river of Europe and leave a stone used for sharpening instruments. 4. Behead the plural of that and leave covering for the feet. 5. Behead listens and leave refuges. 6. Behead a fruit and leave to subsist. 7. Behead a narrow slip of paper affixed to anything to denote its contents or character and leave a man's name. 8. Behead a seaport town of England and leave above. 9. Behead fanciful and leave to distribute.

FAITH OWEN.

LIBERTY PUZZLE.



EACH of the fourteen small pictures may be described by a word of four letters. Behead each of these words and put another letter in place of the one removed. The new words thus formed all appertain to the central figure. Example: Boot, foot.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

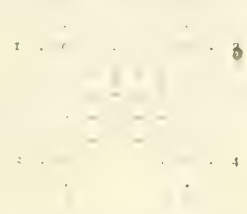
ONE pleasant morning in June I started with some young friends to ride on horseback to the house of my Aunt (1) *a city of Italy*, where we were to spend a few days. The party consisted of my cousin (2) *a cape of New Jersey*, my sister (3) *a city of France*, my brother (4) *a city of New South Wales*, and my cousins (5) *a cape of Virginia*, and (6) *a lake in New York*. My sister (7) *a city of France* rode a beautiful [illegible] *and Asia* (8) *a group of islands north of Scotland* pony, which we had named (9) *an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence*.

A pleasant breeze was blowing, the (11) *one of the Hebrides* was [illegible], and the [illegible] passed gayly. About midday we discovered, a little to the (13) *cape of Norway* of the road, a pleasant grove, where we decided to stop and have luncheon. (14) *A* [illegible] how a tiny [illegible] *of South America*, which she had hung upon her saddle, and we sat down to a luncheon of [illegible] *country of Europe*, [illegible] *an island in the Hebrides*, and a [illegible] *cape of Cape Colony*. We had a hard pull to get the (20) *city of Ireland* from the bottle, [illegible] *cape of Virginia* sauce, but it was at length removed. The boys gathered sticks, our little kettle boiled, and soon the fragrant [illegible] *of Germany* [illegible] *of the Sandwich Islands* coffee filled the air. Our lunch eaten, we were soon on our way again, but the sun was almost obscured by clouds, the (24) *name given to the upper part of the Big Horn River* had risen, and we feared that the day's pleasure would be [illegible] *forming part of the northern boundary of the United States*. Our little party became very doleful, and (26) *a lake in New York*, like the mischievous (27) *an island south of England* he is, began to tell an [illegible] story called [illegible] *a river of Europe*, the [illegible] *an ocean south of Asia* scout.

As he was regaling us with this thrilling narration, an old woman appeared in the road before us with [illegible] *belonging to New York* gray hair hanging about her shoulders, and a bright (33) *sea east of China* (34) *islands west of Africa* perched upon her finger. We were all startled at this strange apparition, especially after listening to blood-curdling stories, but we tried to appear (35) [illegible] *in North America* [illegible] *of North Carolina*, and rode bravely by. Just then the sun broke through the clouds, and after a brisk canter of half an hour, we drew rein at the house of Aunt (37) *a city of Italy*, and were not sorry to say (38) *a cape of Greenland* to riding expeditions for that day.

ANNIE MCV.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.



FROM 1 TO 2: From a town, crystallized sand, in which the crystals are made; from 3 to 4, food; from 1 to 3, an instrument for examining flowers; from 2 to 4, shrubs and bushes upon which animals browse.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The stone of which the letters of the frame from 1 to 2 name a crystal. 2. A fairy. 3. A song. 4. A gold coin formerly current in Great Britain.

J. P. B.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.

1. Years ago, the magi learned many strange arts from Eastern sages. 2. Let us play tag at Estelle's house, this afternoon. 3. From the brief item she read me, I was unable to form any opinion. 4. Tell Emma on no account to be late. 5. Yes, say we will surely be there on time.

ZYX.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a kind of detective,
'T is oft used at a meeting elective;
And, whether for best or for worst,
'T is the custom to follow my *first*.

When Jack to the fair took young Bett,
He danced with her every set;
I think it may safely be reckoned
He thought the whole thing was my *second*.

As through the green fields they returned,
Brave Jack, whom Bett never had spurned,
He gathered my *whole*, and, as love's token, gave
To the girl who had made him her captive and slave.

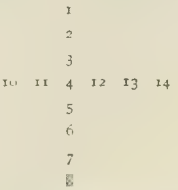
W. H. A.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell what our forefathers fought for; and the fifth row names what is dear to all young people on a certain day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ungracefully. 2. Terse. 3. Commanded. 4. To simulate. 5. Portrays. 6. Directed. 7. A small dagger 8. Subtracts. 9. To diversify. 10. Longs for. 11. Made safe. 12. Treachery. CYRIL DEANE.

SEXTUPLE CROSSES.



I. FROM 9 to 11, a boy's nickname; from 1 to 3, part of a fish; from 12 to 14, a child; from 5 to 8, to throw off; from 9 to 14, a blessing; from 1 to 8, completed.

II. From 9 to 11, a vehicle; from 1 to 3, an inclosure; from 12 to 14, a snare; from 5 to 8, a portable lodge; from 9 to 14, the select council of an executive government; from 1 to 8, contrite.

III. From 9 to 11, a poisonous serpent; from 1 to 3, to disfigure; from 12 to 14, a color; from 5 to 8, a precious metal; from 9 to 14, longed for; from 1 to 8, a flower. DYCIE.

COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (three letters each): 1. A body of lawyers. 2. A man's name. 3. A segment of a circle. 4. A bond.

Primals, to strike; finals, a grain. Primals and finals, when read in connection, form a girl's name. The four central letters of the acrostic may be successively transposed to mean a bar of iron, the couch of a wild beast, and one who perverts the truth. F. A. W.

THREE RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. A month. 2. A loud noise. 3. A color. 4. Stained. DOWNWARD: 1. Injury. 2. Aloft. 3. The limb of an animal. 4. A measure. 5. A song. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In judge.

II. ACROSS: 1. What all expect in summer. 2. A snare 3. Deep mud. 4. A stringed instrument of music. DOWNWARD: 1 In heliotrope. 2. A Latin conjunction. 3. To fortify. 4. Part of a coin. 5. To inspect closely. 6. A German personal pronoun. 7. In heliotrope.

III. 1. Useful in warm weather. 2. A valley. 3. A spear. 4. Closely confined. DOWNWARD: 1. In fortune. 2. A Latin preposition. 3. A short slumber. 4. To slide. 5. To increase. 6. Two-thirds of a termination. 7. In fortune. DYCIE.

EASY INVERSIONS.

EXAMPLE: Invert an apartment and make to secure. Answer: Room, moor.

1. Invert fate and make disposition. 2. Invert a color and make a poet. 3. Invert enmity and make bleak. 4. Invert moisture and make to marry. 5. Invert a small body of water and make a noose. 6. Invert a Roman magistrate and make to cut off. 7. Invert an Arabian prince and make hoar-frost. 8. Invert dishes and make a sudden breaking. PAUL REESE.

INSCRIPTION PUZZLE.



FIRST decipher the inscription on the base of the column. From the letters forming it, spell the names of the six articles below it. G. W. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

SHAKSPERIAN PUZZLE. "With no less confidence than boys pursuing summer butterflies."—Act 4. Scene VI. Monogram, McCullough. —— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Gondola.

DICKENS CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Gregsbury; Cross-words: 1. garGery. 2. staRtop. 3. squEers. 4. meaGles. 5. podSnap. 6. herBert. 7. smaUker. 8. ledRook. 9. graYper.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Cod. 2. Oil. 3. Doll. 4. Lid. 5. Mill. 6. Coil. 7 Viol.

CONCEALED HALF SQUARE. 1. Potomac. 2. Operas. 3. Tenet. 4. Ores. 5. Mat. 6. As. 7. C

BEHEADINGS. Beheaded letters, Whittier. Cross-words: 1 W-rest. 2. H-over. 3. I-deal. 4. T-ally. 5. T-rout. 6. I-rate. 7. E-late. 8. R-over.

BURIED FLOWERS. 1. Orchis. 2. Sunflower. 3. Tea-rose. 4. Feverfew. 5. Oxalis. 6. Sumach. 7. Clematis. 8. Sweet-pea.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Mathews. Cross-words: 1. CharM. 2. HeclA. 3. AlloT. 4. RancH. 5. LithE 6. EndoW. 7. SealS. —— PROVERB PUZZLE. Bunker Hill.

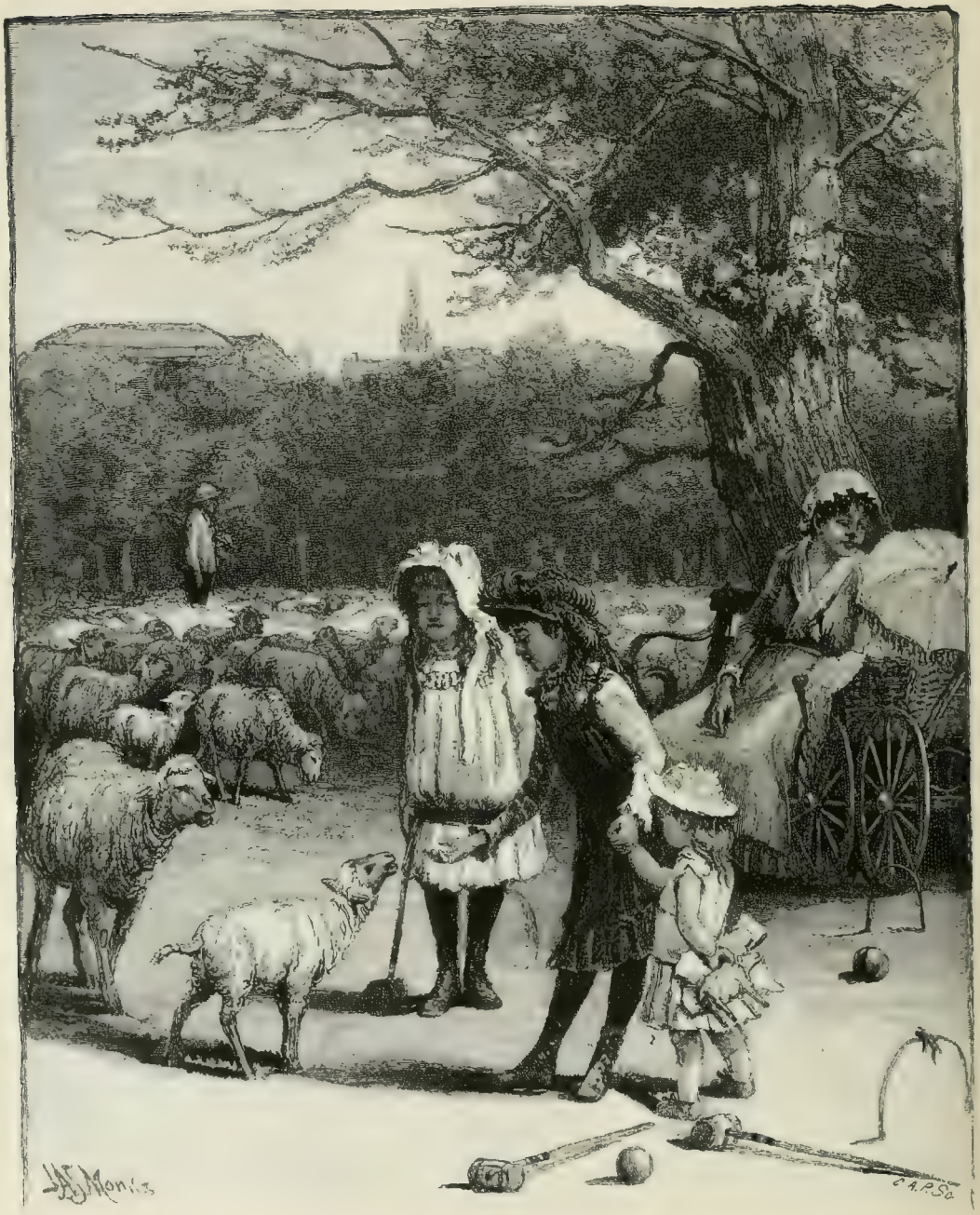
HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Slumber. Cross-words: 1. conSume. 2 soLid. 3. nUt 4. M. 5 ABe 6. stEer. 7. leaRned.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Lida Bell, Canada, 2—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 5.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from L. S. T.—Paul Reese—Arthur Gride—Rex Ford—S. R. T.—Maggie T. Turrill—"Johnny Duck," Highland Mills.—Kina—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William—Charles H. Kyte—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—Nicoll and Mary Ludlow—Madeleine Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Maggie L. and Addie S., 1—Russell K. Miller, 5—Navajo, 6—Minnie G. Morse, 4—R. McKean Barry, 1—Pep and Maria, 10—Emma and Ada, 1—Ella S. Gould, 1—Carrie Howard, 2—F. N. Betts, 2—"Bubber, Nannie, and B.," 7—Roy Macfarland, 1—Jennie McBride, 1—H. D. A., 3—Emily Sydeman, 1—A. and B., 2—James W. Thompson, 5—Maurice Sharp, 1—Jessie A. Brahams, 1—Fred. A. Barnes, 2—Karl Miner, 3—Sallie Swan, 2—Edward Bancroft, 3—Bessie A. Jackson, 3—Bertie, 2—"Yelbis," 1—Raphael A. Weed, 2—Birdie Alberger, 3—"Solon, Theseus, and Lycurgus," 4—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 3—Grace, Maud, and May, 3—Lulu F., 2—S. H. Rippey, 1—Imo and Grace, 10—R. H. and R. C. G., 2—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Katherine Smith, 2—Herbert Gaytes, 6—Hester Bruce, 3—Jennie and Birdie K., 4—Jennie Balch, 6—Alexande rand Freddie Laidlaw, 10—Sallie Viles, 7—H. Coale, 1—L. M. and E. D., 8—H. J. Dodd, 5—Sterne, 7—Mary E. Kaighn, 7—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 9—Elaine, 3—Emiline Danzel, 1—George Habenicht, 2—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 7—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Margaret and Muriel Grundy, 4—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 8—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 1—Georgia L. Gilmore, 5—"Captain Nemo," 11—Jessie A. Platt, 9—"Penn Forest," 9—Ed and Louis, 8—L. C. B., 3—Belle G. M., 9—George Lyman Waterhouse, 10—Edith Helen Moss, 1—Willie Sheraton, 3.



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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OLD SHEP AND THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

BY FRANKLIN H. NORTH.

"YEA — IP! yea — ip!! yea — a — ip!!!" came in loud, hoarse tones across the Central Park playground, and the sheep anear and afar, startled from their browse, turned about and, with mouths grass-tufted, looked in the direction of the shepherd and then in that of his aide-de-camp, the dog, Shep, that is wont to bring them their orders. Even the young lambs playing "follow-my-leader" on the steep rocks to the south of the field, that have not yet come to look upon life seriously, paused in their gambols and craned their necks, as if to say: "Well, what 's up now?" They soon learned.

"Hoo, Shep! Hoo!" shouted the shepherd to his dog, and before the last sounds had left his lips, the collie was flying across the grassy slope that separated him from the flock.

The message with which Shep was intrusted was something like this: "Close order all! Stand by to run for the fold! Storm coming!"

Now, the awkward, noisy boatswain of a big ship, charged with the same kind of order, would have almost split the ear with his shrill pipings and his still more boisterous bawling of "All hands on deck to shorten sail!" And the buglers of a squadron of cavalry, in delivering such a command as Shep bore, would have frightened every living thing within hearing, by their wild trumpetings to "Saddle horses!" "Mount horses!" and the like.

Shep has a much better way than these. He runs around and around the flock, repeating in a pleasant, low tone the orders to march that he has received. The stranger who does n't know anything about sheep and about the collie, or Scotch sheep-dog, would naturally enough look upon his barking as the ordinary meaningless jabbering of uneducated dogs. But if you should listen to Shep while he is repeating his orders to the flock, you would find that his barkings, though usually low-toned, are sometimes emphasized; that some are short and some long; and that each is expressive of a distinct idea when taken in conjunction with his look of annoyance as he runs after a stray sheep, and of satisfaction when, in answer to the nudge of his nose, the straggler turns toward the flock.

It is a language which the sheep may be said to understand almost perfectly, and the laggards, or possibly those hard of hearing, run up to him now and then, as if they had lost a word or two, and were anxious to gather the exact wording of the orders. For sheep, like girls and boys, and even their elders, have a curiosity to know just what is going on about them.

On the afternoon when they were being called in much earlier than usual, because of a threatened storm, it was evident that the sheep were somewhat puzzled, and that the collie was having not a little trouble with them.

Sheep, of course, don't carry watches, and therefore can not tell exactly what the hour is, but they have other means of knowing. The shepherd will tell you that his flock know it is time to go home when the afternoon sun sinks behind the

peaked roof of the fold; and as Shep, probably because he was not so instructed, did not explain the cause of the unusual orders, they could only conclude that they had really been out on the velvety, fragrant meadow the allotted time, or else that the machinery that worked that great golden orb which usually gilds the western sky at their bedtime, was not in good running order.

The shepherd knows that sheep must not be left out in the rain, as the water rots their hoofs, and always alert, he spies a coming storm with almost the same readiness as the mariner, though the latter has a barometer to aid him.

After the flock has traversed the entire extent of field, on its way homeward, it comes upon the public drive-way that separates the play-ground from the sheep-fold. It is here that the shepherd and his assistant, Shep, have the most trouble with the flock. Fast-driven horses almost run over the sheep, and children show a desire to catch the lambs.

But Shep is equal to the emergency, and, at every moment, seems to be just where he is most needed. Now he has stood his ground in the middle of the road and stopped a pair of high-stepping horses, and again he is flying down the bridle-path to turn homeward a frightened sheep.

All the attentions paid to Shep by strangers, at such times, are thrown away. Neither the seductive callings of the spectators nor the whistling and hooting of the boys have any effect. Shep keeps busily moving hither and thither, from one part of the flock to the other, infusing courage into the timid lambs, and pushing the wild ones with his nose when they show any inclination to stray.

In fine weather, the sheep usually go out on the meadow at half-past five o'clock in the morning and return to their fold at half-past six in the evening. Sometimes, as on Saturdays during May, for example, the meadow is given up to the boys and girls as a play-ground; and it is safe to say that the disappointment of the boys and girls when they arrive at the Park and find the red flag flying, is not a whit keener than that of the sheep when, on coming out into the yard of a morning, they discover that the stars and stripes are waving from the staff in the middle of their favorite feeding-ground. For this tells them that those curious animals that have only two legs instead of four, and wear all kinds of strange and many-colored clothing, are to be allowed to trample the young grass with unsparing feet, or to play at ball, which sport, in the estimation of a sheep, seems, no doubt, a meaningless and foolish mode of enjoying one's self on a beautiful, green meadow.

But sheep, too, have their games, or rather the lambs have; and among the grassy hillocks and rocky bluffs on either side of the field there is rare sport for them.

The curiosity of the lambs sometimes leads them to approach children on the paths that border the green; but petting or playing with the lambs is now forbidden, because children and their nurses are inclined to offer them all kinds of cakes and even brown paper, india-rubber rattles, and shoestrings. And such articles of diet as those last named, though consumed by the goat with evident relish, have a serious and sometimes fatal effect upon the digestion of the lamb.

But, while visitors are not permitted to approach the flock, it is not long since an exception was made to this rule. A lad with paralyzed limbs used to be wheeled each bright day down the narrow path that skirts the favorite play-ground of the lambs at the south of the field, and from his high cushioned seat he would look wistfully at the white-fleeced lambs near by as though he would like to make their nearer acquaintance. At last, one day, some of the lambs, attracted by the sweet clover he held in his hand, cautiously approached and nibbled at the proffered grasses, which consisted of the common variety of clover, the white and the hare's-foot, a very delicious food for them. From that moment the boy and the lambs were firm friends; and, the kindly shepherd having given his consent, the poor little invalid visited the flock daily. Indeed, it happened ere long, that whenever noon came and the visitor did not appear, some of the lambs were wont to pause in their gambols and look eagerly up the winding, hilly path, as if disappointed that the little man with the fresh clovers was not in sight.

Those who saw him say that it was a pleasure to watch the lambs gather around him, peer into his face and even crowd the woman away from the back of the little three-wheeled carriage in their endeavors to pluck the fresh clover over his shoulder. But each day his face seemed to grow whiter and thinner, and his hands feebler; and one day in the autumn, when the foliage that overhung the path had become red and yellow, and brown and purple, and the soft southerly breeze had changed to coolish winds from the westward, the well-known tricycle did not appear. The bright sun reached the meridian and began to sink into the south-west, but the bearer of the clovers came not, and the lambs were forced to content themselves with the young grass clinging to the hillocks. A few days later, a sad-faced woman in a black gown appeared at the point in the path that had been frequented by the little invalid, and sat for hours upon a bench near by. It was the same woman who had come with the boy, and when the lambs discovered that she brought with her the same

grasses they were wont to receive, they ventured to approach and eat them out of her lap. But by and by came the bleak, chilling winds and the snow, and the woman appeared no more.

The sheep-fold stands upon an elevation facing the point where the western bridle-path touches the main road. It is a stone and brick building, having two wings, a connecting archway in the rear and a large yard in front. In this yard are several boxes, each containing a great chunk of rock-salt, and when the sheep return from their



THE HOMEWARD MARCH TO THE FOLD.

feeding-ground, they push and crowd one another for good positions about these boxes, for they are very fond of salt. If you should look at the chunks of salt, you would see that they are honey-combed in every direction by the sheep's rough tongues.

The sheep wander about the yard till night-fall, and then straggle into the pens to sleep on the fresh straw provided for them by the shepherd.

The flock is composed entirely of Southdowns, a variety believed to be native to the Downs of Sussex, in England, and said by Mr. Henry Woods, of Merton, one of the best English authorities, to have existed before the conquest of England, and to be one of the purest and most unmixed breeds of sheep in Britain.

The building where the Central Park sheep are housed is not a model fold. It looks more like a fortress than a sheep-fold, and it seems to have been constructed under the misapprehension that sheep require all the conveniences of the human family. The fold is pierced with port-holes, like a block-house, or the gun-deck of a man-of-war. These holes, however, are now stopped up with cobble-stones, but before this was done there were many mishaps; the lambs, in a spirit of investigation, often squeezed through the holes to see where they led, and fell into the depths below, a distance of eight or ten feet.

At either end of the fold, there are rooms with fine panels and furnished with oaken book-cases and tables. The intention of the builders was to make libraries of these rooms; but the sheep in the Park, though they do a great deal of thinking, and no doubt at times hold long conversations with one another, or with Shep, their guardian, don't care much for reading, and don't require any books. This fact, however, seems not to have become

apparent to the builders until after the library was completed, and these costly rooms have been used, not as reading-rooms, but for storing the wool that is clipped from the sheep.

Inside the fold, there are two parallel rows of pens, each having beneath it a diminutive row of the same shape. These pens are filled with hay in the indoor season,— when the ground is covered with snow,— the tall pens being for the sheep, the short ones for the lambs.

At one end of the fold, distant only a few feet from the sheep, lies the collie. Indeed, Shep would not be at ease away from the sheep, for, though eighteen years old, he has lived among them from his infancy. Like many another shepherd dog, Shep, when but a few weeks old, was put under the care of a ewe whose lambs had been taken from her to make room for him, and hence he doubtless feels himself a sort of kinsman of the flock. Even for a collie, Shep is unusually sagacious, and in many instances has shown an intelligence almost human.

A few years ago, Shep being even then an old dog, an attempt was made to supersede him with a younger dog of more acute hearing. So poor old Shep was led away; and, evidently divining what was going on, showed many signs of distress. He was given to a gentleman who owns a farm in Putnam County, New York — more than fifty miles distant from New York City. Arrived at the farm, Shep was wont to sit on the lawn before the house and look intently in the direction whence he had been brought. Neither the kindly words of his new master nor the marrowy bones plentifully bestowed upon him by his mistress, served to cheer up his faithful old heart or lessen his longing to be back with the flock he loved so well.

One day the Park Superintendent came up to the farm on a visit, and Shep's heart beat with delight; for he imagined, though wrongly, that it was for him that the visitor had come. His new master took the superintendent out into a field to see some fine cows, and Shep followed; but the cows became restive at the sight of the dog.

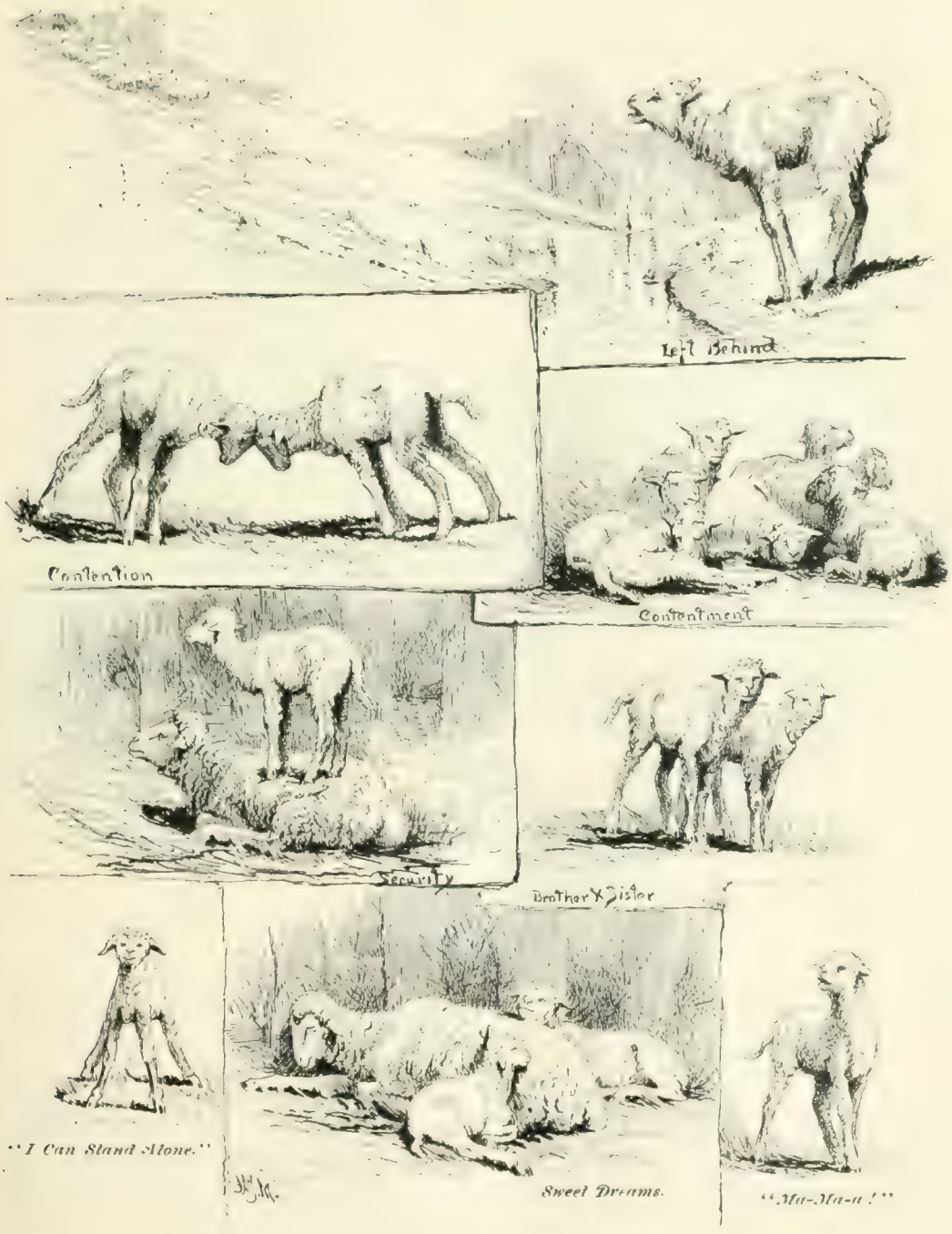
"Go home, Shep!" said his new master, turning sharply upon him. Shep, when he got this command, brightened up immediately. His eyes opened wide and his bushy tail, which had drooped ever since he took up his new quarters, rose high in the air and curled over his back with its wonted grace. He understood the words of the order perfectly; but he knew only one "home," and that was in the Central Park sheep-fold, and with an alacrity that did credit to his aged limbs, he bounded off in the direction where he knew it stood. He had come by way of a steam-boat that landed at Poughkeepsie, and with a sagacity that might be looked for in a human being, but could hardly be expected in the canine family, he found his way at once to the wharf. There, not being able to read the time-table posted upon the wharf-shed, he sat down behind some barrels and waited patiently for the boat to come. But the boat started from the upper Hudson and did not call at Poughkeepsie until late in the afternoon. Shep seemed to know that it would come at last, however, and he improved the interval in taking a few quiet dozes under the shed.

When the boat arrived, almost the first passenger to get aboard was Shep; he made the embarkation in just three bounds, and forgetting all about buying a ticket, hid himself at once among some great cases of merchandise lying on the main deck, where he remained, composed and comfortable, during the journey. The shepherd, who told this story of his collie, did not say if, upon the arrival of the boat at New York, the captain demanded Shep's ticket. But, if he did, it is safe to say he did n't get it, for Shep left Poughkeepsie with nothing but his shaggy hair on his back. The boat, in due time, reached the wharf at the foot of West Twenty-third Street, New York City; and, as may be imagined, Shep did not tarry on the way between the wharf and the Central Park. Long before his fellow-passengers had their luggage safely landed, Shep had reached the fold and was being hailed by the sheep with unmistakable evidences of delight. And from that day, the Park Superintendent, Mr. Conklin, a warm-hearted man, would not permit any one to remove the faithful collie from the fold.

Shep, much to his disappointment, found another and a younger dog in his former position of protector of the flock, but he was at once appointed as instructor to the young dog, a position he yet holds and in which he is giving great satisfaction.

The younger collie is called Shep Junior, and, though a very intelligent dog and making good progress in the collie language, is given o'er much to frivolity, and has by no means yet secured the confidence of the sheep. They naturally regard him as not entirely worthy of their confidence; for on several occasions he has shown an inclination to take part in the play of the lambs, which puts an end to all sport at once, since he is both awkward and rough. And upon one occasion he intruded upon a game of "Follow-my-leader," and snapped savagely at a lamb who had jumped, out of its turn, from the rocky hillock that skirts the southerly end of the pasture.

There is reason to believe that old Shep, who made a dash to the spot to rescue the lamb, scolded him soundly, for it is said that, after a


Left Behind.
Contention
Contentment
Security
Brother & Sister
"I Can Stand Alone."
Sweet Dreams.
"Ma-Ma-a!"

few vigorous barks from the old dog, young Shep crouched down and sneaked off the field in the direction of the fold, trailing his bushy tail in the dust behind him.

If you should visit the Park some fine morning, you might see young Shep taking his lessons. He is never whipped, not even when he does wrong or makes mistakes, because that breaks the spirit of a collie, as indeed of any other kind of dog, and a shepherd dog must of all things be brave. When he does n't carry out an order correctly, or in such a way that the sheep can understand him, old Shep is sent with the same order and Shep Junior is made to keep still and watch him until it is executed. His first lesson is simply to guard a hat or a coat or stick thrown upon the grass by the shepherd, and he is left out with it sometimes until late in the evening to show him the importance of fidelity, the very first essential in a shepherd dog. Next he is taught to gather the sheep, to take them to the right, then to the left. After this he is sent on the trail of a lost sheep, with instructions to bring it back slowly. The most important lesson, and one young Shep has not yet learned, is that of going among the flock and finding out if any of them are missing. This, as may be imagined, is by no means an easy task with a flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he knows every member of the flock, though to the ordinary observer they all look almost exactly alike. Indeed old Shep can, if his master the shepherd is not mistaken, perform a feat more wonderful than this. The shepherd says that Shep, when uncertain whether some of the flock have not strayed up the bridle-path on their way home, while he was busy in keeping troublesome boys away, will take his stand at the gate of the fold and touch each sheep with his fore-paw as it passes in. At such times he has the air of a farmer counting his cattle as they come home at night, and he wears an expression as if his mind were occupied with an intricate sum in addition. Whether he is really counting the sheep or not can not be said positively; but he has been known, after noting each sheep as it passed, to rush off up the bridle-path and return with a straggler. This does much to prove that the shepherd's assertion that old Shep can count the sheep is possibly not far from the truth. And Mr. Conklin, the Park Superintendent, an authority on sheep and sheep-dogs, says that every well-trained collie knows by sight the individual members of his flock, and, by going among them, can tell if any are missing. In the annual sheep-trials in England, he has seen a collie, he says, successfully carry out an order to select *three* sheep from the flock, and conduct them safely along a dangerous and winding path.

One morning Shep, having safely conveyed the flock to the end of the green, and made sure that no vagrant dogs were about, returned for his younger namesake, whose school-hours were about to begin.



"YOU MUST GO BACK."

While trotting leisurely back with his charge, he heard the shepherd calling loudly for him, and soon made the startling discovery that the sheep were nowhere to be seen. A wild dash brought him to his master's side. He looked up into the shepherd's face, cocked his head on one side, assumed an expression of apprehension, and gave three sharp, short barks and two long ones, fol-

lowed by a low wail. Translated into our language, this meant: "I say, old man, where are the sheep?" At the same time Shep's tail, which, under ordinary circumstances, curls gayly upward in a semicircle, fell about ten points, which indicated a lack of confidence in the shepherd and a general depression in his own spirits. For Shep's tail is an infalli-



A GAME OF "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

ble index of the condition of his spirits, just as the rising and falling of a column of mercury in the thermometer indicates the temperature of the air.

The only response Shep got was: "They 're a' awa!"

No sooner did he hear this than he was bounding over the grassy undulations to the northward, for he knew that the sheep, when chased by vagrant animals, generally make for the steep declivity that lies northward and eastward of the play-ground. Shep was right in his conclusion that his wards had fled thither. Perched all over the sharp, steep rocks and bowlders were the sheep. But it was not a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf that was awkwardly stumbling over the rocks with blood-stained fangs, but a great shaggy butcher's dog. In an instant Shep took in the situation. With three springs he was close up to the marauder, and at the end of the fourth the powerful freebooter found himself possessed of what seemed to be a permanent appendage to his left ear that was far from comfortable. As an ear-ring it was too heavy, and as an ornament it was by no means attractive. He barked and growled savagely and tried to shake Shep off, but it was no use. The more he shook himself, the more firmly Shep's sharp teeth buried themselves in his ear, and when he was beginning to howl with pain, the shepherd came up and with his great oaken staff gave him a good beating before Shep got the word to let the prisoner go.

Young Shep, like old Shep, is a pure-blooded collie, and bore away the honors in his class at the last bench show of dogs in New York. He is short of nose, bright and mild of eye, and looks very sagacious. His body is heavily covered with long and woolly hair, which stands out boldly in a thick mass and forms a most effectual screen against the heat of the blazing sun or the cold, sleety blasts of the winter's winds. The tail is very bushy and curves upward toward the end. The color of the hair is almost black, sprinkled with tan, and there is a white spot on the throat. Were it not for this white spot, he could not be called a pure-blooded collie.

Young Shep is certainly an apt pupil, as you may see if you visit the fold when he is taking his lessons. He is very intelligent, and though, as already said, he has not yet mastered the only language the sheep understand, he spends much of his time in thinking.

Sheep dogs, like old Shep and young Shep, rarely get bones, and, consequently, when they do have the good fortune to receive such a delicacy, they are inclined to take very good care of it.

Young Shep, when he had picked the bone to

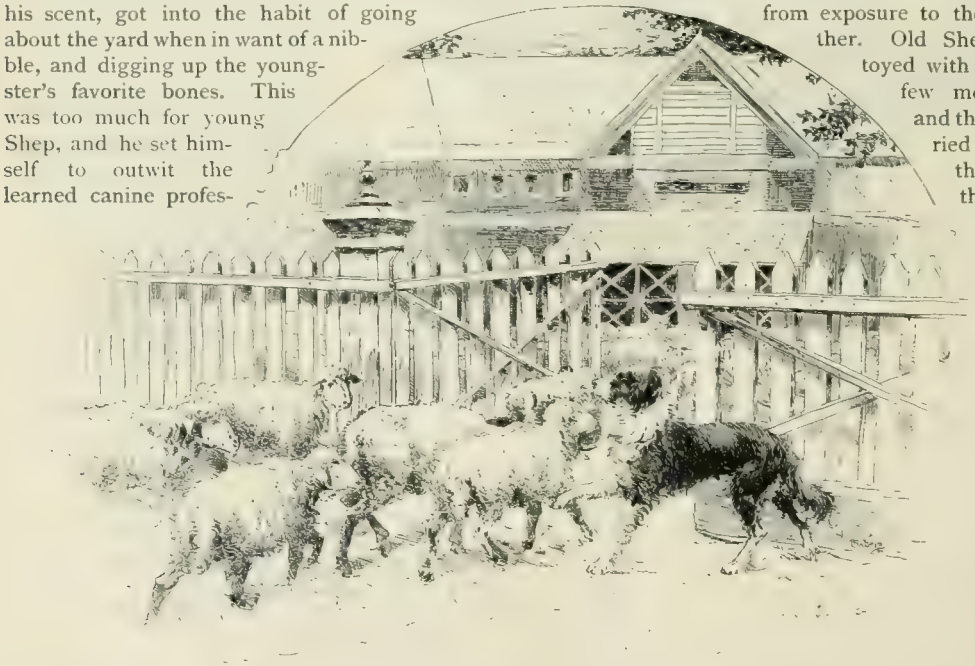


PORTRAIT OF OLD SHEP — DRAWN FROM LIFE

his complete satisfaction for the time, used to dig a hole in the yard, and put the bone in it, thus making provision in time of plenty for a possible famine in the future. Seeing this, old Shep, who, if he is losing his hearing, is by no means parting with his scent, got into the habit of going about the yard when in want of a nibble, and digging up the youngster's favorite bones. This was too much for young Shep, and he set himself to outwit the learned canine professor. Being given an unusually delicious and delicate chicken-bone one day, just after his dinner, he looked around for a safe depository until his appetite should return and he could enjoy the feast to his heart's content. As said before, young Shep is a thinking dog, and it did not take him long to hit upon a plan by which the voracious appetite of his revered instructor might be foiled — at least in so far as the appropriation of his junior's property was concerned.

He first dug an unusually deep pit, scratching away with his fore-paws for a long time. In the bottom of the deep hole he carefully buried the juicy chicken-bone, covering it with a good supply of fresh clay. The hole was now only half full, and young Shep was seen searching the yard from end to end. Finally he found what he sought! It was an old bone that had been picked clean and even the edges of which had been nibbled off. This he carried over to the newly made hole, into which he dropped it, covering it in turn with a bountiful supply of clay.

The next day old Shep bethought him that he would like a good bone to nibble. So he searched about the yard. The newly turned earth assured him that a bone was below, and his nose affirmed it. He went to work with a will, and his labors were soon rewarded by the sight of a bone. But such a bone! No meat adhered to its sides, and it was almost white in some places from exposure to the weather. Old Shep just toyed with it for a few moments and then carried it to the farther end of the yard, where he dropped it. Meantime, young Shep had come to the door of the fold and had seen what was going on with ill-concealed anxiety. No



OLD SHEP COUNTING THE SHEEP.

sooner had old Shep retired from the vicinity of the hole, however, than the younger dog was there, digging with all his might; and a few minutes later Old Shep, at the other end of the yard, saw him extract from the same hole where he himself had been digging, a fine juicy chicken-bone, that almost made his mouth water.

Now that young Shep's studies are nearly completed, old Shep is kept much of the time chained up in the dark recesses of the fold, and it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the noble old fellow as he sits with watery eyes and looks up wistfully in the shepherd's face in hopes he will relent and let him go out once more with the sheep and watch them as they clip the sprouting herbage on the neighboring hill-sides. But the fact is, old Shep is very deaf, and all his faculties are waning, for he is eighteen years of age.

"'E 's studied o'er mickle," says the shepherd. "'E 's a'most wore out 'is mind, an' nocht will do 'im now but to wa' till it 's a' over an' 'e 's na moor."

That 's it. The faithful old collie has done his work and done it well, and he must now step aside.

"He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

This is Burns's description of the mountain collie in the "Twa Dogs," and a faithful picture also of old Shep, of the Central Park sheep-fold.

[illegible] *streel*, *gyte*, *dog*, *ajee*, leaped, *sheugh*, ditch, *sonsie*, good-natured, *baws'nt*, brindled, *ilka*, every, *towzie*, shaggy, *gaucy*, big, *hurdies*, hips.

SWEET PEAS.

By Susan Hartley Swett.

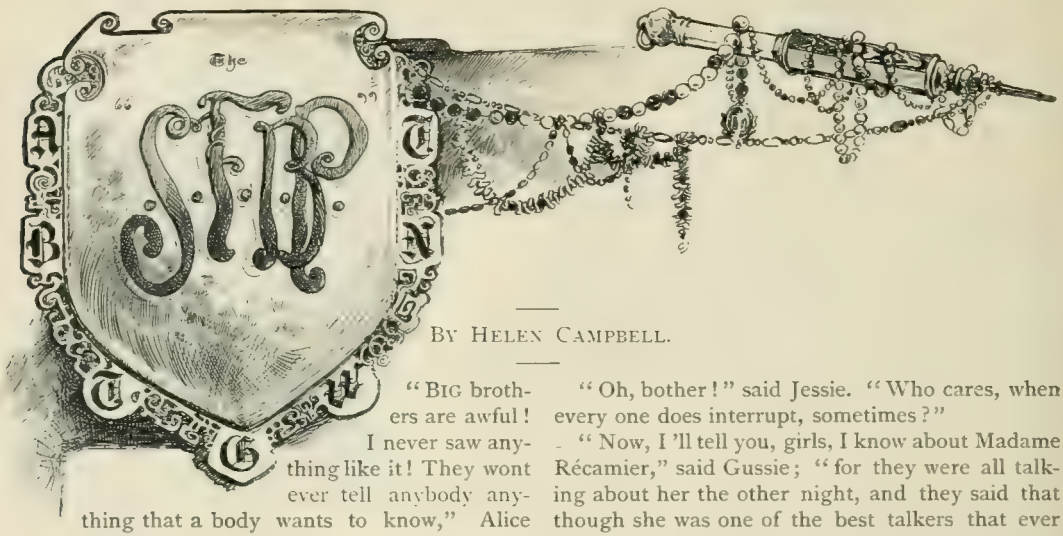
Oh, what is the use of such pretty wings
If one never, never can fly?—
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine
In the delicate morning sky,
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep
Down in their vases so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;
The humming-bird soars away;
The butterfly blows like the leaf of a rose,
Off, off in the sunshine gay;
While you peep over the garden wall,
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company
Of the balsams so dull and proud?
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,
And the spider-wort wrapped in a cloud?
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,
And crowds of gay gossips to visit you?

How you flutter, and reach, and climb!
How eager your wee faces are!
Aye turned to the light till the blind old night
Is led to the world by a star.
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,
Who is preaching up in a tree;
"Though you never may fly while the world goes by,
Take heart, little flowers," says he;
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire
Comes something better than their desire!"



By HELEN CAMPBELL.

"BIG brothers are awful! I never saw anything like it! They wont ever tell anybody anything that a body wants to know," Alice groaned, looking up at her big brother, a handsome boy of fifteen.

"Professor Knox thought so this morning, Alice. He agreed with you entirely. I stuck on the asses' bridge and could n't get off."

"I don't care about the bridge. I want to know about that pin, and you wont tell. You could, if you chose, I know."

"Not if I 'm to remain a gentleman, Ally. I am pledged to secrecy, and honorable people don't break promises."

"Pledged to secrecy!" Alice repeated, as George walked away in a stately manner. "I like the sound of that. I don't see why I could n't be pledged to something, too. I don't see why we girls should n't keep things, too. George loves to say that we tell everything. *I* don't."

Alice set her pretty lips firmly, as she walked toward school. Just before her were two or three others, belonging to the same class, talking very rapidly and gesticulating with books and sandwich-boxes.

"People will think you 're impolite, girls, to be talking so loud in the street," she said, as they waited for her to come up.

"I don't intend to trouble myself much about manners yet awhile," returned Jessie Kimball, sending her box into the air and catching it as it fell. "Time enough to be prim, by and by."

"I should think you did n't," Gussie Sanborn's quiet little voice broke in. "I can't get a word in edgewise. I 've been trying to tell you about Charley Camp and how he fell into the bath-tub, ever since we started, and it 's no use at all. There ought to be a law that people should n't interrupt."

"Oh, bother!" said Jessie. "Who cares, when every one does interrupt, sometimes?"

"Now, I 'll tell you, girls, I know about Madame Récamier," said Gussie; "for they were all talking about her the other night, and they said that though she was one of the best talkers that ever lived, she was just as good a listener; and then Father said that to listen well was one of the lost arts. Mr. Strousby said it was an American vice for all to talk at once, and he doubted if any one of us who were then conversing had heard what any one of the others had said during the five minutes before. He said ministers were the only persons who had a fair chance now-a-days."

"There was one good listener there, anyhow," said Alice, "and her name was Gussie Sanborn. Now, girls, I have a plan. I think we are often rude and impolite, and I 've thought of a way to stop it. There is n't time to tell you now, but please all come up into the north recitation room at recess; and I tell you what, I think it will be real fun,—for every one of us!"

"Every one" included seven little girls, who, when the bell was touched for recess, rushed up the stairs and shut the door of the recitation room with a bang. Alice looked about dubiously, not feeling quite sure of her ground.

"It 's something more than just about being polite," she said. "It 's something you 're not to tell, and you must all promise you 'll not tell, before I begin. Anyhow, we must n't tell *any*body but our mothers, and I 'm not positively certain yet about them, unless they promise not to tell anybody else. Now, who promises?"

"All of us," said Jessie Kimball, speaking for the seven. "Don't we, girls?"

"Yes," came from each one, and Alice went on.

"Well, I have it all planned in my mind. It 's a secret society, like George's, you know,—to be called the 'Society For Being Polite'—the 'S. F. B. P.'—with a president and everything. We 'll draw lots for the first president, and after that elect

in this way: You know our beads that we 're making purses with? Well, we 'll make strings of the very lightest ones, all white or blue or yellow, and every girl that is impolite shall have a black bead added to hers. The president will have to string the beads, and keep count of all the different errors; and the one that has fewest black beads at the end of the week shall be the president for the next week. We must take account of all kinds of impoliteness: Interrupting; and talking too loud; and banging doors; and crowding; and putting on airs; and eating our lunches too fast,—and everything. But I don't think the president could stand it for more than a week, having to watch all the time, you know."

"You 'll have to be the first president," said Jessie, "because you know all about it; but how will you remember all the times we are impolite?"

"Put 'em down," said Alice, briskly. "The president must have a little blank-book with all the names, and every Saturday she must foot up the accounts, and get the strings ready. We take them off Friday before we go home, and put them on again Monday, and we must all help pay for the beads."

"Oh, wont it be fine?" said Jessie. "When shall we begin?"

"To-day is Tuesday," said Alice, reflectively. "It 's better to begin right away, if you 've really made up your mind to do a thing. I have a book, and we can put down the impolitenesses for the next four days, and make the first strings Saturday."

"But we must have a constitution and by-laws," said Gussie; "secret societies, and other kinds, always do."

"I think we hardly need them," said Alice. "Anyhow, if we do, we can get them up afterward. Now, remember you all have promised not to tell a——"

"'Certain true, black and blue,
Hope to choke if ever I do,'"

chanted Jessie, loudly.

"One for you," said Alice, drawing out her book.

"We have n't begun! we have n't begun!" said Jessie, pulling away her pencil. "I shall go crazy, I know I shall, if I must think of every word I say! Besides, you 're not president yet."

"Yes, she is," said Gussie. "We all agreed, and now we 've begun. I knew you 'd be the first to get a black bead!"

"One for you," said Alice, turning to Gussie. "That 's a taunt."

Each little girl looked at the others in consternation.

"We 'll have to watch every word we say!" exclaimed Marion Lawrence. "I never can do it: and yet we 've all promised. I 'm afraid my string will be all black."

"Now," said Alice, as the bell rang again, "I shall not tell any of you about the others' black beads until Monday, and I shall put down all my own rudenesses too, and if I don't, any one can tell me of them. We are the 'S. F. B. P.,' and DON'T YOU TELL!"

As the week went on Miss Christie wondered equally at the startling increase of good manners, and at the air of importance and mystery which surrounded each little girl. She wondered more on Monday morning, when the seven appeared half an hour before the usual time and gathered in a recitation room, which she was politely requested to yield to them until the bell rang. Alice locked the door, and then drew a long breath.

"I 'm thankful it 's Monday," she said. "Oh, such a week! I have n't had a minute's peace, watching you all, and George saw me stringing the beads and asked what they were for, and I told him they had something to do with the 'S. F. B. P.,' and now he wont let me alone at all, and is trying constantly to make me tell. Here are the seven strings in this box. Gussie, you have only four black beads. I have seven, and Rose eight, and Marion six, and Mary and Annie Robbins each five. Look at Jessie's!"

Alice held up a string, an inch or two of which was in deepest mourning.

"Twenty-seven, Jessie!" she said.

"I don't believe it! Show me the book!" sputtered Jessie. "Twenty-seven times from Tuesday to Friday afternoon? It 's no such thing,—so, now!"

"One for contradicting," said Alice. "Gussie has the fewest black beads, so she 's the next president, and she can put it down. Here 's the book. Has any one told?"

"I have n't," came from every one, with the greatest promptness.

"That 's right. Girls *can* keep things secret, even if boys think they can't. This society will teach us to hold our tongues, and not tell all we know. George is determined to find out, and so is Fred Camp, and you must take care or they will. It 's very hard work not to tell things."

All the older girls opened their eyes wide as the seven answered the school-bell. During the week each one had worked the four letters on cardboard, and now appeared with a string of particolored beads about her neck, and "S. F. B. P." in large letters just over her heart. Miss Christie smiled, but said nothing. As the week went on, Miss Brown, the assistant teacher, said that this nonsense going on among the little ones had better

be stopped, as it distracted their attention; but Miss Christie only answered that it did not seem to her to be doing any harm, and if it proved harmful she would attend to it.

George, in the meantime, had used every art known to the mind of boy to find out the meaning of the mysterious letters. Jessie and he were firm friends, and he felt sure that a little judicious teasing would give him every detail, and was profoundly astonished that it did not. Fred Camp pleaded with his cousin Gussie, shocked her by insisting that the letters meant "Society for Buying Pies," and returned each day to the charge with never-diminished energy. Bribes, threats, entreaties, all were useless. The boys grew cross over their want of success, and one rainy Saturday, when Jessie and Alice were locked in their room, and George with Fred Camp and Will Ashton were looking out sulkily and wondering what they had better do, Satan, seeing six "idle hands," at once found mischief for them to do.

"They have n't any business to have secrets," said George. "It 's different with us, of course. We 're old enough to know what we 're about. I don't believe it 's anything good, else they would n't be so mum about it."



"ALICE'S HEAD FELL BACK UPON GEORGE'S ARM AS HE LIFTED HER"

"I 'd *make* 'em tell, if they belonged to me," said Will Ashton, a heavy-looking boy with disagreeable eyes. "I 'd listen and find out that way, or else I 'd plague them till they were afraid not to tell. You can almost always scare a girl."

"Let 's get into their room," said Fred. "We

can drop through the transom, you know, over the door in the back hall. Take the step-ladder and back right in. Keep quiet now, and we 'll astonish them."

Alice and Jessie sat at their table altering strings of beads. Jessie had labored through a week of the presidency, nearly exposing the whole thing by her impetuous ways, and writing herself down oftener than any one. There was a decided improvement, however, and she held up her own string admiringly. Long ago she had bought some fat black beads, determined to get some fun out of her iniquities, and now she held them out to Alice.

"Only eleven this week," she said. "I have thick black ones for pushing, and long ones for screaming, and these flat ones for interrupting, and I do believe I 'm getting a great deal better."

Here came a rattling against the door, and then a silence.

"Go away," said Alice. "You can't come in now. We 're busy.——My goodness!"

A pair of legs came through the ventilator, waved wildly for a moment, and then Fred dropped to the floor, followed by George and Will, who made low bows as they gazed upon the astonished girls.

"You 're mean, horrid things to come where you 're not wanted," said Jessie, pushing her book under the table-cover. "Gentlemen don't do such things. My father would n't."

"Good reason why! he could n't. He 'd stick on the way and wave there all day." sang Fred. "Thank you, Miss Jessie; you did n't poke it so far under but that I can get it. Now we 'll see — '*Alice Benedict:* Bragging, 1; Interrupting, 2; Contradicting, 1. *Gussie Sanborn:* Airs, 1; Sulks, 1. *Jessie Kimball:* Pushing, 4.'"

"Fred Camp, you mean boy! put it down!" cried Jessie, growing very red, and making dashes after the book, which Fred held high over his head.

"Look here, Jessie," said Fred, when after a long chase about the room she and Alice sank down panting. "It 's no use now. We have the book, and we 're going to keep it, too, unless you will tell what it all means. We 'll have the beads too, and any other little thing we like."

"I 'll tell Mother," said Alice, making a dash toward the door.

"Easy, now," said George, holding her back. "Mother wont be back till three, for she 's up at Aunt Myra's. You may scream to Hannah or Mary if you like, but I guess I can manage them. You sha'n't come down to lunch, if you don't tell."

"I can call fast enough," said Alice.

"Call away," said Will; "We 'll give you three chances to tell, and then if you wont we 'll put you in the trunk-room and keep you there, anyhow till your mother comes. She can't scold me nor Fred. Now, will you tell?"

"Never!" said Jessie, furiously, and "Never!" repeated Alice.

"Once! Now, again! Will you tell or wont you?"

Will caught Jessie's hands and held them tight.

"No," she said again, trying to pull away. "You 're a tyrant! You 're a coward! You 're as bad as Fred!"

"Twice. Never mind little pet names. Now, the last time. Will you tell?"

Alice looked at Jessie, but both were silent.

"Into the trunk-room with them!" Will shouted, picking up Jessie as though she had been a baby. George unlocked the door, and he and Fred pulled along the struggling Alice, who, as they reached the hall, made a sudden dash for the stairs. Fred sprang forward, and accidentally slipped upon the floor in front of her, and Alice, unable to stop, tripped over his foot, and fell down the stairs, catching at the banisters, and lying at last in a little heap at the bottom. Will dropped Jessie, who flew at him like a little tiger, and then rushed down after George. Alice's head fell back upon George's arm as he lifted her.

"She 's dead," he said, looking up with a pale face. "She 's dead, and we have killed her!"

Will looked at her a moment, then snatched his cap and ran out at the front door, saying, "*I* did n't do it, anyhow."

The two servants had come as the sound of the fall reached them, and with a storm of words at the two boys, they carried Alice to her room and laid her on the bed. Fred ran for a doctor, and George for his mother, while poor Jessie sat by and cried.

"She 's dead! she 's dead. Oh, wurra! wurra!" moaned Mary.

"Niver a bit," said Hannah, who had been chafing Alice's hands and moistening her head, which was badly bruised. "See, now; the darlint is comin' to herself."

Alice opened her eyes, feebly at first, then brightly as usual, and sat up.

"I thought I was dead," she said, "but I 'm only stiff a little. I did n't tell, did I?"

"No, you did n't, you darling!" said Jessie, flinging her arms around her. "I was just going to though for a minute, when that awful Will got hold of me. I never thought George and Fred were such horrid boys."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Benedict came in pale and quiet, not knowing what she might find, while George, utterly miserable, followed her, hardly daring to look up, Alice threw her arms about her

mother's neck and held tight, till forced in spite of herself to look at the astonishing sight of George actually crying and telling her how glad he was that she had not been killed.

"I 'll never bully a girl again as long as I live. I don't care whether you ever tell or not," he said abjectly. "You 're pluckier than any boy I know."

Mrs. Benedict, as she listened to the story of the day, decided that it held its own lesson, and she need say nothing. The doctor, when he came, assured them no harm had been done so far as he could discover, but he advised quiet for the rest of the day, which Alice spent lying in state, and waited upon by George with the greatest deference.

When the "S. F. B. P." again met, Alice, as she gave out the strings for the week and complimented the society on the small number of black beads, opened a little box George had put into her hand as she left the house. In it was a gold pin, shield-shaped, bearing the letters "S. F. B. P.," and around it, in the smallest of German text, the letters "A. B. T. G. W. N. T."

"He has all the alphabet there anyway," said Jessie Kimball. "What does it all mean?"

"'Alice Benedict, the Girl who Never Tells,'" said Alice, half laughing, half proudly. "George and Fred spent their own money for it to pay for tumbling me down-stairs; and he said last night, if we all kept our promises so well, why we would n't be like most girls, that 's all."

All this was twenty-five years ago. Long ago the society held its last meeting. Of the seven only five remain, and Alice is Alice Benedict no longer. If Alice, Junior, had not pulled out the little pin from a dark corner of her mother's desk the other day, and having heard all about it, told the whole story to her pet Uncle George that evening after dinner, you would never have known, any more than he, the full meaning of the mysterious letters S. F. B. P.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

HE jumps so high in sun and shade,
I stop to see him pass,—
A gymnast of the glen and glade,
Whose circus is the grass!
The sand is 'round him like a ring,—
He has no wish to halt,—
I see the supple fellow spring
To make a somersault!

Though he is volatile and fast,
His feet are slim as pegs.
How can his reckless motions last
Upon such slender legs?
Below him lazy beetles creep;
He gyrates 'round and 'round,—
One moment vaulting in a leap,
The next upon the ground!

He hops amid the fallen twigs
So agile in his glee,
I 'm sure he 's danced a hundred jigs
With no one near to see!
He tumbles up, he tumbles down!
And from his motley hue,
'T is clear he is an insect clown
Beneath a tent of blue!

The Philosopher's Escape



By Eva Lovett Carson.

Once there lived a wise philosopher (so runs an ancient rhyme),
Who was prisoned in a dungeon, although guilty of no crime;
And he bore it with a patience that might well be called sublime.

For the cruel king who put him there had made a stern decree: —
"Imprisoned in this dungeon the philosopher shall be,
'Till he find out by his own wise brains the means to make him free."

This king despised philosophers; he smiled a cunning smile,
When his people said: "Your Majesty, the sage is free from guile;
And consider, sir, the poor old soul has been there — such a while!"

"Then let him find the way to leave," sternly the king replied. —
Full seven weary weeks had passed; the sage still sat and sighed,
And pondered how to break his bonds, — but long and vainly tried.

He had no money and no tools; he racked his learned brain
To solve the dreary problem — how his liberty to gain.
He wept, and wrung his useless hands; — but groaned and wept in vain.



One morn, as he sat scheming for the freedom that he sought,
A plow-boy passed the window, with a cheery whistle, caught
From happy heart. The lively sound disturbed the wise man's thought.

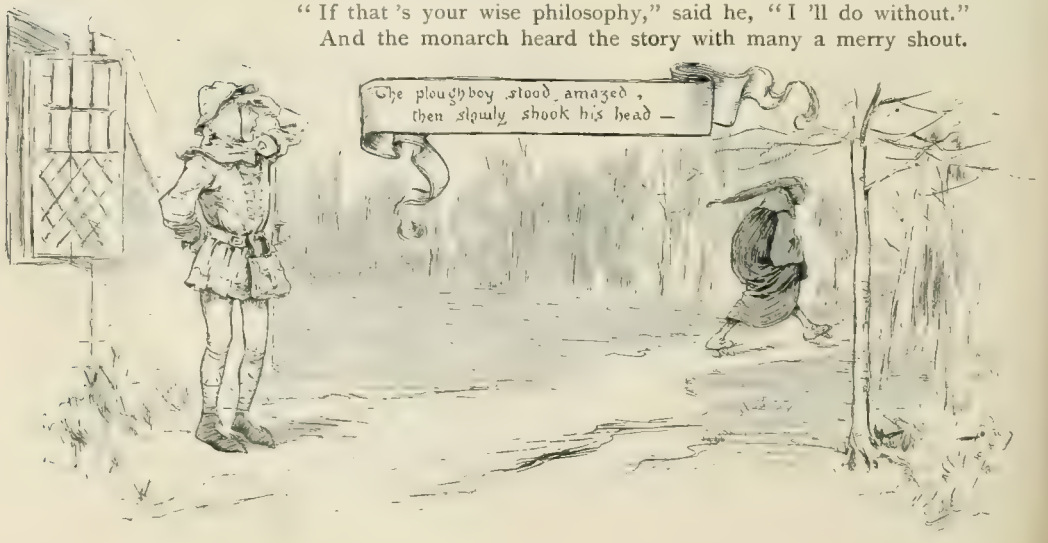
The peasant stopped his merry tune, and peered within to see
Who the creature that inhabited that gloomy place might be.
"—Easy 't is," quoth the philosopher, "to sing when one is free."

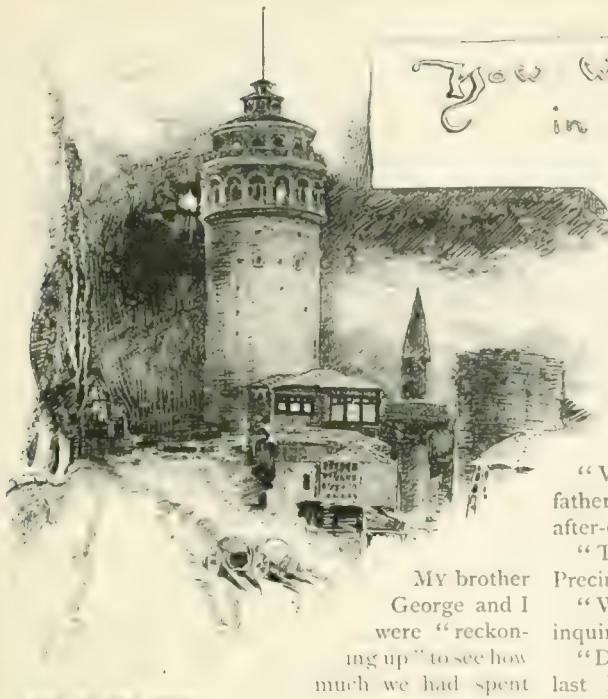
"But why do you sit moaning there?" the merry peasant cried.
"My prison door is locked and barred," the mournful sage replied;
"Who has no money, tools, nor friends forever here may bide!"

"But if the door is locked and barred," the stupid boy still cried,
"The window opens outward, and the window opens wide!"
The wise man started,—paused,—and then with dignity he eyed

The foolish clown. "My boy," said he, "a notion so absurd,
So plain and simple, *could* not to *me* have e'er occurred;
But"—(Here he leaped the window without another word).

The plow-boy stared amazed, then slowly shook his head in doubt.
"If that 's your wise philosophy," said he, "I 'll do without."
And the monarch heard the story with many a merry shout.





ONE OF THE FLAT TOWERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

How We Were Burnt out in Constantinople.

BY

OSCANYAN.

MY brother George and I were "reckoning up" to see how much we had spent during the day in the grand bazaars of Stamboul,* when Artyn, our guide, entered our parlor with the bundles containing our "bargains."

Our father had arranged for us to spend the summer months in that delightful climate, and had engaged quarters at the Hotel Luxemburg, kept by a Frenchman, on the European plan. It was situated on the main street and in the central part of Pera.

Pera is one of the suburbs of Constantinople, on the north side of the Golden Horn, occupying the entire ridge, and is mainly inhabited by Europeans. Here all the embassies and the legations of foreign powers are situated, as well as many hotels, theaters, and fancy stores; so that the main street of Pera has quite the air of a street in a European city.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Artyn entered the room, and we immediately opened our parcels and examined them, each selecting his own property. There were small embroideries, tiny slippers, table and chair covers, pipes with amber mouth-pieces, tiny coffee cups, with filigree silver holders, fragrant attar of roses, little rugs, and many other similar articles intended for presents to our friends.

In the midst of our pleasant examination we suddenly heard the loud boom of a cannon, which, in the stillness of the hour, sounded so loud that it greatly startled us.

"Ah! a fire!" exclaimed Artyn. "Let us see where it is," and he listened eagerly, with his finger on his lip. In a moment there was another report. "That's two," said he, and waited for more. After counting six reports, Artyn exclaimed with surprise, "Why! that means Pera, or its neighborhood."

"What makes you think so?" inquired our father, who was sitting on the sofa, enjoying his after-dinner rest.

"The number of guns, sir. This is the Sixth Precinct," was the answer.

"Where are those guns fired?" was the next inquiry.

"Do you remember, sir, where I took you last Friday afternoon, half-way up the Bosphorus?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, you must have noticed the high hill on our right as we landed. It is called Kennan-Tépé. As it commands an extensive view of the Bosphorus, some guns are placed there, and a watch is posted to note the first appearance of fire in any part of the city, and to announce it by firing the cannon."

"How do they find out that there is a fire in Pera, when they are so far off?"

"Perhaps they have telegraphic communication," observed our mother, who had come in and was examining the articles we had purchased.

"Yes, madam," rejoined Artyn, "but it is not by wires. There are two towers devoted to that purpose. One in the city itself, called the Ser-Asker's tower, on account of its being near the war department, and the other the Galata tower, on the northern shore of the Golden Horn, which we pass almost every day in going to the city. You have not visited either of them yet. When you do, you will find that the view from each of these towers is very extensive. There are watchers stationed at each tower, who are constantly on the lookout, and the moment they discover the first sign of a fire they put out a signal, calling Kennan-Tépé's attention to it. If you will please to come up with me to the top of the house, I will show you how the thing is done."

But at that moment Artyn's explanation was

* The Turkish name for Constantinople

suddenly interrupted by a long and dismal yell in the street.

"There!" exclaimed he, "that's the *neovbetjee*, one of the watch from the Galata tower, who is dispatched to announce the fire to the different guard-houses where the fire-engines are kept."

We all rushed to the windows to have a look at him. He was a young man wearing short, loose trousers of white cotton cloth. His legs were bare below the knees; he wore Turkish red pointed shoes on his feet, without stockings,—a loose jacket of brown felt over a white cotton shirt, and his head was covered with a metallic bowl, which shone brightly. A leather belt encircled his waist, and was clasped with a large brass buckle in front. He carried a short spear in his right hand to defend himself, Artyn said, from the dogs which abound in the streets. But these animals, I noticed, kept carefully out of the way as soon as they heard him coming. His yell was to warn the people to make way for him and inform those at the guard-house of his approach, just as stage-drivers in America used to sound the horn when approaching a village, or as a railroad locomotive whistles when nearing a station. It served also to give due notice to the guards to be ready to hear from him the exact locality of the fire, so as to start their engine with promptness.

This man was soon followed by another dressed like one of the common porters who brought our trunks from the custom-house to the hotel. Indeed, these poor fellows, Artyn informed us, after working hard all day, serve also on the night-watch for fires. He carried, in one hand, a long lantern, four-cornered and covered with parchment, and, in the other, a heavy club, shod with iron. He stopped before our window and gave three thumps on the stones, and cried out in a melancholy tone, "*Yangun-Var*," ("Fire! fire! at ——!") Immediately everybody who heard ran out of their houses, and the quiet street began to be crowded.

"Let us go upon the roof," said George. So we all hastened up, and there, the night being clear, we had a fine panoramic view of the city. We saw both the towers, each of which had put out a large globular red lantern, suspended from a long pole, which extended from one of the windows in the direction of the fire. We had a good view of the fire, too, which was not far off.

"Would you like to go and see a Constantinople fire?" suggested our guide.

"Why, yes! to be sure!" exclaimed George and I, "if Father would let us."

"I dare say he will. May they go, sir? It's worth seeing, and I will take good care of them," said Artyn, addressing our father.

Artyn was a young Armenian, educated at Robert college, on the Bosphorus, and consequently he spoke English well. Father had taken a great liking to him. He knew the young fellow was intelligent, and he had great confidence in his ability. So he gave us permission to go, since we were to be under Artyn's care; and George and I immediately rushed down-stairs, and, clapping on our hats, left the hotel with our guide.

We found the streets, which were quite narrow, almost impassable; and Artyn, anxious for our safety, enjoined us to keep together. While elbowing our way through the motley crowd, we suddenly heard another thrilling yell from behind us, and at the sound, the crowd took to the sides of the street. There were no sidewalks; men and beasts walked along indiscriminately. When the throng heard the shout, they quickly separated so as to form a clear space, as American crowds sometimes have to do at a fire.

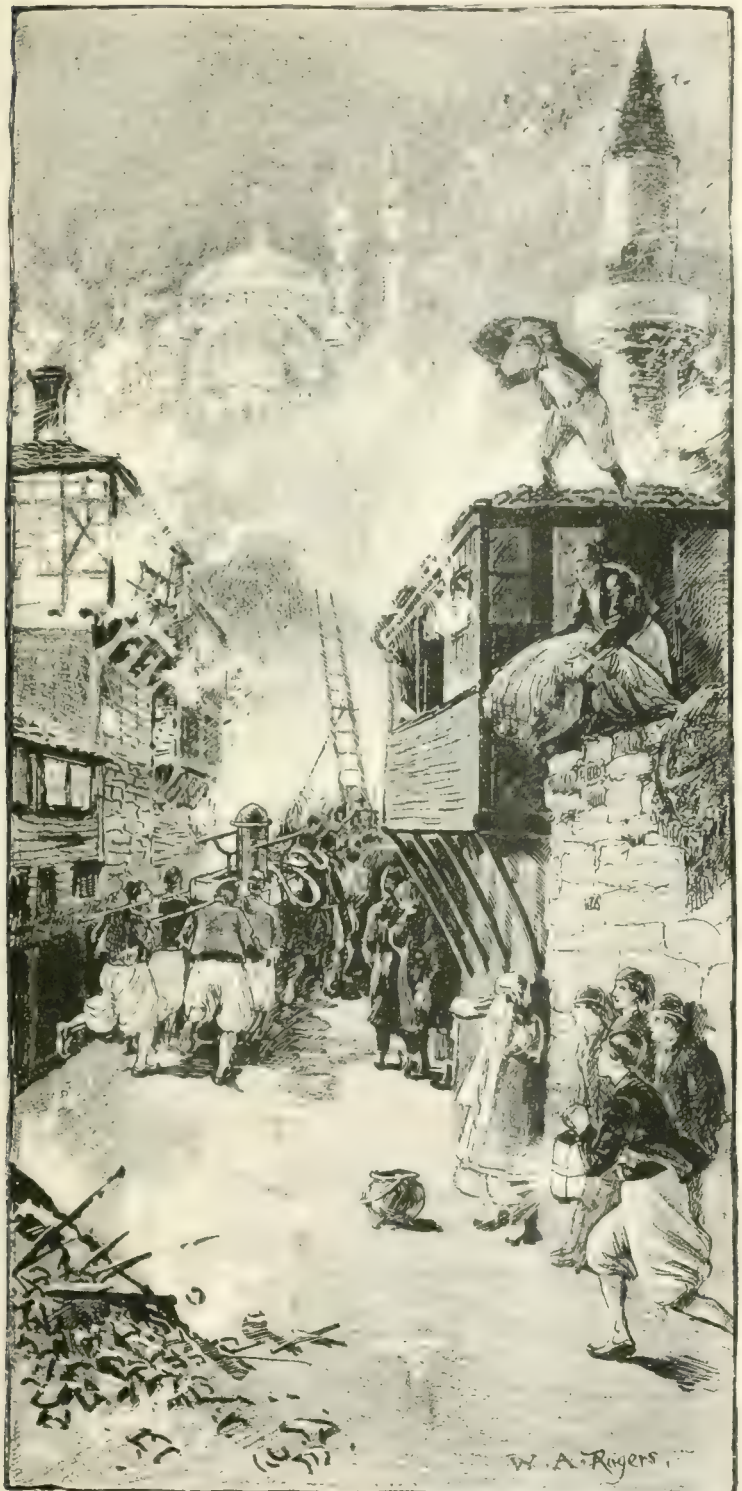
"That shout means that a fire-engine is coming. Keep close to the wall, or else you 'll be run over and trampled upon," remarked Artyn.

"But I don't hear the rattling of the wheels," observed George.

"No, indeed," rejoined Artyn; "and for the simplest reason in the world,—because the engine is not run on wheels."

We soon caught sight of the captain of the company. He was a tall athletic fellow, dressed like the *neovbetjee* we had seen pass by our hotel. He was coming toward us in a double-quick trot, brandishing, in a proud manner, the brass spout that belonged to the hose. He was followed by the engine and the firemen that belonged to it. O, what a sight! Most of them were scantily clothed, and some did not even have caps upon their heads, but I noticed that all wore the regulation belt with the large buckle in front. They were evidently of the class which composed the riffraff of the city. The engine itself was nothing more than a big-sized garden pump, carried on the shoulders of eight men, four in front and four behind. They relieved one another every now and then with great dexterity and alertness.

They soon swept by us, followed by the hose, which was coiled over a long pole, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of another file of men. Just as they reached the next corner, there emerged from a side street another engine, whereupon a squabble for the right of way immediately arose. The two companies jostled and pushed forward, each party trying to get ahead of the other. After a long harangue and bluster, accompanied by constant yelling, screaming and hard words, they lowered their respective engines to the ground and fell into a regular fight, wrestling, pushing, and knocking one



"THE PLACE WHERE WE WERE STANDING WAS BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY HOT."

another down in a most ferocious manner. Their looks and actions were frantic, and they fought like madmen.

While they were thus engaged, a third shrill yell assailed our ears. I thought another engine was coming, and wondered what would be the result, when Artyn exclaimed:

"Ah! There comes the Ser-Asker, the minister of war! He 'll soon settle their dispute!" And he did.

He was preceded by a *neovbetjee*, who cleared the way for him, and when he came up, he promptly ordered the companies to take up their engines and follow him, which they did with the utmost meekness and alacrity. There was no chance now for either party to claim the victory, but they kept up a subdued rattle of words all the way.

"Does the minister of war belong to the fire department?" I inquired of Artyn.

"Oh, no!" said Artyn. "But all the ministers and high officers of the Government assist voluntarily at great fires, in order to encourage the men and to keep order, as you have just seen. Even the Sultan himself is sometimes present."

"How much pay do these zealous firemen get?" put in George.

"Pay!" exclaimed Artyn, with a hearty laugh. "No pay at all. They do it for the love of it. Glory, sir; glory and excitement are sufficient pay for them! They are exempted, however, from taxes, and each fellow gets one pair of shoes a year from the Government; and if, by accident, they should succeed in saving a house from the flames, they get a *backshish*, or present, from the owner,

with which they repair to some favorite haunt, and celebrate their prowess with a crowd of noisy friends."

We had now reached the place where the fire was raging. We could not get very near to it, but were near enough to watch its progress. It was an awful sight. It looked as if the whole city was on fire. Every now and then volumes of thick dark smoke ascended, followed by bright flames which shot suddenly upward like so many tongues of fire trying to lick the sky. The crash of the falling houses, the rattle of the tiles with which the roofs were covered, the clanking of the engines, the yells of the firemen, the screams of distressed women and frightened children, the hoarse shouts of men madly endeavoring to save their furniture, —made a terrific din.

The fire originated in a valley on the north side of Pera hill. The houses, being principally built of wood and dry as tinder, fell an easy prey to the devouring element. There was, besides, a strong northerly wind that fanned the flames. Cinders in quantities were floating in the air like fire-works. Even large pieces of wood were detached from buildings on fire and carried by the wind some distance, finally alighting upon other houses and setting them aflame. In this way, the fire was spreading dangerously. The people, however, knowing this danger, were watching on the roofs with pails of water; but the firebrands fell so thick and fast that they could not master them. We saw many people, whose houses had been fired in this manner, running to save their homes.



THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

Under these circumstances, the tiny fire-engines could do but little toward arresting the progress of the fire. It was fast making its way up the hill, taking in everything in its path.

The water supply, too, was very deficient. It was either obtained from the public fountains (whence it was carried to the engines in leather bags and pails), or it was drawn from deep wells and private cisterns. These latter, Artyn informed us, being used as receptacles for kitchen utensils, are often unavailable; so that the water gives out soon, or is very slow to reach the engines.

Artyn now suggested that we should retreat from the place where we were standing; for it was becoming not only uncomfortably hot, but even dangerous. From the windows above us, beds, bedding, and various articles of furniture were

being thrown into the street, where the friends of the owners scrambled forward to assist in saving the property. Before retiring, however, we witnessed two tragic events.

We saw a young woman brought out of a burning house with a copper kettle in her hand. She was screaming wildly, "My baby! Oh, my baby!" The woman had been engaged in the kitchen, with her infant in her arms, and had been busily occupied saving her cooking utensils by throwing them into the cistern, quite unconscious that her dwelling was already on fire. The firemen, having discovered her in that perilous place, had rushed into the kitchen and forced her to hasten out. On her way she had espied a copper kettle, and had instinctively seized it; but in her fright and bewilderment, she had thrown her baby into the cistern instead of the kettle. Fortunately, a sturdy fellow succeeded in rescuing the baby, and restoring it to the distracted mother.

The other incident was even more dreadful. As we stood looking at the fire, we beheld a man struggling, and the next moment saw him thrown deliberately into the flames.

George and I exchanged looks of horror, but the bystanders seemed to pay little heed to the occurrence, merely remarking that the man was an incendiary who had been caught in the act of spreading the fire for the purpose of robbery.

We now found, that to abandon our position was not an easy matter. We had to fight our way through the crowd, and when, by hard effort, we gained the main street, we discovered that there was no possibility of getting to our hotel, the fire having intercepted us. So we had to make a wide circuit by going down the hill toward the Bosphorus and up again at the other end of Pera. We noticed on our way that every vacant spot along the street was filled with heaps of household furniture, covered with carpets as a protection from thieves and falling embers, the owners, or friends of the owners, standing guard near by.

On the way back, Artyn took us through a most dismal place, which frightened us almost out of our wits. We had to pass through the large Turkish cemetery that lies in the outskirts of Pera. The somber darkness of the cypress trees was gloomy enough, and against it the standing monuments, lit by the glare of the fire, looked like so many ghosts arisen from their graves to witness the conflagration.

We reached at last the foot of the hill by the Sultan's palace, and struck out toward Topanné. When we arrived there, we learned that we could not get to our hotel, for the simple reason that there was no longer any such hotel in existence. It had been burnt to the ground! We thought of our parents, and were greatly alarmed. We felt confident that they had escaped from the place, but even if they had, how and where were we to find them?

To appease our anxiety on that score, Artyn said:

"Well, young gentlemen, we will go to every hotel that is not burnt down, and inquire for them. If not in any of the hotels, they probably are at the American Legation, which is not touched by the fire."

We were greatly comforted at this and trudged on with redoubled vigor. And within an hour, to our great joy, we found both father and mother comfortably lodged at the Hotel D'Angleterre. They were anxiously hoping for our coming, and were as delighted as ourselves at the reunion.

They, too, carried away by the excitement that surged around them, had gone out, and before they had returned the hotel was in ashes.

But we have never become fully reconciled to the loss of our "bargains," which were consumed and buried in the ruins of the hotel.

A BOBOLINK and a chick-a-dee
Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree.
"When I 'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
"I sing like you to 'high' C, 'high' C;
But I 've caught such a cold
That for love or for gold
I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee!"

A SEA TURN.



IT is all very well to be good, I agree,
To be gentle, and patient, and that sort of thing,—
But there 's something that just suits my taste to a T
In the thought of a reg'lar Pirate King.

FRIEDA'S DOVES

By Blanche Willis Howard.

Frieda grieved most at leaving the cathedral. For Freiburg itself she cared little. She was only a lame child, who could not run about with her strong brothers, and sometimes, indeed, when her back was very weary, she could not even walk. But she was not unhappy, for Bäbele was always kind, and was so gentle on the days when the pain came that the touch of her rough, hard-working hands was as tender as an angel's, Frieda thought. And then Babele was so droll, and knew how to tell such delightful tales about the Höllenthal, the wild mountain pass near Freiburg, through which the boys often tramped to gather and bring home flowers for the little sister. "Here are your weeds, Frieda," they would shout, laughingly, and would almost bury the little girl under the fresh fragrant mass of blossoms. The brothers were rough sometimes with one another, but never to Frieda. Johann, the eldest, worked with his father in the picture department of a publishing house. Heinrich and Otto were still at school.

In the twilight, after the day's work was done and before it was quite dark enough to light the candle,—for they were poor and thrifty people, who had to be careful not to waste anything,—Bäbele used to take Frieda in her arms and tell her wonderful tales, not only of the wild Höllenthal, but of the Wildsee, the Mummelsee, the Murgthal, and many another spot in the Black Forest, as well as legends of the Rhine and the Hartz Mountains, and of the Thuringian Woods and the Wartburg; and the most astonishing thing was, there was never a day when the pain came that Bäbele, although she had been telling fairy tales all these years,—and Frieda was nine years old now,—did not have a perfectly marvelous story to tell, full of unheard-of adventures, and irresistible charm. And Frieda would listen entranced, until she forgot the poor little aching back that did not grow straight like other children's backs.

But it did not always ache, and Frieda was really a contented little girl, and merry, too, in her quiet way. She used to sit in her low chair and watch Bäbele at her work, and croon sweet solemn airs she heard in the cathedral, and help, too, whenever she could. Sometimes she could sew a button on Johann's shirt, or even darn a sock for restless little Otto, who wore everything out so fast; and she was always pleased to be useful.

At night, when the boys came home, they would tell her what had happened to them during the day, and she was clever enough to assist Heinrich and Otto with their lessons, for in her feeble body dwelt a sweet, strong, and helpful spirit. Then Johann would explain to her how they made pictures, until she understood the process almost as well as he. As for her papa, she saw little of him except during the dinner hour at noon; for he worked hard all day, and when evening came sat with his fellow-workmen smoking his pipe, and seldom came home until after the children were asleep. He did his best for his family, but he had never been the same man, Bäbele said, since his bright, cheery wife died, and that was a few months after Frieda was born. And these nine years Bäbele had staid on, and kept the house and the children clean, and toiled early and late, and all for love of Frieda; for it was little wages that she received, and the growing boys needed more and more every day, and Frieda's father would have been desperate and helpless without faithful Bäbele. When the neighbors remonstrated and told her she could get higher wages as servant in some grand house, she replied scornfully:

"A gown on my back, a roof over my head, and bread enough for the day — what more do I want? And I would n't live without Frieda, no, not in the King's palace and on the King's throne, and that 's the beginning and the end of it."

The neighbors shook their heads and advised this and that, because neighbors like to seem wise and delight to give advice, but in their hearts they thought all the more of Bäbele for her devotion to Frieda.

So, though lame and motherless and poor, Frieda was not an unhappy child. She had many joys, and the greatest joy of all was the cathedral. They lived close by, almost in its shadow, and on her "well days" Bäbele used to lead Frieda over and leave her there alone for hours, knowing that no harm could come to her in that sacred place. The old beadle knew her well and was kind to her, and all the people who came regularly learned to look for the quiet little figure sitting alone by the great pillar, and to be glad of the gentle smile of greeting from the pale child with the large brown eyes and the heavy chestnut hair falling below her waist, concealing with its beautiful luxuriance the pitiful little hump between the shoulders.

Strangers often turned to wonder at the blessed, peaceful look the deformed child wore. But they

need not have wondered. She knew only love at home, and lived always among beautiful thoughts. Why should she not be happy?

There she would sit by the hour watching the warm violet and rose lights from the stained-glass windows, gleaming and glowing here and there on the cold stone, now falling on the bowed head of a peasant woman kneeling with her heavy basket by her side, now lingering on the cheek and hair and soft rich draperies of a fair young girl. How Frieda loved the changing lights! How she loved all she saw there in the great solemn, still cathedral. The massive shafts, the noble arches, the slanting rays of colored light, the many voices of the organ. She knew it all so well, that she could see every line as clearly when her eyes were closed as when they were open.



THE CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Only once did anything ever happen to make her refuge seem less dear and safe. It was in summer, when Freiburg is full of strangers. Frieda was so used to them, she knew at a glance, when a party came into the church, whether they were people who really loved the noble lines as she did, or whether they were what she called the "tired ones" who looked too weary to love anything, or the business-like, loud-talking ones who always mentioned that they had "been in Milan and Cologne, and did not think much of this cathedral." Little did Frieda care for the unfavorable comparison. It was her cathedral, her world. And little did people know how close an observer the still, fragile child was. She was too gentle to criticise, but she unconsciously made very clever distinctions. One day a gentleman and lady and a boy of ten or twelve entered the cathedral. "He is a tired one," thought Frieda, "and she has been in Milan and Cologne." The boy had small black eyes, quick movements, was richly dressed, and carried a little cane. As they passed, the lady gave the lonely little figure by the pillar a careless glance, and threw some pennies into her lap. This did not wound Frieda's gentle spirit. Such a thing had, indeed, happened now and then, but only unthinking, careless people could possibly make the mistake of

imagining that those restful, patient eyes were asking for charity. Frieda rose slowly, walked over to a poor-box, and dropped the pennies in. The lady and gentleman had gone on, and did not see her. The boy looked at her mockingly with his hard, bright eyes, and then said: "This is the way you go," at the same time dropping his chin on his breast, hunching his back, and walking with a slow, mincing step.

The English words Frieda did not understand, but the tone and the action were too brutally plain to mistake their meaning. Like a crushed flower the lame child sank drooping into her chair, and looked with wide, sorrowful eyes at the boy, who, with a grimace and a "Good-bye, Owl!" ran on to join his parents.

When Bäbele came to take Frieda home, the little girl was pale and very silent. Bäbele thought she was weary, but when the next day and the next and still another day came, and she said gently that she did not care to go to the cathedral, but preferred to stay with her good Bäbele, the faithful woman grew anxious.

"Is it the pain, my Frieda?"

"No, Bäbele, it 's not the pain. At least, it 's not *that* pain," the child said, gravely.

"Where is the pain, then?" asked Bäbele.

"Only here," said Frieda, pressing her slight hand against her heart. Then suddenly, for the first time in her life, she asked:

"Why did n't God make me straight, like the other children?"

And then poor Bäbele, whose love had so guarded the child that no harsh thing had ever disturbed her peace, knew that some strange hand had struck a blow, over which her darling had grieved many days; and, kneeling by Frieda's bed, she sobbed aloud, and taking the child in her strong arms, and covering her with kisses, said, in her warm, German fashion:

"Dearest, dear little heart, what makes the pain? What cruel thing has happened that my darling never wants to see the pretty lights or hear the grand organ any more? Tell thy Bäbele, little sweetheart."

"He had very black eyes and a velvet hat," murmured Frieda slowly, "and a crimson necktie, and a little walking-stick with an ivory dog's head. He did not mean any harm. He did not know it would make a pain in my heart to have him show me how I looked, and he made his pretty little straight back very ugly."—she was whispering now,—"and I thought if I was like that, I must disturb people who come to see tall straight pillars, so I 'd better stay away."

Bäbele trembled from head to foot. She saw it all now as if she had been present. Her darling, who had lived in a magic world of legendary lore and poetry and music, who had known all her life only the calm, solemn influences of the cathedral and the tender sweet influences of her simple home, had been wounded to the heart by this strange boy, and cruelly awakened to a consciousness of the deformity which separated her from other children.

"My lamb, my angel, I would give much to have saved thee this and to have kept the pain from thy heart," Bäbele exclaimed, adding fiercely, "and if had that imp here I 'd wring his neck and crush him in my two hands."

"Oh, no!" whispered Frieda, laying her gentle hand on Bäbele's lips. "The little strange boy did not know. He did not know how I love the straight pillars and high arches. He did not know I forgot to think of myself because I love them so—and I *am* crooked, Bäbele," she went on with a piteous sob —— "I AM. He could not help seeing it."

"Dear heart," said Bäbele, kissing the frail hands again and again, "I am only an ignorant woman, and I don't know how to make things clear. Even the wise men can't make things clear always. But I know this much. Something is wanting everywhere. It must be best so, or it would n't be so. And thou, my angel, thy back is crooked, but thy spirit is straight—and the wicked boy who mocked thee, his back is straight, but his spirit is crooked—and oh, thou darling of my heart, perhaps no one loves him as thy old Bäbele loves thee!"

"No," said the child, thoughtfully, "his papa was too tired to love him, and his mamma was too busy. Poor little boy!"

There was a long, long silence. Then Frieda smiled again. Throwing her arms round Bäbele's neck, she said softly to her faithful guardian:

"Love is best!" and the next day she said, "Please take me over, Bäbele dear. I want my lights," and Bäbele could have wept for joy as she led her to the cathedral. If after that Frieda shrank a little behind her favorite pillar when she saw a certain kind of boy coming toward her, and if she breathed more freely when he had passed, and if her great deep eyes seemed to grow still larger, still more thoughtful than before, at least she never complained, and she kept her thoughts to herself.

Months passed by, and in time she was ten years old, and everybody was sad because her papa had died. Bäbele at first scarcely knew what to do with the four children. But she was, as usual, brave and patient, and help came. Frieda's uncle from Geneva said he would take Heinrich and Otto and send them to school, and Johann was seventeen now and a steady lad, and he must continue

where he was and look out for himself. As to Frieda, here the uncle hesitated. His own family was large, his wife had many cares, and was not very patient. The boys would be out of the house most of the day, and they would not mind a hasty word now and then, but this pale, lame child, with the strange soft eyes — he shook his head doubtfully.

"*Ach*, I will take the blessed lamb!" cried Bäbele. "She would grieve so among strangers. Let me take her with me and I will make a home for her in my old home. Indeed, she shall not want while I live — and she is like an angel in the house, she is so wise and so sweet. She brings a blessing with her wherever she goes."

So all was arranged. Johann was to stay in Freiburg. Heinrich and Otto were to go to Geneva, and Frieda was to go to Bäbele's old home. Frieda was very sad, for she dreaded leaving the boys. But Johann, Otto, and Heinrich perhaps could come to her some day, Bäbele said, and could write to her always. But the cathedral, thought Frieda, could neither come nor write, and so, in her childish way, she grieved most of all at leaving the cathedral.

PART II.

FRIEDA kissed her brothers good-bye with a large lump in her throat, the day they went off with their uncle. She tied Otto's cravat with trembling fingers, and brushed Heinrich's hat in her motherly little fashion, but did not cry, for Bäbele had told her that the parting would be harder for the boys if she were not brave. After they were gone, and the house began to feel strangely still and empty, Bäbele led her into the cathedral and left her there for the last time in her old place. The poor little girl pressed her cheek against the cold pillar and sobbed as if her heart would break. At least, she need not restrain her tears out of consideration for the cathedral's feelings. That was a comfort. No one noticed her. The shadows were deepening around her. Still clinging to the pillar, she wept until she stopped out of pure weariness. She was so little, so troubled. The cathedral was so vast and tall and calm. She grew quieted in spite of herself. "Everybody must love Heinrich and Otto and be good to them, for they are good!" she said. "And I can always remember that I used to be here. Nothing can take that away," and the thought comforted her, though a great sob came with it. Then the organ began. Its thrilling tones seemed to be the voice of the great cathedral saying farewell to the pained little soul. She closed her eyes and sat motionless. Great waves of music surged round her. And above the mighty volume of tone soared a single pure melody, ever sweeter, ever higher, up into the vaulted roof, up to the skies, up to heaven itself. The tired child felt as if she were lying in strong and tender arms, and as if many murmuring voices were saying softly, "Be loving! Be brave! Farewell!" She smiled gently. "Farewell, little Frieda! Be brave, be brave!" said the voices.

When Bäbele came, she found Frieda fast asleep, her tear-stained but placid face pressed close against the pillar, her arms clasping it lovingly. The next day they left Freiburg. Frieda was quite calm. She looked at the cathedral spires as they passed.

"Wilt thou go in, once more, my lamb?" asked Bäbele, anxiously watching her face.

"No," answered the child, gravely. "We said good-bye to each other yesterday."

It was a short journey to Bäbele's old home, but long and hard for Frieda. She had never been in the cars, and they jarred and wearied her sadly, though Bäbele traveled slowly and gave her long rests, taking three days to do what she herself would have done in one, had she been alone. As they reached their destination, Bäbele was wild with delight.

"See, dear heart," she cried, "how it lies among the hills. It is like a warm nest in this great cold world. And out beyond, a long, long way, is our village. And there 's the old castle and the tower and the great drooping trees of the park."

Now it was far too dark to see anything whatever, except the lighted streets of the new city, but Frieda strained her eyes and dutifully tried to look in all directions at once to please Bäbele, whom she had never before seen so excited and gay. Presently a stout, broad-waisted, rosy lass darted from among the crowd by the station with a hearty:

"Greeting! Greeting, Bäbele! Dost thou not remember thy cousin Rickele? Have I grown so old in ten long years?"

"*Ach was!* Thou art little Rickele! And thou wast such a wee bit of a thing!" And Bäbele laughed and cried for joy.

"And the mother greets thee, and she has chosen a good room for thee, as thou didst write, and I am to take thee there, but I cannot be spared long, for the mistress said I was to come back in an hour, and the mother bids thee and the little one welcome, and she will come to thee when she brings her butter and eggs to market next week; and the neighbors greet thee, Bäbele, and wish thee health and good days with thy homecoming; and Peter, the shoemaker, has taken the baker's Mariele, and the wedding is next month, and the dance will be at the 'Golden Lamb.'"

So the girl chattered on, telling all the news of the village, swinging the travelers' boxes and bags, answering Bäbele's eager questions and leading the way to the new home.

The chatter, the lights and buildings, together with her fatigue, made Frieda quite confused, but she looked up so sweetly at this great, strong, kind Rickele that the girl's heart was won in a moment. "I will carry thee, little one!" she exclaimed, as they reached a tall dark house in a narrow street, and swinging the child up like a feather, she bore her in triumph up four long steep flights of stairs to the little room awaiting them.

The room had a sloping ceiling and a dormer window. There were two narrow beds in it, a stove, a bare wooden table, a couple of chairs, a chest of drawers, a few shelves with plates, cups, a dish or two, and a pitcher on them, bright brass kitchen utensils hanging on the wall, and a pot of pinks on the window-sill. Poor as it all was, the bare white floor shone from its recent scouring, and the room was as neat and clean as strong arms and willing hearts could make it.

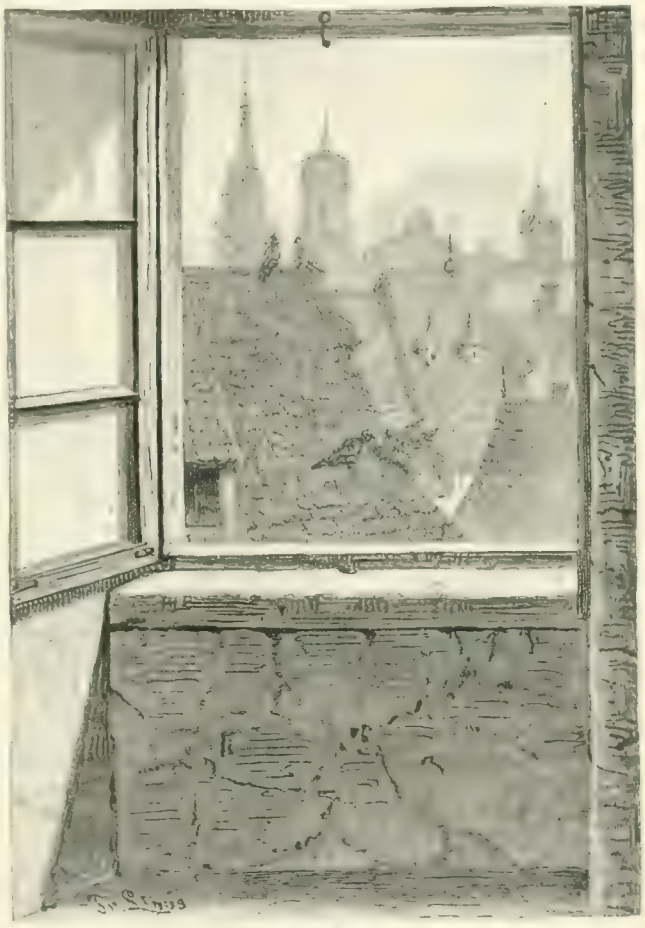
With a deep sigh of contentment, Bäbele surveyed her apartment. It was to be her home, and the home of the being she loved best on earth. To keep it, she must toil early and late. What mattered it? It was her own as long as she could pay for it, and she was once more among her kinsfolk — she was among the hills she had climbed as a girl. The very air she breathed was dear to her.

"Ah! How happy we shall be in this nest, my Frieda!" she exclaimed. "How beautiful is the homecoming to the wanderer! But thou art weary, my lamb; thou must eat a bit and sleep." And she undressed the child and laid her in her bed, beneath the great red coverlet of feathers, which seemed like an enormous hen cheerfully spreading its warm wings over the tired little girl.

"Sleep soft, my treasure!"

"Good-night, dear Bäbele; good night, Rickele," murmured Frieda, drowsily, and she sank to sleep with the shafts of the cathedral rising before her eyes, and the organ pealing in her ears, above all the noise and bustle of the journey.

It was after nine the next morning when Frieda woke. Bäbele had already prepared their simple breakfast. The same joy still beamed from her honest face. She kissed Frieda again and again, and called her her sweet angel, as she helped her dress, then led her to one of the little windows in the roof. The child saw at first only sunshine and roofs; roofs near, roofs far, roofs everywhere. It was so high, so strange. At Freiburg they had no stairs to climb. They were on the ground-floor. Here they were as high as birds. Frieda threw open the casement. The fresh spring breezes touched her cheek and blew her long hair. The sun shone on steep, red roofs and quaint gables. Two white doves sat on the roof near by. Frieda laughed and threw them bread crumbs from her breakfast. A big cat was solemnly blinking his eyes in a dormer window of the next house. Beyond the roofs rose the church tower; beyond the tower the fair, green hills.



THE ATTIC WINDOW.

"O Bäbele, how happy I am?" cried Frieda.

"When I shut my eyes, I see my cathedral; when I open them, here are the roofs and the doves."

And Bäbele looked at her with tears of joy.

This was the homecoming. It began kindly, with the welcome of friends and the heaven's sunshine. But long days of wearisome work followed. Bäbele could not go into service, because of the child; so she did washing and mending, and bravely earned each day the bread they ate. The days she washed at home, Frieda was contented as a kitten, and made the hours fly by with her sweet songs and quaint remarks. But the four days of the week, when Bäbele went off at day-break and Frieda was alone until toward evening, were very, very long for the little girl, and she spent them as best she might. With wide-open eyes she watched the doves, and the roofs, and the hills, then shut her eyes and saw the cathedral. She kept the wash accounts, and answered politely if anybody came to inquire about Bäbele Hartneck, the washerwoman, and when at last Bäbele returned, the two were happy as queens.

And Sundays! Ah, those were blessed days. Then Bäbele had time to take Frieda down the four steep flights and out, out into the spring-time, out among the lilies of the valley, and the yellow cowslips and crocuses and slender jonquils, and all the sweet flowers that grow on the Suabian hills. Sometimes she would even manage to get taken out to Bachsdorf, where her people lived, and where the irregular, queer little houses seemed to be gossiping together and nodding their heads till they almost touched over the narrow straggling village street, and where the peasants in their red waistcoats and silver buttons and knickerbockers would sit the whole afternoon, under the chestnut trees of the 'Golden Lamb' garden, and Bäbele would laugh as Frieda never heard her laugh in the old Freiburg days. The week was long and full of toil, but Sunday, under a fair sky, among kinsfolk and old friends, brought freedom, joy, and peace.

The two were quite happy — Bäbele could scarcely save a penny, but she was strong and brave and always had steady work. One day there was a great surprise for Frieda. She was alone. There came a heavy thumping at the door, and actually four men brought in a *pianino* into the small crowded room. Bäbele had discovered it among all sorts of rubbish, at a pawnbroker's shop, and hired it for a mere nothing.

"Art thou stark mad, Bäbele Hartneck," cried the other washerwoman on the same floor. "Do the Freiburg washerwomen scrub to the sound of music?" And all the neighbors standing in their door-ways with their hands on their hips, laughed loud and long at Bäbele's foolishness.

"Be easy, neighbor," replied Bäbele, stoutly. "Wash thine own skirts, and I will wash mine. Thou hast no angel in thy room. Angels in heaven have their harps. Mine shall have her sweet sounds. Let me go my way. I am no babe born yesterday." And the neighbors were silent and laughed no more; for they loved Frieda's gentle ways and earnest eyes.

After this bold deed of Bäbele's, Frieda never had one lonely moment. The tones of the piano were quavering, like those of a very old lady's voice, but like that, too, it retained a few sweet notes suggestive of a far-off youth, and Frieda knew how to bring out all its faint sweetness, and was so blessed, she did not mind its frequent wheezes. And what else did this wise, imprudent, loving, obstinate, dear Bäbele do? She found a hard-working young girl who gave music lessons, and, on the principle that exchange is no robbery, made a certain practical little arrangement with her, by which Bäbele had a couple of hours' extra work now and then, and Frieda, twice a week, a half-hour's instruction in music. Now, Frieda's life was quite full. Up in her nest among the roofs, far above the noise of the busy streets, she was at rest. Hour after hour she was alone, but not lonely. She was not strong enough to work hard at her music, but she loved it, and it loved her and lingered with her. Besides what her teacher taught her, fragments of old fugues and masses she had heard in the cathedral found their way from her heart to her frail little fingers. And when she was weary, there were the open casement, the red roofs and gables, the doves, the tower, the hills.

"How beautiful and kind the world is!" thought the little lame child, who spent most of her days alone in the little room under the roof.

Two years passed in this quiet fashion. Things had scarcely changed at all. Bäbele worked on as steadily, as cheerily, as ever, managed to pay her way, and was thankful. One warm June day, Frieda stood at her casement. Bäbele would not return until five o'clock. The little girl had softly played an adagio of Beethoven's until she was weary. She had then fed her doves, who had fluttered about her, perched lovingly on her shoulder, and finally taken their position on the sunny roof below, cooing and pluming themselves.

"Pretty dears!" said Frieda, and carelessly taking up a wash-book from the table near by, and a stump of a pencil, half unconsciously she began to draw their softly curving heads. "Heads must have bodies," she said aloud, and presently the two doves from their beaks to their tails adorned a blank page of somebody's wash-book. "Doves can't stand on nothing," murmured Frieda, and merely to give the doves a resting-place, she hastily sketched the roof, and then other roofs, the chim-

ney, the curious little dormer windows, then, quite naturally, the old church tower, the lines of the distant hills, even the great masses of white clouds, where she saw all the heroes of the fairy tales she knew so well. It was all done to give the doves a place to perch upon, and a background.

"There, my dears. How do you like sitting for your portraits?" and she added a heavier line to Elsa's beak, and made Lohengrin's tail feathers more airy. At this moment, Dornröschen and the Prince happened to appear on the scene, and perched lower down on the same roof. "Dearie me, I must make you too or you 'll be jealous as usual!" laughed Frieda, and Dornröschen and the Prince were added to the sketch.

It was really very curious. Frieda had never drawn anything in all her life. Her papa used to draw, and Johann too was quite clever with his pencil. But a little girl like her!—the idea had never occurred to her. Now, in this careless fashion, having finished her doves, she shut her eyes an instant in order to see better, and then with bold, clear strokes began to draw the picture that was imprinted on her soul,—the shafts, the high arches, the rich window where the lovely lights streamed in,—in short, the whole of her favorite corner in the cathedral. Swiftly, unhesitatingly the child's hand moved. Her cheeks flushed. The doves fluttered about her in vain. She heard no sounds rising from the street. She was back in the old days. Again she was listening to the organ, and to the high, clear, angel voice leading her soul far away. And when it was finished, she gave a sigh of relief, then closing the book, thought no more about it.

She might indeed have remembered her sketches and laughingly have shown them to Bäbele, had not a misfortune come to them which put such trifles quite out of her head. Poor Bäbele was brought home that very day with a badly sprained ankle. She had slipped on a wet floor and fallen, as she was moving a heavy tub.

She tried hard to be patient and not distress Frieda, but the prospect of long helpless days with her foot up in a chair was trying enough to the active woman, and more than that, she knew they needed her daily work for their daily bread. But how good everybody was! The baker round the corner sent some rolls the next day as soon as he heard of the accident, and the butcher a bit of good meat, and the rival washerwoman on the same floor came in to take home clothes that were finished and wash-books—and Bäbele rubbed her eyes and said, "It's all because of that blessed angel!"

It was Monday that she came home unfit for work. Thursday morning there was a violent knock at the door. Bäbele started instinctively, but lay back with a moan, as Frieda opened the door.

A gray-haired old gentleman with shaggy eyebrows, and looking quite cross, came in. In one hand he carried a cane, in the other something very like a wash-book.

He gave one sharp look at Bäbele with her foot up—another at Frieda, who thought he was more like an ogre than any being she had ever seen.

"Good-morning," he said, gruffly. "I wish to find the young man who made these things in my book." And he pointed a stern forefinger at Frieda's sketches.

She came timidly forward. "If you please, sir, it was I. I did n't mean any harm, sir. I was only making my doves at first. I am very sorry I scribbled in your book, sir."

The gentleman looked at her in blank amazement. "You!" was all he could ejaculate, glancing at the shy little figure before him.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Frieda, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You, indeed!" said the gruff voice again; and, taking out his handkerchief, this very strange old gentleman gave a loud and vehement blast.

"Yes, sir," said Frieda, great tears gathering in her eyes, "and I 'm sure I 'm very sorry, sir."

"H'm!" muttered the stranger, "if you did it, do it again now."

Frieda seized her stump of a pencil and obediently looked about for a sheet of paper.

"Take this," he said, abruptly, giving her the wash-book. With perfect simplicity the child took it and began. Leaning an elbow on the table, and resting her head on her left hand, her long hair falling over her face, steadily and firmly she did her work. She quite forgot the cross old gentleman's sharp eyes, and only saw the soft violet lights from the stained window, as the picture grew beneath her sure, rapid touch. The gentleman stood near, watching her closely. He gave no sign of sympathy or encouragement, but Bäbele saw his eyes twinkle, and though she did not understand what it was all about, she felt that he meant no harm.

Presently, having completed her corner of the cathedral, Frieda, without a word, began to do the roofs and doves, calmly beginning as before with Elsa's head. At this the gentleman smiled, and then Bäbele was sure he meant only good.

Frieda gave him the book.

"H'm!" was his only acknowledgment. But he did not seem so fierce as he did at first. Frieda thought him the most extraordinary person she had ever seen—to be so angry because she had spoiled a couple of pages in his wash-book, and to grow gentle when she did the same thing over.

"Who taught you?" he asked at length.

"Nobody," said Frieda, wonderingly.

"And you only wanted to make your doves?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frieda, meekly.

"And then you thought you 'd fill up the opposite page?"

"Yes, sir," and Frieda began to feel quite anxious again.

"Well, my dear, you are a witch," remarked this strange old gentleman. And how it happened nobody could exactly tell, but Frieda found herself on his knee, and his eyes did not look ogreish at all, but quite mild and merry, behind his gold-bowed spectacles, and they were soon telling him all about the Freiburg days and the cathedral, and steady Johann, clever Heinrich, and fly-away Otto; and the more Bäbele and Frieda related of their simple life, the more this most delightful but very curious old gentleman sniffed and snorted and wiped his spectacles. Why — neither Bäbele nor Frieda could imagine, yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be telling him about it all. He did not ask many questions, but he soon knew as much about it as they themselves. He even discovered Bäbele's uneasiness, because she must be idle for so long. He shook her hand warmly when he rose to go, telling her not to be troubled; and she took heart of grace without knowing why.

That was certainly a day of wonderful experiences. In the first place, soon after the gentleman went, a great box came, filled with good things, enough to last for weeks, and on a card was written:

"To the little witch in the roof, from her devoted friend,
"Prof. Rudolph Reinwald."

And when they were still rejoicing over good fortune, another knock came, and in walked a gentleman, who said he was Professor Reinwald's friend and physician, and the professor had sent him to look after Bäbele Hartneck's sprained ankle. And later still, a comfortable reclining-chair made its appearance.

The excitement in the roof was really tremendous. The neighbors came in to wonder, rejoice, and sympathize, and Bäbele, bandaged, and extended in her comfortable chair, received her guests with the dignity of a queen.

The professor came again in a few days and after that frequently. Frieda used to watch eagerly for him, and grew so used to him, she quite forgot to be shy — and sang her little songs to him and played her sweet airs on the queer, cracked piano, and chattered to him about the heroes of her fairy tales, until the good man, who was an old bachelor and who knew nothing about children, really believed she was the most wonderful little being on the earth.

And as soon as Bäbele was well, he proposed that they should leave their home in the roof and come to him. He was a lonely, eccentric, cross old fellow, he told them, but that was all the more reason why he should be taken care of and improved, and he needed just such a faithful soul as Bäbele to look after his house, and just such a dear child as Frieda to make his home happy.

And so they came to him, and did indeed make him as happy as he had made them. It was a great house, where Bäbele had every opportunity to bustle about until everything shone to her heart's content. And Frieda had a garden with great shady trees and a hammock, a piano whose voice was not cracked, and best of all she studied systematically and learned to draw and to be helpful to her "other papa," as she called the professor. For he was an architect, devoted to his profession, and he had recognized, in spite of its childishness and imperfection, the real talent in Frieda's sketches of her dear roofs and her beloved arches.

She never grew tall nor strong, and there were days when the pain came just as it did when she was a child, but she was a happy, thankful soul. The boys did well in school, and came to visit her every vacation. The first thing Frieda did when she saw Otto was to tie his cravat, feeling sure it had been awry ever since he had left her.

She saw the cathedrals of many lands, but never loved any as she did the one that had taught her so much that was beautiful and good when she was a little lonely child in the old days. She saw famous pictures. She met distinguished men. But no features ever seemed so lovely to her as Bäbele's rough, adoring face, nobody so clever, so altogether admirable, as her "other papa."

In the professor's studio, directly by his desk, hang two small pencil sketches — a bit of a cathedral interior and a study of quaint steep gables, with doves pluming themselves in the sunshine. The lines are faint. The paper rough and curious. "And what may this be?" inquires a guest who is examining the professor's rare engravings.

"Ask my daughter Frieda," says the professor, turning with a tender smile to the lame girl with the happy face who sits quietly by his desk.

"Ask Bäbele, ask our house-angel, what the doves mean," says Frieda, as Bäbele comes to lead her from the room. And Bäbele, who is a privileged character, tries to frown, then tugs violently at her apron, then asks appealingly, "Now, do I look much like doves, and angels, and such?" —

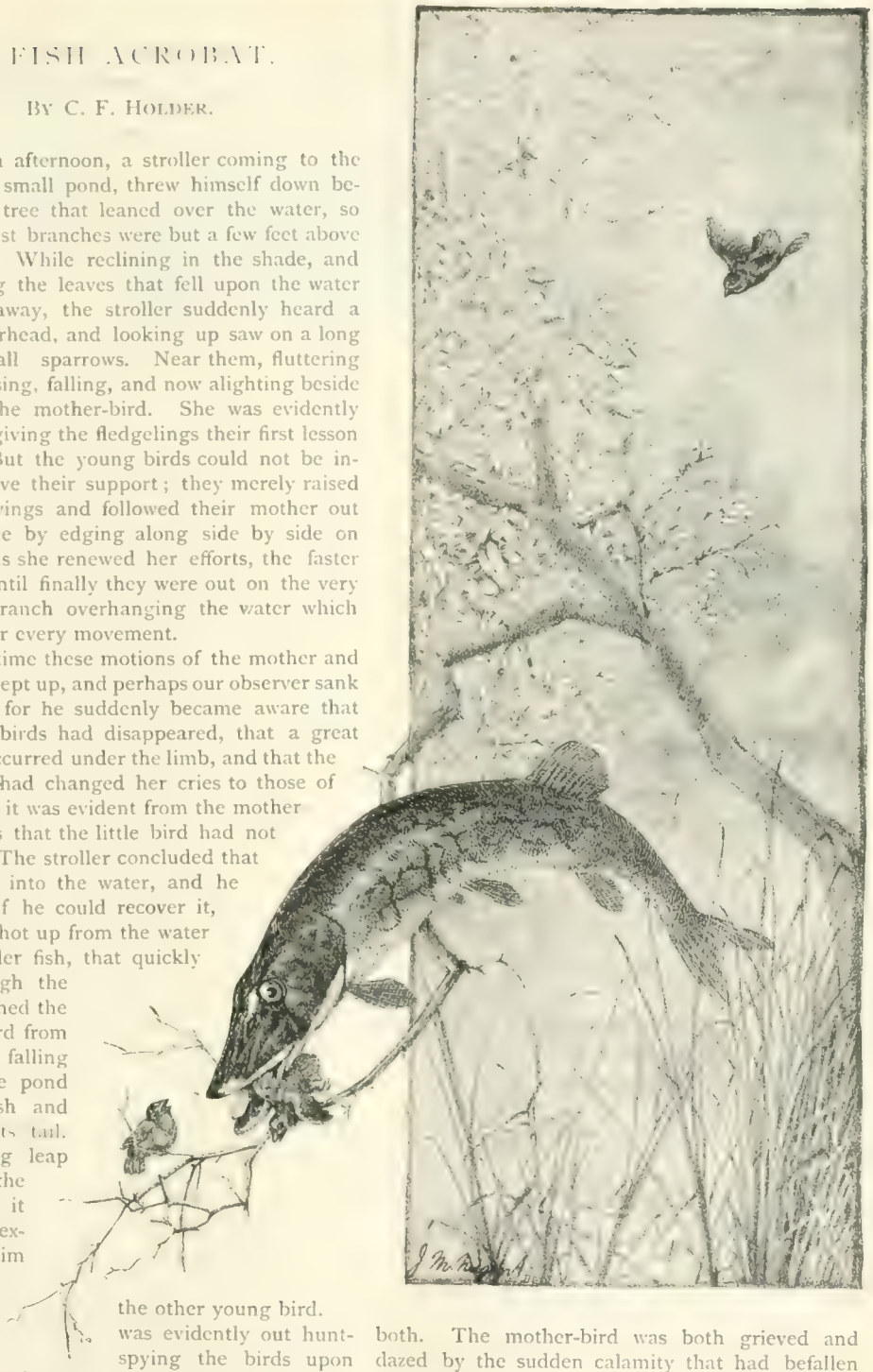
And she is right; she does not by any means, — the dear, brave, true-hearted Bäbele.

A FISH ACROBAT.

By C. F. Holder.

One warm afternoon, a stroller coming to the borders of a small pond, threw himself down beside a little tree that leaned over the water, so that its lowest branches were but a few feet above the surface. While reclining in the shade, and idly watching the leaves that fell upon the water and sailed away, the stroller suddenly heard a chirping overhead, and looking up saw on a long limb two small sparrows. Near them, fluttering in the air, rising, falling, and now alighting beside them, was the mother-bird. She was evidently engaged in giving the fledgelings their first lesson in flying. But the young birds could not be induced to leave their support; they merely raised their little wings and followed their mother out from the tree by edging along side by side on the limb. As she renewed her efforts, the faster they went, until finally they were out on the very tip of the branch overhanging the water which reflected their every movement.

For some time these motions of the mother and young were kept up, and perhaps our observer sank into a doze, for he suddenly became aware that one of the birds had disappeared, that a great splash had occurred under the limb, and that the mother-bird had changed her cries to those of alarm. But it was evident from the mother bird's actions that the little bird had not flown away. The stroller concluded that it had fallen into the water, and he rose to see if he could recover it, when there shot up from the water a long, slender fish, that quickly darted through the air and snatched the remaining bird from the limb, falling back into the pond with a splash and a whisk of its tail. This startling leap astonished the observer, but it also fully explained to him the disappearance of the other young bird.



The pike was evidently out hunting, and spying the birds upon the limb, it had carefully measured the distance, and by two vigorous jumps had captured them both. The mother-bird was both grieved and dazed by the sudden calamity that had befallen the fledgelings, and perhaps fearing a similar fate for herself, she soon flew away.



EIGHTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"I THINK we little ones ought to have a story all to ourselves now," said one of the smaller lads, as they gathered around the fire with unabated interest.

"So do I, and I have a little story here that will just suit you, I fancy. The older boys and girls can go and play games if they don't care to hear," answered Aunt Elinor, producing the well-worn portfolio.

"Thanks, we will try a bit, and if it is very namby-pamby we can run," said Geoff, catching sight of the name of the first chapter. Aunt Elinor smiled and began to read about —

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

I. BEARS.

A BROWN bear was the first tenant; in fact, it was built for him. And this is the way it happened:

A man and his wife were driving through the woods up among the mountains, and hearing a queer sound, looked about them till they spied two baby bears in a tree.

"Those must be the cubs of the old bear that was killed last week," said Mr. Hitchcock, much interested at once.

"Poor little things! how will they get on without their mother? They seem so frightened, and cry like real babies," said the kind woman.

"They will starve if we don't take care of them. I 'll shake them down; you catch them in your shawl and we 'll see what we can do for them."

So Mr. Hitchcock climbed up the tree, to the great dismay of the two orphans, who growled funny little growls and crept as far out on the branch as they dared.

"Shake softly, John, or they will fall and be killed," cried the wife, holding out her shawl for this new kind of fruit to fall into.

Down they came, one after the other, and at first were too frightened to fight; so Mr. Hitchcock bundled them up safely in the wagon, and Mrs. Hitchcock soothed their alarm by gentle pattings and motherly words, till they ceased to struggle, and cuddled down to sleep like two confiding puppies, than which they were not much larger.

Mr. Hitchcock kept the hotel that stood at the foot of the king of the mountains, and in summer the house was full of people; so he was glad of any new attraction, and the little bears were the delight of many children. At first, Tom and Jerry trotted and tumbled about like frolicsome puppies, and led easy lives,— petted, fed, and admired, till they grew so big and bold that, like other young creatures, their pranks made mischief as well as fun.

Tom would steal all the good things he could lay his paws on in kitchen or dining-room, and cook declared she could n't have the rascal loose; for whole pans of milk vanished, sheets of gingerbread were found in his den under the back steps, and nearly every day he was seen scrambling off with booty of some sort, while the fat cook waddled after, scolding and shaking the poker at him, to the great amusement of the boarders on the piazza. People bore with him a long time; but when, one day, after eating all he liked, he took a lively trot down the middle of the long dinner-table, smashing right and left as he scampered off, with a terrible clatter of silver, glass, and china, his angry master declared he would n't have such

doings, and chained him to a post on the lawn. Here he tugged and growled dismally, while good little Jerry frisked gayly about, trying to understand what it all meant.

But presently *his* besetting sin got *him* into trouble likewise. He loved to climb, and was never happier than when scrambling up the rough posts of the back piazza to bask in the sun on the roof above, peeping down with his sharp little eyes at the children, who could not follow. He roosted in trees like a fat brown bird, and came tumbling down unexpectedly on lovers who sought quiet nooks to be romantic in. He explored the chimneys and threw into them any trifle he happened to find,—for he was a rogue, and fond of stealing hats, balls, dolls, or any small article that came in his way. But the fun he liked best was to climb in at the chamber windows and doze on the soft beds; for Jerry was a luxurious fellow and scorned the straw of his own den. This habit annoyed people much, and the poor little bear often came bundling out of windows, to the accompaniment of a whack from an old gentleman's cane, or a splash of water thrown at him by some irate servant-girl.

One evening, when there was a dance, and every one was busy down-stairs, Jerry took a walk on the roof, and being sleepy, looked about for a cozy bed in which to take a nap. Two brothers occupied one of these rooms, and both were Jerry's good friends, especially the younger. Georgie was fast asleep, as his dancing day had not yet begun, and Charley was waltzing away down-stairs; so Jerry crept into bed and nestled beside his playmate, who was too sleepy to do anything but roll over, thinking the big brother had come to bed.

By and by Charley did come up, late and tired, and having forgotten a lamp, undressed in the moonlight, observing nothing till about to step into bed; then, finding something rolled up in the clothes, he thought it a joke of the other boys, and catching up a racquet, began to bang away at the suspicious bundle. A scene of wild confusion followed, for Jerry growled and clawed and could n't get out; Georgie awoke, and thinking that his bedfellow was his brother being abused by some frolicsome mate, held on to Jerry, defending him bravely, till a rent in the sheet allowed a shaggy head to appear, so close to his own that the poor child was painfully reminded of Red Riding Hood's false grandmother. Charley was speechless with laughter at this discovery, and while Jerry bounced about the bed snarling and hugging pillows as he tried to get free, the terrified Georgie rushed down the hall screaming, "The wolf! the wolf!" till he gained a refuge in his mother's room.

Out popped night-capped heads, anxious voices cried, "Is it fire?" and in a moment the house was astir. The panic might have been serious if Jerry had not come galloping down-stairs, hotly pursued by Charley in his night-gown, still waving his weapon at the poor beast, and howling, "He was in my bed! He frightened Georgie!"

Then the alarmed ladies and gentlemen laughed and grew calm, while the boys all turned out and hunted Jerry up stairs and down, till he was captured and ignominiously lugged away to be tied in the barn.

That prank sealed his fate, and he went to join his brother in captivity. Here they lived for a year, and went to housekeeping in a den in the bank, with a trough for their food, and a high, knotted pole to climb on. They had many visitors, and learned a few tricks, but were not happy, for they longed to be free, and the older they grew, the more they sighed for the forest where they were born.

The second summer something happened that parted them forever. Among the children who came to the hotel that year with their parents, were Fred and Fan Howard, two jolly young persons of twelve and fourteen. Of course, the bears were very interesting, and Fred tried their tempers by tormenting them, while Fan won their hearts with cake and nuts, candy and caresses.

Tom was Fred's favorite, and Jerry was Fan's. Tom was very intelligent, and covered himself with glory by various exploits. One was taking off the boards which roofed the den, so that the sun should dry the dampness after a rain; and he carefully replaced them at night. Any dog who approached the trough had his ears smartly boxed, and meddlesome boys were hugged till they howled for mercy. He danced in a way to convulse the soberest, and Fred taught him to shoulder arms in imitation of a stout old soldier of the town with so droll an effect, that the children rolled on the grass shouting with laughter when the cap was on, and the wooden gun was flourished by the clumsy hero at word of command.

Jerry had no accomplishments, but his sweet temper made him many friends. He allowed the doves to eat with him, the kittens to frolic all over his back, and was never rough with the small people who timidly offered him buns which he took very gently from their little hands. But he pined in captivity, refused his food, and lay in his den all day, or climbed to the top of the pole and sat there looking off to the cool, dark forest with such a pensive air that Fan said it made her heart ache to see him. Just before the season ended, Jerry disappeared. No one could imagine how the chain broke, but gone he was, and—to Fan's satisfaction and Tom's great sorrow—he never came back. Tom mourned for his brother, and Mr. Hitchcock

began to talk of killing Tom; for it would not do to let two bears loose in the neighborhood, as they sometimes killed sheep and did much harm.

"I wish my father would buy him," said Fred, "I 've always wanted a menagerie, and a tame bear would be a capital beginning."

"I 'll ask him, for I hate to have the poor old fellow killed," answered Fan. She not only begged papa to buy Tom, but confessed that she filed Jerry's chain and helped him to escape.

"I know it was wrong, but I could n't see him suffer," she said. "Now, if you will buy Tom I 'll give you my five dollars to help, and Mr. Hitchcock will forgive me and be glad to get rid of both the bears."

After some consultation Tom *was* bought, and orders were sent to have a house built for him in a sunny corner of the garden, with strong rings to which to chain him, and a good lock on the door. When he was settled in these new quarters, he held daily receptions for some weeks. Young and old came to see him, and Fred showed off his menagerie with the pride of a budding Barnum. A bare spot was soon worn on the grass-plot which made Tom's parade-ground, and at all hours the poor fellow might be seen dancing and drilling, or sitting at his door, thoughtfully surveying the curious crowd, and privately wishing he never had been born.

Here he lived for another year, getting so big that he could hardly turn around in his house, and so cross that Fred began to be a little afraid of him, after several hugs much too vehement to be safe or agreeable. One morning the door of the house was found broken off, and Tom was gone. Fred was rather relieved; but his father was anxious, and ordered out the boys of the neighborhood to find the runaway, lest he should alarm people or do some harm. It was an easy matter to trace him, for more than one terrified woman had seen the big brown beast sniffing around her kitchen premises after food; a whole schoolful of children had been startled out of their wits by a bear's head at the window; and one old farmer was in a towering rage over the damage done to his bee-hives and garden-patch by "that pesky critter, afore he took to the woods."

After a long search poor Tom was found rolled up in a sunny nook, resting after a glorious frolic. He went home without much reluctance, but from that time it was hard to keep him. Bolts and bars, chains and ropes were of little use; for when the longing came, off he went, on one occasion carrying the house on his back, like a snail, till he tipped it over and broke loose. Fred was quite worn out with his pranks, and tried to sell or give him away; but nobody would buy or accept such a troublesome pet. Even tender-hearted Fan gave him up, when he frightened a little child into convulsions, and had killed some sheep on his last holiday.

It was decided that he must be killed, and a party of men, armed with guns, set out one afternoon to carry the sentence into effect. Fred went also to see that all was properly done, and Fanny called after him with tears in her eyes: "Say good-bye to him for me."

This time Tom had been gone a week, and had evidently made up his mind to become a free bear; for he had wandered far into the deepest wood and made a den for himself among the rocks. Here they found him, but could not persuade him to come out, and no bold Putnam was in the troop who would creep in and conquer him there.

"We have fooled away time enough, and I want to get home to supper," said the leader of the hunt, after many attempts had been made to lure or drive Tom from his shelter.

So they fired a volley into the den, and growls of pain proved that some of the bullets had hit. And as no answering sound followed the second volley, the hunters concluded that their object was accomplished, and went home, agreeing to come the next day to make sure. They were spared the trouble, however, for when Fred looked from his window in the morning he saw that Tom had returned. He ran down to welcome the rebel back. But one look showed him that the poor beast had only come home to die; for he was covered with wounds and lay moaning on his bed of straw, looking as pathetic as a bear could.

Fanny cried over him, and Fred was quite bowed down with remorse; but nothing could be done, and within an hour poor Tom was dead. As if to atone for their seeming cruelty, Fanny draped the little house with black, and Fred, resisting all temptations to keep the bear's fine skin, buried him like a warrior, "with his martial cloak around him," in the green woods he loved so well.

II. BOYS.

THE next tenants of the little house were three riotous lads,— for Fred's family had moved away, —and the new-comers took possession one fine spring day with great rejoicing over this ready-made plaything. They were imaginative little fellows, of eleven, twelve, and fourteen; for, having read the "Boys' Froissart" and other war-like works, they were quite carried away by these stirring tales, and each boy was some special hero. Harry, the eldest, was Henry of Navarre, and wore a white plume on every occasion. Ned was the Black Prince, and clanked in tin armor, while little

Billy was William Tell and William Wallace by turns.

Tom's deserted mansion underwent astonishing changes about this time. Bows and arrows hung on its walls; battle-axes, lances, and guns stood in the corners; helmets, shields, and all manner of strange weapons adorned the rafters; cannon peeped from its port-holes; a drawbridge swung over the moat that soon surrounded it; the flags of all nations waved from its roof, and the small house was by turns an armory, a fort, a castle, a robber's cave, a warrior's tomb, a wigwam, and the Bastile.

The neighbors were both amused and scandalized by the pranks of these dramatic young persons; for they enacted with much spirit and skill all the historical events which pleased their fancy, and speedily enlisted other boys to join in the new plays. At one time, painted and be-feathered Indians whooped about the garden, tomahawking the unhappy settlers in the most dreadful manner. At another, Achilles, radiant in a tin helmet and boiler-cover shield, dragged Hector at the tail of his chariot (the wheel-barrow), drawn by two antic and antique steeds, who upset both victor and vanquished before the fun was over. Tell shot bushels of apples off the head of the stuffed suit of clothes that acted his son, Cœur de Leon and Saladin hacked blocks and cut cushions *à la* Walter Scott, and tournaments of great splendor were held on the grass, in which knights from all ages, climes, and races tilted gallantly, while fair dames of tender years sat upon the wood-pile to play Queens of Beauty and award the prize of valor.

Nor were modern heroes forgotten. Napoleon crossed the Alps (a hay-rick, high fence, and prickly hedge) with intrepid courage. Wellington won many a Waterloo in the melon-patch, and Washington glorified every corner of the garden by his heroic exploits. Grant smoked sweet-fern cigars at the fall of Richmond; Sherman marched victoriously to Georgia through the corn and round the tomato bed, and Phil Sheridan electrified the neighborhood by tearing down the road on a much-enduring donkey, stung to unusual agility by something tied to his tail.

It grew to be an almost daily question among the young people, "What are the Morton boys at now?" for these interesting youths were much admired by their mates, who eagerly manned the fences to behold the revels, when scouts brought word of a new play going on. Mrs. Morton believed in making boys happy at home, and so allowed them entire liberty in the great garden, as it was safer than river, streets, or ball-ground, where a very mixed crowd was to be found. Here they were under her own eye, and the safe, sweet tie between them still held fast; for she was never too busy to bind up their wounds after a fray, wave her handkerchief when cheers told of victory, rummage her stores for costumes, or join in their eager study of favorite heroes when rain put an end to their out-of-door fun.

So the summer was a lively one, and though the vegetables suffered some damage, a good crop of healthy, happy hours was harvested, and all were satisfied. The little house looked much the worse for the raids made upon it, but still stood firm with the stars and stripes waving over it, and peace seemed to reign one October afternoon as the boys lay under the trees eating apples and planning what to play next.

"Bobby wants to be a knight of the Round Table. We might take him in and have fun with the rites, and make him keep a vigil and all that," proposed William Wallace, anxious to admit his chosen friend to the inner circle of the brotherhood.

"He 's such a little chap, he 'd be scared and howl. I don't vote for that," said the Black Prince, rather scornfully, as he lay with his kingly legs in the air, and his royal mouth full of apple.

"I do!" declared Henry of Navarre, always generous and amiable. "Bob is a plucky little chap, and will do anything we put him to. He 's poor, and the other fellows look down on him, so that 's another reason why we ought to take him in and stand by him. Let 's give him a good trial, and if he 's brave we 'll have him."

"So we will! Let 's do it now; he 's over there waiting to be asked," cried Billy.

A whistle brought Bobby, with a beaming face, for he burned to join the fun, but held back because he was not a gentleman's son. A sturdy, honest little soul was Bobby, true as steel, brave as a lion, and loyal as an old-time vassal to his young lord, kind Billy, who always told him all the plans, explained the mysteries, and shared the goodies when feasts were spread.

Now he stood leaning against one of the posts of the little house whither the boys had adjourned, and listened bashfully while Harry told him what he must do to join the heroes of the Round Table. He did not understand half of it, but was ready for any trial, and took the comical oath administered to him with the utmost solemnity.

"You must stay locked in here for some hours, and watch your armor. That 's the vigil young knights had to keep before they could fight. You must n't be scared at any noises you hear, or anything you see, nor sing out for help, even if you stay here till dark. You 'll be a coward if you do, and never have a sword."

"I promise truly; hope t' die if I don't,"

answered Bobby, fixing his blue eyes on the speaker, and holding his curly head erect with the air of one ready to face any peril; for the desire of his soul was to own a sword like Billy's, and clash it on warlike occasions.

Then a suit of armor was piled up on the red box, which was by turns altar, table, tomb, and executioner's block. Banners were hung over it, the place darkened, two candles lighted, and after certain rites, which cannot be divulged, the little knight was left to his vigil, and the door was locked.

The boys howled outside, smote on the roof, fired a cannon, and taunted the prisoner with derisive epithets to stir him to wrath. But no cry answered them, no hint of weariness, fear, or anger betrayed him, and after a half-hour of this sort of fun, they left him to the greater trial of silence, solitude, and uncertainty.

The short afternoon was soon gone, and the tea-bell rang before the vigil had lasted long enough to suit the young heroes.

"He wont know what time it is; let 's leave him till after supper, and then march out with torches and bring him in to a good meal. Mother wont mind, and Hetty likes to see boys eat," proposed Harry, and all being hungry, the first part of the plan was carried out at once.

But before tea was over the unusual clang of the fire-bells drove all thought of Bobby out of the boys' minds, as the three Morton lads raced away to the exciting scene, to take their share in the shouting, running, and tumbling about in every one's way.

A fine large house not far away was burning, and till midnight the town was in an uproar. No lives were lost, but much property was burned, nothing but the fire was thought of till dawn. A heavy shower did good service, and about one o'clock people began to go home tired out. Mrs. Morton and other ladies were too busy giving shelter to the family from the burning house, and making coffee for the firemen, to send their boys to bed. In fact, they could not catch them; for the youngsters were wild with excitement, and pervaded the place like will-o'-the-wisps, running errands, lugging furniture, splashing about with water, and shouting till they were as hoarse as crows.

At last the flurry was over, and our three lads, very dirty, wet, and tired, went to bed and to sleep, and never once thought of poor Bobby, till next morning. Then Harry suddenly rose with an exclamation that effectually roused both his brothers:

"Boys! Boys! We 've left Bobby at his vigil all night!"

"He would n't be such a fool as to stay; he could break that old lock easily enough," said Ned, looking troubled, in spite of his words.

"Yes, he would! He promised, and he 'll keep his word like a true knight. It rained and was cold, and everybody was excited about the fire, and no one knew where he was. I never once thought of him all night long. Oh, dear, I hope he is n't dead," cried Billy, tumbling out of bed and into his clothes as fast as he could.

The others laughed, but dressed with unusual speed, and flew to the garden-house, to find the lock unbroken, and all as still inside as when they left it. Looking very anxious, Harry opened the door, and they all peeped in. There, at his post before the altar, lay the little knight, fast asleep. Rain had soaked his clothes, the chilly night air had made his lips and hands purple with cold, and the trials of those long hours had left the round cheeks somewhat pale. But he still guarded his arms, and at the first sound was awake and ready to defend them, though somewhat shaky with sleep and stiffness.

The penitent boys poured forth apologies, in which fire, remorse, and breakfast were oddly mixed. Bobby forgave them like a gentleman, only saying, with a laugh and a shiver, "Guess I 'd better go home, for ma 'll be worried about me. If I 'd known being out all night and getting wet was part of the business, I 'd 'a' left word and brought a blanket. Am I a Round Table now? Shall I have a sword, and train with the rest? I did n't holler once, and I was n't much scared, for all the bells, and the dark, and the rain."

"You 've won your spurs, and we 'll knight you just as soon as we get time. You 're a brave fellow, and I 'm proud to have you one of my men. Please don't say much about this; we 'll make it all right, and we 're awfully sorry," answered Harry, while Ned put his own jacket over Bobby's shoulders, and Billy beamed at him, feeling that his friend's exploit outdid any of his own.

Bobby marched away as proudly as if he already saw the banners waving over him, and felt the accolade that made him a true knight. But that happy moment was delayed for some time, because the cold which he had caught in that shower threatened a fit of sickness; and the boys' play looked as if it might end in sad earnest.

Harry and his brothers confessed all to mamma, listened with humility to her lecture on true knighthood, and did penance by serving Bobby like real brothers-in-arms, while he was ill. As soon as the hardy boy was all right again, they took solemn counsel together how they should reward him, and atone for their carelessness. Many plans were

discussed, but none seemed fine enough for this occasion till Billy had a bright idea.

"Let 's buy Bob some hens. He wants some dreadfully, and we ought to do something grand after treating him so badly, and nearly killing him."

"Who 's got any money? I have n't; but it 's a good idea," responded Ned, vainly groping in all his pockets for a dime to head the subscription with.

"Mamma would lend us some, and we could work to pay for it," began Billy.

"No, I have a better plan," interrupted Harry, with authority. "We ought to make a sacrifice and suffer for our sins. We will have an auction and sell our arms. The boys want them and will pay well. My lords and gentlemen, what say ye?"

"We will!" responded the loyal subjects of King Henry.

"Winter is coming, and we can't use them," said Billy, innocently.

"And by next spring we shall be too old for such games," added Ned.

"'Tis well! Ho! call hither my men. Bring out the suits of mail; sound the trumpets, and set on!" thundered Harry, striking an attitude, and issuing his commands with royal brevity.

A funny scene ensued; for while Billy ran to collect the boys, Ned dismantled the armory, and Hal disposed of the weapons in the most effective manner, on trees, fences, and grass, where the bidders could examine and choose at their ease. Their mates had always admired and coveted these warlike treasures, for some were real, and others ingenious imitations; so they gladly came at sound of the hunter's horn, which was blown when Robin Hood wanted his merry men.

Harry was auctioneer, and rattled off the most amazing medley of nonsense in praise of the articles, which he rapidly knocked down to the highest bidder. The competition was lively, for the boys laughed so much they hardly knew what they were doing, and made the rashest offers; but they all knew what the money was to be used for, so they paid their bills handsomely, and marched off with cross-bows, old guns, rusty swords, and tin armor, quite contented with their bargains.

Seven dollars were realized by the sale, and a fine rooster and several hens solemnly presented to Bobby, who was overwhelmed by this unexpected atonement, and immediately established his fowls in the woodshed, where they happily resided through the winter, and laid eggs with such gratifying rapidity that he earned quite a little fortune, and insisted on saying that his vigil had made him not only a knight, but a millionaire.

III. Babies.

THE little house stood empty till spring; then a great stir went on in the garden, in preparation for a new occupant. It was mended, painted red, fitted up with a small table and chairs, and a swing. Sunflowers stood sentinel at the door, vines ran over it, and little beds of flowers were planted on either side. Paths were made all round the lawn. The neighbors wondered what was coming next, and one June day they found out; for a procession appeared, escorting the new tenant to the red mansion, with great rejoicing among the boys.

First came Billy blowing the horn, then Ned waving their best banner, then Hal drawing the baby-wagon, in which, as on a throne, sat the little cousin who had come to spend the summer, and rule over them like a small sweet tyrant. A very sprightly damsel was four-year-old Queenie, blue-eyed, plump, and rosy, with a cloud of yellow curls, chubby arms that embraced every one, and a pair of stout legs that trotted all day. She surveyed her kingdom with cries of delight, and took possession of "mine tottage" at once, beginning housekeeping by a tumble out of the swing, a header into the red chest, and a pinch in the leaf of the table. But she won great praise from the boys by making light of these mishaps, and came up smiling, with a bump on her brow, a scratch on her pug nose, and a bruise on one fat finger, and turned out tea for the gentlemen as if she had done it all her life; for the table was set, and all manner of tiny cakes and rolls stood ready to welcome her.

This was only the beginning of tea-parties; for very soon a flock of lovely little friends came to play with Queenie, and so many pretty revels went on that it seemed as if fairies had taken possession of the small house. Dolls had picnics, kittens went a-visiting, tin carts rattled up and down, gay balloons flew about, pigmy soldiers toddled round the paths in paper caps, and best of all, rosy little girls danced on the grass, picked the flowers, chased the butterflies, and sang as blithely as the birds. Queenie took the lead in these frolics, and got into no end of scrapes by her love of exploration, — often leading her small friends into the strawberry-bed, down the road, over the wall, or to some neighbor's house, coolly demanding "a dint a water and dinderbed for all us ones."

Guards were set, bars and locks put up, orders given, and punishments inflicted, but all in vain; the dauntless baby always managed to escape, and after anxious hunts and domestic flurries, would be found up in the road, or under the big rhubarb leaves, on the high fence, or calmly strolling to town without her hat. All sorts of people took her to

drive at her request, and brought her back just as her agitated relatives were flying to the river in despair.

"We must tie her up," said Mrs. Morton, quite worn out with her pranks.

So a strong cord was put round Queenie's waist, and fastened to one of the rings in the little house where Tom used to be chained. At first she raged and tugged, then submitted, and played about as if she did n't care; but she laid plans in her naughty little mind, and carried them out, to the great dismay of Bessie, the maid.

"I want to tut drass," she said in her most persuasive tones.

So Bessie gave her the rusty scissors she was allowed to use, and let her play at making hay till her toy wagon was full.

"I want a dint of water, p'ease," was the next request, and Bessie went in to get it. She was delayed a few moments, and when she came out no sign of Queenie remained but a pile of yellow hair cut off in a hurry, and the end of the cord. Slyboots was gone, scissors and all.

Then there was racing and calling, scolding and wailing, but no Queenie was to be seen anywhere on the premises. Poor Bessie ran one way, Aunt Morton another, and Billy, who happened to be at home, poked into all the nooks and corners for the runaway.

An hour passed, and things began to look serious, when Billy came in much excited, and laughing so he could hardly speak.

"Where *do* you think that dreadful baby has turned up? Over at Pat Floyd's. He found her in the water-pipes. You know a lot of those big ones are lying in the back street ready to use as soon as the trench is dug. Well, that little rascal crept in, and then could n't turn round, so she went on till she came out by Pat's house, and nearly scared him out of his wits. The pipes were not joined, so she had light and air, but I guess she had a hard road to travel. Such a hot, dirty, tired baby you never saw. Mrs. Floyd is washing her up. You 'd better go and get her, Bessie."

Bessie went, and returned with naughty Queenie, who looked as if her curls had been gnawed off and the sand of the great desert had been ground into her hands and knees,— not to mention the iron-rust that ruined her pretty pink frock, or the crown of her hat which was rubbed to rags.

"I was n't frightened. You said Dod be'd all wound, so I goed wite alon', and Miss F'oyd gived me a nice cold tater, and a tootie."

That was Queenie's account of the matter, but she behaved so well after it that her friends suspected the perilous prank had made a good impression upon her.

To keep her at home she was set to farming, and the little house was transformed into a miniature barn. In it lived a rocking-horse, several wooden cows, woolly sheep, cats and dogs, as well as a queer collection of carts and carriages, tools and baskets. Every day the busy little farmer dug and hoed, planted and watered her "dardin," made hay, harvested vegetables, picked fruit, or took care of animals,—pausing now and then to ride her horse, or drive out in her "phaeton."

The little friends came to help her, and the flower beds soon looked as if an earthquake had upheaved them; for things were planted upside down, holes were dug, stones were piled, and potatoes laid about as if they were expected to plant themselves. But baby cheeks bloomed like roses, small hands were browned, and busy feet trotted firmly about the paths, while the little red barn echoed with the gayest laughter all day long.

On Queenie's fifth birthday, in September, she had a gypsy party, and all the small neighbors came to it. A tent was pitched, three tall poles held up a kettle over a "truly fire" that made the water really boil, and supper was spread on the grass. The little girls wore red and blue petticoats, gay shawls or cloaks, bright handkerchiefs on their heads, and as many beads and breastpins as they liked. Some had tambourines and shook them as they danced; one carried a dolly in the hood of her cloak like a true gypsy, and all sung, skipping hand in hand round the fire.

The mammas looked on and helped about supper, and Bess sat in the tent like an old woman, and told pleasant fortunes, as she looked in the palms of the soft little hands that the children showed her.

They had a charming time, and all remembered it well; for that night, when the fun was over, every one in bed, and the world asleep, a great storm came on; the wind blew a gale and chimney tops flew off, blinds banged, trees were broken, apples whisked from the boughs by the bushel, and much mischief was done. But worst of all, the dear little house was blown away! The roof went in one direction, the boards in another, the poor horse lay heels up, and the rest of the animals were scattered far and wide over the garden.

Great was the lamentation next morning when the children saw the ruin. The boys felt that it was past mending, and gave it up; while Queenie consoled herself for the devastation of her farm by the childish belief that a crop of new cats and dogs, cows and horses, would come up in the spring from the seed sown broadcast by the storm.

So that was the sad end of the little house in the garden.



FANS

My sister Kitty has lovely fans,—
Oh, ten times finer than sister Ann's!
Kitty's are beautiful — satin, and pearl,
(Kitty was always a dressy girl!)
Ebony, tortoise-shell, lace and gold;
Shimmering, shining in every fold;
Bedecked and trimmed with fur and feather,—
And she needs them even in winter weather.

Ann's (ah, how many she has!) are plain,
Clean and cool as the summer rain;
Paper and palm-leaf fans are they,
Three for a dime, I have heard her say:
Strong and firm, yet light to bear,
And laden with cool, refreshing air,
As, bound on errands of help and pity,
She carries them through the scorching city.

To-day she is sitting by tiny beds
Cooling poor little, suffering heads;
Fanning lightly — softly — slow
Till the little ones far into dreamland go.

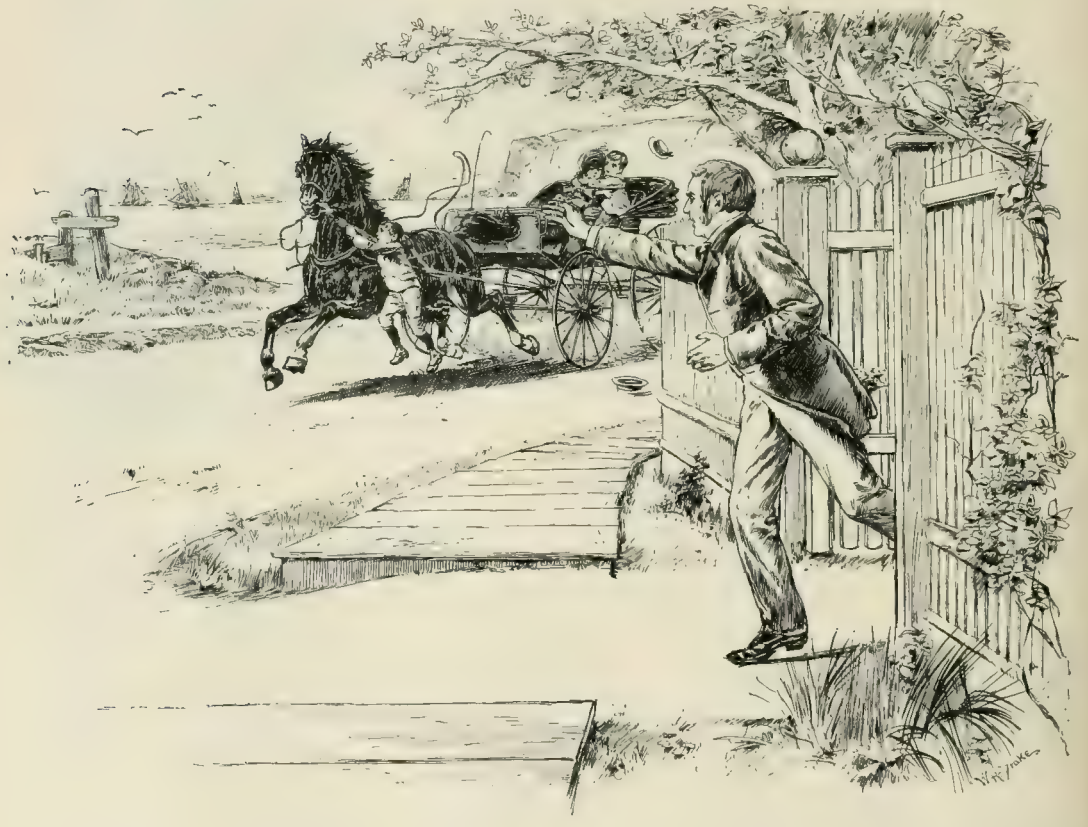
I often think of these different fans,
Kitty's, so lovely — and sister Ann's.

BESSIE HILL.

A YANKEE BOY'S ADVENTURE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(A True Story.)

By Spencer Borden.



"And what do you think, Papa! A gentleman left his horse down on the beach, yesterday, with his two little children in the carriage. The horse ran away and came right up past our house!"

The speaker was Harry Bradford, a bright boy of ten years. He was the oldest of five children, and, with his brother who was three years younger, he had come to meet their father at the train, and was now telling him what had happened since they last saw him.

Mr. Bradford had taken his family to the sea-side for the summer vacation, and they were enjoying it to the utmost; for they had taken their pony, and with riding, boating, and swimming, the boys were having a royal holiday. The father remained at his business in the city through the week, but came to them every Friday night; and Saturdays and Sundays, when the children had him to join them in their sport and rest, they considered the best days of all.

The place chosen by the Bradford family was a mile or two outside one of the fashionable cities by the sea. Between two rocky headlands, a mile and a half apart, a beautiful beach of white sand stretched in a graceful curve, and upon it rolled the surf in dark-green waves breaking continually into white foam. Here the children played in the sand, bathed in the clear water, or rode in their pony-cart along the hard, smooth beach.

The farm-house where they boarded was about

a quarter of a mile back from the beach, on an avenue much frequented by riders and driving parties from the gay city near by.

The coming of summer visitors had occasioned quite a transformation in the old house. A piazza had been added to the front, and on it hung a hammock, while another hammock could be seen under the apple-trees in the orchard which lay on the ocean side of the mansion. The grass had been trimmed to make a smooth lawn, the house had been painted, red tubs with flowers in them were placed at various points, and a semicircular graveled drive-way led from a gate below the house, at the edge of the orchard, past the front of the low piazza, and out to another gate as far above the house as the first was below — the two gates being perhaps one hundred and fifty feet apart.

Everything about the premises had a very attractive appearance, especially to Mr. Bradford, as he came from his hot city office, driving up the pleasant road about sunset, his bright eager boys recounting the tale of their week's doings to his willing ears.

When Harry spoke of the runaway horse, Mr. Bradford was at once interested, for he imagined the feelings of the frantic father on seeing his little children in such imminent danger. So he said:

"Did the children get hurt, Harry?"

"O, no, Papa; the horse was stopped."

"Who stopped him, my boy?"

"Mr. Marsh did, Papa;— but I helped, too."

Finding that no serious consequences had come from the adventure, Mr. Bradford paid little attention to Harry's modest avowal of a part in it, and as the boy said no more about the runaway, conversation turned into other channels, and the father thought no more of it until after supper.

Mr. Marsh, whom Harry had mentioned, was a New York gentleman, who, with his wife and baby, was stopping at the same house with the Bradfords.

After the evening meal, Mr. Bradford came out upon the piazza to enjoy the fresh breeze from the ocean, and there found Mr. Marsh sitting alone, and apparently in deep thought.

Mr. Bradford greeted him with a hearty shake of the hand, and drawing a chair to his side, seated himself, saying:

"Well, Mr. Marsh, Harry tells me you had quite an excitement here yesterday. How about the runaway?"

"It was the pluckiest act I ever saw!" said Mr. Marsh, half rising.

Mr. Bradford looked at him in amazement. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Let me tell you about it," said Mr. Marsh. "Yesterday, after we all had come up from bathing, I sat here on the piazza, reading, with baby in my lap. Your children were playing on the grass in the orchard, near that lower gate, and Mrs. Marsh sat near me on the piazza.

"Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's feet, and a shout in a man's voice: 'Stop that horse! stop that horse!' Looking up, I saw a carriage containing two little children, about two and three years old, drawn by a horse that was madly rushing straight up the road. It was a terrible moment. I turned to give the baby to Mrs. Marsh, and ran for the upper gate, as I knew the horse would pass the lower gate before I could get there. But Harry had seen him too, and as the horse came past, the boy shot out from the gate like a flash of light, and without a word sprang at the horse's head, seized the bridle, and held on with a grip like a vise. His weight was insufficient to stop the frightened animal, which dragged the boy, his feet hardly touching the ground, from the point where he seized it, over the entire distance to the upper gate. Here I also was able to clutch the bridle, and we brought the horse to a standstill. When the father came up, he was so agitated that he could not speak."

Such was the adventure so simply told by Harry, when he said — "But I helped, too."

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be glad to know that this is no story made up from imagination. "Harry" is a real live boy, only eleven years old now, though of course his name is not Harry, nor his father's name Bradford. The incident here recorded happened in August, 1883, and "Harry" will be as much surprised as any of you when he reads about it; for he is as eager to read his ST. NICHOLAS when it comes, as he is happy to ride his pony or to dive through the big waves when the surf breaks on the beach.

AN ARTISTIC SURPRISE.



I.

"WONT THE MAN BE SURPRISED, WHEN HE DETS BACK AND FINDS IT ALL DONE?"

II

THE MAN *was* SURPRISED.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks.

VII.

BALDWIN OF JERUSALEM: THE BOY CRUSADER.

[*Known as Baldwin III., the Fifth of the Latin Kings of Jerusalem.*]

How many of my young readers know anything of that eventful and romantic chapter in the history of Palestine, when, for eighty-eight years, from the days of Duke Godfrey, greatest of the Crusaders, to the time of Saladin, greatest of the Sultans, Jerusalem was governed by Christian nobles and guarded by Christian knights, drawn from the shores of Italy, the plains of Normandy, and the forests of Anjou? It is a chapter full of interest and yet but little known, and it is at about the middle of this historic period, in the fall of the year 1147, that our sketch opens.

In the palace of the Latin kings, on the slopes of Mount Moriah, a boy of fifteen and a girl of ten were leaning against an open casement and looking out through the clear September air toward the valley of the Jordan and the purple hills of Moab.

"Give me thy gittern, Isa," said the boy, a ruddy-faced youth, with gray eyes and auburn hair; "let me play the air that Réné, the troubadour, taught me yesterday. I 'll warrant thee 't will set thy feet a-flying, if I can but master the strain," and he hummed over the gay measure.

But the fair young Isabelle had now found

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something more absorbing than the song of the troubadour.

"Nay, my lord, rather let me try the gittern," she said. "See, now will I charm this snaily from its cell with the air that Réné taught *me*," and together the two heads bent over one of the vicious little "desert snails of Egypt," which young Isabelle of Tyre had found crawling along the casement of the palace.

"Snaily, snaily, little nun,
Come out! thy cell is one into the sun
Show me thy horns without delay,
Or I 'll tear thy convent-walls away,"

sang the girl merrily, as she touched the strings of her gittern. But his snailship continued close and mute, and the boy laughed loudly as he picked up the snail and laid it on his open palm.

"'T is vain, Isa," he said; "thy snaily is no troubadour to come out at his lady's summons. Old Hassan says the sluggards can sleep for full four years, but trust me to waken this one. So, holo! See, Isa, there be his horns — ah! oh! the foot of a lion grind thy Pagan shell!" he cried, dancing around the room in pain, "the beast hath bitten me! Out, Ishmaelite!" and he flung the snail from him in a rage, while Isabelle clung to the casement laughing heartily at her cousin's mishap.

But the snail flew across the room at an unfortunate moment, for the arras parted suddenly and a tall and stalwart man clothed in the coarse woolen gown of a palmer, or pilgrim to Jerusalem, entered the apartment just in time to receive the snail full against his respected and venerated nose.

"The saints protect us!" exclaimed the palmer, drawing back in surprise and clapping a hand to his face. "Doth the King of Jerusalem keep a catapult in this his palace with which to greet his visitors?" Then, spying the two young people, who stood in some dismay by the open casement, the stranger strode across the room and laid a heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder, while little Isa's smothered laugh changed to an alarmed and tremulous "Oh!"

"Thou unmannerly boy," said the palmer, "how dar'st thou thus assault a pilgrim?"

But the lad stood his ground stoutly. "Lay off thine hand, sir palmer," he said. "Who art thou, forsooth, that doth press thy way into the private chambers of the king?"

"Nay, that is not for thee to know," replied the palmer. "Good faith, I have a mind to shake thee well, sir page, for this thy great impertinence."

But here little Isa, having recovered her voice, exclaimed hurriedly: "O no,—not page, good palmer. He is no page; he is ——"

"Peace, Isa," the lad broke in with that peculiar wink of the left eyelid well known to every boy who deals in mischief and mystery. "Let the gray palmer tell us who *he* may be, or, by my plume, he goeth no further in the palace here."

The burly pilgrim looked down upon the lad, who, with arms akimbo and defiant face, barred his progress. He laughed a grim and dangerous laugh. "Thou rare young malapert!" he said. "Hath, then, the state of great King Godfrey fallen so low that chattering children keep the royal doors?" Then, seizing the boy by the ear, he whirled him aside and said: "Out of my path, sir page. Let me have instant speech with the king, thy master, ere I seek him out myself and bid him punish roundly such a saucy young jackdaw as thou."

"By what token askest thou to see the king?" the boy demanded, nursing his wounded ear.

"By this same token of the royal seal," replied the palmer, and he held out to the lad a golden signet-ring, "the which I was to show to whomsoever barred my path and crave due entrance to the king for the gray palmer, Conradin."

"So, 't is the queen mother's signet," said the boy. "There is then no gainsaying thee. Well, good palmer Conradin, thou need'st go no further. *I* am the King of Jerusalem."

The palmer started in surprise. "Give me no more tricks, boy," he said, sternly.

"Nay, 't is no trick, good palmer," said little Isabelle, in solemn assurance. "This is the king."

The palmer saw that the little maid spoke truly, but he seemed still full of wonder, and, grasping the young king's shoulder, he held him off at arm's length and looked him over from head to foot.

"Thou the king!" he exclaimed. "Thou that Baldwin of Jerusalem whom men do call the hero of the Jordan, the paladin, the young conqueror of Bostra? Thou — a boy!"

"It ill beseemeth me to lay claim to be hero and paladin," said young King Baldwin modestly. But know, sir pilgrim, that I am as surely King Baldwin of Jerusalem as thou art the palmer Conradin. What warrant, then, hast thou, gray palmer though thou be, to lay such heavy hands upon the king?" And he strove to free himself from the stranger's grasp.

But the palmer caught him round the neck with a strong embrace. "What warrant, lad?" he exclaimed heartily. "Why, the warrant of a brother, good my lord. Thousands of leagues have I traveled to seek and succor thee. Little brother, here I am known only as a gray palmer, but from the Rhine to Ratisbon and Rome am I hailed as Conrad, King of Germany!"

It was now the boy's turn to start in much surprise. "Thou the great Emperor — and in palmer's garb?" he said. "Where, then, are thy followers, valiant Conrad?"

"Six thousand worn and weary knights camp under the shadow of Acre's walls," replied the Emperor sadly, "the sole remains of that gallant train of close on ninety thousand knights who followed our banner from distant Ratisbon. Greek traitors and Arab spears have slain the rest, and I am come in the guise of a simple pilgrim to help thee, noble boy, in thy struggles 'gainst the Saracen."

"And the King of France?" asked Baldwin.

"King Louis is even now at Antioch, with barely seven thousand of his seventy thousand Frankish knights," the Emperor replied. "The rest fell, even as did mine, by Greek craft, by shipwreck, and by the foe's strength or device."

It is a sad story — the record of the Second Crusade. From first to last it tells but of disaster and distress, amidst which only one figure stands out bright and brave and valorous — the figure of the youthful king, the boy crusader, Baldwin of Jerusalem. It was a critical time in the Crusader's kingdom. From Hungary to Syria disaster followed disaster, and of the thousands of knights and spearmen who entered the crusade only a miserable remnant reached Palestine, led on by Conrad, Emperor of Germany, and Louis, King of France. The land they came to succor was full of jealousy and feud, and the brave boy king alone gave them joyful welcome. But young Baldwin had pluck and vigor enough to counterbalance a host of laggards.

"Knights and barons of Jerusalem," he said, as he and the pilgrim emperor entered the audience-hall, "'t is for us to act. Lay we aside all paltry jealousy and bickering. Our brothers from the West are here to aid us."

The Syrian climate breeds laziness, but it also calls out quick passion and the fire of excitement. Catching the inspiration of the boy's earnest spirit, the whole assemblage of knights and barons, prelates and people, shouted their approval, and the audience-chamber rang again and again with the cries of the Crusaders.

Ere long, within the walls of Acre, the three crusading kings, the monarchs of Germany, of France, and of Jerusalem, resolved to strike a sudden and terrible blow at Saracen supremacy, and to win glory by an entirely new conquest, full of danger and honor — the storming of the city of Damascus. Oldest and fairest of Syrian cities, Damascus, called by the old Roman emperors the "eye of all the East," rises from the midst of orchards and gardens, flowering vines, green meadows, and waving palms; the mountains of Lebanon look down upon it from the west, and far to the east stretches the dry and sandy plain of the great Syrian desert.

With banners streaming and trumpets playing their loudest, with armor and lance-tips gleaming in the sun, the army of the Crusaders wound down the slopes and passes of the Lebanon hills and pitched their camp around the town of Dareya, in the green plain of Damascus, scarce four miles distant from the city gates. Then the princes and leaders assembled for counsel as to the plan and manner of assault upon the triple walls.

The camp of King Baldwin and the soldiers of Jerusalem lay in advance of the allies of France and Germany, and nearer the beleaguered city, as the place of honor for the brave young leader who led the van of battle. From the looped-up entrance to a showy pavilion in the center of King Baldwin's camp, the fair young maiden, Isabelle of Tyre, who, as was the custom of the day, had come with other high-born ladies to the place of siege, looked out upon the verdant and attractive gardens that stretched before her close up to the walls of Damascus. To the little Lady Isabelle the scene was wonderfully attractive, and she readily yielded to a suggestion from young Renaud de Chatillon, a heedless and headstrong Frankish page, who "double-dared" her to go flower-picking in the enemy's gardens. Together they left the pavilion, and, passing the tired outposts, strolled idly down to the green banks of the little river that flowed through the gardens and washed the walls of Damascus. The verdant river-bank was strewn thick with flowers and the fallen scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, while luscious apricots hung within easy reach, and the deep shade of the walnut trees gave cool and delightful shelter. What wonder that the heedless young people lost all thought of danger in the beauty around them, and, wandering on a little and still a little further from the protection of their own camp, were soon deep in the mazes of the dangerous gardens.

But suddenly they heard a great stir in the grove beyond them; they started in terror as a clash of barbaric music, of cymbals and of atabals, sounded on their ears, and, in an instant, they found themselves surrounded by a swarm of swarthy Saracens. The Lady Isabelle was soon a struggling prisoner, but nimble young Renaud, swifter-footed and more wary than his companion, escaped from the grasp of his white-robed captor, tripped up the heels of a fierce-eyed Saracen with a sudden twist learned in the tilt-yard, and sped like the wind toward King Baldwin's camp, shouting as he ran: "Rescue, rescue for Lady Isabelle!"

Out of the Crusader's camp poured swift and speedy succor, a flight of spears and arrows came from either band, but the dividing distance was too great, and with a yell of triumph the Saracens and their fair young captive were lost in the thick shadows. Straight into King Baldwin's camp sped Renaud, still shouting: "Rescue, rescue! the Lady Isabelle is prisoner!" Straight through the aroused and swarming camp to where, within the walls of Dareya, the crusading chiefs still sat in council, down at King Baldwin's feet he dropped, and cried breathlessly: "My lord King, the Lady Isabelle is prisoner to the Saracens!"

"Isa a prisoner!" exclaimed the young King, springing to his feet. "Rescue, rescue, my lords, for the sweet little lady of Tyre! Let who will, follow me straight to the camp of the foe!"

There was a hasty mounting of steeds among the Crusaders' tents; a hasty bracing-up of armor and settling of casques; shields were lifted high and spears were laid in rest, and, followed by a hundred knights, the boy crusader dashed impetuously from his camp and charged into the thick gardens that held his captive cousin. His action was quicker than Isabelle's captors had anticipated; for, halting ere they rode within the city, the Saracens had placed her within one of the little palisaded towers scattered through the gardens for the purpose of defense. Quick-witted and ready-eared, the little lady ceased her sobs as she heard through the trees the well-known "*Beausant!*" the war-cry of the Knights of the Temple, and the ringing shout of "A Baldwin to the rescue!" Leaning far out of the little tower, she shook her crimson scarf, and cried shrilly: "Rescue, rescue for a Christian maiden!" King Baldwin saw the waving scarf and heard his cousin's cry. Straight through the hedge-way he charged, a dozen knights at his heels; a storm of Saracen arrows rattle against shield and hauberk, but the palisades are soon forced, the swarthy captors fall before the leveled lances of the rescuers, the Lady Isabelle springs with a cry of joy to the saddle of the King, and then, wheeling around, the gallant band speed back toward the camp ere the bewildered Saracens can recover from their surprise. But the recovery comes full soon, and now from every quarter flutter the cloaks of the Saracen horsemen. They swarm from garden, and tower, and roadway, and through the opened city gates fresh troops of horsemen dash down the wide roadway that crosses the narrow river. With equal speed the camp of the Crusaders, fully roused, is pouring forth its thousands, and King Baldwin sees, with the joy of a practiced warrior, that the foolish freak of a thoughtless little maiden has brought about a great and glorious battle. The rescued Isabelle is quickly given in charge of a trusty squire, who bears her back to camp, and then, at the head of the forward battle, the boy crusader bears down upon the Saracen host, shouting: "Ho, knights and barons, gallant brothers, follow me!"—and the battle is fairly joined.

Rank on rank, with spears in rest and visors closed, the crusading knights charge to the assault. Fast behind the knights press the footmen — De Mowbray's English archers, King Louis's cross bow-men, Conrad's spearmen, and the javelin-men of Jerusalem. Before the fury of the onset the mass of muffled Arabs and armored Saracens break and yield, but from hedge and tower and loop-holed wall fresh flights of arrows and of javelins rain down upon the Christian host, and the green gardens of Damascus are torn and trampled with the fury of the battle. But ere long the wild war-shouts of the Saracens grow less and less defiant; the entrenchments are stormed, the palisades and towers are forced, the enemy turn and flee, and by the "never-failing valiancy" of the boy crusader and his followers the gardens of Damascus are in the hands of the Christian knights.

But now fresh aid pours through the city gates. New bodies of Saracens press to the attack, and, led in person by Anar, Prince of Damascus, the defeated host rallies for a final stand upon the verdant river-banks of the clear-flowing Barada.

Again the battle rages furiously. Still Baldwin leads the van, and around his swaying standard rally the knights of Jerusalem and the soldier-monks of the Temple and the Hospital. Twice are they driven backward by the fury of the Saracen resistance, and eager young Renaud de Chatillon, anxious to retrieve his thoughtless action, which brought on the battle, is forced to yield to another lad of eleven, a brown-faced Kurdish boy, who in after years is to be hailed as the Conqueror of the Crusaders — Saladin, the greatest of the Sultans. The battle wavers. The French knights can only hold their ground in stubborn conflict; the brave soldiers of Jerusalem are thrown into disorder, and the boy-leader's horse, pierced by a spear-thrust, falls with his rider on a losing field. But hark! new cry swells upon the air. "A Conrad to the rescue! Ho, a Conrad! Rescue for the standard!" and through the tangled and disordered mass of the cavalry of France and Palestine press the stalwart German emperor and a thousand dismounted knights. The Saracen lines fall back before the charge, while in bold defiance the sword of the emperor gleams above his crest. As if in acceptance of his unproclaimed challenge, a gigantic Saracen emir, sheathed in complete armor, strides out before the pagan host, and the fiercely raging battle stops on the instant, while the two

great combatants face each other alone. Their great swords gleam in the air. With feint and thrust, and stroke and skillful parry the champions wage the duel of the giants, till, suddenly, in one of those feats of strength and skill that stand out as a marvelous battle-act, the sword of the emperor with a single mighty stroke stretches the Saracen's armor-covered body at his feet. The Turks break in dismay as their champion falls. Young Baldwin rallies his disordered forces, the war-cries mingle with the trumpet-peal, and, on foot, at the head of their knights, the two kings lead one last charge against the enemy and drive the fleeing host within the city walls. With shouts of victory, the Christian army encamp upon the field their valor has conquered, and Damascus is almost won.

Then, within the city, preparations for flight were made, for the city seemed doomed to capture. But — "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." In the camp of the Crusaders the exultant leaders were already quarreling over whose domain the conquered city should be when once its gates were opened to Christian victors. The Syrian princes, the great lords of the West, the monkish Knights of the Temple and of the Hospital, alike claimed the prize, and the old fable of the hunters who fought for the possession of the lion's skin before the lion was captured was once more illustrated. For, meantime, in the palace at Damascus, the captive page Renaud stood before the Saracen prince Anar, and the prince asked the boy: "As between thine honor and thy head, young Christian, which would'st thou desire to keep?"

"So please your highness," replied the page, "my honor, if it may be kept with my head; but if not — why then, what were mine honor worth to me without my head?"

"Thou art a shrewd young Frank," said the Prince Anar. "But thou may'st keep thy head and, perchance, thine honor too, if that thou canst keep thy ready tongue in check. Bear then this scroll in secret to him whom men do call Bernard, Grand Master of the Knights of the Temple, and, hark ye, see that no word of this scroll cometh to the young King Baldwin, else shall the bowstrings of my slaves o'ertake thee. Go; thou art free!"

"My life upon the safe delivery of thy scroll, great Prince," said young Renaud, overjoyed to be freed so easily, and, soon in the Crusaders' camp, he sought the Grand Master and handed him the scroll in secret. The face of the Templar was dark with envy and anger, for his counsels and the claims of the Syrian lords had been set aside, and the princedom of Damascus which he had coveted had been promised to a Western baron.

"So," said the Grand Master, as he read the scroll, "the Count of Flanders may yet be balked. What says the emir? Three casks of bezants and the city of Cæsarea for the Templars if this siege be raised. 'T is a princely offer and more than can be gained from these Flemish boors."

"Gallant lords and mighty princes," he said, returning to the council. "'T is useless for us to hope to force the gates through this mass of gardens, where men do but fight in the dark. Rather let us depart to the desert side of the city, where, so say my spies, the walls are weaker and less stoutly protected. These may soon be carried. Then may we gain the city for the noble Count of Flanders, ere that the Emir Noureddin, who, I learn, is coming with a mighty force of allies for the Saracen, shall succor the city and keep it from us longer."

This craftily given advice seemed wise, and the crusading camp was quickly withdrawn from the beautiful and well-watered gardens to the dry and arid desert before the easterly walls of the city. Fatal mistake! the walls proved stout and unassailable, the desert could not support the life of so large an army, whose supplies were speedily wasted, and through the gardens the Christians had deserted fresh hosts of Arabs poured into the city. Victory gave place to defeat and rejoicing to despair. Days of fruitless assault were followed by nights of dissension, and finally the crusading host, worn by want and divided in counsel, abruptly ended a siege they could no longer maintain. But in the final council young Baldwin pleaded for renewed endeavor.

"And is it thus, my lords," he said, "that ye do give up the fairest prize in Syria, and stand recreant to your vows?"

"King Baldwin," said Conrad, "thou art a brave and gallant youth, and were all like thee, our swords had not been drawn in vain. But youth and valor may not hope to cope with greed. We are deceived. We have suffered from treason where it was least to be feared, and more deadly than Saracen arrows are the secret stabs of thy barons of Syria."

"What thou dost claim I may not disprove by words," said the young King hotly, "for here have been strange and secret doings. But for the honor of my country and my crown I may not idly listen to thy condemning speech. Conrad of Germany, there lies my gage!"

"Brave youth," said Conrad, picking up the boy's mailed glove, so impetuously flung before him, and handing it to Baldwin with gentle courtesy, "this may not be. It is not for such a noble-hearted lad as thou to longer stand the champion for traitors."

So the victory almost assured by the intrepidity of the boy crusader was lost through the treachery of his followers; but it is at least some satisfaction to know that the betrayers were themselves betrayed, and that the three casks of golden bezants proved to be but worthless brass.

King Louis and Conrad the Emperor returned to their European dominions in anger and disgust.

The Second Crusade, which had cost so terribly in life and treasure, was a miserable failure, with only a boy's bravery to light up its dreary history. Sadly disappointed at the result of his efforts, young Baldwin still held his energy and valor unsubdued. Poisoned by his Arab physician, he died at thirty-three, mourned by all Jerusalem; while even his generous foe, the Saracen Noureddin, refused to take advantage of his rival's death.

The history of the Crusades is the story of two hundred years of strife and battle, relieved only by some bright spots when the flash of a heroic life lights up the blackness of superstition and of cruelty. And among its valiant knights, equal in honor and courage and courtesy with Godfrey and Tancred and Richard of England and Saladin, will ever stand the name and fame of the young ruler of the short-lived Latin kingdom of Jerusalem — Baldwin, the Boy Crusader.





By Charles R. Talbot.

Little Mabel Black-eyes,—bless her pretty face!
And all her quick, imperious ways, and all her childish grace!—
Went out one morning 'mong the birds and 'mong the rose-hung bushes;
Herself as sweet as roses are, as tuneful as the thrushes.
She drifted down the orchard lane as though the breezes blew her;
Threw back the kisses that the trees in scented blossoms threw her;
And, where the babbling brook bends near, upon its shining way,
A house half hid, she turned aside to call on Mother Gray.

Dame Gray, the "Witch of Woody Dell," sat in her lonely kitchen,
'Twas just the place for all the world you 'd look to find a witch in.
And she was every inch a witch, with dried and swarthy skin,
And sharp, small eyes, and nose turned down to meet her turned-up chin.
She wore her lofty-pointed hat, her gown of twenty hues,
Her famous scarlet petticoat, her ancient high-heeled shoes.
And when she saw our heroine, she frowned; while from her side
A huge black cat, with back erect, the stranger fiercely eyed.

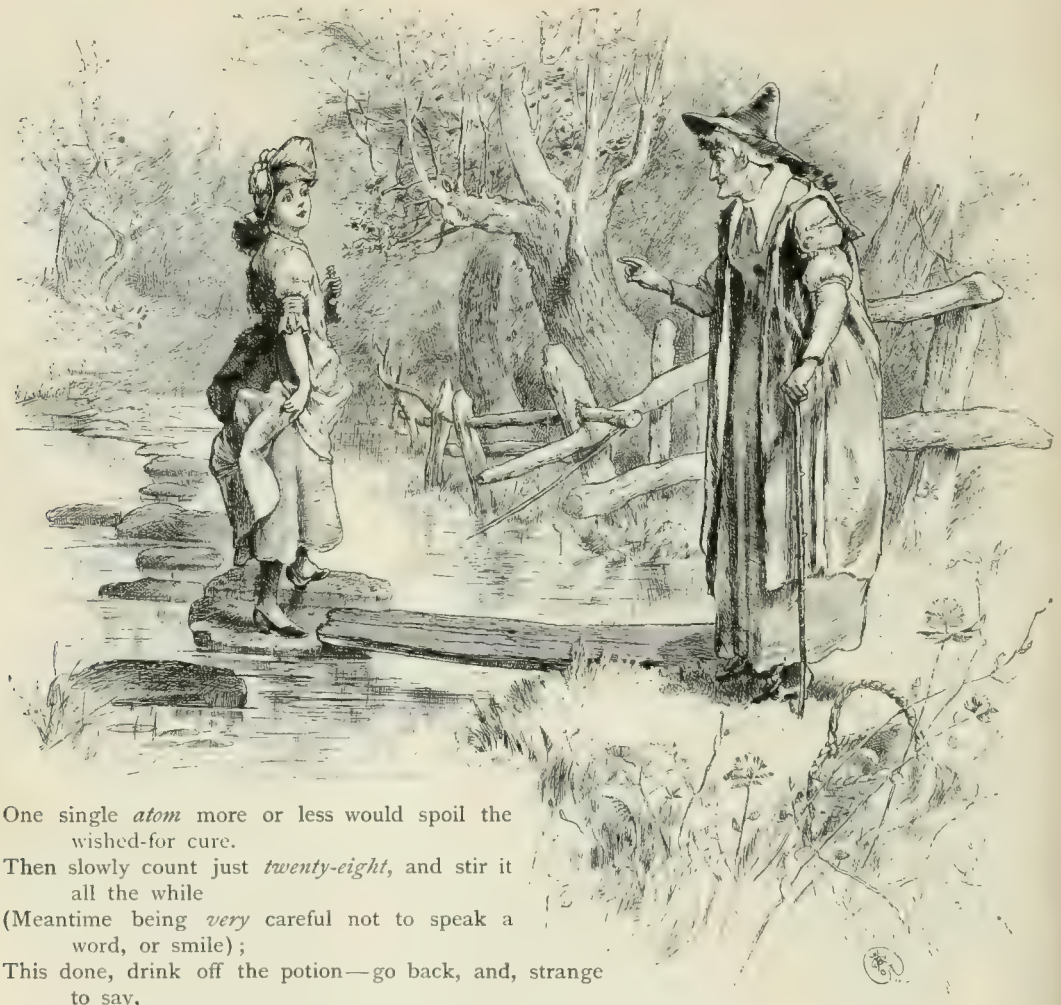
Poor little Mabel Black-eyes' heart for the moment sank within her.
"Oh, dear!" she thought, "*Would* witches eat a little girl for dinner?
I almost wish I had n't come. I *knew* that I should rue it!
However, I 've an errand, and I guess I 'd better do it."
So, gathering all her courage, she made her finest bow,
And smiled with charming sweetness (Ah! right well does she know how
To gladden all the older folk!); then, in her own bland way,
She proceeded to declare her wish to frowning Mother Gray.

"Good Mother Gray, I just dropped in to ask a little favor.
I ——" Then she stopped and stammered, and could not go on, to save her.
But Mother Gray broke harshly in: "Oho! So that 's it, is it?
Folks always want some favor done when they pay *me* a visit."
She eyed her guest a moment. Then, in milder tone,—"Well, well,
They all respect the magic power of the Witch of Woody Dell.
Look up and speak your wish, my child. If good, it shall be granted."
So, thus assured, our heroine explained what 't was she wanted.
"You see,"—and then she lowered her voice and suddenly looked sad,—
"I 've got the *awf'lest* temper anybody ever had!
And I really can not help it, though I try, and try, and try;
And Nurse declares that everybody 'll hate me by and by.
And so, good, dear, kind Mother Gray, I thought I 'd come to you
(For I 've heard a hundred times of all the wondrous things you do),
To see if I could get some magic medicine to take
That would cure my dreadful temper, and so, perhaps, would make
People love instead of hating me, as every one does, nearly;
But I want to be so good to all that all will love me dearly.



Then she looked up so beseechingly, and yet
so very sweetly,
That e'en the stern old witch's heart was won
to her completely.
"Ahem! Ahem! Well, well! Dear me!" ob-
served old Mother Gray;
And she waved her handkerchief about in a
most suspicious way.
"'Twas lucky, child, yes, lucky,—that you
chanced to come to *me*;
For yours is quite a serious case. However,
we will see
What can be done." So saying, she got up
from her chair
And with her cane she hobbled to the wooden cupboard where
She kept the thousand drugs and charms by whose mysterious spell
She exercised her marvelous power as Witch of Woody Dell.

From the shelf she took a phial. "Now here, my child," said she,
"Is a certain cure for ills like yours, if taken faithfully
According to directions. Now list to me, and mind
That you remember every word! Whenever you 're inclined
To answer back, say naughty words, or do what is n't right,—
First, ere you say or do a thing, run quick with all your might
And get a cup (take heed 't is either glass or chinaware);
Then measure out *nine teaspoonfuls* of water with great care,—
To which add next *five drops* of this, *precisely*,— for, be sure,



One single *atom* more or less would spoil the wished-for cure.
Then slowly count just *twenty-eight*, and stir it all the while
(Meantime being *very* careful not to speak a word, or smile);
This done, drink off the potion—go back, and, strange to say,
You 'll find your angry feelings have vanished quite away.
Do this, *exactly as I 've said*, each time that you are tempted,
And I promise you a perfect cure before the phial 's emptied."

With many thanks and many bows Miss Mabel took the phial
And hastened homeward joyfully to give it instant trial,
Repeating the directions o'er—
* * * * * * * * *

"The sequel?" do you say?
Well, that was but a month ago,—and only yesterday
I heard her mother saying:—"I should really like to know
What *has* come over Mabel, to change her temper so!
She 's always been a loving child, though fiery from the start,—
But of late she 's grown so gentle that she 's winning every heart."
Whereat I smiled all to myself, but I did not choose to tell
About Miss Mabel's morning call on the Witch of Woody Dell.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

By Maurice Thompson.

Chapter XIV.

Among the Quails.

Mr. Marvin called Neil and Hugh to him and said that he had some directions and instructions to give them.

"We are about to begin quail-shooting," he said, "and I think we are going to have rare sport. The game is abundant, the weather fine, and the covert very favorable for fair shooting. Now, you will find that so soon as the quails commence to rise you will begin to grow excited. All I ask of you is that you will promise to be careful with your guns. There is danger of your being so eager to shoot every bird that is flushed that you will not stop to think where your shot may go. You must always remember that the new and improved guns which your uncle gave you shoot very hard and far, and that great sorrow and distress might be caused by the slightest carelessness or mishap. Besides, the habit of coolness and caution, if acquired in your boyhood, will prove of the greatest value to you throughout your lives. There is an old adage which says: 'Look before you leap.' A good maxim for the hunter is: 'Look before you shoot.' Not only look at the game, but look beyond it, and be sure that your shot will hit nothing but the object of your aim.

"Now, shooting over fenced farms is quite different from shooting on the open prairie. While hunting here in this valley, you will be constantly climbing over fences. You must remember that you are positively forbidden to climb a fence with a load in your gun. It is but the work of a moment to open the breech and take out the shells. So much by way of caution, for the sake of safety. Now, a word or two about the best practice in quail-shooting. This game when flushed rises with a suddenness and force that are quite trying to the eyes and nerves of young shooters. The sound made by the wings of the bird adds to the startling effect. This is apt to throw you off your guard and render you somewhat confused and uncertain of hand and vision. The quail's flight is very swift, and you must shoot quickly; but you must also shoot deliberately. Be sure that you fire your right-hand barrel first, as it scatters the shot wider, and reserve your left-hand barrel for the longer range, especially if you wish to make a double wing-shot.

"In flushing quail, the bird will sometimes rise at your very feet, so to speak, and then there is danger that you will be in too much haste to fire. The best way to prevent random shooting, in such a case, is to wait till your vision has adjusted itself, that is, until you clearly see the direction of the bird's flight. When once you have command of your vision, and have acquired the power of centering it on the flying game, you will be able to cover your point of aim with your gun without any hesitancy.

"When your dog has pointed game, do not rush suddenly forward to flush it. Consider a moment, and look about the landscape to see if any person or animal is visible. Next consider in what direction the game is likely to fly. If any thick covert is near, it is quite safe to presume that the bird will go in that direction. Now step slowly and firmly forward, holding your gun in front of you with the muzzle pointing upward and away from you.

"The bird will rise in a steep incline to the height of, perhaps, ten or fifteen feet, and there steady itself for a strong, straight flight. If you can get your aim — or cover your bird — at about the time it begins to fly level, you will find your shot most satisfactory.

"In raising your gun to your shoulder to take aim, be careful not to have it catch or hang in any part of your clothing. Lift it with a swift but deliberate motion, and set the butt firmly in the hollow of your right shoulder, with your right forefinger barely touching the front trigger. Don't dodge or wink when you fire; keep every muscle and nerve perfectly steady. If you fire but one barrel, immediately open your gun and reload that barrel. Then send your dog to bring in your bird, — that is, provided you have killed one."

After this little lecture was over, they all got ready for a tramp in the adjacent fields.

Samson was left to take care of the camp, and very soon the hunters were ranging over the rolling fields of that pretty valley, following their enthusiastic dogs.

Quails were soon found. Neil and Hugh were together when Don, the dog set apart to their use, found a large bevy in a patch of broom-sedge near the middle of about fifty acres of fallow land.

"Now, Hugh," said Neil, "let 's do as Mr. Marvin said. Let 's keep cool and look before we shoot. There 's no one near us, and just so we

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don't shoot each other or the dog we shall do no harm, even if we miss the birds."

While Hugh was speaking Neil had clutched his gun nervously, and got ready to shoot.

"Oh, I 'm pretty cool," said he; "come on, let 's flush the birds and get to business."

"No," said Neil; "you can't hit anything while you 're trembling in that way. Steady yourself, and be sure you 've got aim before you fire."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Hugh; "I 'm all right. You just be sure about yourself, and get your own aim; I 'll get mine."

This was not said in an unpleasant way, for Hugh was only in a hurry and did not want to be bothered with advice. He walked forward as he spoke and flushed the birds. They rose in a close body with a loud roar of wings. There were at least twenty of them.

Hugh quickly leveled his gun and fired at the center of the flock. Down came five birds. He forgot to fire his left-hand barrel, so pleased was he with his luck.

Neil waited until after Hugh's bird had fallen; then he singled out a quail of the scattering bevy and brought it down in fine style. Quick as thought he aimed at another and pulled the trigger of the left barrel. His last shot missed. Hugh gathered up his five birds and cast his eyes rather saucily at Neil.

"I guess," said he, "I was almost as ready for business as you were."

"You seem to be four ahead of me, to start with," Neil replied; "but the race is not won till it 's done."

"All right," said Hugh, confidently, as he reloaded the empty barrel of his gun; "we 'll keep count and see who beats."

The birds had scattered pretty widely in some low weeds along a fence-row. Neil had "marked two down"; that is, he had noted where they settled near an old stump. He left Hugh to follow Don, and went to flush his birds himself. They rose almost together. He fired right and left; but, as before, only killed one. He heard Hugh fire twice in close succession, and at the same time Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley began a perfect volley over in a neighboring field of corn-stalks. He followed the bird he had missed to where it had lit in a clump of blackberry briars. When it got up he missed it again with his right barrel, but quickly covered it again and killed it with his left.

"I am in too big a hurry when they rise," he thought; "I must try and overcome the fault."

Neil's knowledge of the habits of the quail gave him quite an advantage over Hugh, who had never studied such things. For instance, Neil never would have wasted an hour of his time beating around in a marshy place hunting for quail. Hugh did this, not knowing that quails prefer dry fields where small grain or weed-seeds are abundant. The loss of so much time without seeing a bird gave him little chance to compete with Neil, who, without a dog, flushed a small flock and succeeded in making several fine shots, adding six birds to his bag. Once he saw a bird flying toward him. It was coming from the direction in which Hugh was hunting, and so Neil would not shoot till it had passed him. He turned about and tried to get a good aim, but somehow he missed again.

Every young shooter will find this trouble at first. He will feel quite sure that he aims correctly, but he will fail to stop his bird. This usually arises from a bad method of directing the gun. It may be that the young hunter holds his head too high, in which case he will over-shoot; or he may fail to pull the trigger just as he fixes his aim, and thus miss by shooting too low or behind his bird. If the butt of the gun be held against the arm, instead of in the hollow of the shoulder, it may derange the aim. Nothing but careful, intelligent practice can overcome these faults.

Neil got eleven birds in all. Hugh got but seven.

The guns of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin kept up an almost incessant booming about a quarter of a mile away.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP-CHAT.

WHEN our friends reached camp, Judge had returned from the village, bringing a bundle of letters and papers.

The quails were turned over to Samson to be prepared for market, as it had been agreed that all the game killed by the party, over and above what they needed to cook, should belong to Mr. Marvin, Uncle Charley bearing all the expenses of the excursion.

When the game was counted it was found that there were one hundred and ten birds as the day's bag.

Neil and Hugh each received a letter from their father, and Hugh had one from Tom Dale. By the time these were read, a very late dinner had been spread, and they all ate with that gusto known only to hunters, and which would not be considered very elegant in polite society. But when men and boys get out into the freedom of the woods and fields for a time, they become just a little savage and animal-like, and are apt occasionally to break through some of the stricter rules of the parlor and dining-room.

Tom Dale's letter brought a full account of all that the Belair boys had been doing since Neil and Hugh had left the village. A heavy snow had fallen, and the coasting out at Dobbins' hill had been fine, and there was good skating on Loringer's mill-pond.

"Just think of it!" said Hugh; "here we sit in our shirt-sleeves, with a balmy wind blowing over us, while they are all bundled in furs and mittens and overcoats, skating on the ice or coasting in the snow. I think it 's more fun to be here, don't you? A fellow can't enjoy himself rightly with a pinched nose and benumbed fingers. And then the wind off the snowy prairie is terribly cold and biting, sometimes."

"It 's the change that one enjoys, I think," said Neil. "Don't you remember Gus Fontaine, who came to Belair from San Antonio, Texas, and how he was charmed with our winter sports? I never saw a boy like sleigh-riding so much; and rabbit-hunting,— why, he said he wanted to go rabbit-hunting every day! He seemed never to get cold, and the keener the wind blew, and the more the frost-crystals flew, the better he liked the weather."

"Oh, well," said Hugh, "Gus was a queer boy, anyhow. Do you remember how he astonished us the first time that he rode one of Papa's young horses around the lot without any bridle or saddle, and gave us what he called the Comanche war-whoop? He could ride almost any horse, in that way, and if he fell off, it never seemed to hurt him a bit."

"Well, he 'd learned all that on the Texas plains," said Neil. "It all depends upon where you live. Now, there was Ted Brown, from Addison Point, Maine, who came to see us last summer, just think how he used to talk about the starboard and larboard side of the table at dinner, and how he used to yarn about what storms he had been in on his father's fishing-smack, and about seeing man-seals, and whales, and sea-lions, and all that sort of thing. But he enjoyed being with us on the farm; all boys enjoy a change of climate and scenery."

Mr. Marvin was well pleased with the result of the day's shooting. The birds would bring several dollars, he said.

"Well," remarked Hugh, "I think I shall be a market-hunter. It 's just as good as being a lawyer, or merchant, or physician, or preacher."

"You are mistaken, my boy," said Mr. Marvin, gravely. "I know what I am saying when I tell you that you must not think of throwing away your life on so precarious and toilsome a business. Even as recreation from the effects of overlabor, hunting has its drawbacks; but after you have followed it through wind and rain and sleet and storm for years, it becomes immensely irksome as a regular business. Then, too, a fellow soon begins to feel that he has thrown away his life. When I was a young man I was graduated from a good college, and I might have made something of myself if I had n't caught the naturalist's fever; but I took to the woods and the fields and became a homeless, wandering bird-shooter. Of course, I 'm too old to change now; but I never want to hear you speak again of following my mode of living. No, no, you and Neil have a higher aim. You must make your lives great and useful."

"Well," said Hugh, "if I do not become a market-hunter, I shall be a farmer, I think, like Uncle Charley, and own cattle; and sheep, and hogs, and horses, and broad fields of corn, and beautiful green pastures."

Night had now come on. They all went to bed early, Hugh and Judge among the first, for they had secretly agreed to get up before daylight and go off to hunt some hares by moonlight, in a little glade not far from camp. This glade was in the midst of a dense pine wood, and Judge avowed that hares always met in a glade to dance on moonlight nights. But they had their trouble for nothing. Not a hare did they see. The morning was a lovely one, however, and the still, beautiful valley lay as if asleep in the soft moonshine. They watched the glade for an hour or more and returned to camp just as Samson had lighted a fire for breakfast.

Neil was up and was writing in his diary and Mr. Marvin was cleaning one of his guns. He showed Hugh all the mechanism of the locks and breech-fastening, and explained to him how each piece was made to exactly fill its place, but with such economy as to take up the least possible space.

"I should not have advised your father to allow you to have a gun, if there had been no breech-loaders," said he; "for I consider a muzzle-loading gun too dangerous for a boy to handle. The beautiful construction of a breech-loader renders it entirely unnecessary for the shooter ever to turn the muzzle toward himself, and the rebounding locks with which it is furnished prevent accident from any chance blow the hammers may receive. No boy ought ever to have a gun that has not rebounding locks."

The sun soon came up over the range of blue hills east of the valley, and the cardinal grossbeaks began to call from tree to tree down by the rivulet. It was like a May morning in the North, only the air was more balmy, and a resinous fragrance seemed to fill all space — it was the smell of the turpentine of the pines and the odor of the liquid amber.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEIL SHOOTS BIG GAME.

THE fortnight spent by our friends in the North Georgia valley was one long to be remembered by them, especially by Neil and Hugh.

Mr. Marvin took great pains to train the boys in all the tricks and turns of quail-shooting, and at the same time he made plain to them the hidden dangers that lurk in the path of the young hunter. He very much desired that no accident should befall his young friends, and he well knew that it required constant vigilance to prevent the possibility of any calamity from their fervor and excitableness. Neil seemed quite prudent and cautious, but Hugh, being younger and of a more sanguine and impulsive nature, was constantly doing something that threatened danger to himself or to some one else. Not that he meant to be careless or unmindful of the safety of those about him, but he seemed to forget everything else and entirely lose himself for the time in whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind. It was impossible for him to keep steady and cool, as Neil could. What he did was always done without the slightest forethought and "with a rush and a bang," as Mr. Marvin said, one day.

Old Samson, who heard the remark, expressed his estimate of Hugh's temperament by replying: "Dat 's so, Mass' Marvin. Ef Mass' Hugh 'u'd happen to t'ink ob it, he 'd jump inter de fire afore he could stop hisse'f!"

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley chided Hugh very often about his reckless and heedless ways, and he honestly and earnestly tried to be more sober and careful. He improved quite rapidly in his shooting, though it was plain that he never would be able to compete with Neil, who was beginning to be a fine wing-shot at both single and double birds. It may be well to explain just here that by "double birds" is meant, in the sportsman's parlance, two birds at which the shooter fires right and left. If he kills both birds one after the other, the hunter calls it a double shot, or "killing a double."

Neil had studied faithfully, and had used every endeavor to conquer all his faults in shooting. He had written down in his diary all the rules of shooting, as given to him by Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley. He had learned these rules by heart and had practiced them assiduously.

On the contrary, Hugh jumped to all his conclusions. He forgot every rule as soon as he saw a bird, and depended entirely upon sudden impulse to direct his action.

In a future chapter I shall record all of Mr. Marvin's rules of shooting in simple and direct language, and every young hunter will find them of value to him.

Let us now, however, witness the last quail-shooting of our friends in the Georgia valley.

A slight drizzling rain had fallen all through the night, but the sun came up clear and strong, and the air was all the sweeter from the dampness that hung on the woods and fields. The distant mountain knobs and peaks were as blue as indigo; the fields of corn-stalks shone like gold.

"Now for our farewell hunt," said Uncle Charley, as he loosed his dogs and took his fine gun from its cover.

Neil looked out over the valley and wished that he could paint well enough to sketch the scene in colors just as it then appeared. He found this ambition to be an artist growing upon him. He was all the time studying objects and landscapes with a view to their picturesque effect or pictorial values. He carried about with him a small manual on free-hand sketching from Nature, which he had almost worn out in studying it over and over. But he was also a close observer of all that went on around him, whether among the plants and trees, the birds, or the people of the region. The memoranda in his note-book were as various as the phases of Nature; and while an artist might have laughed at his sketches, they were not so bad, after all.

Quails were easily found that day. Our friends had not been out half an hour before their guns began to boom in every direction. Hugh, as usual, was excited and carried away with the thrilling sport, and banged away at every feather that stirred. He seemed to act on the principle that as the game was plentiful it did not matter how often he missed, and that if only he kept up his firing, some of his shot would be sure to hit.

A very large bevy of quails was found in a field of what the North Georgia farmers call "crab-grass," which was about knee-high and very thick. The birds were scattered and began to rise one at a time. Neil, Hugh, and Judge were near each other. The first shot fell to Hugh, who knocked over his bird in fine style, handling his gun like an old sportsman. Judge's turn came next, and it made the others laugh to hear the funny "click-floo-bang" of his rickety old flint-lock. The "click" was when the flint struck the face of the steel, the "floo" was the flash of the priming on the pan, and the "bang" was the gun's report. Each sound was separate and distinct. But Judge brought down his quail all the same. Neil tried for a double, and (a record not usual with him) missed with both barrels.

The game was now rising at almost every step and the shooting became fast and furious. Judge was not having a fair chance, for, of course, his gun being single-barreled and muzzle-loading, he had

to stop and go through the tedious process of loading every time he fired; whereas Hugh and Neil had nothing to do but press a spring, open the breech, and slip in the shells ready loaded and capped. But it was astonishing to see how rapidly the young negro got powder, wads, and shot down that dingy old barrel, and how nimbly he glided about in search of birds.

Neil seemed in bad luck somehow, his birds always presenting difficult shots, and he missed quite often. This put him out of conceit with himself a little, and whenever a shooter loses self-reliance, his chance for any brilliant display of marksmanship is entirely gone.

Hugh was in the highest state of exhilaration. He was successful with almost every shot, and his self-confidence was perfect. Two or three times he had sent his shot dangerously near Neil or Judge in the hurry and activity of his exercise. He had killed more game than Neil, and the latter was strenuously endeavoring to retrieve his lost luck.

They had now driven the scattered remnant of the bevy of quails across the field to a fence-row grown up with sassafras bushes and persimmon saplings. Hugh was on one side of this fence and Neil and Judge were on the other side.

The birds had become quite wild, so that they were rising at longer range than usual, and whirring away with all the speed their wings could give. Neil killed two or three in fine style, and began to regain his nerve. At length, two rose together, one going up the fence to his left, the other going down the fence to his right. He killed the first with a shot from his right barrel, and, turning quickly, covered the other and fired his left. As he pressed the trigger for his second shot, he saw too late that Judge was nearly in line. He tried to stop, but the gun would fire. Boom!

"Oh, massy! Goodness! Oh, I 's killed! I 's killed! Oo! Oo! Ohee! Oh, me! Oh, me!" and Judge fell upon the ground and began to roll over and over. His wild screams could be heard at a long distance from the spot.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley heard them, and ran with all their might, reaching the place quite out of breath and greatly frightened.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Uncle Charley, in a half-stifled voice.

Neil and Hugh were bending over Judge, who was still rolling over and over in an agony of fright.

Mr. Marvin pushed the boys aside and began to examine the wounded negro.

"This is more of your miserable work, Hugh," said Uncle Charley, turning his agitated face toward his younger nephew. I 've been afraid of something of the kind; you 're so heedless and wild, you——"

"It was n't Hugh," quickly exclaimed Neil; "I did it!"

"You, Neil! You!" That was all Uncle Charley could say. He stood stupefied with amazement. The idea of Neil's having acted so recklessly seemed too strange to be true.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin had stripped off some of Judge's clothes and was examining the wounds more carefully to see if any help would be needed. He was relieved to find no very dangerous wounds. But Judge continued his screaming, loudly declaring that he was already dead.

Neil and Hugh stood mournfully looking on, their hearts heavy with dread.

It was with much difficulty that Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley kept Judge still enough for a bandage, made of a handkerchief, to be put around his arm where the wound that was bleeding most freely was located.

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do!" cried Neil, wringing his hands and gazing blankly at Hugh.

"You did n't go to do it," said Hugh, in a voice meant to be consoling; but his whitened face and purple lips told how intensely excited he was.

"Oh, I 'll die, I 'll die! I want ter see mammy — take me to mammy!" bawled Judge.

"He 's going to — to — die!" Neil huskily murmured, in an agony of apprehension, and leaning on his empty gun for support.

Hugh was leaning on his gun also.

Uncle Charley looked up, and exclaimed inquiringly:

"Boys, are those guns loaded?"

"Mine is," said Hugh, quickly lifting it and slipping out the shells. Both hammers were cocked and both barrels loaded!

Then it was that the boys, for the first time in their lives, saw good, kind-hearted Uncle Charley lose his temper. His face grew very red.

"You boys must be little better than idiots!" he cried, looking almost furiously back and forth from one to the other. "You are resolved, it seems, to kill yourselves and everybody else!"

Then he turned upon Judge, who was still screaming and tumbling around, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Now, Judge, be quiet, instantly!"

Judge ceased his cries at once and became perfectly quiet. Mr. Marvin was seen to smile grimly in the midst of his surgical work. When the bandage had been well adjusted and Judge's body carefully examined, Uncle Charley said:

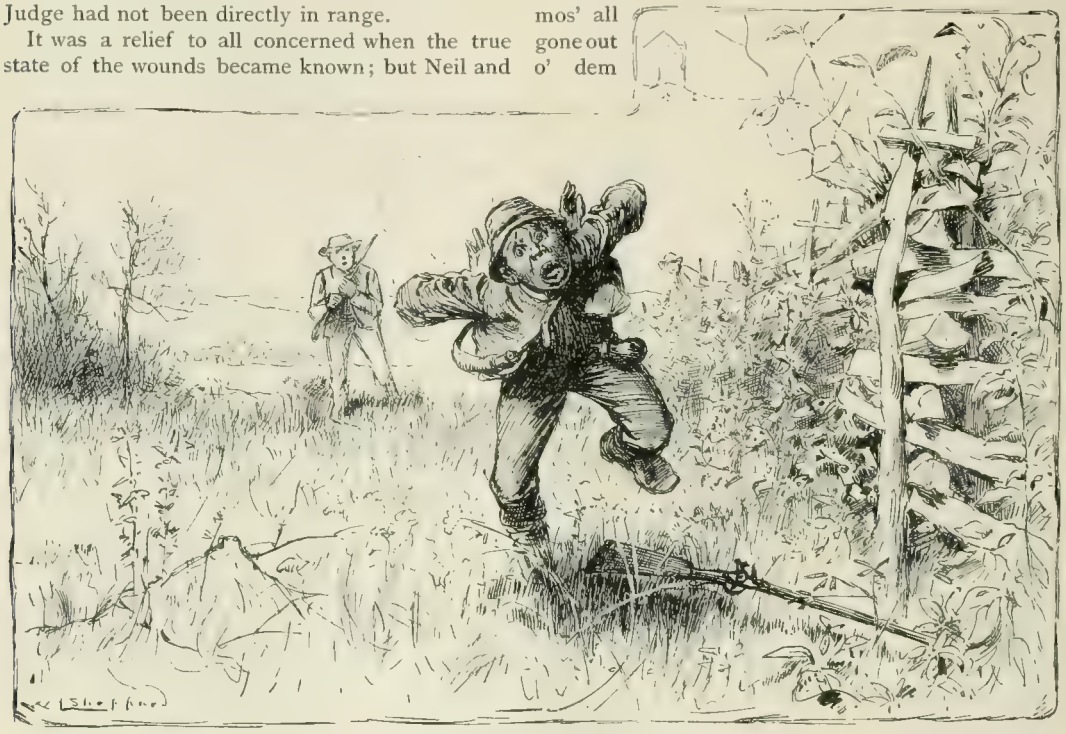
"Get up, now, and put on your coat."

"I — I did n' want ter be killed, nohow," sobbed Judge, as he scrambled to his feet.

By great good fortune, his hurts were not

serious. Five shot had struck him — two in the left arm, one in the shoulder, one in the neck, and one in the breast. These had been mere scattering pellets on the outer rim of Neil's load, as Judge had not been directly in range.

It was a relief to all concerned when the true state of the wounds became known; but Neil and Hugh hung their heads and pondered deeply. The lesson of so grave an accident was impressing itself upon their minds. How terrible it would have been if Judge had been killed!



"OH, MASSY! OH, I 'S KILLED!"

CHAPTER XVII.

NEIL GOES INTO A DEN.

JUDGE was a very sore boy for several days, and had to take good care of himself, in order to prevent his wounds from inflaming and making him sick. This delayed the departure from the valley for nearly a week.

In the meantime, a disagreeable wind and rain came on, making it very uncomfortable to be out-of-doors. Neil brooded over his mishap a great deal. He felt as if he had been guilty of a great crime. He had been so sure of his own ability to avoid all accidents that it made his signal mistake doubly inexcusable to himself. Hugh was gloomy, too, so that with the sad weather and a lack of cheerful conversation, the camp was a stupid place for awhile.

But when the clouds blew away at last, and the sun filled the valley with golden light, Uncle Charley gave orders to strike the tents and make ready for moving. Judge declared that "de soreness mos' all gone out o' dem shot-holes," and everybody grew lighter-hearted with the brightening of the weather.

Nothing of any especial interest happened on their way back to Uncle Charley's farm in Tennessee, until they had reached a deep hollow on the northern slope of the mountain, where they saw a fine flock of wild turkeys run into a thick wood some two or three hundred yards ahead of them. This reminded them that the next day would be Thanksgiving Day, and a roast turkey would be just the thing for their Thanksgiving dinner.

Samson and Judge were left to drive the wagons, while the rest turned out with their guns to give chase to the game.

Neil and Hugh were very eager to add turkeys to their list of game. Mr. Marvin saw their haste and stopped them to speak a few sharp words of warning and advice. Neil's face flushed, and he promptly said:

"You can rely on me, Mr. Marvin; I shall never be careless again."

Hugh promised, also, and then they all went rapidly and noiselessly into the wood.

The boys, who were walking side by side, chanced to come upon the flock at the head of a short, deep ravine, from which issued a clear, cold mountain spring. The birds were fifty yards away, giving but a poor opportunity for a successful shot; but each of the boys fired right and left, and one big "gobbler" fell, tumbling to the very bottom of the ravine, where they heard him splash the water of the spring stream.

Neil and Hugh ran to secure their game, but on reaching the edge of the ravine they found its sides so steep that descent into it seemed impossible. They could look down and see the big black bird lying on its back in the shallow stream.

Some small trees grew in the rough soil on the jaws of the ravine; below them there was an almost vertical fall of damp and dripping rock for a distance of nearly thirty feet.

Neil began to look around for some means of descent. He could not bear the idea of leaving such noble game lying where it fell. A little distance from where they stood there was a place where a huge piece of the rocky bluff had dropped out many years ago. This had formed a sort of projection some fifteen feet below the verge of the precipice, and out of it grew a gnarled cedar-tree, whose top came above the plateau upon which the boys were standing.

Neil handed his gun to Hugh, and seizing a limb of the cedar-tree, swung himself to its body, and then climbed down to the projection. This was quite easy, but he found himself still twelve or fifteen feet above the bottom of the dusky and chilly ravine. From this point, however, the descent of the rocky side was somewhat slanting, and so he easily slid down without accident. The air was damp and of disagreeable odor, and Neil hurried to get the turkey, which he found to be a very large one, weighing, he thought, nearly twenty pounds. He picked it up, and started to climb out. Now, with a sudden sinking of the heart, he discovered that he could not go up that steep incline, down which he had slipped with so little difficulty. He could not make a single step upward on the damp, slippery surface of the slanting stone. He let the turkey fall and called to Hugh. No answer came. This frightened him. Could it be that his brother had gone away? He called again as loudly as he could. Not a sound came back in response. Somewhere far away, as it seemed to him, he heard the report of a gun. He ran along the spring stream a short distance to see if there was any available outlet to the ravine, but the water soon lost itself by flowing into a fissure of a stone wall which some convulsion of Nature long ago had thrown across the way.

Here was a situation that would have daunted a stronger heart than Neil's; but, much to his credit, the boy kept quite calm. He at once felt that his escape depended on the practical application of his common sense. If he should give way to fright, he could not hope to get out. He searched in every direction for a tree that he could use for a ladder, but there was none.

"Surely," thought he, "there must be some way out."

As he was walking along near the wall of one side of the gulch, his eyes chanced to fall upon the track of a large animal's foot in the soft clay. Neil knew in a moment that it was a bear-track. It was larger than his hand and looked as if it had been made quite recently. The animal had been walking along close to the base of the cliff and there were two or three places where it had dug the dirt out of the crevices in the rock, as if hunting for food or a good spot for a lair. But Neil was much more interested in getting out of that gloomy place than he was in studying bear-tracks. He hallooed to Hugh again and again without getting any answer. Suddenly the thought came to him that Hugh had run after Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin to get them to come and help him out.

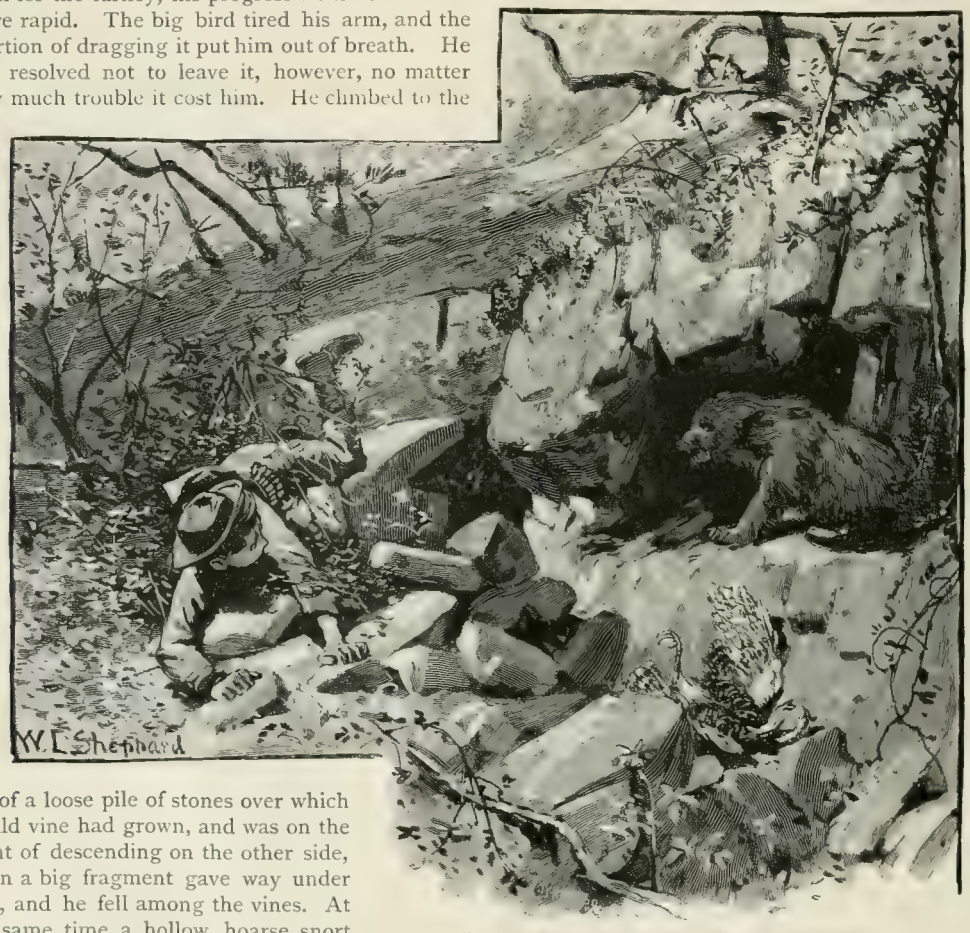
"Of course that's it," he thought; and then he grew very much calmer. It could not be long before they would come to look for him, in any event. He would have felt much better if he had had his gun, but he tried to make the best of his situation by a careful search for some means of getting out without waiting to be helped by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. It annoyed him to think that here was another ugly result of his want of prudence, after all that had happened and after all his good resolves. As he wandered around, climbing over fragments of stone and through tangles of scrubby cedars, he found a sort of zig-zag slender path, that appeared to lead right out of the ravine. His heart grew light in a moment.

He started up the path, but remembering his turkey, he went back and got it. The ascent was very difficult, but Neil was a good climber, and his desire to make his way out without help whetted his energy. He crawled rather than walked up the angular path, dragging the turkey after him. Some distance from the bottom of the ravine, at a point where the path crossed a sandy ledge, Neil saw the bear's foot-prints again, but this time they pointed in the direction in which he was going.

"Ah," thought he, "this is Bruin's path. No doubt he came down into the gulch for water. If only I had Samson's dog to start on the track! He would soon find the old fellow's den."

A little farther up he came to a place where a

pine-tree had tumbled into the ravine and lodged against a wild mass of stones directly across the path. At first it seemed impossible to get past this obstruction; but he soon saw where the path led under the log and over the stones. With great difficulty he crawled along, creeping under and over and around, as the tracks led. If it had not been for the turkey, his progress would have been more rapid. The big bird tired his arm, and the exertion of dragging it put him out of breath. He was resolved not to leave it, however, no matter how much trouble it cost him. He climbed to the top of a loose pile of stones over which a wild vine had grown, and was on the point of descending on the other side, when a big fragment gave way under him, and he fell among the vines. At the same time a hollow, hoarse snort or growl reached his ears, and even before he could scramble to his feet he saw, with consternation, a huge black animal sitting upon its haunches under a shelf of rock not twenty feet away from him.



"IT WAS A BEAR, AND IT WAS EYING HIM SAVAGELY."

It was a bear, and it was eying him savagely. To have stumbled upon a bear in that lonely ravine, and without his gun, was not a cheering experience to the young hunter, who did not waste any time examining old Bruin's premises. He only saw that the place was quite a comfortable den, and that Mr. Bruin sat there with half-open eyes and snarling mouth, as if greatly vexed at having been aroused from a quiet nap. And as the bear effectually barred his further progress, Neil ran back along the path he had been following, and at last climbed a tree to wait until help should come to him.

He had let go of his turkey when he fell over the stones, and he had not taken the trouble to pick it up again, especially as it had tumbled down near to the bear's feet,— nearer than Neil cared to go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEIL AND HIS BEAR.

WHEN Neil handed his gun to Hugh and started down into the ravine, Hugh saw a fox-squirrel some distance away. Now a fox-squirrel was an animal which Neil and he had been trying very hard to get as a specimen for their father's cabinet at home. But, as yet, they had failed.

He placed Neil's gun against a tree and went on a long, rambling chase after the little brown-bodied, black-headed, white-nosed animal whose great bushy tail kept waving in the distance ahead of him. He soon forgot Neil and the turkey and thought of nothing but of how he should manage to get a shot at the squirrel. After a vigorous and roundabout run through the woods, he at length saw his game run up a low, gnarled oak-tree that grew on a dry, stony ridge.

"Now," thought Hugh, "I shall get him at last!"

But to his chagrin, the next moment, with a guttural quack, the squirrel dived into a hole in a big knot about thirty feet from the ground.

Hugh kept quite still for, perhaps, half an hour, watching the hole to see if the little animal would not come out again; but it did not, and he turned away, and went immediately back to the road where the wagons were standing.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already there with two turkeys which they had killed.

"Where 's Neil?" inquired Mr. Marvin, as Hugh came up.

"Why, I left him over yonder in a gulch," said Hugh. "He went down into it to get a turkey we killed, and I went on after a fox-squirrel."

They waited a long while, but Neil did not come. Uncle Charley wished to camp for the night beside a spring some miles distant, and there was no time to spare.

"What in the world can be keeping the boy!" exclaimed Uncle Charley rather impatiently, for he did not like to wait.

"If you 'll go with me, Hugh, we 'll see if we can find him," said Mr. Marvin. "Show me the way to the place where you killed your turkey."

Hugh readily assented, and they walked rapidly to the ravine.

"Here 's his gun," said Hugh, "he has n't come out yet."

"Why, how did he ever get down into this ugly place?" queried Mr. Marvin.

"I — I — I don't know; I got after the squirrel and did n't watch him," said Hugh, going to the edge of the bluff and gazing down.

Mr. Marvin now called Neil in a loud voice. Almost immediately an answer came, as if from some point midway between them and the bottom of the ravine.

"Is that you, Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes; what are you doing?" replied Mr. Marvin.

"I 'm up in a tree. There 's a bear down here. I 'm afraid to climb down." It was Neil's voice, but it sounded unnaturally. The poor boy had grown weary of waiting for them.

"What kind of a bear is it?" asked Mr. Marvin, in a doubting tone.

"Why, it 's a black bear, and a big one, too," cried Neil, emphatically. "I ran almost against it, and it growled and snarled at me. Have you your gun?"

"Yes, my Winchester rifle; but how can I get down there?"

"I don't know, and I can't imagine how I am going to get out, either."

"Well, stay where you are for awhile, and I 'll see what can be done. Are you really sure you saw a bear?"

"I tell you I *know* I did," answered Neil, positively. It 's right down here in its den now. If you 'll come down, I 'll show it to you."

Mr. Marvin turned to Hugh and said:

"Go back and tell your uncle to come, and to bring all the rope there is in the wagons. Be quick, now, and don't forget to tell him to fetch his rifle, too."

Hugh ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Mr. Marvin's practiced eye had taken in the situation almost at a single glance. He saw that he must have a rope with which to lower himself into the bed of the ravine.

In a very short time, Uncle Charley and Hugh came with their guns and the ropes.

"What 's up now?" demanded Uncle Charley.

"Nothing up," said Mr. Marvin, "but something down. Neil is in the ravine, and a bear has treed him, I guess."

The situation was soon explained to Uncle Charley, and it was decided that Mr. Marvin should be lowered into the ravine.

Two or three of the long, strong ropes used for tethering the horses were tied together and one end having been securely fastened to a tree at the edge of the cliff, the other end was flung below. Mr. Marvin then swung his gun on his back, and taking hold of the rope, climbed down without trouble by pressing his feet against the face of the rock.

"Where are you, Neil?" he cried as soon as he reached the ground.

"Here!" answered Neil, rapidly descending from his perch in a little tree. He was looking rather haggard and pale.

"Well, where is your bear?" said Mr. Marvin, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"Now, Mr. Marvin, you are making fun of me," said Neil, in a half resentful tone, "but come with me and I 'll show you." Saying this, he led the way to the bear-tracks.

"Look there! What do you say to that?" he asked, pointing them out to Mr. Marvin, who examined them carefully.

"They are genuine bear-tracks," said Mr. Marvin, "and fresh ones, too. Where did you see the bear himself?"

"Up yonder, farther," said Neil, pointing with his finger; "but I want my gun before I go."

Mr. Marvin now began to have some faith in the bear story, and he said they would go back and have Neil's gun lowered to him by the rope. This was done in a few moments, and at Neil's suggestion Uncle Charley and Hugh went around the head of the ravine to the other side and stationed themselves near the place where they supposed the bear might come out of the hollow.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as Neil loaded his gun with shells of heavy shot, "let 's find your bear in short order; there 's no time to lose."

"Well, come on," said Neil, leading the way.

They soon reached the little, crooked path. Mr. Marvin scrutinized this very closely before starting to follow it. The rough, vine-covered heap of stones and the fallen tree were just visible. Neil pointed them out to Mr. Marvin and said, almost in a whisper:

"The bear is right over on the other side of those stones under the edge of a projecting part of the cliff. He 's a big one, too!"

Mr. Marvin started up the path and Neil followed him closely. Their progress was slow, owing to the steepness and narrowness of the way, but the distance was so short that they soon reached the pile of stones. Mr. Marvin noiselessly climbed up and peeped over. Neil was by his side in a moment.

The bear was now standing on its haunches, with its fore-feet lifted off the ground. It really was a monster in size, and appeared to be ready for a fight.

"Aim at his breast, Neil!" Mr. Marvin rapidly muttered.

The next instant the ravine shook with the reports of their guns. The bear was hit, but it did not fall, nor did it attack, as Mr. Marvin had feared it might, but ran, rather nimbly for so large an animal, up a ledge of the bluff a little to one side of its den.

"Look out above!" yelled Mr. Marvin. "Bear coming!"

"All right, let him come!" rang out Uncle Charley's clear voice.

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when "bang" went his gun and Hugh's. Uncle Charley fired his rifle three times, Hugh shot twice.

"Dead bear!" shouted Uncle Charley. "Come on!"

Mr. Marvin and Neil discovered that there was an easy and well-defined path out of the den, following which they soon emerged from the gulch and found themselves where Uncle Charley and Hugh were standing by the dead bear.

"He ran right at us!" cried Hugh, excitedly. "We did n't have much time, I tell you! Is n't he a big one?"

Neil was too much out of breath to speak. He stopped and gazed at the huge animal and felt truly thankful that he had escaped from its terrible claws.

"But where 's your turkey, Neil?" asked Hugh.

"Why, I forgot it," said Neil, "it 's down there in the bear's den, I suppose."

Uncle Charley went with them into the bear's den, where they found the turkey lying upon the bones of some small animal that the bear had eaten.

"It 's a wonder he had n't made a luncheon of the turkey," said Hugh.

"He was n't hungry, perhaps," said Uncle Charley.

When Mr. Marvin had finished skinning the bear he hung the hide and hams across a long pole so that he and Uncle Charley could carry them to the wagons.

Samson and Judge opened their eyes very wide when they heard the story of Neil's adventure.

It was late at night when they reached the camping-place and they were all too tired and sleepy to talk much. The following day they reached Uncle Charley's house in time for supper.

Samson and Judge got all the negroes of the place around them and entertained them with highly colored accounts of the trip.

(To be continued.)



THE CURIOUS HOUSE.

By Joel Benton.

I know a house so fair and fine
No flaw in it can you detect,
A silver beauty smooths each line
Drawn by its patient architect.

To look upon its fragile frame
And note its splendor in the sun,
No builder known to human fame
You say, can do what this hath done.

It has no shingle, roof, or beam,
It is not buttressed on the land,—
Its airy filagree and scheme
Seem products of a fairy's hand.

How swung aloft, how lightly stayed,
Without a window, board, or pane—
A dream in definite shape arrayed,
A castle from the realms of Spain!

Though Piranesi might despair
Its lines to mend when once undone,
I see its owner in the air
Across the silver ramparts run,

And where a break has crept into
The checkered strands that greet the eye,
Has made the battered places new,—
And not a scar can you descry.

On geometric curve and coil,
Dew-diamonded beneath the sun,
This little builder's wit and toil
Was spent until the work was done.

O silken house of gossamer,
Thy woven wonder does not cease,—
And yet thy blood-stained doors deter
Wayfarers fond of life and peace!

No revelers in those chambers meet,
No jocund footsteps jar the floor,—
For, they who step within retreat
At once, or leave it nevermore!



My first day's work for others, when fourteen years old, was performed in a paper-mill in western Massachusetts, where I learned some Latin in spare moments, and saved enough money to prepare for college.

To give a complete history of paper would fill every number of the "ST. NICHOLAS" for a year. The hornet, whose sharp sting is the terror of children, is the recognized pioneer of paper-makers. His cellular nest, on trees and rocks, is built of material which resembles the most delicate tissue-paper. Weaving must have been suggested by the intricate spider's web and the building of dams by the skillful beaver.



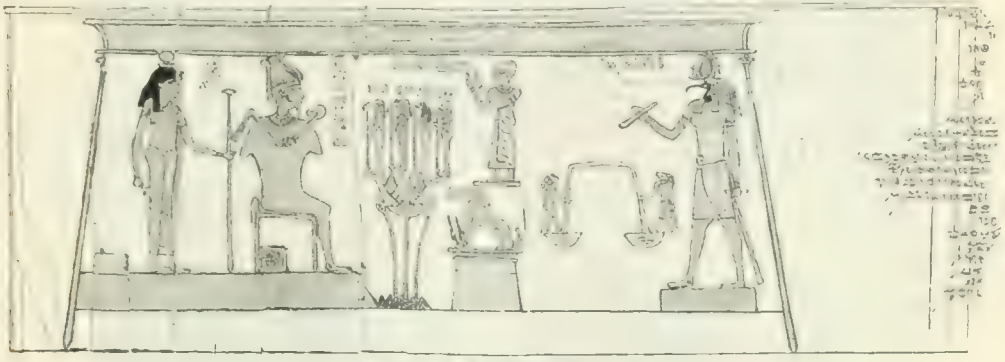
Man has always been slow to learn from Nature. Writing was first done on leaves and stones. In the libraries of London, Vienna, and Copenhagen are carefully treasured palm-leaf manuscripts written by the ancients. The innermost bark of birch-trees answered for paper in India and Germany, and even to this day the Indians write upon the leaves of the mulberry, bamboo, and yucca.

Many centuries before Christ, Numa left writings upon the papyrus, whence our name, paper, is derived. This plant, which was revered as sacred by the old Egyptians, grows abundantly in shallow streams and marshes in upper Egypt and Syria. Bruce found it growing in the River Jordan, and noticed a curious fact, that it always presented the sharp, angular side of its pear-shaped stem to the swift current. The stem is eight or ten feet high, two inches in diameter, and crowned with a fringe of hair-like leaves, which circle a blossom of slender spikelets. Beneath the brown sheath which envelops the root-stalk of this dark-green plant lie other sheathes which are very transparent. These, when split into thin leaves and dried in the sun, were glued together, and formed the roll of papyrus, on which many of the ancient writings have come down to us. This paper was both flexible and durable. Specimens from Pompeii can be seen in the museum at Naples. In the fifth century papyrus paper, of which many varieties existed, was largely manufactured at Alexandria, and ranked high in the commerce of nations. Its use continued until about seven or eight centuries ago.

In China the "four most precious things" are the paper-plant, ink and its saucer, and the brush.

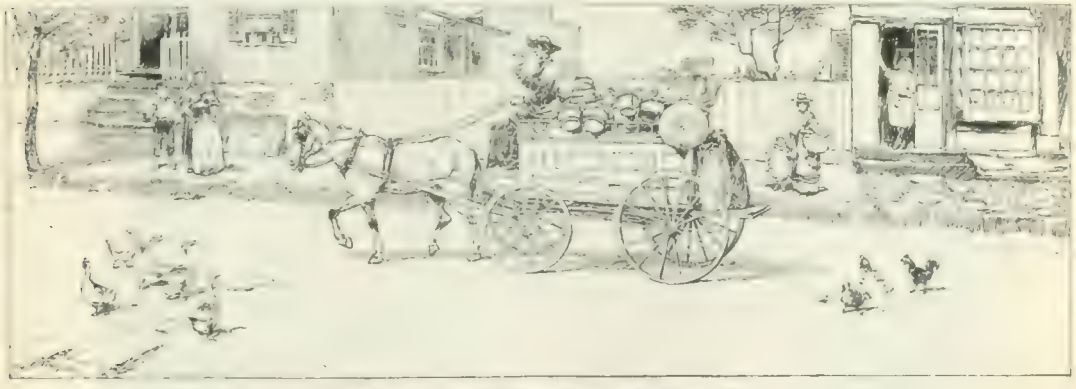
Eighteen hundred years ago, the Chinese, acting upon the wasp's suggestion, made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety from the innermost bark of different trees. The young bamboo, which grows six or eight inches in a single night, is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made in a mold by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut spirally, by a keen knife, into thin

slices, six inches wide and twice as long. Immense quantities of paper are used by the Chinese for a great variety of purposes. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window-frames, paper sliding-doors, and paper visiting-cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British Government once visited Pekin, several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out over the large floor, proved to be the visiting-card of the Chinese Emperor.



Early in the Christian era, the Japanese employed silk faced with linen, and also wood shavings, for writing material. In 610, A. D., they began to make paper from vegetable fiber, and their ingenuity is indeed marvelous. From several hundred varieties of paper they manufacture lanterns, candle-wicks, hair-pins, umbrellas, artificial flowers, fans, handkerchiefs, hats, sword-proof helmets, telescope tubes, water-proof under-clothing, etc. A formal Japanese poet uses in writing, for poetry or songs, four distinct kinds of paper, specially designed. Imitation leather, which we have just begun to make, is old-fashioned with them. The skill of the Japanese in handling long fibers without injury enables them to make their parchment-like paper very tenacious and durable.

It is claimed that the Mandarin Tcailien invented rag paper. Whether this is true or not, the Chinese secret was early known in Persia and Arabia, and gradually the Europeans began and rapidly improved the art of manufacturing paper. Parchment, prepared sheep-skin, and vellum, or clear calf-skin, were laid aside. Eight hundred years ago, Spain made paper from cotton, and in 1302 a finer quality from linen. In the fourteenth century, France, Germany, and Italy became quite skilled in the art. Queen Elizabeth knighted Spielman, a German, who established the first paper-mill in her kingdom. The business in England was greatly increased by the Huguenots whom Louis XIV. drove out of France. The paper-mill built near Chester creek, in Delaware, in 1714, was probably the first paper-mill in the United States. The owner supplied paper to Benjamin Franklin. The old hand process can still be seen there.



Many years ago in New England, laws were made which required people to save carefully all



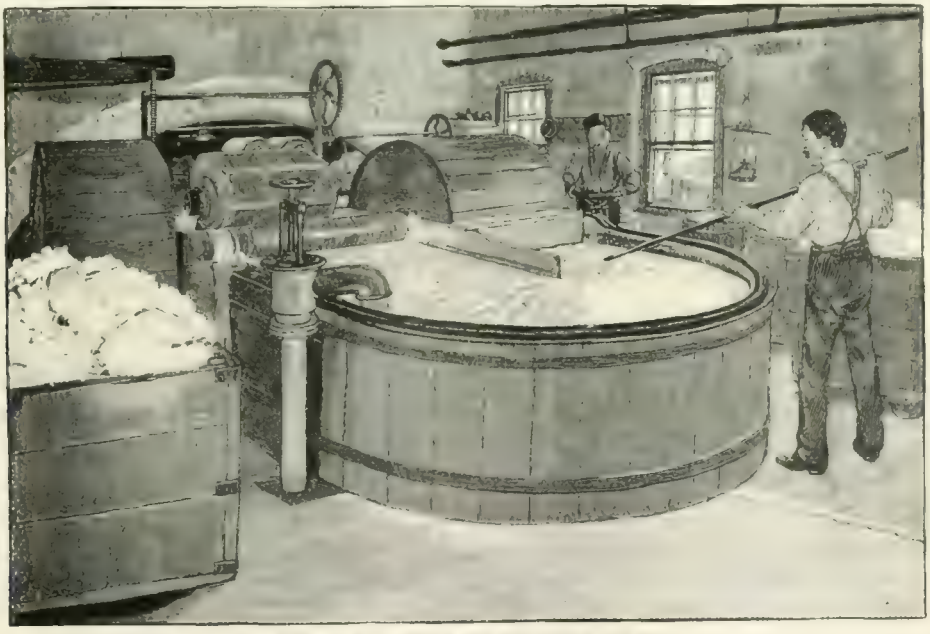
SCENE IN EGYPT,—SHOWING THE PAPYRUS PLANT.

paper material; and bell carts went through the cities ringing for rags. Yankee tin-peddlers drove their red wagons through village and town, loaded with pails, brooms, and shining tin-ware, which were exchanged for big sacks of odds and ends saved in scrap-bags. Many a successful merchant and banker was originally a keen-witted tin-peddler, who learned human nature in the homes of the people, and constantly viewed new scenes and gathered fresh experience as his old horse jogged along.



SORTING AND CUTTING THE RAGS.

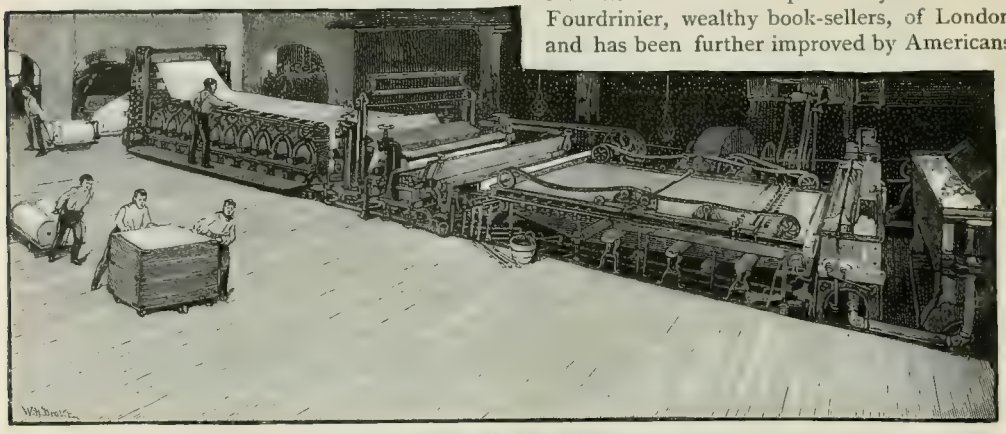
Until 1750, paper material was reduced to pulp in a crude mortar; but in that year this tedious process was superseded by a machine run by windmills, a Dutch invention. Its essential principles were those of the modern paper-engine.



THE "ENGINE," WHICH BEATS AND GRINDS THE PULP.

In the paper-mills of to-day, we see scores of women and girls removing from the rags all hooks

and eyes, buttons, pins, pieces of woolen and silk; and cutting the rags into narrow strips on sharp scythes fixed to tables. These strips are carefully sorted into three or more baskets. A revolving wire sieve removes the dust, and the rags are put into a huge iron or wooden boiler, with caustic soda and lime, which wash out the grease and dirt. In the case of print-papers or wood-chips, the ink is removed from one and the sap and resin from the other.



A PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.

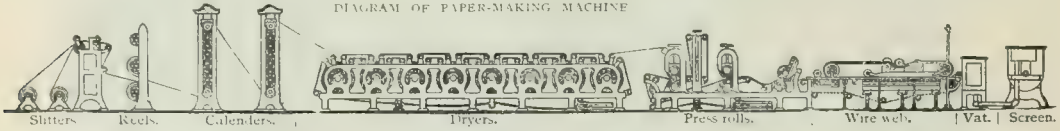
The rags are then ready to be converted into pulp. The huge machine which is used is called an "engine," and was invented in Holland. It is quite unlike a stationary or railway engine. It is shown on the preceding page,—as an elliptical tub, separated by a partition into two chambers. Under the curved box-cover, a cylinder filled with over fifty dull steel blades, and attached to the shaft, revolves rapidly over a bed of steel bars. The blades draw out the fiber of the rags by a kind of shearing action. The first work or process of the engine is to partially reduce and wash clean the material, and requires from three to four hours. This cleansed material is called "half-stuff," and is emptied into vats, where it is bleached perfectly white by chloride of lime. Next, the beautiful snow-like, half-beaten stuff is again put into the engine, and slowly reduced to fine pulp, which, when mixed with water, resembles cream, the natural yellow color being changed to a bluish tint by the use of a very little ultramarine.

The pulp is now ready to be converted into paper by a series of ingenious contrivances, which, placed in a row, makes a very long machine. This paper-making machine is shown on this page, and the diagram below furnishes us with the names of the most important parts, viz.: The screen, vat, wire cloth, press or felt rollers, dryers, calenders, reels, and slitters.

In 1798, Louis Robert, a Frenchman, substituted for the old-fashioned hand mold an endless wire web, by which paper of great width, length, and uniform thickness could be made. His valuable invention was much improved by the Messrs. Fourdrinier, wealthy book-sellers, of London, and has been further improved by Americans.

By the aid of the diagram, let us examine this "bird's-eye view" of a complete paper-making machine. The receiving-vat on the right of the machine is constantly supplied with prepared pulp by a pump, all imperfections being removed by the screen. A stop-cock or other arrangement regulates the supply of pulp, thus controlling the thickness of paper to be made. The pulp, diluted with water, flows over an apron upon an endless wire cloth, or web, which has from 3500 to 5000 holes to the square inch. As the water escapes through the wire cloth, the fibers of the pulp are gently shaken together.

DIAGRAM OF PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.



A roller of fine wire net-work imprints the water-marks which give the name "woven" paper; when the wires are stretched only one way, it is called "laid" paper. The imprint of a fool's cap and bell, much used formerly, gave the name "foolscap" paper.

The newly formed wide sheet of wet paper passes to an endless felt belt, by which it is conveyed between iron press rolls, around a dozen or more steam dryers, again around smooth calenders, and then upon the reels, finally through slitters, into a sticky liquid, and between knives; and, at last,

the long soft paper, freed from water, is smoothed, sized, and wound on reels.

Paper is thus made so rapidly, that if the roll were allowed to run off from the machine in a continuous strip, a child could not keep up with a marked point on that strip, except by running. In the finishing-room the paper is again smoothed, cut into sheets, ruled, sorted, counted, folded, stamped, and put up in reams, quarter-reams, and half-reams, for book or letter use.

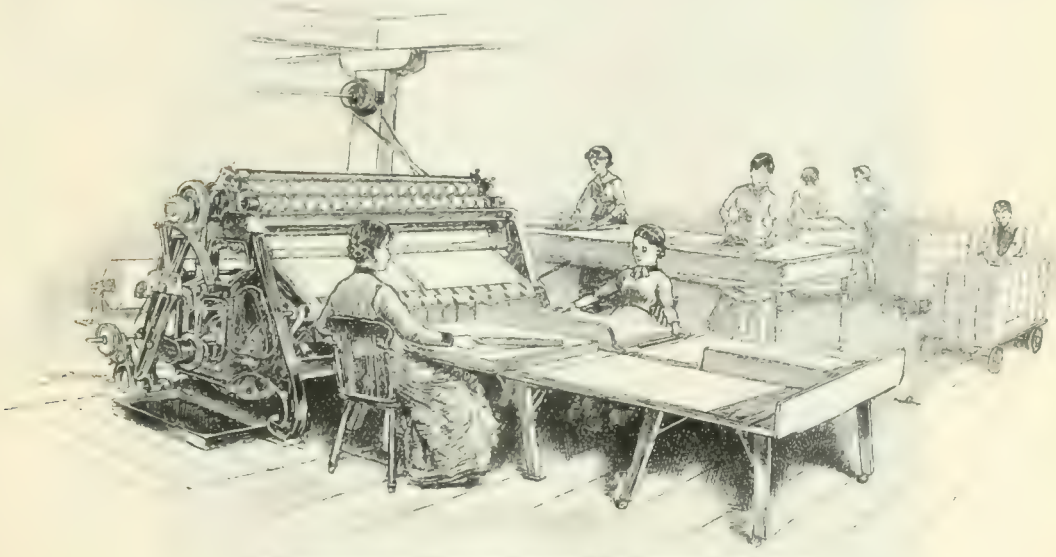
Coarse papers are made on a unique revolving cylinder, which gathers the pulp on its surface of wire work. It was invented in 1822, by Mr. John Ames, of Springfield, Mass. Formerly, several weeks were required to complete the slow hand process of changing crude material into finished paper. Now it can be accomplished in a single day, at one third the old-time cost.

Poplar, spruce, and basswood are used in immense quantities for making paper pulp. Even the banana and palmetto yield excellent fiber. Of late, a soft and transparent quality of paper has been made from common grasses. Bank-note paper is made from linen, silk fiber being introduced to prevent counterfeiting by making certain markings in the paper which can not easily be imitated. Many bank bills have red silk threads running along the edges and across the ends. Letter paper is made from linen and cotton mixed; printing paper chiefly from wood-pulp,—rags being added for book and magazine paper, like that used for ST. NICHOLAS. Waste papers, straw, old ropes, jute, manilla, and like substances make common papers.

One third of the paper consumed in the world is made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily.

The four thousand paper-mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one third of which is used for newspapers.

Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two-horse wagon-loads of beautiful papers of varied tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson River, millions of postal-cards are made each year for the Government, out of wood-pulp. Paper has become as great a necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car-wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof-tiling, jewelry,



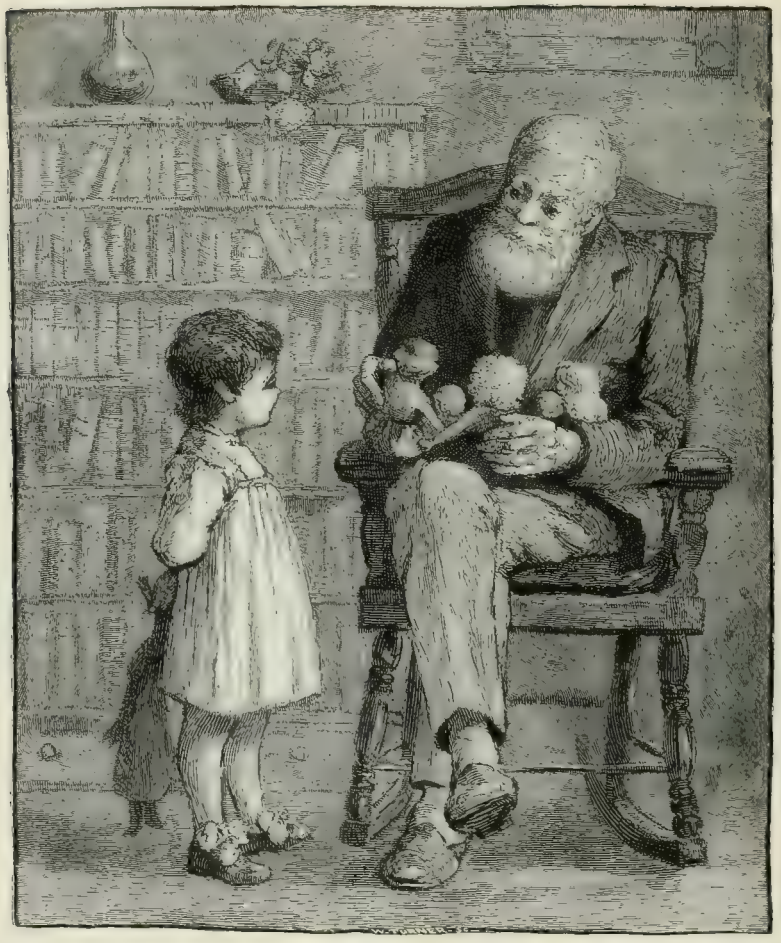
THE FINISHING-ROOM — CUTTING, COUNTING, AND PACKING THE PAPER.

bronzes, false teeth, water-cans, row-boats, flour barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets, and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party, at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden, paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common window-panes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.

You will see, from all this, that a thorough knowledge of chemistry, and of the principles of mechanics, is necessary for the successful manufacture of paper, and that paper-making is one of the greatest industries of modern times.

LIT-TLE DOT.

By Mrs. M. B. Butler.



Lit-tle Dot has eight dolls. Some of them have no arms or legs. These she loves the best. They are oft-en ver-y sick. One doll has no head. This one she al-ways says has the head-ache.

When her broth-er laughs, she says: "I dess your head would ache, too, if it were tut off."

Lit-tle Dot has a fun-ny grand-pa-pa. When grand-pa-pas are fun-ny, they are ver-y fun-ny in-deed.

Once, when he came for a vis-it, she got her new-est doll and set it on his knee. Then he trot-ted it up and down, and sang a lit-tle rhyme.

This pleased her so much that she brought one more doll, and then one more, un-til she had brought them all.

Grand-pa-pa sang a rhyme for each one. Here are the rhymes he sang:

One doll-y, one;
O, now we 'll have fun!
Two doll-ies, two;
There 's room here for you.
Three doll-ies, three;
Here, take t' oth-er knee.
Four doll-ies, four;
Just room for one more.

Five doll-ies, five;
O-ho! sakes a-live!
Six doll-ies, six;
Well, well! *what* a fix!
Sev-en doll-ies, sev-en;
Don't scare up e-lev-en.
Eight doll-ies, eight;
Hi, hi! you 're too late.

But no, — he made room on his knees for the last one, too; and then he put his long arms a-round them all, and trot-ted with all his might, and sang:

O, the dolls of lit-tle Dot,—
What a fun-ny, bump-y lot!
Eyes of brown and eyes of blue,
Flax-en hair, and curl-y, too;
O, how man-y dolls she 's got,—
Hap-py, lit-tle, darl-ing Dot!



THERE once was a ver-y rich pig,
Who wore spec-ta-cles, al-so a wig;
And at last grew so stout
That, to trav-el a-bout,
He had to in-dulge in a gig.

8th Month. **THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC** August,

BY ROYAL AND EARR HILL.



ONCE a year the Sun goes courting,
Courting in the Sky;
When he meets the stately Virgo
With the sparkling eye.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Fri.	10	Ophiuch	12. 6	Battle of the Nile, 1798.
2	Sat.	11	Sagit.	12. 6	Battle of Blenheim, 1704.
3	S	12	"	12. 6	8th Sunday after Trinity.
4	Mon.	13	"	12. 6	Shelley, born 1792.
5	Tues.	14	Capri.	12. 6	Atlan. Cable, landed 1858.
6	Wed.	FULL	Aqua.	12. 6	Ben Jonson, died 1637.
7	Thur.	16	"	12. 5	H'y VI. of Germ'y, d. 1106.
8	Fri.	17	"	12. 5	Richelieu, died 1788.
9	Sat	18	Pisces	12. 5	Isaac Walton, born 1593.
10	S	19	"	12. 5	9th Sunday after Trinity.
11	Mon.	20	"	12. 5	Thos. Betterton, b. 1635.
12	Tues.	21	Aries	12. 5	Thos. Bewick, b. 1753.
13	Wed.	22	Taurus	12. 4	Tiberius II., died 582.
14	Thur.	23	"	12. 4	☾ near Aldebaran.
15	Fri.	24	"	12. 4	☾ near Saturn.
16	Sat.	25	Gemini	12. 4	Venus very brilliant.
17	S	26	"	12. 4	10th Sunday after Trinity.
18	Mon.	27		12. 3	(17th) ☾ close to Venus.
19	Tues.	28		12. 3	Honoré de Balzac, d. 1850.
20	Wed.	NEW		12. 3	Robert Herrick, b. 1591.
21	Thur.	1		12. 3	Lady Montagu, died 1762.
22	Fri.	2		12. 3	John B. Gough, b. 1817.
23	Sat.	3	Virgo	12. 2	(24th) ☾ very close to Mars.
24	S	4	"	12. 2	11th Sunday after Trinity.
25	Mon.	5	"	12. 2	James Watt, died 1819.
26	Tues.	6	Libra	12. 1	Prince Albert, born 1819.
27	Wed.	7	Scorpio	12. 1	Bat. of Long Island, 1776.
28	Thur.	8	"	12. 1	Leigh Hunt, died 1859.
29	Fri.	9	Ophiuch	12. 1	John Locke, born 1632.
30	Sat.	10	Sagit.	12.	Mars near Spica sev'l days.
31	S	11	"	12.	12th Sunday after Trinity.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

IN the heat of the day,
When too hot to play,
How nice to go down to the river,
And swimming, and dashing,
And diving, and splashing,
To cool off ourselves to a shiver!

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

AUGUST 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, JUPITER, and SATURN are morning stars. MARS is just setting. We are now looking at a part of the sky in the south, which is not visited by any planet during the year except MERCURY, which is so difficult to find, on account of its closeness to the sun, that no attempt to point it out has been made in these accounts of our evening skies.

Spica is setting, and the red star Antares is twinkling in the south-west. Arcturus is high up in the west. Overhead burns Lyra, the beautiful star of *The Harp*. Near Lyra, to the east, is a large triangle of four stars in the constellation of *Cygnus*, or *The Swan*. The brightest of the four is Arided. Between Arcturus and Lyra is Alphecca, in the *Northern Crown*. High up in the south-east is a row of three stars. The center star is a very bright one we have not noticed before; it is Altair, in the constellation *Aquila*, or *The Eagle*. Notice how bright the Milky Way is near the triangle of *Cygnus*. Rising in the north-east are four bright stars in the form of a very large square. It is one of the most conspicuous objects in the heavens, and is called the Square of Pegasus. The right-hand star, the one leading the way, is Markab, which, with the next two, belongs to the constellation *Pegasus*, *The Flying Horse*. The fourth star of the square, the one farthest north, is Alpherat, in the constellation *Andromeda*.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE LOCUST.

"WHITHER away so fast?" said the Butterfly to the Locust, one warm morning.

"To take my place with the birds and the bees in the midsummer chorus," replied the Locust; "will you come, too?"

"No," said the Butterfly, "I don't sing. My beauty is what I travel on; my wings are very much admired, you must admit."

"Very true," said the Locust in reply, "but don't you know that handsome is that handsome does, and that looks are not everything?"

Just then a little girl made a sweep at the Butterfly with her net, and nearly caught him. "Well," said the Butterfly, "you may be right, but I think in my case looks came very near being too much, that time."

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z," said the Locust, as he went on his way.

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"KISS me, Mother," said August, "and give me a hearty welcome; my love for you is so warm, and I 'm so glad to get back again. I 'm sure you need me, too. July has done all she could, and now it is my turn to help. See what lovely lilies I have brought you, fresh and dripping from the pool; they are my fairest flowers, and all others seem to wither at my touch. I am not a very good gardener, but I can put a blush on the cheek of the peach."

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Nature, "and you must begin to mellow the apples. The pears, too, want that russet brown that you alone can give them; don't forget the melons, nor to pull out the silk tassels of the corn. But, my dear, you are sometimes a little too fierce and impetuous; be as moderate as you can."

"Indeed, I 'll try, Mother," said August, kissing her warmly; "and now I must go to work, for I see Corn beckoning me with his green banners."

SONG OF THE SHELL-FISH.

LOBSTER. Lobster in the pot,
Prithee why so red?
Are you angry, that they took you
From your watery bed?
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Say why this change occurs?
Pinching, flopping, jumping, hopping,
Lobby, Lobby-sters.

Pretty Shrimp, dressed all in pink,
I pray you leave your shell;
You are really so delicious,
We 're sure to treat you well.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Wear your tail in crimp?
Skipping, shiny, slim, and tiny,
Shrimpy-impy Shrimp.

Clumsy Crab, in scarlet coat,
And waistcoat very white,
If I touch you, you must promise
Truly not to bite.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Promise not to grab?
Sideways crawling, ever sprawling,
Crabby-abby Crab.

Mrs. Clam, down in the mud,
Pray tell me what you sing?
I hear you when I walk the beach,
In summer, or in spring.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Please to tell me, ma'am?
Roasted, toasted, and much boasted,
Clammy-ammy Clam.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"WHEN the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We need not cry;
When the weather is cold,
No use to scold;
When the weather is warm,
We should not storm —
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather."

OH, THAT DAISY!

DEAR JACK: We examined a daisy yesterday through a microscope, and saw really over a hundred beautiful flowers in it; indeed, the entire yellow center proved to be nothing but flowers on the outer rows and buds in the middle. Several times since, I have said to myself — "Oh, that daisy,— how wonderful it was!"

Yours affectionately,
HATTIE SPEER C.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED FLOWERS IN A DAISY!

ALBANY, June 9th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number of your magazine I saw the query: "How many flowers in a daisy?" On looking this morning, I found to my great surprise that the flower-head of a daisy contained four hundred and sixty-seven perfect flowers! I suppose you know that each of these minute flowers had five sepals, petals, and stamens, and one simple pistil. I study botany and enjoy it very much.

Yours sincerely,
ANNA HOFFMAN G.

A WHITE RAINBOW.

I AM told that one morning — it was on the twenty-eighth of last November — a French astronomer saw in the sunny skies of France a pure white rainbow. The sun, by the way, happened to be very pale at the time, and the frosty air held aloft a light fog through which, opposite the sun, the snow-white rainbow softly curved itself.

As a rule, I prefer my rainbows colored, but this must have been a very lovely sight. The Little School-ma'am assures me that Monsieur Cornu, as this astronomer is called, has sent a full account of the rainbow to the French Academy of Sciences. Now, this academy is n't a boys' and girls' school, pray understand, but an institution for grown people. The Deacon says it 's an academy where the sciences themselves go to school, but that must be only his odd way of stating it.

ABOUT SLATE-PENCILS.

WELL, well, it 's delightful to ask you young folk a question; for straightway your replies come pouring in! I wish you could read all the letters that came to settle the slate-pencil question; but as that is not practicable, I must be content with thanking the good writers thereof — one and all — and reading to you these two letters selected from the budget:

WAWARSING, N. Y., May 30, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS you asked where slate-pencils come from.

Slate-pencils are of two kinds — slate and soap-stone. Soap-stone, or steatite, is a variety of talc, which is a mineral of a light-green color, and greasy to the touch. It is used as a blackboard crayon.

The deposit of soap-stone from which our pencils come is at Castleton, Vermont. The mineral is worked immediately after it is quarried, as it would become hard and brittle from exposure to the air. The stone is split, and sawn into small pieces, and then split again into pieces about seven inches long by one wide, and one-third of an inch thick. After undergoing the successive operations of planing, rounding, sawing, and sharpening, about one one-hundredth of the original stone appears in the form of pencils. The waste is used in the manufacture of paper.

There is a variety of slate called "graphite slate," which is used for tracing lines, and when of sufficiently good quality, as a drawing crayon.

Respectfully,
NORMAN T. SAUNDERS.

DEAR MR. JACK: I would like to reply as briefly as I can to your query in the June ST. NICHOLAS regarding slate-pencils.

Broken refuse slate is used mostly in their manufacture. A large quantity is put into a huge mortar, and pounded into small particles. It next goes into the hopper of a mill; thence into a bolting-machine, from which it comes out as fine as flour. It is then mixed with a small quantity of pulverized soap-stone, and the whole is kneaded into a stiff dough, by passing it through rollers.

This dough is now made into charges — that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Some of these are placed in a retort with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous pressure, which pushes the mixture through the nozzle in a long cord, like a slender snake, passing it over a table, slit at right angles with the cords, to give passage to a knife which cuts them into the proper lengths.

Next comes the drying, which occupies a few hours; and they are then ready for the baking process, after which they go to the finishing-room, where rapidly revolving emery wheels smooth and point them ready for use.

Yours truly,
E. M. C.

A STRANGE SEA VOYAGE.

MARCH 20, 1884.

DEAR JACK: ST. NICHOLAS told some funny stories about birds getting rides on the backs of fishes, and I saw a strange thing a few days ago. As the steamer Gate City was coming from Savannah, the captain thought he saw a wreck. He steered the ship over to it, and it proved to be a very large dead whale floating on the water, with its side high and dry, and on top of him was a big sea turtle stealing a ride. Did you ever hear of such a funny sea voyage?

Yours respectfully, A. L. H.

A HEN CONQUERS A RAT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, '84.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our daily paper contains this morning such an interesting account of a brave hen defending her chickens that I am going to copy part of the story, so that you may show it to all the other ST. NICHOLAS boys. The paper says it is a true story and that the hen is California born and bred, which of course pleases me, for I am a San Francisco boy.

"The hen," says our writer, "while scratching with her brood of chickens recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. She immediately gathered her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rat, somewhat checked by her bold front, crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rat came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die. After contemplating her foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off."

That 's what I call pluck, for I can tell you it is not every hen that will face a full-grown rat. Rats steal chickens sometimes from right under their mothers' noses. If that hen had been born in ancient Rome instead of in California, I suppose we all should be learning the story from our Roman histories. The goose that saved the Capitol was n't a circumstance to her. Your admiring friend,

WALTER G. B.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I read in *Cassell's Magazine* that a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Gordon, of Dundee, had invented a shell which would distribute a large quantity of oil over the sea, so as to calm the stormy waves. The writer goes on to say that this shell can be fired from a mortar, and that it is fitted with two fuses, which are set alight by the explosion in the gun, and burn although the shell is under water. On the bursting of the shell, the oil spreads over the surface, producing smooth water. The plan, he adds, was recently tried with success; the object being to still the sea between two ships in order to let a boat pass from one to the other.

Now, this idea seemed to me so excellent that I immediately proceeded to experiment for myself. I filled our bath-tub nearly full of water, and then, after lashing the miniature sea into fury, I poured a bottleful of oil upon it, and lo! the waves subsided beautifully.

So far, so good; but there was another storm raised in that otherwise happy home which I prefer not to describe in this letter.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN I.

P. S. How was I to know that olive oil costs like sixty?

THE BUSY BEE.

ONE of the girls of the Red School-house has had a present of an apron, I hear, and Deacon Green has written her a verse in honor of the occasion.

THE BUSY WASP.

TALKING of the busy bee, it seems that my friend Sir John Lubbock, the patient and painstaking British naturalist, has had the boldness to pry into certain personal matters of insect life. In short, he has been timing a bee and a wasp to find out which insect was the smartest; and lo, and behold! the wasp came out ahead — left the busy bee nowhere, in fact. You shall read the very account which has been sent to my pulpit:

"As regards the industry of wasps, Sir John Lubbock timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four A. M.) and worked on later in the day. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits."

A FEW SIMPLE GARDEN QUESTIONS.

WHAT very common and well-known leaf bears the letter V plainly marked in lighter green on its surface?

What leaf bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe?

What flower carries a well-formed lyre which can be discovered by gently pulling the flower apart?

What blue flower bears well-imitated bumble-bees?

What double flower seems formed of tiny dove-like things meeting their bills?

What graceful leaf grows its seed on its under surface?

Can any one find two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike?

Please address "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in care of THE CENTURY COMPANY, 33 East Seventeenth street, New York.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE trust that Mr. Bolton's article on "Paper" will so interest our readers that they will not fail to visit a paper-mill, if ever they have the opportunity. Mr. Bolton, in giving the history, has merely touched upon the general processes of paper-making, but these need to be seen to be fully understood. The illustrations to the article show some of the principal machinery, and it may interest our readers to know that the sketches were made at the mills which manufacture the paper on which ST. NICHOLAS is printed. Our thanks are due to the proprietors of these mills, Messrs. S. D. Warren & Co., of Boston, Mass., for courtesies extended to our artist.

OUR apologies are offered to Mr. William W. Kent, the artist who made the graceful drawing of "The Bashful Marguerite," on page 627 of the June ST. NICHOLAS. By a misprint, his name appears in the table of contents for that month as W. W. Kemble.

HERE are two interesting letters, which have come a long way, being both dated, as you will see, at Colombo, Ceylon:

COLOMBO, CEYLON, May 3, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS. MADAM: The inclosed verses were penned on the occasion of the departure for home of two young ladies (aged respectively eleven and nine) who had brightened our home by their presence for a few weeks. They made great pets of our dogs, and I am sure that the regret experienced by the animals at the departure of their two little friends has not been exaggerated in the accompanying lines.

Perhaps the poem may find favor with some of your readers.

Yours obediently,

"LORD HAMILTON."

Good Mother Towzer, sitting at her door,
Bade her puppies cease their play, and rest upon the floor;
Very sad, very sad, very sad was she,
And both her puppies wrung their paws
And wept in sympathy.

By came Mr. Toby,— "Have you heard the news?
Our two young ladies leave to-day — think what we shall lose!"
Very sad, very sad, very sad were they,
And each took out its handkerchief
And hid its little *nez*.

Mrs. Bonny creeping, creeping up the stairs,
Stretched herself upon the floor, and thus gave vent her cares:
"Deary me, deary me! alas, alack-a-day!
O, who will come and fondle me
When they have gone away?"

"Bow-wow," said Mr. Cæsar, appearing on the scene,
"We must not thus give way, my friends, though our anguish be so keen!"
(But very hoarse, very hoarse, very hoarse was he;
For he 'd been howling all the night
In sheer despondency.)

Then down the road, with sprightly step, Miss Topsy came in view,
"Cheer up, my friends, they 'll come again when autumn skies are blue!"

CHORUS.

"Come again, come again, yes, that 's what they must do!
We may be happy yet, dear friends,
When autumn skies are blue!"

"LORD HAMILTON."

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of ours has just begun to take you in for us. We live in a pretty suburb of the capital, Colombo. It is very hot here, and is now the hottest season, so every one is going or gone up country to enjoy the cool mountain air, in place of Colombo heat and red dust, which is as dense as a London fog. Ceylon is a very nice place, though not so nice as our native England. In the Sanitarium, ice may be found on the water, nearly half an inch thick, but there is no snow, which is a great drawback, we think.

The natives are very funny people: most of them wear no clothes, tho' men and women wear a few garments, consisting of jackets, comboys and turbans. They are very fond of heat, and are never happy unless they are chewing betel, chunam, and tobacco. Betel is a leaf, from which a hot pepper is made; chunam is what they whitewash the walls with, something like lime. There are a great many different kinds of people here, Singhalese, Gamil, Turks, Indians, Cochin Gamils, Afghans, Arabs, Moormen, etc. There are many different kinds of religion — Roman Catholicism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. Our coolie is a Buddhist, and will not kill any animal, for fear the spirit of his grandmother is in it.

Your grateful reader,

TRIXIE WALL.



HOW MANY COMPLETE FACES ARE SHOWN HERE?

3922 GIRARD AVENUE, PHILA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I go to Belmont Girls' Grammar School, and am trying for the Normal School, so I have to work very hard. A question came up in class the other day, and though our kind teacher looked in all the books at her command, she could not find an answer for our question.

Now, I would like to know if any reader of your valuable magazine can give me the answer to this question. Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the "Golden Horn." The good reader

who can answer [illegible] we will receive [illegible] with best thanks, and your dear St. Nicholas [illegible]

From your affectionate reader, MIRIAM.

Who will answer Miriam's question?

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and live in this beautiful city. I think you are the nicest magazine, both for young and old, that I have ever read, seen, or heard of. I want to tell you and your readers of a reading-club that my mother got up for my benefit. We have thirteen members (we expect to have more), but still we have very pleasant times together. The exercises consist of reading and game-playing. I am Secretary, and have to write the minutes or pay a forfeit. I think it would be nice for some boys and girls of every city to get up a little club of that kind.

I hope you will print this, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as I would be extremely proud to see it in the Letter-box.

Your friend, PARK R. DAVIS.

C. W.—We can not explain the very great similarity of the verses on page 620 of our June number, to "Phil's Secret"—a little poem by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, published three years ago. Had we known of the resemblance sooner, we, of course, would not have printed the verses.

CARTHAGE, TENN., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you for me. I think the Letter-box is a nice thing. I want to tell you about our red-bird. She plays dead; that is, she lies on her back and lets us push her about and she will not move anything but her eyes. I expect my brother will make a little wagon with wires and teach her to draw it.

I have six birds: two canaries, two mocking-birds, one red-bird, and one [illegible] Both of the mocking-birds sing beautifully, and one of the canaries sings well, but the other canary and the red-bird and the finch do not sing. The canaries and the finch stay in one cage. The red-bird's name is Meshak, but we call him Redman most.

If any of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS will write to me, I will tell them how to keep and train a red-bird. I am nine years old. When school closed, a few days before Christmas, last year, I got two prizes. I also got a prize in Sunday-school. My letter is so long, I am afraid you will not publish it, but I hope you will.

Good-bye, JOSIE MYER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In August of last year, when I was visiting my grandfather, in Rutland, Vt., I resolved to go to the marble quarries, about three miles away, in the town of West Rutland. So I saddled Prince (my pony) and set out. When I arrived there, I hitched Prince to a post and went over to the quarries.

The first one I came to belonged to Sheldon and Sons; and of this one I made the most thorough examination. This quarry is a very long one, but not so deep as the others. Judging from the deepest one, it is somewhat over 220 feet deep. In the middle is a large arch of marble, called a pillar, that had not been cut away and which extended across—forming a brace to protect the workmen from being buried by the caving-in of the sides.

Down in the bottom there were steam-engines that kept moving backward and forward about five feet, and constantly cutting the marble on each side in succession, with broad steel drills. As soon as the blocks are cut out, they are hoisted up with derricks worked by steam. They are then put on stone-boats, drawn by oxen, and carried to the mill, where they are cut into different shapes in great gangs, in which are several saw-blades; not saws, as would be supposed, but simple blades of sheet-iron. When sand is thrown in, the saw-blades rub it back and forth on the marble, and the quick motion causes friction, which slowly cuts it. Then the marble is taken into another department, where it is washed and polished.

The next one is commonly called the covered quarry, being covered over by a platform. This is one of the smallest, but the deepest of them all, being about 275 feet deep (this a man told me)—over three times as deep as our school-building is high. It is very dark and gloomy in the bottom, caused by the walls being blackened by the smoke of the engines.

The next one was the Gilson and Woodfin quarry, into which I descended by some rudely erected steps. When I got down I found it was very different from what it appeared to be from the top; for, at one side, it was cut in horizontally forty or fifty feet, and the men had to wear small candles on their heads. It took me nearly a half-hour to climb up again. This quarry is next to the covered one in size.

In the quarries the men look like minute dwarfs in a cave.

Being well satisfied with my ramble, I set out to find Prince and go home. But when I came to where I had left him, there was the headstall hanging to the post, and Prince gone!

I looked round for awhile, and found him in another part of the marble-yard, cropping grass in a plot about five feet square, among great, heavy blocks of marble. Catching him by the fore-lock, I led him back and put on his headstall and rode home.

Prince is a Shetland pony. He is only ten hands high, although he is fifteen years old. F. D. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very much. Although I have taken you a long time, this is the first time I have written to you. In one of your numbers I saw the question, "How are rubber balls made?" I asked my cousin, who works in a rubber store, and he said, "They were made on a mold and joined in the middle. And in order to make them stay round, a little water is put in before they are joined. Then they are put in a hot place, and the water turns to steam, which expands the rubber. Then it is suddenly cooled, and the steam turns back to water. Then they make a hole and let the water out." I remain yours truly,

GRACE M. H.

WE are indebted to the following young friends for pleasant letters, which we should be glad to print if there were room. Laura Larimer, Ellie A. N., Marion F. S., "Pansy," Fannie Stetson, Ellen Blanford Hewitt, Clara M. Upton, Nellie B., Edith P. Palfrey, Alice A. Maynard, L. H. W., Bertie A. Page, Leonore R., C. Holcombe Bacon, Nellie McN. Suydam, Mamie King, A. L. Zeckendorf, Anna B. Graff, Laura Taylor, Eric Boegle, Loy Lucas, Belle Cruise, Eloise Knapp, Ernest T. Mead, E. B. Ogden, C. McC.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTIETH REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the summer is upon us, we have a long list of new and enthusiastic Chapters this month, and extend to one and all a hearty welcome.

THE CONVENTION.

The Philadelphia Chapters are taking hold of the work preparatory to our September meeting with a will, and have issued to each Chapter a formal invitation in a very tasteful and attractive form. Moreover, an interesting programme is in preparation—beginning with a reception in the evening of September 2d, at which we hope to meet as many of our friends as possible. We could not possibly have a meeting called under more favorable auspices, and if this one shall not prove a grand success, as we believe it will, it will be only because our members are too widely scattered to assemble in very large numbers.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Name and Address.
[illegible]	Portland, Maine (A)	4	W. H. Dow, 717 Congress St.
652	Dowagiac, Mich. (A)	11	Frank Perry.
653	Providence, R. I. (C)	4	F. S. Phillips, 65 John St.
654	Philadelphia, Pa. (V)		Max Greenbaum, 433 Franklin.
[illegible]	New Lyme, O. (A)	7	W. H. Cooke.
[illegible]	Moravia, N. Y. (A)	6	F. S. Curtis.
657	Apponaug, R. I. (A)	20	Miss Mamie E. Bissel.
658	Chicopee, Mass. (B)		Miss Edith Bullens.
659	Williamsville, N. Y. (A)	6	H. E. Herr.
660	Louisville, Ky. (B)	21	Miss Mary Sherrill, 1108 First St.
[illegible]	Wakefield, Mass. (A)	4	Miss Helen Montgomery.
[illegible]	Keyport, N. J. (B)	4	Miss Florence Arrowsmith, [illegible]

663 Chelsea, Mass. (A)..... 6..H. B. Hastings, 13 George St.
664 Holyoke, Mass. (A)..... 5..R. S. Brooks, 184 Beech St.
665 So. Framingham, Mass. (A) 4..W. E. Harding, box 263.
666 Ionia, Mich. (A)..... 4..Archie L. Crinns.
667 Biddeford, Me. (A)..... 15..Luther Day, box 849.
668 Brooklyn, N. Y. (I)..... 8..Alice Colton, 136 Montague St.
669 Salisbury, Mass. (A)..... 11..Miss Helen Montgomery.

Reorganized.

62 Ypsilanti, Mich. 5..Mrs. C. R. Whitman.
158 Davenport, Iowa. ..E. K. Putnam.

Exchanges.

Specimens from Yellowstone park.— W. J. Willard, Sec., Stockport, New York.

Eggs blown through one small hole in side, for same.— J. G. Parker, Jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Fine fossil shells.— A. A. Crane, Anoka, Minn.

Gold ore, quartz, and fossils, for silk-worms and cocoons.—C. F. McLean, Sec. 3120 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

A set or sets of four *Crioceris, twelve-punctata*, for sets of *Omus Dejeanie*, Reich., or *O. Californicus*, Esch.— Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Minerals, fossils, eggs, and woods.— L. W. Gunckel, Dayton, O.

Silk cocoons, for eggs, if correctly named.— J. H. Earp, Greencastle, Indiana.

Insects, fossils, plants, minerals, eggs blown by small hole in side, for same.—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.

The Secretary of Ch. 618 is Miss Minnie L. French, instead of Mr. E. M. Warner.

E. L. Douglas has been elected Pres. and Frank M. Elms Sec. of Newton, Mass., Ch. 481.

Notes.

101. *Fossil coral*, in answer to W. D. Grier.— The fossil figured in June number is *Petraia Corniculum*. It is one of the conical corals of the Trenton limestone. The top is a cup, radiated with plates. When living it had, no doubt, many beautiful colors.— Charles Ennis, Pres. 563.

102. *Beetles on the beach.*—When at "Old Point," in April, I was astonished by the large number of insects I found washed up by the tide. Besides potato-bugs innumerable, I found weevils, tiger-beetles, "lady-birds," etc.; in all, 60 varieties.—Alonzo H. Stewart.

103. *Squirrel.*— My brother Fred saw a squirrel sitting on a broken maple limb, catching the dripping sap on its paw and licking it off.—Bertie Dennett.

104. *Ants' galleries.*— C. F. G. asks if there are galleries in the homes of ants. Yes. One day last spring I raised an old log that was lying by the sea-shore above high-water mark, and I found that a colony of ants had made their home beneath it. There were rooms and passages like a house, and in some places pieces of grass had been put across like rafters. I saw the nurseries, too, and when I raised the log, the ants began to carry the *pupae* into the lower rooms. I also saw the queen-ant. She had wings. One of the workers came and escorted her down into the lower part of their home.— X.

105. *Eleven-leafed clover.*— A lady of this village has found an eleven-leafed clover.—C. A. Jenkins, Sec. 447, Chittenango, N. Y.

106. *Pimpla lunator.*— Last fall I found *Pimpla lunator* in great numbers on an old maple log. Their ovipositors were buried in the wood. Opening the log, I found several borers, each with a small puncture in its back, which, however, extended only through the outer skin. Between this and the inner skin were a great number of tiny eggs.— F. L. Stephan.

107. *Chipmunks as builders.*— I was spending the summer at Lake Rousseau, Muskoka. While there I used to feed a pretty little chipmunk. He grew so tame that he would take a crumb from close beside me. He had several storehouses. One was in a rotten stump. One day I broke in the top of the stump to see what he had inside. I did not find his store, but a day or two afterward, when I went to look at it, I found that it had a new roof. It looked just as if it had never been broken. When I made a hole in the new roof, I found it was an inch and a half thick, and made of scraps of the rotten wood. There seemed to be nothing to fasten it together, and nothing under it to support it. I think the chipmunk must have made it, yet I do not see how he could. Can any one explain it?— Willie Sheraton.

[Has any one else observed any such roof-building? Or are Canadian chipmunks more clever than ours?]

108. *Durable wood.*— The farmers here use the larger wood of the osage orange for fence-posts. I have seen some no larger than my wrist, that have been in the ground nineteen years, and are to all appearance as sound as ever. The farmers claim that it will "never rot."— W. H. Foote, Manito, Ill.

109. *Spider's web.*— How many yards of web can a spider spin in one season?— C. S. Lewis, Sec. 610.

110. *Attidæ, or jumping spiders.*— This family includes spiders conspicuous for the brilliancy and variety of their coloring, and also for the singularity of their forms. Making no webs, they are to be found upon leaves of trees and shrubs, and also on the ground or grass, or under dead leaves. "Crevices in rocks and walls and interstices among stones" are their common haunts, and when not wandering, they are to be found in silk bags. This group is more numerous in species than any other in the order Araneidans. In collecting, the sweep-net will be found useful. Place the specimens in alcohol, about 80%, not too many in the same bottle. The larger, soft-bodied specimens require considerable alcohol, and for these, after two or three days, a change of alcohol is desirable. Above are illustrations of several forms of jumping spiders that fairly well illustrate the family; the males are less common than the females, and hence, more important. See drawings for the differences between males and females. In collecting, twelve or fifteen specimens of the same species are not too many.— Geo. W. Peckham, Biological Laboratory, Milwaukee High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

111. *Wild birds.*— In answer to your question whether any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg, I will say that I have watched a young robin come from the egg, and have stood under a tree while a boy at the top described the movements of a young cooper's hawk that was just coming into the world.— R. B. Worthington.

112. *Dandelions.*— I have noticed with interest how beautifully dandelion stems accommodate themselves to the length of the grass they grow in. The flowers on a close-cut lawn never raise their heads high, but those in a meadow often have stems a foot long.—C.

113. *Chelifer.*— I found under the bark of pine a chelifer, one of the "false scorpions" (*pseudo-scorpiones*). I was told at the Agricultural Department that they had never before been found in pine. Does any one know to the contrary? Natural size, 1-15 inch.— G. W. Beatty, Washington, D. C.

114. *Dragon-fly.*— My little boy says there is a dragon-fly about one inch long, and of a dark-green color, that feeds on butterflies. It waits on a leaf near a flower, and when a butterfly approaches, seizes and devours it.— Mrs. R. L. Van Alstyn.

[Will some one tell us the name of this dragon-fly?]

Reports from Chapters.

The reports from the Chapters are uniformly encouraging. There have been none to give up, although a number have adjourned until September. Miss Lucy Parsons writes that 639 has held a successful entertainment to raise money for a club-room. 168 has prospered "far beyond our expectations," writes Jennie A. Doyle, and she adds: "On May 24th, all the Buffalo Chapters had an excursion to East Aurora. Ninety-eight tickets were sold; consequently, it was a decided success."

So. Williamstown, 617, has held regular fortnightly meetings, and very interesting reports have been read on botany, mineralogy, and ornithology. Secretary A. L. Bates adds: "Several of the faculty have joined us, and make it very interesting."

We trust none of our young friends will become discouraged at not seeing their reports in print. We print your letters as fast as practicable. As a general rule, those that are shortest, and that contain hints of your methods of work that may prove of practical use to others, have the best chance.

President's address: HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

HIDDEN FISHES.

If any clever fisherman these lines will disentangle,
Full two and thirty hidden fish he 'll find for which to angle

The boys had gone to view
The smack, ere leaving port.
Now, Hal, eager for sport,
The boat did shake, but soon looked blue,
For the skipper's word had a blow to match it —
"Don't make a muss, else you will catch it!
Get up, Ike!" do go down below, —
Go, boy!" sternly he spoke, and low.
Isaac, lamenting, rued that day,
For he found the man had docked his pay.

The old gray linguist, somber amid his books,
Saw the ruddy, chubby child, and lost his carping looks;
For, oh! a cheerful word or smile
Will whisper cheer, and thoughts beguile.
It conjured up his melting mood,
It routed all his selfish code.
"Pluck me a jasmine now," he cries.
"Hark ye, and pick ere lights the bee·
His cup of sweets the fairies prize,
The fairies' almoner is he.
But, rob as slyly as they may,
Their best enchantments thrown away,
The bee leaves nought for man or fay.
And, hid in lily cup, or poised on clover,
Has hived a cell of sweets ere summer 's over."

J. W. Y.



THE answer to the above rebus is an extract from "The Complete Angler," by Izaak Walton.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of six letters.

The first half of my letters, transposed, spells that which belongs to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. It has lightened the labors of mankind in all branches of industry for countless generations. It inspires the epicure with rapture and the invalid with loathing. Without its aid, the mechanic would be at a loss, and travelers' movements greatly retarded. It has formed the basis of speculations which have enriched and impoverished thousands. It is as intimately associated with the masterpieces of pictorial art as with the prosaic purposes of our own land and times. It is found in the Arctic regions and in the torrid zone; in trees, and in the earth. Three of my letters spell an evil passion. Three of my letters spell a valuable product of the earth. Three of my letters signify fiction. Three of my letters spell the name of an animal. Three of my letters spell something pertaining to a fish. Three of my letters spell a chief ruler. Three of my letters spell to contend. Four of my letters spell to range. Four of my letters spell a character. Four of my letters spell above. Four of my letters spell to rend asunder. Four of my letters spell the surname of the hero of a poem by Robert Browning. Four of my letters spell fondness. Four of my letters spell a musical instrument. Four of my letters represent something, the taking of which implies the renunciation of all other earthly things; yet these same four letters, with a trifling difference of arrangement, spell that which is essentially vile. Cut off my tail, and I become a fruit. Cut off my head, and I become something whose aid is necessary for us to do that which is represented by cutting off both head and tail. Among my letters may be found those necessary to spell two well-known Scripture names, also an important river in France. My whole is the Christian name of a celebrated ruler. J. W. E.

PI.

Fi ew lida on saltuf, ew old nh keat on tkaspre in kearming hoste fo steroh; fi ew dah on riped, ew loshud ton ervicepe ti ni nearoth

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

IN each of the following sentences a word of five letters is concealed. When these are found, transpose the letters of each word, making four new five-letter words. Syncopate the central letter of each of these words and transpose the remaining four letters so that they will form words which, when taken in the order here given, will form a word-square. The four syncopated letters, transposed, spell a serving-boy.

1. She says that grammar especially is very instructive. 2. Do not be so particular, George, about your food. 3. In Alabama, plenty of cotton is raised. 4. But it can not be said a less amount is raised in Mississippi. J. P. D.

OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A sailor. 2. Impelled. 3. A trailing plant. 4. To excuse. 5. Described. 6. To hinder. 7. A color.

II. 1. A covering for the head. 2. Household gods. 3. A poem set to music. 4. A mechanic. 5. A countryman. 6. To endure. 7. An insect. CYRIL DEANE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-seven letters, and form a couplet from a poem by Young.

My 3–45–25–6 is to beat. My 15–51–44–55–12–35–47 is unaffected. My 20–27–42–57–50–18 is covert. My 67–30–64–20–60 is to negotiate. My 32–62–17–41 is a garden vegetable. My 26–58–48–16–1 is the cry of a certain animal. My 22–2–40 is misery. My 49–56–36–63 is to angle. My 39–10–24–9 is a repast. My 46–5–14–31 is to throw out. My 19–37–59–61 is an open vessel. My 43–34–4–11–53–8 is undeviating. My 28–38–66–21–13–54 is powerful. My 23–[illegible]–7 is to boast. HELEN D.
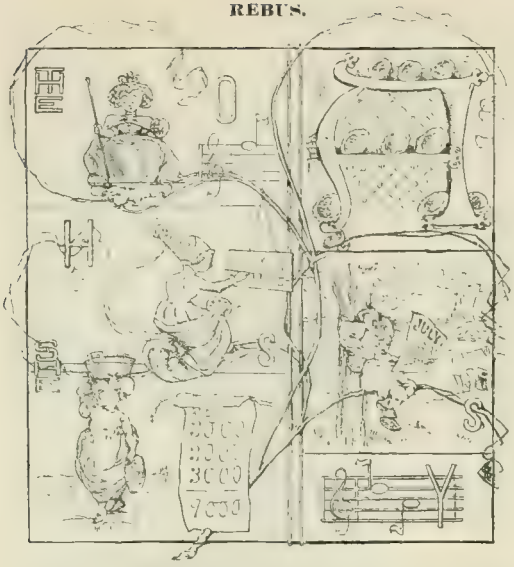
ARROW-HEAD.

. . . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

ACROSS: 1. A tree which grows mostly in moist land. 2. Pertaining to a royal court. 3. A resin used in making varnishes. 4. A small wax candle. 5. One of the most beautiful women of antiquity.

DOWNWARD: 1 (two letters). An exclamation. 2 (four letters). Tardy. 3. Pertaining to a duke. 4. To run away. 5. To mature. 6. A vehicle. 7. A letter. "A. P. OWDER, JR."

REBUS.



THE answer to the foregoing rebus is a quotation from Mother Goose.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change BLACK to BROWN, in seven moves. 2. Change ROME to YORK, in five moves. 3. Change BASLE to PARIS, in six moves. 4. Change HOMER to BURNS, in seven moves. 5. Change BEAR to LION, in four moves. 6. Change BIRD to NEST, in five moves. 7. Change GIVE to TAKE, in four moves. 8. Change COLD to HEAT, in four moves. 9. Change RISE to FALL, in four moves. W.

CHARADE.

My *first* gathers lawyers and loafers;
My *second's* a queer kind of beast;
My *third* is the basis of whisky;
My *fourth* must be female at least.
My whole has no sense of propriety,
And sometimes eats folks—for variety. W. H. A.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the second row of letters, reading downward, will spell a famous building of Athens, and the fourth row, a famous building of Rome.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Quickly. 2. A law, or rule. 3. To bore. 4. To condescend. 5. A large box. 6. Compact. 7. A scornful look. 8. A tribunal. 9. An adversary. F. A. W.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To leave. 2. One who prepares matter for publication. 3. A hook on which a rudder is hung to its post. 4. A famous king of the Huns. 5. Revolved. 6. Walks. C. F. HORNE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Bartholdi. 1. B-alms. 2. A-lone. 3. R-hone. 4. T-hose. 5. H-arks. 6. O-live. 7. L-abel. 8. D-over. 9. I-deal

LIBERTY PUZZLE. 1. Boot, foot. 2. Hoes, toes. 3. Land, hand. 4. Mink, link. 5. Dyes, eyes. 6. Deck, neck. 7. Gate, date. 8. Rose, nose. 9. Vase, base. 10. Gold, fold. 11. Mace, face. 12. Pair, hair. 13. Jars, ears. 14. Crow, brow.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Florence. 2. May. 3. Nancy. 4. Sydney. 5. Charles. 6. George. 7. Nancy. 8. Black. 9. Shetland. 10. Prince Edward. 11. Skye. 12. Clear. 13. North. 14. May. 15. Horn. 16. Turkey. 17. Vienna. 18. Sandwiches. 19. Oranges. 20. Cork. 21. Worcestershire. 21. Oder. 23. Java. 24. Wind. 25. Rainy. 26. George. 27. Wight. 28. Red. 29. Ogeechee. 30. Onondaga. 31. Indian. 32. Long. 33. Yellow. 34. Canary. 35. Superior. 36. Fear. 37. Florence. 38. Farewell.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Agile. 2. Gates. 3. Items. 4. Lemma. 5. Essay.

CHARADE. Nose-gay.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, croylstone; from 3 to 4, provisions; from 5 to 6, florascope; from 7 to 8, browsewood. Included word-square: 1. Spar. 2. Peri. 3. Aria. 4. Rial.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, independence; fifth row, firecrackers. Cross-words: 1. stIf Fly. 2. coNcIse. 3. orDeRed. 4. prEtEnd. 5. dePiCts. 6. stEeRed. 7. poNiArd. 8. deDuCts. 9. chEcKer. 10. haNkEers. 11. seCuRed. 12. trEaSon.

SEXTUPLE CROSSES. I. From 9 to 14, benison; from 1 to 8, finished. II. From 9 to 14, cabinet; from 1 to 8, penitent. III. From 9 to 14, aspired; from 1 to 8, marigold.

COMPOUND ACROSTIC. Primals, beat; finals, rice. Cross-words: 1. BaR. 2. EII. 3. ArC. 4. TiE. Central letters transposed: rail, lair, liar.

THREE RHOMBOIDS. Reading across: I. 1 July. 2. Peal. 3. Gray. 4. Dyed. II. 1. Heat. 2. Trap. 3. Mire. 4. Lyre. III. 1. Fans. 2. Dale. 3. Pike. 4. Pent.

EASY INVERSIONS. 1. Doom, mood. 2. Drab, bard. 3. War, raw. 4. Dew, wed. 5. Pool, loop. 6. Edile, elide. 7. Emir, rime. 8. Pans, snap.

INSCRIPTION PUZZLE. Place the puzzle before a looking-glass, and, with a card, cover in turn the lower half of each line of the inscription. The words "Independence now and independence forever" will appear. Below are the articles, door, fin, deed, pen, pence, and car.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in July, from John, Lily, and Agnes, Cannes, France, 11.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul Reese — S. R. T. — "H. and Co." — Maggie T. Turrill — "Captain Nemo" — Madeleine Vultee — "Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William" — Clara and Belle — "San Anselmo Valley" — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — Eisseb — Lucy M. Bradley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Hettie F. Mayer, 1 — Louise O. Gregg, 2 — C. S. Gore, 1 — C. L. Holt, 1 — Artie L. Zeckendorf, 1 — C. H. Langdon, Jr., 1 — Fannie Stetson, 2 — R. McKean Barry, 4 — Edith Leavitt, 4 — Frank Brittingham, 1 — Mabel B. Canon, 4 — Birdie Koehler and Laura Levy, 5 — "Navajo," 3 — W. Powell Robbins, 1 — J. B. Reynds, 4 — Dora H. H. Doscher, 1 — Curtis Calver, 1 — Ina D. Mercer, 3 — Adelaide, 1 — Addie Sheldon, 6 — Corinne F. Hills, 1 — Josephine R. Curtis, 1 — Ellen Lindsay, 1 — Fred. A. Barnes, 1 — H. B. Muckleston, 1 — M. Jeanet Doig, 1 — R. H., 1 — Ruth and Marion, 1 — G. Maude Fierd, 5 — Helen M., 7 — Lilian C. Carpenter, 1 — W. K. Taylor, 1 — Clara M. Upton, 4 — Clarence F. Winans, 2 — B. C., 3 — "Rooster," 2 — Oscar M. Steppacher, 1 — Jennie and Birdie, 8 — Emma Screws, 3 — Florence R., 3 — Frank B. Howard, 2 — Minnie E. Patterson, 2 — R. H. Mack, 1 — Katherine Smith, 4 — "Pepper and Maria," 7 — S. E. S., 8 — Jennie C. McBride, 3 — Clare and Floy Hubert, 5 — George Habenicht, 1 — Martha S. Tracy, 1 — T. and A., 2 — Maggie and C. O'Neill, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Arthur G. Lewis, 3 — George C. Beebe and John C. Winne, 4 — Grace Zublin, 3 — Alex. Laidlaw, 6 — "The Sintwisters," 4 — Fred S. Kersey, 1 — Ida and Walter, 2 — Hessie D. Boylston, 5 — "Warwick House," 5 — Whm and Bhb, 1 — Elizabeth H., 1 — R. L. Spiller, 2 — Inez T. Dane, 5 — Edith M. Boyd, 1 — M. Alice Barrett, 3 — Leon Robbins, 1 — Emmie B. Taylor, 3 — Bertha Palmer, 2 — Emma and Irene, 4 — "Nemo and Nullus," 8 — Bessie Burch, 7 — Nelie and Daisy, 2 — Chester Aldrich, 5 — Canary Bird, 4 — Edward Livingston Hunt, 3 — Alice H. N., 2 — Mary S. Hicks, 6 — "Unknown," 6 — Hattie Jamieson, 2 — Le Bar Schoonover, 1 — Nannie Duff, 5 — Mary Lou, 8 — "Hora," 1 — Arthur J. Clark, 2 — "Molly and Mouche," 8 — F. Smyth, 6 — E. Muriel, and Edith W. Grundy, 9 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7 — Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4 — Hugh and Cis, 9 — "Prue Dish," 8 — "Timotheus Gibbs, Esq.," 5 — Birdie Pierce, 2 — Sallie Viles, 8 — Mabel L. Haines, 8 — E. P. Thomson, 6 — A. V. Luther, 3 — W. A., 2 — M. H. Shaffner, 1 — No name, 6 — "North Star," 9 — M. W. Aldrich, 5 — Ida G., 2 — F. Smith and F. Hoyt, 4 — Marguerite Kyte, 2 — Charles H. Kyte, 9 — "Royal Tarr," 3 — Edith H. Moss, 1 — Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 9 — Nicoll and Mary Ludlow, 8 — Eva Wade, 1 — Appleton H., 5 — Muriel, 6 — A. E. Hyde, 4 — Ed Westervelt, 4 — Annie M. Hirst, 7 — Livingston Ham, 5 — Jessie A. Platt, 9 — "An Ocean," 9 — Kittie Loper, 2 — Hattie Dodd," 5 — L. M. N. and E. L. D., 8 — Jennie Balch, 6 — Lida Bell, 2.



GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1884. NO. 11.

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THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

BY LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent humble teaching willfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner *sewed a tuck into her gown!*

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day-meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'T was Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
Gliding down the dark old stair-way—hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
But "tuck—*tuck!*" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,

Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
Oh, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she 'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms,—
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner *ripped the tuck out of her gown!*

The Dalzells of Daisydown.

BY

E. VINTON BLAKE.

You don't know Daisydown, do you say? It is six miles from Denham station, and three by boat from Hemingway, if you go inside Bear Island,— seven, if you go outside, over the bar. The village overflows, so to speak, from its hollow among the foot-hills, by one narrow picturesque street down to the pier at Daisydown Sands. It is scarcely more than a collection of quaint, grass-grown lanes and alleys, plentifully shaded by elms, willows, and silver-leaf poplars — dear, old-fashioned trees! — with houses dotted down here and there among them.

Daisydown is the most original place I ever saw; there is a strong flavor of individuality about every person and everything in it, from old Cap'n Azariah Thistle, who keeps the store by the pier, and who thinks it quite the proper thing to inquire your lineage, occupation, and circumstances, as soon as he learns your name, to Miss Peabody at the extreme other end of Daisydown, who has such a mania for clean aprons that she keeps a drawer full of them, and in any unusual or exciting circumstances,— and for no earthly reason that any sane body can see,— makes haste to put one on.

Every one knows the Dalzells of Daisydown. From time immemorial the race have lived in Dalzell Hall, which was built before Revolutionary days by some dead-and-gone Dalzell, who had a righteous horror of going upstairs; for it is only a story-and-a-half high, with sixteen rooms on the ground floor, and all manner of angles; to say nothing of a court in the interior, of a delightful oriental style. The garret is without partition or plaster; a great mysterious barn of a place, full of bewitching dim light from the odd old dormer-windows, and only accessible from the tower stairs. Yes, there is a tower, too, some sixty feet high! The room under it, on the first floor, is

called the tower room; from it the stairs ascend, and above its ceiling they wind about the square walls to the top, with a queer little door in the second story, leading to the garret, in one corner of which the Dalzell boys have fitted up a good gymnasium.

Outwardly, Dalzell Hall is a mass of ivy and woodbine, Virginia creeper, and other vines, from end to end. From its hill it commands the blue sea to the east and south; to the west lies Daisydown in its hollows, and northward across the country you catch, on a clear day, the glimmer of Denham church-spires. The grounds are ample, but neglected, as every one says, since the present Mr. Dalzell's wife died. A quiet, proud man is Mr. Tripton Dalzell; absorbed in business in the city; running out to Denham by the cars, and down to Daisydown by carriage at all sorts of odd moments; apparently leaving his boys entirely to their own devices, but in reality keeping an eagle eye upon them and their doings. He can trust his housekeeper and servants; they all are middle-aged people, who have lived at the Hall before ever he married and brought his wife there.

If you happen to be on the pier at nine on a breezy June morning, when the tug "Orion" comes over from Hemingway, you probably will see on Miriconnet Head a gray horse bearing an agile young rider dressed in navy blue; and that rider will be Ranald Dalzell. Or if you choose to poke among the rocky glens and valleys south of Daisydown, you will probably happen upon a slender, black-eyed, fifteen-year-old chap, with a geologist's hammer and bag, who is sure to be Houghton Dalzell. And again, if you take a boat and skim out beyond the bar, in the quiet of a dull, bluish afternoon, with the sea like glass, and a yellow streak all along the horizon, you will certainly find a little dory lying, mast unshipped, at anchor, and a brown, wiry lad with a restless, alert eye, fishing over the stern. Whereupon, your boatman will remark:

"It 's just Master Phil Dalzell, sir."

And by and by, between the flaws that presently come from the bluish-gray clouds, you will see the little dory, close-reefed, skimming away over the long waves for Daisydown pier.

"Drown him?" says your boatman; "you can't drown Master Phil, sir; he 's the fishiest fish of 'em all."

Houghton and Phil are brothers; Phil is thirteen. Ranald is an orphan cousin who has grown up at Dalzell Hall, and might also be a brother for all the difference you can see. There is a strong affection between the lads. Ranald's is, by all odds, the most remarkable character. Gray alert eyes, red hair, and plentiful freckles, has Ranald; a well-knit, supple, "stocky" figure for a fourteen-year-old boy; a quick temper kept under by a tremendous will; plenty of invention, tact, and self-assurance. Oh, Ranald is my favorite, — I own up to it. For the other two, — they are smart enough. You never saw a Dalzell of Daisydown that was n't smart, — a real boy or man, and quite up to his time.

But the glimpses of the Dazells here presented are taken during the summer vacation, remember. With Daisydown in its winter aspect, we have nothing to do. The boys were back from Boston schools to the dear old delightful home nooks and occupations. What Boston schools did you say? Well, I shall keep the secret of Daisydown and my heroes, but I will just hint that Chauncy Hall may have known and held the Dalzells.

And now to my story.

It was in the breakfast-room at seven on a June morning that Mr. Tripton Dalzell sat at table with his three boys. There was always much lively talk at meal-times, — that is, among the boys. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had a way of encouraging people to talk, and saying next to nothing himself. In this way he knew his boys thoroughly. They never felt his presence to be a restraint, and yet, when he spoke, there was instant obedience. On that particular June morning, Phil, the youngest Dalzell, was in a very exuberant mood, and when Mrs. Merriam, the housekeeper, said to him: "Your father spoke to you, Master Phil," he was in the act of recovering himself from a dive under the table after Prince, that dog having feloniously appropriated a whole biscuit from the edge of the table beside Phil's plate.

"Put the dog out, Phil; I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell.

Phil obeyed. There was a business-like expression on his father's face which subdued all the boys into a feeling of expectancy.

"We are about to receive a new inmate into our house," said Mr. Dalzell, in a matter-of-fact way. "I think a day's notice will serve you, — for getting accustomed to the idea, I mean. I have a New York friend who has a daughter about Ranald's age. She left the city yesterday for the summer, and she will arrive here to-morrow. Mrs. Merriam will take charge of her, and I shall expect you three boys to make her vacation as agreeable as you can."

Silence and dismay reigned around the table. Was this the end of their delightful vacation plans? To be tied to a girl's apron-strings all summer? How about the long fishing trip in the big yacht with old Cap'n Azariah? How about the glorious geologizing trips on Daisydown

Ledges, and the wild gallops over "hill and holt, moor and fen?"

The Dalzells looked at one another; Mrs. Merriam's mouth twitched at the corners, but Mr. Tripton Dalzell was coolly impassive.

"Miss Molly Arnold is likely to arrive by any one of three routes," proceeded Mr. Dalzell, "consequently, to insure our meeting her, I must assign each of you to a special station.

The Dalzells opened their mouths simultaneously, as if in haste to speak; but closed them again, as Mr. Dalzell continued:

"Houghton, I desire you to take Judy and the open buggy and go to the Eastern station at Denham to meet the ten o'clock train to-morrow morning. Phil at the same hour must be at the Junction with Pat and the top buggy. Ranald can sail over to Hemingway by eight o'clock. He may use the 'Nocturne.'"

The boys' faces were a study. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had shrewdly mingled the bitter with the sweet. Judy and Pat were two fine, matched trotters that Mr. Dalzell rarely allowed the boys to touch. And Master Ranald, although he considered himself fully capable of it, was seldom permitted to handle alone the yacht "Nocturne."

Three tongues broke loose at once as Mr. Dalzell left the breakfast-room.

"There 's a fine piece of luck for us!" declared Houghton, sarcastically, roused from his usual calm.

"A namby-pamby city-girl,—all dress and fine airs," sputtered Phil angrily.

"She wont take to me, that 's one comfort," said Ranald with a good deal of philosophy. "She 'll call me 'that red-headed boy,' and let me alone. Girls never do like me. She 'll want to geologize with Houghton,—she 'll get a hammer and bag the first day!" And he threw his head back and laughed.

"Indeed, she 'll not!" declared Houghton; "or if she does, I 'll lead her a chase over rocks and brambles that she wont take but once. Do you suppose I 'll have my vacation spoiled?"

"Anybody coming with her?" asked Phil, as the housekeeper arose.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Merriam, quietly. "Her mother is a very fashionable woman, but her father insists upon bringing up the daughter according to his notions; so he has had her learn many things that her mother does n't fancy; and now, instead of sending her to Saratoga, he wishes her to come here for rest and quiet. The only thing she is instructed to 'keep up with' is her music."

The Dalzells were all musical, so the latter intelligence was well received.

"She 'll be fashionable, though," said Phil, with a groan. "Whoever saw a girl that did n't dote on dress?"

Mrs. Merriam smiled quietly,—she was always quiet,—and went away to her duties.

Groan as they would, the morrow came, and with it the hour of the expected arrival. Mr. Tripton Dalzell went away by an early train to his business; and at the proper hour, Phil and Houghton departed for their respective stations.

But early in the morning, before even Mr. Tripton was astir, Ranald came down in his blue boating suit, with his jacket over his arm. The housekeeper met him at the door.

"Here 's your lunch, Master Ranald. There 's cold chicken and ham sandwiches in the basket, and pie and jelly. Here 's coffee in the bottle, and there 's your jug of water."

"If she does n't come, I 'm to have all these good things myself," said Ranald, laughing. "What a picnic I 'll have!"

The housekeeper smiled gently, and said, "I think she 'll come."

Ranald's countenance fell.

"And I think you 'll like her, Master Ranald," added Mrs. Merriam.

But Ranald's mind immediately took a touch of boyish contrariness. He said to himself, "I *wont* like her."

Nevertheless he enjoyed the prospect of a sail in the "Nocturne."

Peter came from his early garden work to help carry down the things. They went down the rose-alley that led to the boat-houses and to Mr. Dalzell's private pier. The fragrant, dew-wet blossoms brushed Ranald's shoulder as he passed under the thickets; beneath, on the shady ground, were great beds of lily-of-the-valley. At the hedge-gate Ranald stopped and looked down the steep declivity, over the sands, and far out on the quiet morning sea. How still everything was! The sun was rising; the beautiful glow of golden pink flushed sea and sky. Peter had gone on before; Ranald heard the clank of the mooring chain as he unloosed the dory, and ran down to the boat-house to join him.

"The wind 's fair — what there is of it," said Peter; "but ye 'll have to beat back."

"I don't care," answered Ranald, as they pushed off.

"Mebbe the young leddy wont loike it," suggested Peter.

"*She* wont come by way of Hemingway," answered Ranald, with a laugh. "I 'm safe enough —never fear. Here we are. Now then, hand over the things, Peter. Oh — hold up! Now I believe I 've actually forgotten her name! Fancy going after a girl whose name you don't know!"

"It was Miss Molly Arnold, I 'm thinkin'," responded Peter, with a sly smile on his weather-beaten face, as the dory fell off from the yacht's stern.

"So it was. All right, now! Good-bye, Peter," cried Ranald.

"Good luck to ye," answered the gardener, as the dory glided back over the smooth waters of the bay.

Left alone, Master Ranald had the sails up and the moorings cast off in a jiffy; and as the "Nocturne" rounded Miriconnet Head, she caught a puff from westward that made her bend to her work in gallant style, and set the ripple swirling about her bows.

But the wind came in variable puffs and flaws, and as Master Ranald chose to go outside Bear Island, it was half-past seven o'clock before the "Nocturne" glided gracefully alongside the pier at Hemingway, which was a fashionable shore resort.

"Now I suppose I 'm to go to the station. Wonder how I 'll know her, or what she 's like," muttered Ranald, mightily discontented; and up to the station he went. A small multitude of girls thronged the station after the eight o'clock train came thundering in, but none of them seemed in need of his protection. So at half-past eight, seeing no signs of any possible Miss Molly Arnold, he departed lighter of heart, and wondering whether Houghton or Phil was to enjoy the society of the new-comer.

There was the usual fashionable crowd on the pier and promenade. The hotels had emptied themselves on the sands; everywhere people were bargaining with boatmen, and not a few cast envious eyes on the handsome "Nocturne." There was a crowd of ladies and gentlemen inspecting it. Ranald was rather pleased at this. As he untied the painter, drawing upon himself the attention of all, he felt a touch on his arm, and a voice said:

"I beg pardon, but are n't you one of the Dalzell boys?"

Ranald turned quite cold with the suddenness of the shock. He looked around into the face of a self-possessed damsel, not so tall as himself by two inches. His first impressions were of a pair of sharp hazel eyes and an inquisitive nose under a blue hat, a profusion of fluffy blonde hair, and a generally perplexing mingling of navy-blue flannel and garnet ribbon. He contrived to stammer out:

"Yes, I 'm Ranald Dalzell."

"I thought you must be," said the self-possessed damsel. "I don't know why I thought so, either. I 've waited for you this half-hour. Is this your yacht?"

"Yes."

"And are we going to Daisydown in it?"

"Yes."

"All right. I 'll have my trunks brought down. I breakfasted at that hotel yonder," with a nod toward the Hemingway house on the landing, "and I saw you when you came down to the pier, but I was n't certain who you were. Wait a minute, please."

She was hastening away up the pier, at a rapid walk; and Ranald looked after her bewildered. He had not fully recovered himself when a porter wheeled down two big trunks and a queer large canvas bag, absurdly angular in shape. Ranald did n't really know how he finally stowed the luggage away, but after it was accomplished, he found Miss Molly seated calmly in the yacht, and could n't for the life of him remember helping her aboard.

He got up sail with expedition, conscious of Miss Molly's scrutinizing eyes. He could n't think of a thing to say to her.

"Oh, did I tell you my name?" remarked the damsel, as the yacht filled away on her course. "I suppose you know who I am, however."

Ranald looked around involuntarily; their eyes met. "I suppose you are Miss Molly Arnold," said he, and they both burst out laughing. This broke the ice a little.

"Yes; but really," said Miss Molly, "I ought to have introduced myself at first. But I forgot; Mamma says I always do forget. But I was so glad to find it was really you, and to get out of that poky old hotel, that I did n't stop for anything."

This reminded him of the lunch basket.

"Did you say you had breakfasted?" said he.

"Yes, thank you," she answered. "But I believe I always am hungry. Mamma says it 's very vulgar, but I can't help it."

"I can," said Ranald, and began to lash the tiller, that he might go forward after the lunch-basket; but Miss Molly jumped up.

"Let me hold it," said she; "I do so want to learn to steer."

Ranald complied, but kept one eye on the tiller while diving into the cuddy.

Behold now Miss Molly, with foot braced manfully against the opposite seat, and both hands, slightly reddened, grasping the smooth handle. There is a brisk breeze now; the yacht, under all sail, "heels" (or leans) at an alarming rate, and Miss Molly, with ribbons flying and fluffy blonde hair blowing over her face, has her hands full. The "Nocturne" flies like a bird, and the sea is a mass of dark, ruffled blue. Ranald sets the lunch-basket incautiously down beside the center-board, and forgets all about it.

"Let me take the tiller again,—it 's too hard work for you," he ventures to say at length, seeing Miss Molly's flushed face.

"Keep your head up, there!" pants Miss Molly, in reply, addressing the yacht, however, and not Ranald; and with a valiant tug and strain the yacht's bows point once more straight ahead, and her shaking sails fill again as flat as a board.

"You 'll weary yourself completely, and blister your hands besides," remonstrates Ranald at length.

But Miss Molly sticks to it with steady persistence for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally conquered by the helm, but never failing to conquer in her turn. Then, as the boom swings over and the yacht heels on another tack,—for they are beating home,—there is an ominous slide and crash.

"Gracious!" says Ranald, with a spring, "I forgot the basket."

Miss Molly gives him the helm, takes the basket, and sits down with aching arms, and three separate blisters on each hand.

"Anything broken?" inquires Ranald.

"Only this jelly tumbler, I believe. Here,—I 'll save some of the jelly with this cup! And I 'll toss the glass overboard."

The lunch is duly appreciated. Somehow, the sail home is very short. Ranald can hardly believe his eyes when he sees Miriconnet Head looming on the port bow. Peter is waiting with the dory; the "Nocturne," with lowered sails, glides easily by the stake, and Molly fishes up the moorings with a boat-hook. Ranald acknowledges to himself that he has had a very good time.

PART II.

"WHAT is she like?" asked Houghton.

"Like other girls, I believe," answered his cousin.

"Rigged to death, for I saw the red ribbons flying," said Phil, determined not to be pleased.



MISS MOLLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE TILLER.

"I could n't describe her dress, to save me," replied Ranald, astonished at himself.

"I believe you like her, Ran!" cried Phil.

"May be I do, but I 'm not sure," answered Ranald cautiously.

"What room is she to have?" asked Houghton.

"I 've no idea," Ranald answered shortly.

"Father said any one she liked," Houghton went on; "and she 'll not choose any in the north wing, for those rooms are unfurnished."

"Well, anyhow, what can we do? She can't swim, or row, or ride, of course,—on horseback, I mean; and she 'll scream at Houghton's bug-collections, and she 'll tear her red ribbons to bits on brambles if we take her down the glens, and I

don't see much pleasure ahead for vacation,—that's all!" Thus spoke Phil, gloomily.

He had an auditor. They stood in the ivy by the tower room windows. The windows were open; the long draperies within swept the floor. Just inside them stood Miss Molly, now tearful-eyed and reddened with anger. She had chosen the tower room as hers, because of its queer, winding stairs that led up, within a curtained recess, and its quaint old furnishing.

The boys walked away, and Miss Molly sat down to a good cry. Then she recovered herself and began to consider.

She could n't go home; her father was in the Adirondacks, her mother at Saratoga. Besides, pride forbade her going away at all. She said:

"I wont speak a single word to any of them,—so now!"

Reflection convinced her that this also was folly. Then Miss Molly's good sense and good temper came to her aid. She took a new and commendable resolution.

"They wont like me?" she exclaimed. "Very well, I 'll make them! They shall see I 'm not a baby, if I am a New Yorker."

Miss Molly's shrewd brain worked busily till tea time. Then she walked out in a plain blue muslin,—her simplest dress,—with all her lovely blonde hair in a long, thick braid that reached below her waist. She was very quiet, but her sharp eyes and keen brain took measure of Houghton and Phil. Ranald she liked best of all, despite the red hair.

The boys were very gentlemanly, however. They invited her to play croquet on the lawn after tea, and Ranald found Molly a strong ally against Houghton and Phil, who, within a half-hour, were ingloriously beaten.

"Was she pretty?" say my girl readers.

No, I don't think she was — really. Yet her expression of strong good sense,—a little bruskness included,—her brisk little ways, and the piquant upward curve of her inquisitive little nose, made Miss Molly altogether rather refreshing. Her hair was her chief beauty, and her "style" was undeniable. So much for the new arrival.

When Houghton went up over the balustrade to the garret dormer-window in the gymnasium early next morning — as he must, perforce, since he could no longer go through the tower room — he was amazed to find Miss Molly in a pink flannel gymnasium suit, descending from a lofty bar, hand under hand, down a long rope. Plainly, she was no stranger to gymnastic feats, and her agility compelled his unwilling admiration. Yet Houghton was the most obstinate of the three, and he supplemented his account of it, later, to the others, with the remark, "I hate a hoyden!"

Phil said nothing, but Ranald seemed inclined to take up the cudgel for Miss Molly.

"I don't know why we should hate Miss Molly Arnold," he said; "she 's clear grit, or she never would have held on to the 'Nocturne' as she did yesterday. Her hands were blistered, but she never said a word about them."

At dinner Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who unexpectedly returned home, inquired where Houghton was.

"He has gone geologizing down the ledges," answered Ranald.

"And Phil?"

"He is fishing off the bar."

Mr. Tripton Dalzell's eyebrows contracted ominously, but he said nothing aloud. He only muttered to himself: "Ranald, then, is the only one who stands at his post."

"Why don't you take a ride this afternoon?" Mr. Dalzell said to Molly, as they left the dining-room.

"I could n't think of anything more enjoyable!" answered the girl, with a flash of delight.

"Well," said Mr. Dalzell, kindly, "you may have the brown mare at any time. She is perfectly safe and gentle. But how about a saddle?"

"Oh, I brought mine!" cried Molly, immediately. She was off at once, and soon returned dragging the big canvas bag.

"Whew!" whistled Ranald, as soon as it was opened. "How stylish we shall be! What a handsome saddle!"

"Of course it is,—and brand new," said Molly, with pardonable pride.

"All aboard!" exclaimed the lad. "I 'll get the horses at once, and we 'll go up the headland to see the afternoon boat come in. It 's due in half an hour."

And he ran down to the barn, lugging the saddle and bridle, and dragging the bag behind him. Molly flew to her room to put on her habit. Mr. Tripton Dalzell, left alone, smiled an odd little smile and took a cigar.

It was barely ten minutes before Ranald was back again on his gray, leading the brown mare.

"Your 'noble steed' looks well in that rig," he said critically to Molly, noting the contrast between the russet leather and blue velvet, and the mare's dark glossy skin.

With a toss and spring from Mr. Dalzell's hand, Molly settles herself in the saddle, the reins are gathered up, and ho, now!— they are away with a flourish and prance, down the avenue, through the gate, and out upon the downs. The horses have not been out to-day, and are full of life; they go up the long turfy slope with a scurry of hoofs, Miss

Molly's long braid and veil flying, and her eyes growing brighter and brighter every moment.

Now the summit of the headland rounds before them as they climb; it lowers gradually; they begin to see the horizon line, the blue expanse below, the smoke-trail of the coming "Orion," and sail-boats flitting hither and thither across the sea, the long sands and the big pier down below them.

'Not so near!" cries Ranald suddenly to Molly; "it caves down sometimes!"

Molly draws back the brown mare, which has dashed very near the verge. Ah-h-h, there! A shiver and crack in the turf widens under the beating, restless hoofs; the brown mare feels the ground give way, sees the horrid depth, and scrambles for dear life. There is a dull rumble, a great cloud of dust,—and then the mare, all a-tremble, recovers herself on the solid ground fifteen feet away, and Molly, very white, but quite cool, faces Ranald. She has not uttered a sound.

"Oh! —— gracious!" cries Ranald, looking from the freshly caved declivity to Molly's face. He does not know what else to say.

"That was terribly close!" he exclaims, after a long pause. He looks at the verge again. Down below, people from the tug are going up the pier; he hears the murmur of voices, the sharp stroke of the bell, the beat of waves on the sand. Ranald is not more serious than most boys of his age, but the solemn verse from the burial service forces itself into his thoughts: "In the midst of life, we are in death."

However, Miss Molly is safe and sound on her horse, instead of being dashed to pieces down Miriconnet Head, and the color is coming back into her cheeks again. And now on they go down the turfy slope to the elm-shaded road below, and around by many a curve and willowy nook into Daisydown.

After that, Ranald was Molly's stanch ally. And it was not long before Master Phil himself went ingloriously over to the enemy.

It came about strangely. First, the absence of the garnet ribbons from the blue boating suit impressed him favorably; Molly with stern resolution having put away every one on the night of her arrival. Next, it happened on a warm June day, when Phil, in his red bathing suit, went diving off the pier, that he perceived at a distance Molly's long light braid floating on the waves, and caught a glimpse of her face upturned to the sky. He felt worried, and started seaward with alacrity.

"I hope she 's not drowning. How did she ever get out there? I don't believe she can swim. Oh, there 's a piece of drift-wood! Perhaps she floated out on that. Just like a girl to be so careless!" All this was thought out by Phil while he was swimming for dear life.

"If she is drowning, I 'm afraid she 's gone down the third time. She 's been up twice — I 'm — sure!" thought the lad, as his vigorous strokes brought him near; there, as he feared, rose Molly's face and floating braid on the crest of a long wave. He seized the blonde hair, and at the same time shouted wildly for Houghton, whom he saw at the moment strolling down the Dalzells' pier.

Molly's face flashed into sudden energy; with a swift, graceful motion she turned and grasped Phil by the collar of his bathing suit.

"*She 's drowning!*" }
"*He 's drowning!*" } Grand duet!

"No, I 'm not drowning," said Phil, panting and provoked; "I thought *you* were!"

"I 'd have you know I 'm not, any more than you," answered Molly, brightly. "I was just floating to rest myself, and thinking I was comfortable enough to go to sleep!"

They stared at each other a moment, and then Molly began to shout with laughter, in which Phil was fain to join her.

"Well, I 've had my swim all for nothing, then," said Phil presently.

"I 'm sure I 'm very much obliged to you," said Molly, "and I 'll race you back to the pier. Want to try?"

"Yes," returned Phil stoutly, confident in his powers. But Master Phil had caught a Tartar that time; Molly was no mean adversary, and he was somewhat blown.

Houghton, who had paused to discover whether his assistance would be required, concluded that matters were all right, as the brown head and the blonde drew nearer on the long waves. Still he waited with some curiosity to see the end of the race.

Nearer — nearer, — Molly's head just a foot in the rear; and Phil's knee grazed against a hidden rock he had forgotten in his excitement. There, — Molly was even with him; and both threw themselves on the sand, breathless from exertion.

Houghton laughed and walked away up the pier. Phil was won over; he felt a respect for the girl who was not a hoyden, but who could ride and swim, and was not fashionable nor a "muff."

"Do you ever fish?" he said, when he recovered his breath.

"Yes, when I can. I don't have very good luck, though," was Molly's reply.

"I 'm going out on the bar this afternoon in the dory. Want to go? I 'll show you how to fish."

"I 'd be delighted, if I sha'n't be in your way," answered Molly soberly, but with sparkling eyes.

"Of course you won't," said Phil, with a great show of gruffness, but much internal satisfaction. "We'll go after two and 'say nothing to nobody.'"

Accordingly, at half-past two, Ranald and Houghton were electrified at beholding Phil's dory, with sail set and Molly at the tiller, skimming away below Bear Island.

But Houghton was harder to be won. He withdrew himself a great deal from the others' society; for Ranald and Phil now included Molly in every scheme of pleasure. Not that Houghton was ever rude; but Molly felt that her coming had made a difference among them, and the poor child shed many a tear in secret over Houghton's fancied dislike.

He did not really dislike her. But an undercurrent of stubbornness in his disposition made him hold out when often he would gladly have joined them.

Two weeks — three weeks passed. Then Molly's teacher from the Conservatory came out to Daisydown for a day or two to rest and look after his most promising pupil.

Molly's voice was, as her friends declared, "something wonderful for a young girl"; a pure, mellow contralto that bade fair to win its possessor fame in days to come.

The boys had never heard her sing, however, for Molly had carefully timed her practicing to hours when they were out of the house.

But to-day Houghton, oppressed by headache, occupied a sofa behind a screen in a darkened corner of the big, north parlor; the archway curtains were partly drawn because of the sunlight that flooded the long bay window in the other room. Molly supposed him off on some excursion, and chatted frankly with the queer, long, lean, white-haired professor. Houghton turned uneasily and tried to stop his ears. He had too much honor to be a willing listener, but it seemed awkward to get up now and bolt out upon them.

He listened, however, when the Professor struck a soft chord or two, and Molly began to sing.

How the fresh young voice thrilled the willful lad through and through! "Could any lark sing clearer?" asked Houghton of himself. He was in real wonder now; he sat up behind the screen.

The song ceased; there was a grumbling comment of fault-finding from the exacting teacher, and a turning of music leaves. "Try this," said the professor, "it is simple and old, but it carries the expression you want."

Old, indeed; it was a lullaby that famous lips have sung; but to Houghton it only brought the memory of his mother's voice singing by his bedside the self-same melody for the last time. The hot tears gushed from his eyes, big boy as he was; and the last remnant of his wearisome pride faded out of his heart. An hour later, when Molly sat alone by the piano, Houghton came to her with his hands full of music.

"It was my mother's," he said simply; "she died when I was ten years old. Will you sing some of these?"

The hazel eyes looked for a moment into the black ones with the earnestness of real sympathy, and then without a word she complied.

When Ranald and Phil came back from Daisydown, the contralto and a clear boyish tenor were blending beautifully from the parlor. Houghton's better self had come back.



AN OCEAN NOTION.

By Joel Stacy.

WERE I old Neptune's son, you 'd see
How soon the waves would bow to me;
And how the fish would gather 'round,
And wag their tails with joy profound.
I 'd bid the sea-gulls tidings bring
Of sunny lands where larks do sing;
I 'd roam the icebergs wild, and find
A summer suited to my mind;
Or in the gulf-stream warm I 'd play
So long as winter chose to stay;
I 'd turn the billows inside out;
Play leap-frog with the water-spout;
Swing on the cable, out of sight,
Or leap with dolphins to the light.
All this I 'd do, and more beside,
Were I old Neptune's joy and pride.
His wreathéd horn I 'd lightly blow,
And swing his trident to and fro;
And when I tired of ocean's roar,
I 'd take a little turn on shore.
If Father feared to trust on land
His fine aquatic four-in-hand,—
Why, what of that? I 'd laugh and go
Upon a charger sure and slow —
My turtle-steed so fine and grand
Ready for trip on sea or land.
Ah, but I 'd have right lordly fun,
If I were only Neptune's son!



THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a Queen who founded, in her capital city, a grand museum. This institution was the pride of her heart, and she devoted nearly all her time to overseeing the collection of objects for it, and their arrangement in the spacious halls. This museum was intended to elevate the intelligence of her people, but the result was quite disappointing to the Queen. For some reason, and what it was she could not imagine, the people were not interested in her museum. She considered it the most delightful place in the world, and spent hours every day in examining and studying the thousands of objects it contained; but although here and there in the city there was a person who cared to visit the collection, the great body of the people found it impossible to feel the slightest interest in it. At first this grieved the Queen, and she tried to make her museum better; but as this did no good, she became very angry, and she issued a decree that all persons of mature age who were not interested in her museum should be sent to prison.

This decree produced a great sensation in the city. The people crowded to the building, and did their very best to be interested; but, in the majority of cases, the attempt was an utter failure. They could not feel any interest whatever. The consequence was that hundreds and thousands of the people were sent to prison, and as there was not room enough for them in the ordinary jails, large temporary prisons were erected in various parts of the city. Those who were actually needed for work or service which no one else could do were allowed to come out in the day-time on parole; but at night they had to return to their prisons.

It was during this deplorable state of affairs that a stranger entered the city one day. He was surprised at seeing so many prisons, and approaching the window in one of the prisons, behind the bars of which he saw a very respectable-looking citizen, he asked what all this meant. The citizen informed him how matters stood, and then, with tears mounting to his eyes, he added:

"Oh, sir, I have tried my best to be interested in that museum; but it is impossible; I can't get up the slightest interest in it. And, what is more, I know I never shall be able to do so; and I shall languish here for the rest of my days."

Passing on, the stranger met a mother coming out of her house. Her face was pale, and she was weeping bitterly. Filled with pity, he stopped and asked her what was the matter. "Oh, sir," she said, "for a week I have been trying, for the sake of my dear children, to take an interest in that museum. For a time I thought I might do it, but the hopes proved false. It is impossible. I must leave my little ones, and go to prison."

The stranger was deeply affected by these cases and many others of a similar character, which he soon met with. "It is too bad! too bad!" he said to himself. "I never saw a city in so much trouble. There is scarcely a family, I am told, in which there is not some uninterested person — I must see the Queen and talk to her about it," and with this he wended his way to the palace.

He met the Queen just starting out on her morning visit to the museum. When he made it known that he was a stranger, and desired a short audience, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you visited my museum yet?" she said. "There is nothing in the city so well worth your attention as that. You should go there before seeing anything else. You have a high forehead, and an intelligent expression, and I have no doubt that it will interest you greatly. I am going there myself, and I shall be glad to see what effect that fine collection has upon a stranger."

This did not suit the stranger at all. From what he had heard he felt quite sure that if he went to the museum, he would soon be in jail; and so he hurried to propose a plan which had occurred to him while on his way to the palace.

"I came to see your Majesty on the subject of the museum," he said, "and to crave permission to contribute to the collection some objects which shall be interesting to every one. I understand that it is highly desirable that every one should be interested."

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "and although I think that there is not the slightest reason why every one should not feel the keenest interest in what the museum already contains, I am willing to add to it whatever may make it of greater value."

"In that case," said the stranger, "no time should be lost in securing what I wish to present."

"Go at once," said the Queen. "But how soon can you return?"

"It will take some days, at least," said the stranger.

"Give me your parole to return in a week," said the Queen, "and start immediately."

The stranger gave his parole and left the palace.

Having filled a leathern bag with provisions from a cook's shop, he went out of the city gates. As he walked into the open country, he said to himself:

"I have certainly undertaken a very difficult enterprise. Where I am to find anything that will interest all the people in that city, I am sure I do not know; but my heart is so filled with pity for the great number of unfortunate persons who are torn from their homes and shut up in prison, that I am determined to do something for them, if I possibly can. There must be some objects to be found in this vast country that will interest every one."



"THE PEOPLE WERE NOT INTERESTED IN HER MUSEUM."

About noon he came to a great mountain-side covered with a forest. Thinking that he was as likely to find what he sought in one place as another, and preferring the shade to the sun, he entered the forest, and walked for some distance along a path which gradually led up the mountain. Having crossed a brook with its edges lined with water-cresses, he soon perceived a large cave, at the entrance of which sat an aged hermit. "Ah," said the stranger to himself, "this is indeed fortunate! This good and venerable man, who passes his life amid the secrets of nature, can surely tell me what I wish to know." Saluting the hermit he sat down and told the old man the object of his quest.

"I am afraid you are looking for what you will not find," said the hermit. "Most people are too silly to be truly interested in anything. They herd together like cattle, and do not know what is good for them. There are now on this mountain-side many commodious and comfortable caves, all of which would be tenanted if people only knew how improving and interesting it is to live apart from their fellow-men. But, so far as it can be done, I will help you in your quest, which I think is a worthy one. I can do nothing for you myself, but I have a pupil who is very much given to wandering about, and looking for curious things. He may tell you where you will be able to find something that will interest everybody, though I doubt it. You may go and see him, if you like, and I will excuse him from his studies for a time, so that he may aid you in your search."

The hermit then wrote an excuse upon a piece of parchment, and, giving it to the stranger, he directed him to the cave of his pupil.

This was situated at some distance, and higher up the mountain, and when the stranger reached it, he found the pupil fast asleep upon the ground. This individual was a long-legged youth, with long arms, long hair, a long nose, and a long face. When the stranger awakened him, told him why he had come, and gave him the hermit's excuse, the sleepy eyes of the pupil brightened, and his face grew less long.

"That 's delightful!" he said, "to be let off on a Monday; for I generally have to be satisfied with a half-holiday, Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Is the hermit very strict with you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the pupil, "I have to stick closely to the cave; though I have been known to go fishing on days when there was no holiday. I have never seen the old man but once, and that was when he first took me. You know it would n't

do for us to be too sociable. That would n't be hermit-like. He comes up here on the afternoons I am out, and writes down what I am to do for the next half-week."

"And do you always do it?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I get some of it done," said the pupil; "but there have been times when I have wondered whether it would n't have been better for me to have been something else. But I have chosen my profession, and I suppose I must be faithful to it. We will start immediately on our search; but first I must put the cave in order, for the old man will be sure to come up while I am gone."

So saying, the pupil opened an old parchment book at a marked page, and laid it on a flat stone, which served as a table.

The two now started off, the pupil first putting a line and hook in his pocket, and pulling out a fishing-rod from under some bushes.

"What do you want with that?" asked the stranger, "we are not going to fish!"

"Why not?" said the pupil; "if we come to a good place, we might catch something that would be a real curiosity."

Before long they came to a mountain brook, and here the pupil insisted on trying his luck. The stranger was a little tired and hungry, and so was quite willing to sit down for a time and eat something from his bag. The pupil ran off to find some bait, and he staid away so long that the stranger had quite finished his meal before he returned. He came back at last, however, in a state of great excitement.

"Come with me! come with me!" he cried. "I have found something that is truly astonishing! Come quickly!"

The stranger arose and hurried after the pupil, whose long legs carried him rapidly over the mountain-side. Reaching a large hole at the bottom of a precipitous rock, the pupil stopped, and exclaiming:

"Come in here and I will show you something that will amaze you!" he immediately entered the hole.

The stranger, who was very anxious to see what curiosity he had found, followed him some distance along a narrow and winding under-ground passage. The two suddenly emerged into a high and spacious cavern, which was lighted by openings in the roof; on the floor, in various places, were strongly fastened boxes, and packages of various sorts, bales and bundles of silks and rich cloths, with handsome caskets, and many other articles of value.

"What kind of place is this?" exclaimed the stranger, in great surprise.

"Don't you know?" cried the pupil, his eyes fairly sparkling with delight. "Why, it 's a robber's den! Is n't it a great thing to find a place like this?"

"A robber's den!" exclaimed the stranger in great alarm; "let us get out of it as quickly as we can, or the robbers will return, and we shall be cut to pieces."

"I don't believe they are coming back very soon," said the pupil, "and we ought to stop and take a look at some of these things."

"Fly, you foolish youth!" cried the stranger;



"THEY AROSE, LOOKING BLANKER AND MORE DISAPPOINTED THAN BEFORE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"you do not know what danger you are in." And, so saying, he turned to hasten away from the place.

But he was too late. At that moment the robber captain and his band entered the cave. When these men perceived the stranger and the hermit's pupil, they drew their swords and were about to rush upon them, when the pupil sprang forward and, throwing up his long arms, exclaimed:

"Stop! it is a mistake!"

At these words, the robber captain lowered his sword, and motioned to his men to halt. "A mistake!" he said; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said the pupil, "that I was out looking for curiosities, and wandered into this place by accident. We have n't taken a thing. You may count your goods, and you will find nothing missing. We have not even opened a box, although I very much wanted to see what was in some of them."

"Are his statements correct?" said the captain, turning to the stranger.

"Entirely so," was the answer.

"You have truthful features, and an honest expression," said the captain, "and I do not believe you would be so dishonorable as to creep in here during our absence and steal our possessions. Your lives shall be spared, but you will be obliged to remain with us; for we can not allow any one who knows our secret to leave us. You shall be treated well, and shall accompany us in our expeditions; and if your conduct merits it, you shall in time be made full members."

Bitterly the stranger now regretted his unfortunate position. He strode up and down one side of the cave, vowing inwardly that never again would he allow himself to be led by a hermit's pupil. That individual, however, was in a state of high delight. He ran about from box to bale, looking at the rare treasures which some of the robbers showed him.

The two captives were fed and lodged very well; and the next day the captain called them and the band together, and addressed them.

"We are now twenty-nine in number," he said; "twenty-seven full members, and two on probation. To-night we are about to undertake a very important expedition, in which we shall all join. We shall fasten up the door of the cave, and at the proper time I shall tell you to what place we are going."

An hour or two before midnight the band set out, accompanied by the stranger and the hermit's pupil; and when they had gone some miles the captain halted them to inform them of the object of the expedition. "We are going," he said, "to rob the Queen's museum. It is the most important business we have ever undertaken."

At these words the stranger stepped forward and made a protest. "I left the city yesterday," he said, "commissioned by the Queen to obtain one or more objects of interest for her museum; and to return now to rob an institution which I have promised to enrich will be simply impossible."

"You are right," said the captain, after a moment's reflection, "such an action would be highly dishonorable on your part. If you will give me your word of honor that you will remain by this stone until our return, the expedition will proceed without you."

The stranger gave his word, and having been left sitting upon the stone, soon dropped asleep, and so remained until he was awakened by the return of the band, a little before daylight. They came slowly toiling along, each man carrying an enormous bundle upon his back. Near the end of the line was the hermit's pupil, carrying a load as heavy as any of the others. The stranger offered to relieve him for a time of his burden, but the pupil would not allow it.

"I don't wish these men to think I can't do as much as they can," he said. "You ought to have been along. We had a fine time. We swept that museum clean, I tell you. We did n't leave a thing on a shelf or in a case."

"What sort of things were they," asked the stranger.

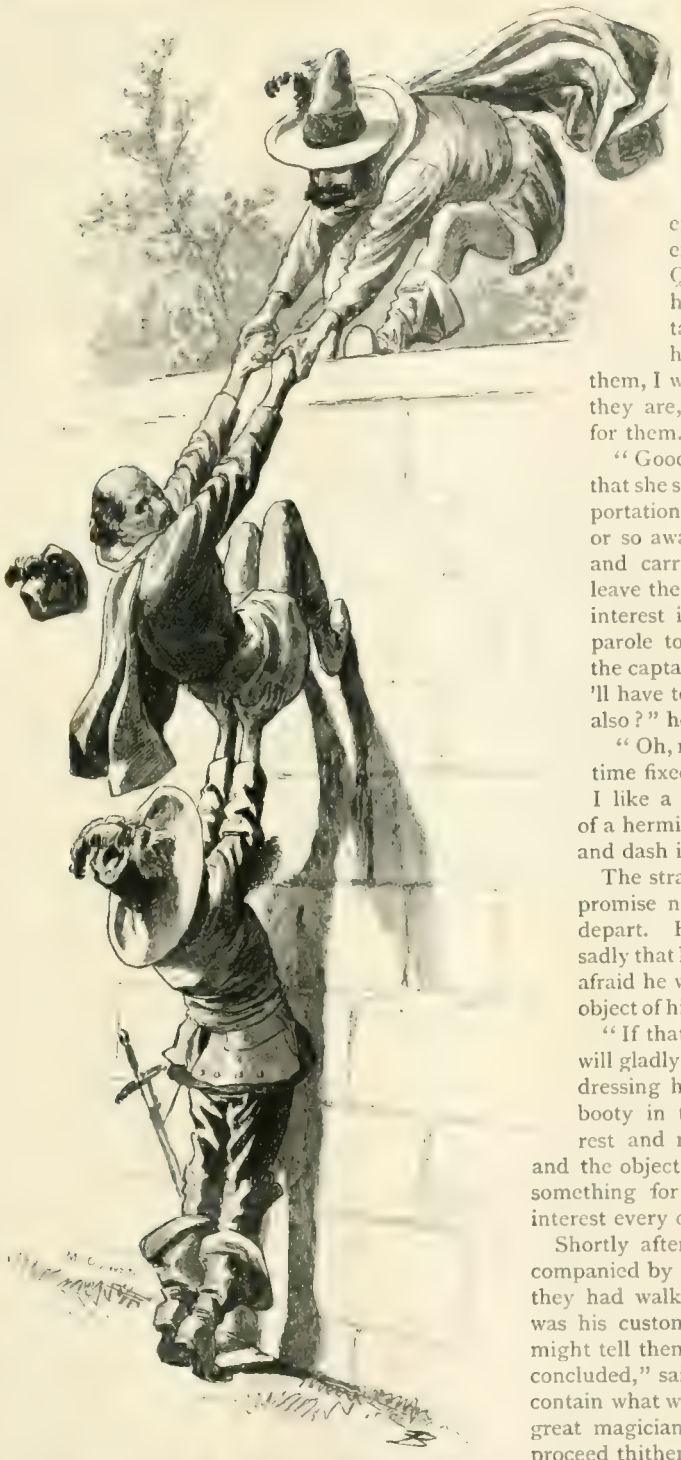
"I don't know," replied the pupil, "we did n't have any light for fear people would see it, but the moon shone in bright enough for us to see all the shelves and the cases; and our orders were not to try and examine anything, but to take all that was there. The cases had great cloth covers on them, and we spread these on the floor and made bundles of the curiosities. We are going to examine them carefully as soon as we get to the den."

It was broad daylight when the robbers reached their cave. The bundles were laid in a great circle on the floor, and, at a given signal, each one of them was opened. For a moment each robber gazed blankly at the contents of his bundle, and then they all began to fumble and search among the piles of articles upon the cloths; but after a few minutes, they all arose, looking blanker and more disappointed than before.

"So far as I can see," said the captain, "there is nothing in the whole collection that I care for. I do not like a thing here!"

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried each one of his band.

"I suppose," said the captain, after musing for



THE STRANGER WAS NOT USED TO CLIMBING, AND HE HAD TO BE ASSISTED OVER THE WALL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

a moment, "that as these things are of no use to us, we are bound in honor to take them back."

"Hold!" said the stranger, stepping forward; "do not be in too great a hurry to do that." He then told the captain of the state of affairs in the city, and explained in full the nature of the expedition he had undertaken for the Queen. "I think it would be better," he said, "if these things were not taken back for the present. If you have a safe place where you can put them, I will in due time tell the Queen where they are, and if she chooses she can send for them."

"Good!" said the captain, "it is but right that she should bear part of the labor of transportation. There is a disused cave, a mile or so away, and we will tie up these bundles and carry them there; and then we shall leave the matter to you. We take no further interest in it. And if you have given your parole to the Queen to return in a week," the captain further continued, "of course you 'll have to keep it. Did you give your parole also?" he asked, turning to the pupil.

"Oh, no!" cried that youth; "there was no time fixed for my return. And I am sure that I like a robber's life much better than that of a hermit. There is ever so much more spice and dash in it."

The stranger was then told that if he would promise not to betray the robbers he might depart. He gave the promise; but added sadly that he had lost so much time that he was afraid he would not now be able to attain the object of his search and return within the week.

"If that is the case," said the captain, "we will gladly assist you. Comrades!" he cried, addressing his band, "after stowing this useless booty in the disused cave, and taking some rest and refreshment, we will set out again, and the object of our expedition shall be to obtain something for the Queen's museum which will interest every one."

Shortly after midnight the robbers set out, accompanied by the stranger and the pupil. When they had walked about an hour, the captain, as was his custom, brought them to a halt that he might tell them where they were going. "I have concluded," said he, "that no place is so likely to contain what we are looking for as the castle of the great magician, Alfrarmedj. We will, therefore, proceed thither, and sack the castle."

"Will there not be great danger in attacking

the castle of a magician?" asked the stranger in somewhat anxious tones of the captain.

"Of course there will be," said the captain, "but we are not such cowards as to hesitate on account of *danger*. Forward, my men!" And on they all marched.

When they reached the magician's castle, the order was given to scale the outer walls. This the robbers did with great agility, and the hermit's pupil was among the first to surmount it. But the stranger was not used to climbing, and he had to be assisted over the wall. Inside the great court-yard they perceived numbers of Intangibles —strange shadowy creatures who gathered silently around them; but not in the least appalled, the robbers formed into a body, and marched into the castle, the door of which stood open. They now entered a great hall, having at one end a doorway before which hung a curtain. Following their captain, the robbers approached this curtain, and pushing it aside, entered the room beyond. There, behind a large table, sat the great magician, Alfrarmedj, busy over his mystic studies, which he generally pursued in the dead hours of the night. Drawing their swords, the robbers rushed upon him.

"Surrender!" cried the captain, "and deliver to us the treasures of your castle."

The old magician raised his head from his book, and, pushing up his spectacles from his forehead, looked at them mildly, and said:

"Freeze!"

Instantly, they all froze as hard as ice, each man remaining in the position in which he was when the magical word was uttered. With uplifted swords and glaring eyes they stood, rigid and stiff, before the magician. After calmly surveying the group, the old man said:

"I see among you one who has an intelligent brow and truthful expression. His head may thaw sufficiently for him to tell me what means this untimely intrusion upon my studies."

The stranger now felt his head begin to thaw, and in a few moments he was able to speak. He then told the magician about the Queen's museum, and how it had happened that he had come there with the robbers.

"Your motive is a good one," said the magician, "though your actions are somewhat erratic; and I do not mind helping you to find what you wish. In what class of objects do the people of the city take the most interest?"

"Truly I do not know," said the stranger.

"This is indeed surprising!" exclaimed Alfrarmedj. "How can you expect to obtain that which will interest every one, when you do not know what it is that every one takes an interest in? Go, find out this, and then return to me, and I will see what can be done."

The magician then summoned his Intangibles and ordered them to carry the frozen visitors outside the castle walls. Each one of the rigid figures was then taken up by two Intangibles, who carried him out and stood him up in the road outside the castle. When all had been properly set up, with the captain at their head, the gates were shut, and the magician, still sitting at his table, uttered the word, "Thaw!"

Instantly, the whole band thawed and marched away. At day-break they halted, and considered how they should find out what all the people in the city took an interest in.

"One thing is certain," cried the hermit's pupil, "whatever it is, it is n't the same thing."

"Your remark is not well put together," said the stranger, "but I see the force of it. It is true that different people like different things. But how shall we find out what the different people like?"

"By asking them," said the pupil.

"Good!" cried the captain, who preferred action to words. "This night we will ask them."

He then drew upon the sand a plan of the city, —(with which he was quite familiar, having robbed it carefully for many years,)—and divided it into twenty-eight sections, each one of which was assigned to a man. "I omit you," the captain said to the stranger, "because I find that you are not expert at climbing." He then announced that at night the band would visit the city, and that each man should enter the houses in his district, and ask the people what it was in which they took the most interest.

They then proceeded to the cave for rest and refreshment; and a little before midnight they entered the city, and each member of the band, including the hermit's pupil, proceeded to attend to the business assigned to him. It was ordered that no one should disturb the Queen, for they knew that what she took most interest in was the museum. During the night nearly every person in the town was aroused by a black-bearded robber, who had climbed into one of the windows of the house, and who, instead of demanding money and jewels, simply asked what it was in which each took the greatest interest. Upon receiving an answer, the robber repeated it until he had learned it by heart, and then went to the next house. As so many of the citizens were confined in prisons, which the robbers easily entered, they transacted the business in much less time than they would otherwise have required.

The hermit's pupil was very active, climbing into and out of houses with great agility. He obtained his answers quite as easily as others, but when-

ever he left a house there was a shade of disappointment upon his features. Among the last places that he visited was a room in which two boys were sleeping. He awoke them and asked the usual question. While they were trembling in their bed, not knowing what to answer, the pupil drew his sword and exclaimed: "Come, now, no prevarication; you know it's fishing-tackle. Speak right out!" Each of the boys promptly declared it was fishing-tackle, and the pupil left, greatly gratified. "I was very much afraid," he said to himself, "that not a person in my district would say fishing-tackle; and I am very glad to think that there were two boys who had sense enough to like something that is really interesting."

It was nearly daylight when the work was finished; and then the band gathered together in an appointed place on the outside of the city, where the stranger awaited them. Each of the men had an excellent memory, which was necessary in their profession, and they repeated to the stranger all the objects and subjects that had been mentioned to them, and he wrote them down upon tablets.

The next night, accompanied by the band, he proceeded to the castle of the magician, the great gate of which was silently opened for them by the Intangibles. When they were ushered into the magician's room, Alfrarmedj took the tablets from the stranger and examined them carefully.

"All these things should make a very complete collection," he said, "and I think I have specimens of the various objects in my interminable vaults." He then called his Intangibles, and, giving one of them the tablets, told him to go with his companions into the vaults and gather enough of the things therein mentioned to fill a large museum. In half an hour the Intangibles returned and announced that the articles were ready in the great court-yard.

"Go, then," said the magician, "and assist these men to carry them to the Queen's museum."

The stranger then heartily thanked Alfrarmedj for the assistance he had given; and the band, accompanied by a number of Intangibles, proceeded to carry the objects of interest to the Queen's museum. It was a strange procession. Half a dozen Intangibles carried a stuffed mammoth, followed by others bearing the skeleton of a whale, while the robbers and the rest of their queer helpers were loaded with everything relating to history, science, and art which ought to be in a really good museum. When the whole collection had been put in place upon the floors, the shelves, and in the cases, it was nearly morning. The robbers, with the hermit's pupil, retired to the cave; the Intangibles disappeared; while the stranger betook himself to the Queen's palace, where, as soon as the proper hour arrived, he requested an audience.

When he saw the Queen, he perceived that she was very pale and that her cheeks bore traces of recent tears. "You are back in good time," she said to him, "but it makes very little difference whether



"THE OLD MAGICIAN LOOKED AT THEM MILDLY, AND SAID: 'FETCH!'"

you have succeeded in your mission or not. There is no longer any museum. There has been a great robbery, and the thieves have carried off the whole of the vast and valuable collection which I have been so long in making."

"I know of that affair," said the stranger, "and I have already placed in your museum-building the collection which I have obtained. If your Majesty pleases, I shall be glad to have you look at it. It may, in some degree, compensate for that which has been stolen."

"Compensate!" cried the Queen. "Nothing can compensate for it; I do not even wish to see what you have brought."

"Be that as your Majesty pleases," said the stranger; "but I will be so bold as to say that I have great hopes that the collection which I have obtained will interest the people. Will your Majesty graciously allow them to see it?"

"I have no objection to that," said the Queen; "and indeed I shall be very glad if they can be made to be interested in the museum. I will give orders that the prisons be opened, so that everybody can go to see what you have brought; and those who shall be interested in it may return to their homes. I did not release my obstinate subjects when the museum was robbed, because their fault then was just as great as it was before; and it would not be right that they should profit by my loss."

The Queen's proclamation was made, and for several days the museum was crowded with people moving from morning till night through the vast collection of stuffed animals, birds, and fishes; rare and brilliant insects; mineral and vegetable curiosities; beautiful works of art; and all the strange, valuable, and instructive objects which had been brought from the interminable vaults of the magician Alfrarmedj. The Queen's officers, who had been sent to observe whether or not the people were interested, were in no doubt upon this point. Every eye sparkled with delight, for every one found something which was the very thing he wished to see; and in the throng was the hermit's pupil, standing in wrapt ecstasy before a large case containing all sorts of fishing-tackle, from the smallest hooks for little minnows to the great irons and spears used in capturing whales.

No one went back to prison, and the city was full of reunited households and happy homes. On the morning of the fourth day, a grand procession of citizens came to the palace to express to the Queen their delight and appreciation of her museum. The great happiness of her subjects could not but please the Queen. She called the stranger to her, and said to him:

"Tell me how you came to know what it was that would interest my people."

"I asked them," said the stranger. "That is to say, I arranged that they should be asked."

"That was well done," said the Queen; "but it is a great pity that my long labors in their behalf should have been lost. For many years I have been a collector of buttons and button-holes; and there was nothing valuable or rare in the line of my studies of which I had not an original specimen or a fac-simile. My agents brought me from foreign lands, even from the most distant islands of the sea, buttons and button-holes of every kind; those of precious metals and rare gems, which could not be obtained, were copied in gilt and glass. There was not a duplicate specimen in the whole collection; only one of each kind; nothing repeated. Never before was there such a museum. With all my power I strove to educate my people up to a love of buttons and button-holes; but, with the exception of a few tailors and seamstresses, nobody took the slightest interest in what I had provided for their benefit. I am glad that my people are happy, but I can not restrain a sigh for the failure of my efforts."

"The longer your Majesty lives," said the stranger, "the better will you understand that we can not make other people like a thing simply because we like it ourselves."

"Stranger," said the Queen, gazing upon him with admiration, "are you a king in disguise?"

"I am," he replied.

"I thought I perceived it," said the Queen, "and I wish to add that I believe you are far better able to govern this kingdom than I am. If you choose, I will resign it to you."

"Not so, your Majesty," said the other; "I would not deprive your Majesty of your royal position, but I would be happy to share it with you."

"That will answer very well," said the Queen. And turning to an attendant, she gave orders that preparations should be made for their marriage on the following day.

After the royal wedding, which was celebrated with great pomp and grandeur, the Queen paid a visit to the museum, and, much to her surprise, was greatly delighted and interested. The King then informed her that he happened to know where the robbers had stored her collection, which they could not sell or make use of, as there were no two buttons alike, and none of them of valuable material; and if she wished, he would regain the collection and put up a building for its reception.

"We will not do that at present," said the Queen. "When I shall have thoroughly examined and studied all these objects, most of which are entirely new to me, we will see about the buttons and the button-holes."

The hermit's pupil did not return to his cave.

He was greatly delighted with the spice and dash of a robber's life, so different from that of a hermit; and he determined, if possible, to change his business and enter the band. He had a conversation with the captain on the subject, and that individual encouraged him in his purpose.

"I am tired," the captain said, "of a robber's life. I have stolen so much, that I can not use what I have. I take no further interest in accumulating spoils. The quiet of a hermit's life attracts me; and, if you like, we will change places. I will become the pupil of your old master, and you shall be the captain of my band."

The change was made. The captain retired to the cave of the hermit's pupil, while the latter, with the hearty consent of all the men, took command of the band of robbers.

When the King heard of this change, he was not at all pleased, and he sent for the ex-pupil.

"I am willing to reward you," he said, "for assisting me in my recent undertaking; but I can not allow you to lead a band of robbers in my dominions."

A dark shade of disappointment passed over the ex-pupil's features, and his face lengthened visibly.

"It is too bad," he said, "to be thus cut short at the very outset of a brilliant career. I 'll tell you what I 'll do," he added suddenly, his face brightening, "if you 'll let me keep on in my new profession, I 'll promise to do nothing but rob robbers."

"Very well," said the King, "if you will confine yourself to that, you may retain your position."

The members of the band were perfectly willing to rob in the new way, for it seemed quite novel and exciting to them. The first place they robbed was their own cave, and as they all had excellent memories, they knew from whom the various goods had been stolen, and everything was returned to its proper owner. The ex-pupil then led his band against the other dens of robbers in the kingdom, and his movements were conducted with such dash and vigor that the various hordes scattered in every direction, while the treasures in their dens were returned to the owners, or, if these could not be found, were given to the poor. In a short time every robber, except those led by the ex-pupil, had gone into some other business; and the victorious youth led his band into other kingdoms to continue the great work of robbing robbers.

The Queen never sent for the collection of curiosities which the robbers had stolen from her. She was so much interested in the new museum that she continually postponed the reëstablishment of her old one; and, so far as can be known, the buttons and the button-holes are still in the cave where the robbers shut them up.

A SMART BOY.



I'M glad I have a good-sized slate,
With lots of room to calculate.
Bring on your sums! I 'm ready now;
My slate is clean; and I know how.
But don't you ask me to *subtract*,
I like to have my slate well packed;
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show;
And, please, don't bring me sums to *add;*
Well, *multiplying 's* just as bad;
And, say! I 'd rather not *divide*—
Bring me something I have n't tried!

THE BIRD MATINÉE.

By W. C. E.

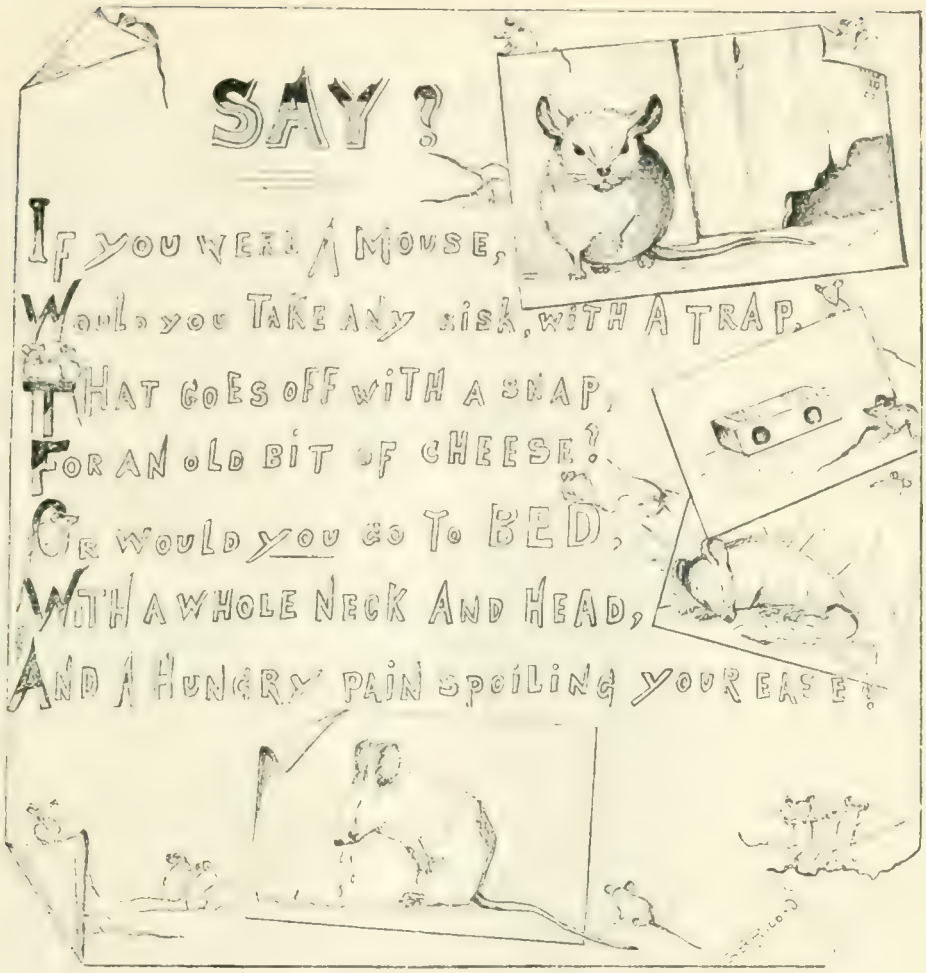


LET me tell you of a series of matinées I attended this summer, which were given at three o'clock in the morning.

The windows of my bedroom opened toward the south on a beautiful lawn, bordered with elms. Year after year comes the golden, or Baltimore, oriole,— most delightful of singers. He loves best the swaying branches of the loftiest elm for his home, that old Dame Nature may rock the little ones to sleep with every breeze. Robin-Redbreast and Jenny Wren build lowlier homes in more accessible places. Then there is the linnet, who years ago forsook us for a southern clime, but, perhaps alarmed by the noise of war, returned to her northern home. These were some of the singers who gave the three o'clock matinées. They continued for two or three months, from May nearly through July, and the programme each day, for the first month, seemed precisely the same.

First came a loud, shrill, prolonged call, always repeated three times, which reminded me of a gong at a hotel. It was evidently intended for the rising-bell and for a call to order. After the last call came a feeble peep, as if one little fellow had managed to arouse himself just enough to answer. Then another replied a little louder, and another, until, in rapid succession, all the dwellers in the grove announced their presence, and answered to their names. Then followed a minute or two of entire silence; after which the prima donna, as it seemed to me, opened the concert. It was a loud, clear, sweet strain, so unlike any heard in the day, that I can not tell what bird it was; I think only the oriole could pour forth that delightful music. It sang alone in a clear, ecstatic strain. At a certain part of the solo two other voices broke in as a trio, and at the end of the stanza all the voices joined in full jubilee chorus. This was repeated six times, so that I came to call it their hymn of praise in six stanzas. It was rendered every morning in exactly the same way. After it there was singing by the full choir, and it grew louder and more impassioned, as if each minstrel was inspired by the rest, like the singing of a vast concourse of people.

After this grand climax, the voices would die away, one after the other, and the principal concert was over. The parent birds went on their morning flight, and their birdies swung in their wind-rocked hammocks for another half-hour. At the expiration of this time came a call similar to the first, although by a different bird,— often a whip-poorwill. The summons was repeated thrice, then came a feeble little "peep, peep, twitter, twitter," and the juveniles joined to the best of their ability. This concert was much shorter than that of their parents, as befitted their tender age, and their hunger on first awaking. But it was never omitted in rain or sunshine until the fierce midsummer heats, parental cares, or the absence of the principal singers, caused them to be given up for the rest of the season.



SWORDSMEN OF THE DEEP.

By John R. Coryell.

Imagine whales fencing with one another for amusement!

It seems as if such a thing could not be; and yet there are whales of a certain species which not only fence with one another, but use their teeth for swords.

There are some whales that have no teeth at all, but in place of teeth have great sheets of whalebone hanging down from the roof of the mouth on each side of the tongue. Other whales have their great jaws filled with sharp and terrible teeth; and one kind, called the narwhal, has but two teeth.

It is the narwhal that fences. One of the teeth of the male narwhal always grows through the upper lip and stands out like a spear, straight in front of the animal. Occasionally both teeth grow out in this way, but that is a rather rare occurrence.

It seems as if all the material that should have gone to fill the narwhal's mouth with teeth had gone to the one tooth that grows out through the

lip; for sometimes this tooth is eight feet long. The animal itself, from head to tail, is seldom more than sixteen feet in length, so that such a tooth would be half as long as the whole body.

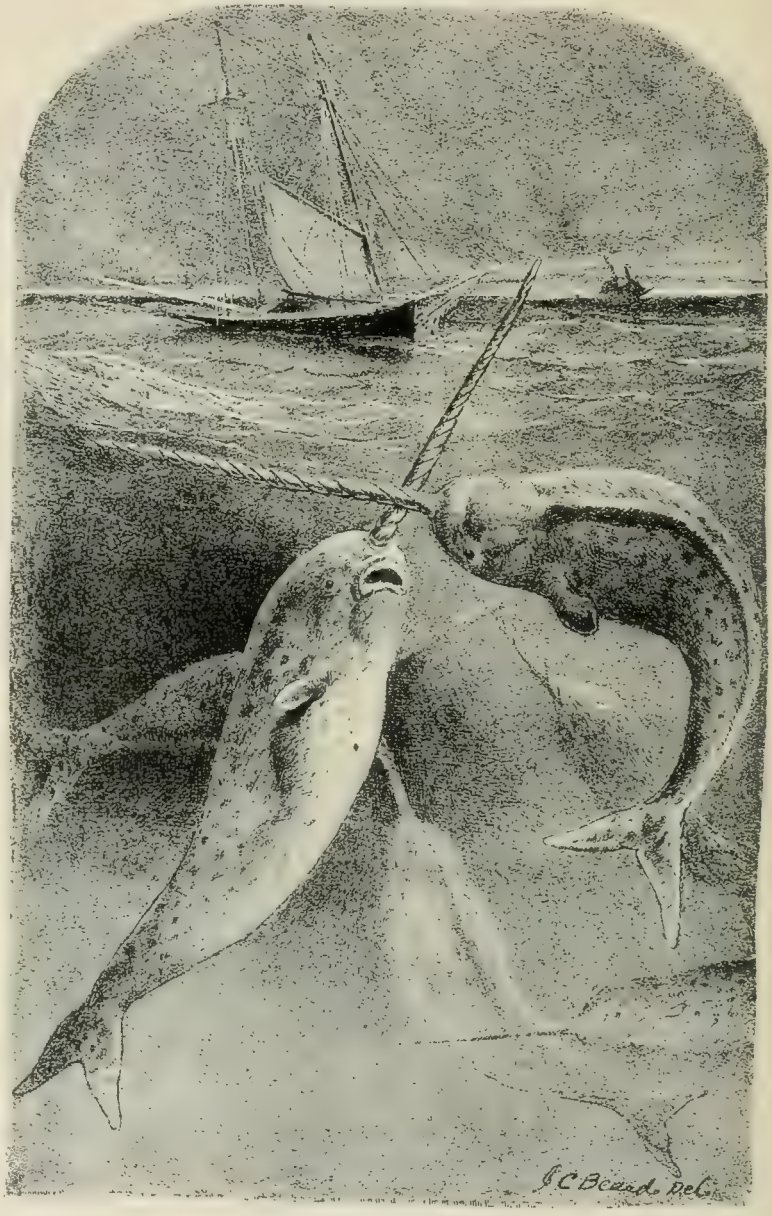
Of what use such an enormous tooth is to the narwhal no one knows. Some persons say it is used for spearing fish; others, that its use is to stir up the mud in the bottom of the ocean in order to scare out the fish that may be hiding there; and one man says the tooth is for the purpose of breaking holes in the ice in winter; for the narwhal, like all whales, is obliged to come to the surface at intervals to breathe.

Whatever the tooth is intended to be used for, it is certain that when the narwhal wishes to play it finds another narwhal of a like mind, and away they charge at each other till the long tooth-swords clash together.

They are active as well as frolicsome, and sailors tell of seeing them crossing swords in this way, thrusting and parrying, and rolling and darting about with marvelous agility and grace, as if combining sword-play and acrobatics in the same game.

There is something very soldier-like, too, in their mode of traversing the ocean. They form in ranks, in good order; and with similar undulations of the body and sweeps of the tail, they proceed by the thousand together to the part of the ocean world that has been decided upon as a sojourning-place.

The narwhal is light gray in color, and covered with black spots. For a great many reasons it is valued by the Greenlanders. It furnishes a very fine quality of oil, its flesh is used for food, and its skin, made into a jelly, and called *mattak*, is considered a dainty too choice for ordinary occasions.



NARWHALS FENCING.

This "swordsman of the deep," as I have called him, is a warm-blooded animal, and must not be confounded with the saw-fish or the sword-fish, both of which are entirely different in their species and habits from the narwhal.

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By M. Ella Prisson.

Poor Robinson Crusoe!
What made the poor man do so?
He was a robin's son, I know,
But that 's no reason he should crow.—
Pray, tell me why he crew so?

LIVING CAMEOS AND BAS-RELIEFS.

By George B. Bartlett.

This fascinating entertainment can be prepared by children, at short notice, with very little trouble or expense. The articles required are two sheets of large card-board, two sheets of pink tissue-paper, and two sheets of white cotton wadding, one ball of white and one of pink velvet chalk, a lead-pencil, a pair of scissors, six yards of black cambric, a few tacks, and a little paste.

One sheet of card-board is fastened on the side wall of a darkened room, so that the shadow of the face of a person with large and regular features will fall upon the center of it when a lighted candle is held in front of the side of the face at a distance of three feet. A cup should be placed between the face and the card-board and kept in position by the pressure of the head, in order, so far as possible, to prevent any movement on the part of the sitter. The candle must be so placed that the shadow of profile is in the center of the card-board; the outlines are then to be traced with a pencil. The card-board can then be taken down and the profile carefully cut out; the back of the head usually being enlarged, so that various methods of dressing the hair may be permitted. This white card-board will be ready for the bas-relief after the outer edge has been cut into the form of a circle, and made thicker by several rings of pasteboard of the same diameter, but only three inches wide. When cameos are to be exhibited, the outer surface should be covered with pink tissue-paper.

A curtain of cheap black cambric or any plain-colored material, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, is then hung at a distance of about two feet from the back wall of the room where the exhibition is to take place. The card-board is fastened into a hole made in the curtain, so that the center of the opening is about six or seven feet from the floor, and a chair or small table is placed close behind this curtain and another small piece of black cloth is tacked to the wall behind the opening.

The person whose face is to form the bas-relief stands upon a chair or table so that the head fits into the opening in the card-board, about one-half of it projecting in front of the surface of the frame thus formed. The side-face thus exposed is chalked and the hair is covered with white wadding, which conceals it, and also can be fastened in waves, plaits, or classic knots; for cameos, pink chalk, and tissue-paper take the place of the white. Very pretty art studies can thus be made by inexperienced persons.

When it is desired to show several of these art studies consecutively, it will be well to have a pink and a white frame placed side by side about one foot apart, as then they may be shown together or separately; the one not in use being covered with a little curtain of black cambric. Thus a pleasing variety can be produced by showing either a cameo or a bas-relief or both together. Faces of children or of grown people can be used as desired, as it is not absolutely necessary that the features should exactly fill the cut profiles in the card-board. The eyes are always closed, and a little chalk should be rubbed on the eyelids just before the face is shown to the spectators.

The frames may be placed between thick window-curtains draped above and below them; this will save the trouble of a black curtain, as the performers can stand in the window behind the curtain. The best manner of lighting them is from the top; and when the room has no chandelier, a lamp can be held at the left side as high as can be done conveniently by a person who stands upon a chair or short step-ladder.

BENNY'S HORSE.

By Mary Catherine Lee.

One day, when Benny was a very little boy, his mother went on a shopping excursion to New Haven, and left him in the rather slippery care of Florilla, her "help." That day made a very miscellaneous and highly-seasoned chapter in Benny's history. It began with a fine little conflagration, produced without much trouble by Benny himself, who took a box of matches into the wood-shed, while the worldly-minded Florilla had gone upstairs a minute to "do up" her hair and otherwise re-arrange her toilet, with a view of presenting a creditable appearance when 'Bijah should come in with the milk and vegetables which he brought over every day from Grandma Potter's farm. Florilla, smelling smoke, rushed down the dark, crooked back staircase, and fell into the kitchen with a sprained wrist and a painfully bruised head. 'Bijah, happily arriving at that extreme moment, hardly knew which to do first — spank Benny, pick up Florilla, or put out the fire. He began with the fire, however; and the Breese house was saved, — excepting the wood-shed, — Florilla was consoled, and Benny was put to bed, as the place most conducive to repentance, whence he made Florilla's aching head ring again with his roaring expostulations. It will hardly be believed that one day could hold so many disasters; but it is perfectly true that the same afternoon a furious thunder-storm came up, during which Florilla and Benny endured agonies of fear, the horse broke through the barn floor, and Mrs. Breese came home to find Florilla patiently and submissively expecting the end of the world to happen next.

"My land!" said Florilla, as she finished telling the story of the day to Mrs. Breese, "there has n't been such a time since the days of Pharo'. Whatever could 'a' made it come all at once?"

"I guess," said Benny, "God 's gone to the city."

Mrs. Breese, with a mother's memory, laid up this little saying of Benny's, and was reminded of it at many a vexatious time as life went on.

One day, a year afterward, she felt especially inclined to think God must have gone to the city, for everything had gone wrong since the dawn, from her currant-jelly's determination not to "jell," and Florilla's having utterly demolished the alabaster Temple of Fame which glorified the parlor center-table, to Mr. Breese's coming home violently ill with malarial intermittent fever. It was also an hour past dinner-time and Benny had n't come.

"What could be the matter?" she wondered, as she stepped out on the piazza for the twentieth time, and gazed up the street in the hope of seeing her boy bounding along home. What she did really see was a boy shuffling and creeping along, with his head down, leading an animal of the horse species, whose head was still further down, and who looked very much inclined to go down altogether — universally — "right in his tracks," as she said to herself. As a prospective skeleton or a curiosity there was no fault to be found with him, but as a horse he had the faults of being lame and lean to a painful degree — of appearing, in short, to be entirely past his usefulness as a propelling power. What he seemed to want was to borrow some of that power, to get on with, and the boy who led him lent him that very freely, if frequent twitches at the halter were anything to the purpose.

"Hi! *Git* up! Come along there, you old thing!" shouted the boy, with plenty of twitches; and Mrs. Breese thought there was something familiar in those vociferous tones. Could it be her boy? *Could* it be — Yes, it was — Benny! Yet it did n't look like that blessed, ever-beaming boy. He had a singularly dubious and subdued expression; he manifested no delight whatever at the sight of his own mother, but, leading his remnant of a horse, he shuffled along into the yard, mutely protesting against association with the animal, and looking as if somebody was to blame for something.

"Why, whose old horse is that, Benny?" asked Mrs. Breese, with wonder and a desire for knowledge in every tone.

"He 's mine," said Benny, not at all boastfully.

"*Yours?*"

"Yes, 'm."

"What *do* you mean, Benny?" she half gasped. "Where did you get him?"

"I — I — bought him," said Benny, faintly, as if confessing his sins.

"*Bought* him!" repeated his mother. "What, that old rackabones! Bought him with what?"

"The money I was a-saving to buy the shot-gun," groaned Benny, the big tears starting to his eyes.

"Why, how much money did you have, pray?"

"Four dollars 'n' twenty-nine cents."

"And you bought a horse for *that?*"

"Bought him for three 'n' a half."

"But what *did* you want with such a poor, forlorn old thing, and what *are* you going to do with

him now you 've got him?" asked Mrs. Breese, in a despairing tone.

"I *did n't* want him, 'n' I declare I don't know *what* to do with him," said Benny, weeping freely.

"Why, I don't understand you, Benny," said Mrs. Breese, so amazed that she sat down on the top step of the piazza, giving up the attempt to bear her own weight and the weight of this great mystery at one and the same time. "If you did n't want the creature, why *did* you buy him? *How* did you buy him?"



BENNY'S HORSE

"I—I—I *bid* on him just for fun," said Benny, reluctantly, "a—and—and the man said he was mine."

"What man? Where is he?" inquired his mother, apparently indulging a wild hope that it might yet be possible to undo this fatal bargain.

"He was sellin' horses on the green; this was the last one he had. An' he 's gone now—— I—don't—know where."

"Well, I 'm sure I don't know what is to be done with the poor beast," said Mrs. Breese, with an accumulative sigh "Here 's your father sick. I can't say anything to *him* about it. *He'd* build a new barn for him, I suppose; the more woe-begone a creature is, the more worry he makes over it. There is n't room in our little barn for your horse. I should say, let him go and do what he pleases with himself,—only then he would suffer and be abused, I suppose, and he looks as if he had had enough of that, poor thing! We must manage to take care of him in some way until your father is well. But where *shall* we put him?"

"There 's room enough in Grandma's barn, an' 'Bijah 'd take care of him for me," said Benny.

"Well, hitch him to the old cherry-tree, give him something to eat, and come and get your own dinner. Oh, dear me! What *will* come next?"

Benny hitched his property to an ancient cherry-tree that was a good match for him, and gave him some oats; and the way those oats were absorbed—the way that horse and those oats merged and blended and melted into each other—the way the horse went into the oats and the way the oats went into the horse—made Benny stand astonished.

When he and his own dinner had been similarly combined, Mrs. Breese said:

"Now, Benny, if you can get this animal over

to Grandma's, I think you 'd better take him there and see if they 'll keep him for you awhile, until Father 's well and can dispose of him in some suitable way."

"Well," said Benny, "better put up plenty o' bread and butter for me, 'cause it 'll be next week before I get to Grandma's with *him*."

"There 's nothing else to be done," said his mother; "and if you find it tedious, you 'll be the more likely to keep away from horse auctions."

But when Benny unhitched his nag and started off with him, he found the oats had lent a small impetus, and the bundle of bones hipperty-hopped along about as fast as Benny wanted to walk, and they reached Grandma's in about fifty minutes. A mile in twenty-five minutes was a good record for that kind of a horse.

He heared a saw going "kzee-kzee-kzee-kzee-qrrrrr," and concluded he should find 'Bijah officiating at the wood-pile, so he led his Rosinante around there, and came upon 'Bijah like a solemn vision. 'Bijah stopped his sawing with a jerk.

"Hullo!" said he; "whose racer hav' ye there, Benny?"

"He 's mine," said Benny. "I bought him at an auction."

He was n't going to let 'Bijah know how he had been taken in. He would put a bold face upon it, and let 'Bijah suppose that this particular horse was the very thing of all others in the world that he wanted.

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, looking the horse over with an eye partly shut, to get a very fine focus, and then looked Benny over with one of his noon-day smiles. "Why, it 's very clever in ye, Benny, to stand there a-talkin' to *me*—you, the owner of a *hoss*. Mebby you 've got money to lend?"

"No," said Benny, "I don't want to lend any money, but I 'll lend you the horse."

"You *don't say!*" said 'Bijah, looking astounded and incredulous. "Why, you 're *more 'n* clever, Benny!"

"Oh, I would n't lend him to every fellow, you know," said Benny, with a knowing grin. "But seein' it 's you, 'Bijah, I 'll let *you* have him for his keepin'."

'Bijah sat down on the saw-horse and roared with delight.

"Oh, dear me! You 're a sharp un, Benny," he gasped. "You 'll come out one o' those railroad chaps yet. What 'd ye give for yer hoss?"

"I 'm not going to tell what I gave for him," said Benny. "Where shall I put him, 'Bijah? *I* do n't know what to do with him, you see, an' I 've *got* to keep him here."

"Oh, ho! that 's a hoss of another color. Why, *we* have n't any place good enough for *him*," said 'Bijah, stepping up to the animal and making a critical examination of his "points"—(uncommonly sharp they were, and plenty of them). "He aint such an *old* hoss as he looks," he continued, examining his teeth. "Walk him round a little, Benny."

'Bijah watched the creature as he limped along, and then he lifted and examined one after another of the horse's feet.

"It 's his off hind ankle," said he. "A sprain, I guess, an' he 's got the scratches some; but ther 's not so very much the matter with the beast, after all. Who under the canopy could have abused a hoss like that and let him run down so? Yes, I guess I 'll take the loan of him, Benny, if your Grandma 's willin'."

This was only a question of form, for Benny always did about as he pleased at Grandma's, and he and 'Bijah both knew very well that he could keep a four-in-hand turnout there if he chose. As a matter of course, therefore, Benny's horse was installed in the farm stable, and invited to a share of the oats and an interest in the pasture with the other horses—an invitation to which he responded with alacrity; and his interest in those things was so deep and vital as to make it a matter of positive indifference to him that those other horses laughed their derisive horse-laughs at his gaunt ugliness and ungainly gait. He sniffed a sniff of scorn with all the breath he could spare, and cared not a flip of his tail for social suffrage, but gave his whole undivided soul to oats and the juicy dainties of the pasture. 'Bijah, who, among other wonderful accomplishments, was a kind of horse-doctor, bathed his feet with a solution of copperas to cure the scratches, and bandaged his sprained ankle skillfully with wonderful liniment of his own manufacture, and the poor old horse sometimes felt like laughing himself; but he only smiled inwardly. It could n't exactly be said that he laughed in his sleeve, but he privately smiled at some things he knew which those other horses did n't know.

Benny, meantime, neither thought nor cared about the old nag. It was off his hands, and his interest, just then, was with Cap'n Gills's sloop, on which he was frequently invited to take a sail. All his spare time, therefore, was given to navigation. Mrs. Breese's anxiety about Mr. Breese made her also forget Benny's horse, but one morning she said:

"Your father 's going to take a drive up to the farm this morning, Benny; he does n't feel very strong, and I guess you 'd better drive for him. By the way, that old horse of yours is up there still; you 'd better ask Father to look at him and see what it is best to do with him. It is really an imposition to have left him there all this while."

Mr. Breese also declared, when he heard about the horse, that his case must be attended to directly.

He and Benny drove into the barn when they reached Grandma's, and Benny called with a loud voice for 'Bijah; but no 'Bijah was to be found.

"The old horse 's here somewhere, I s'pose," said Benny, peering into the stalls, one after another. "No, he is n't, though. He 's out in the pasture, I guess."

"There 's an extra horse here, though," said Mr. Breese. "Here are Tom and Jim and Bill, and there 's another one besides. Is this your horse, Benny?"

"No, *sir*," said Benny; "my horse looked like that ladder there, stood up on pegs. This fellow 's a beauty—eh, Father?"

"Yes, he is a fine creature. But Grandma would scarcely buy a new horse, for she does n't need one. I wonder what he 's doing here?"

They found Grandma in her chintz-covered rocking-chair, just where Benny had always found her ever since he could remember, and she looked over the same silver-bowed spectacles, with the same serene smile, at "that boy Benny," who was never the same, but was bigger and louder and more out of bounds every time she saw him.

"I say, Grandma," began Benny, hardly waiting for the good-mornings and Grandma's kiss, "what horse is that out in the barn with your's?"

"Oh, it 's a horse we 're boarding for a friend of mine," said Grandma.

"What 's become of *my* old horse?" asked Benny, with a look of disgust; for, besides that beast's personal unloveliness, the thought of him always reminded Benny of the lost shot-gun.

"You 'll have to ask 'Bijah about him," said Grandma. "Ring the bell, and he 'll come."

Benny rang the bell with such vigor that 'Bijah came in breathless haste.

"Oh, it 's that hoss, is it?" said he, when Benny asked for his steed. "I thought it was fire, or tramps. Wall, Benny," he continued, with an anxious face, "I hope ye wont mourn much about that old hoss; he was n't very good-lookin', ye know, an' he was very lame."

"Oh, I don't care anything about him," said Benny, with a droll grimace, intended to express his low opinion of the animal. "If he 's dead, so much the better. Father said he was afraid he 'd have to be shot."

"But seein' that you want a hoss, Benny," pursued 'Bijah, "I 've got one that ye might like. Want to look at him?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Benny.

"I 'll bring him round to the south door; you wait there," said 'Bijah, taking Benny by the shoulders and turning him back to the house.

'Bijah went down to the barn, and returned leading a glossy chestnut animal, slender and clean-limbed, that carried his head complacently and pricked the turf daintily as he advanced. He looked like a lady's pet, and seemed as gentle as a kitten. To crown all, he was saddled with a fine new saddle. Benny's heart glowed with desire.

"Want to try him?" asked 'Bijah.

"Want to? *Want to?*" Benny's very soul leaped as he sprang into the saddle and moved off like a cavalier.

Mr. Breese came to the door and admired the horse and his boy. It was a fine sight to see them together. He felt that such a horse was made for such a boy. 'Bijah sustained his impression by saying:

"Jest the horse for Benny, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Breese, with a little sigh; "I wish I could afford such a horse as that for my boy."

Benny paused in his cantering and echoed the wish.

"Wall," said 'Bijah, answering Mr. Breese, "I reckon 't would n't be hard to buy him cheap. I heard the gentleman he belongs to sayin' he did n't care anythin' about him."

"Whom does he belong to?" asked Mr. Breese.

"A young man of the name of Benny Breese."

"What, *me?*" shouted Benny, catching his breath.

"How 's that?" asked Mr. Breese, in blank amazement.

"Why, you see," explained 'Bijah, "this Mr. Benny Breese brought a miser'ble, starved-to-death skeliton of a hoss here, so lame that every step was a miracle, an' he said we might have him for his keepin'."

"*This* is n't the horse?" exclaimed Mr. Breese, in a tone of astonishment.

"Wall, 't is an' 't is n't," said 'Bijah, with a discriminating squint. "I took the skeliton for a frame to start on, an' built up on it some, an' I think it looks consider'ble like a hoss now; don't it?"

"I should think so!" said Mr. Breese. "But, 'Bijah, the horse is yours. You 've built him up out of nothing."

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, with a modest wag of his head and a full blaze of smiling satisfaction on his honest face. "If that 's so, I 'll make a present of him to Benny."

Benny came down to the ground in a twinkling. "Oh, you dear old fellow, you!" said he, hugging 'Bijah around the waist. "But where 'd the saddle come from!"

"Oh, I brought it home to try," said 'Bijah. "I guess yer Pa 'n' yer Grandma 'll want you to hev a saddle."

Mr. Breese laughed, and said Benny must, of course, have a saddle.

"And the horse must have a name, I suppose," added he. "'Bijah, you ought to name your own work of art."

"I had to call him something," said 'Bijah. "I can't be a-talkin' to folks all the time and never call 'em by name, so I called him Gen'ral Putnam —Gen'ral Israel Putnam."

And General Israel Putnam he was from that day, and he and Benny Breese were the admired of all admirers as they pranced up and down the streets of Still Harbor. Every boy in town was devoured with envy, and every girl, when she read about "the princely youth" who, "just as the melancholy shades of eve were approaching," or "just as the rosy fingers of the dawn were about to gild the chambers of the east," was seen to "emerge from the gates of the castle seated upon a richly caparisoned palfrey," thought of Benny Breese.

When the morning of the Fourth of July arrived, it was thought to be very appropriate that General Israel Putnam should join in the celebration of the day. There was to be a-gorgeous procession in the morning, a balloon ascension from the Green in the afternoon, and fire-works in the evening. The procession was decided to be the part of the programme in which General Putnam would figure best. Therefore, in due season, on the morning of the glorious day, the General—his mane garnished with red, white, and blue ribbons, with bows of ribbons and knots and garlands of flowers bedecking him generally and profusely, and Benny Breese, in a brand-new jacket and trousers, with a button-hole bouquet and white cotton gloves—pranced down the street to the Green in a spirited way which thrilled every beholder, and took his place in the slowly forming procession as "The Spirit of 1876" (this was the centennial Fourth of July). The balance and offset to Benny was "The Spirit of 1776"—represented by a young farmer's boy, in cocked hat and knee-breeches, wearing the rusty sword with which one of his ancestors had cut down a British soldier in the Revolutionary battle of Still Harbor. These two were to ride side by side in the very head and front of the procession. An admiring crowd surrounded them. While the marshals of the day were getting into line the barouches bearing the dignitaries of the borough, and the chariots of school children, Benny sat looking about in a dignified way, accepting graciously the homage of all beholders. He noticed that that boy who was always getting above him in his class, who beat him at ball, and *owned a shot-gun*, stood in the dust at his feet. He observed that Miss Rose Roberts, who had a way of making him feel very clumsy and low-spirited, was looking on from the piazza of her house, which stood on the Green. His father and mother, and especially his sister Fanny, would now see, he hoped, what a superior boy he was.

The files were formed, the marshals took their places beside the ranks, and the band started up.

The *band* started up, did I say? General Israel Putnam started up as well,—up, *up*, UP, on his hind legs, and Benny Breese went down, *down*, DOWN, and was soon keeping company in the dust with the unworthy boy who owned the shot-gun. A broad space soon cleared itself around General Putnam, who, greatly to the dishonor of his name, moved out of the procession, still on his hind legs, and began a regular motion, from side to side, forward and back, all the while gracefully waving his fore legs in the air, after the manner of the most approved trained circus horses. Benny arose and stood in the dust with the crowd.

Have you heard of the Spartan boy who, when a coal of fire dropped into his sleeve, let it remain there until it had burned a deep hole in his flesh, and made no sign, moved not a muscle? That boy had a rival in Benny as he stood and gazed on the General. Blank wonder kept him rooted in silence to the spot; but he was also a spunky boy, and clung to his dignity even when the owner of the shot-gun shouted, "The Down-spirit of '76!" Down he was, and somewhat down-spirited, too, but he held up his head and appeared to be the most absorbed and interested of all the spectators.

Apparently, General Putnam meant never to give up dancing until the band gave up playing. On, still on, went the jig, to the rare delight of every small boy and the amazement of their elders.

The procession moved on disregarded, but everybody elbowed and tiptoed, craned his neck or got up on a fence, to see the dancing horse.

Suddenly there was a misstep—an interference,—a something wrong,—and poor General Putnam reeled and came down with a gigantic flop upon the ground.

Then ensued confusion, made up of renewed efforts to see, shouts of derision, and exclamations of pity. The crowd closed around the poor horse until the sheriff made his appearance and drove it back, to let the animal get up if he could. With some help, he struggled to his feet, and stood there, the very picture of baffled ambition, of disgraceful failure—a meek and tousled-looking horse, at any rate. His knots and garlands gay were torn and awry. He was but the caricature of that noble steed which came caracoling and curveting down the street but an hour before.

Benny took him by his bridle, and led him limping slowly away.

The mystery of his former neglected condition

was explained. He had evidently been a part of some show, and when, from some cause or other, he had become unable to perform his feats without stumbling and failure, he had lost his value as a trained horse; his training made him unsafe for ordinary purposes; he was too "light" for a work-horse, and he had consequently been sold cheap to one person, and another, and had been variously neglected and abused, until he became the wreck of a horse that Benny "had bid on for fun."

Mrs. Breese declared that Benny should never ride that horse again — there was no knowing what the beast's immoral education would lead him to do next. But Mr. Breese said, "Pshaw! nonsense! Benny must learn to stick to his horse, and keep away from the Still Harbor Brass Band."

Benny did learn to stick to his horse. I have seen him ride through the streets of Still Harbor standing as straight as a ramrod on that horse's back. It is generally believed that there is some mysterious, not to say uncanny, understanding between the two. They perform most wonderful maneuvers, but which really does the maneuvering nobody can find out. But Benny's neck is still unbroken, which is, and ever will be, the great Still Harbor mystery.



THE LITTLE BROTHER. ——DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

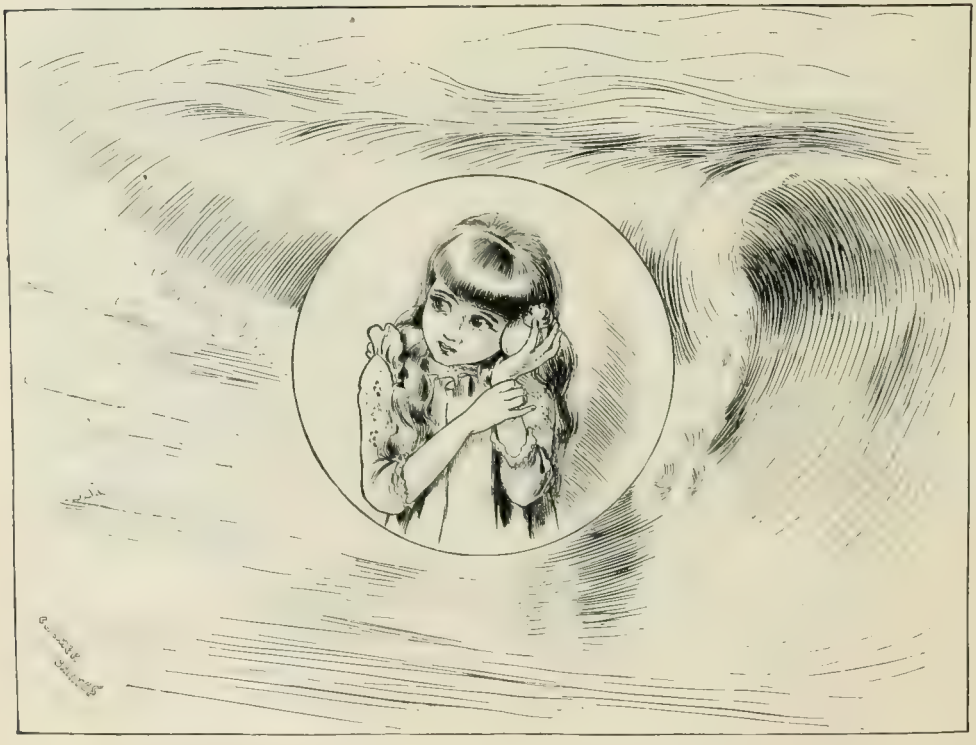
"BOYS."

By John S. Adams.

Sturdy little farmer boy, tell me how you know
When 't is time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow.
Do the hens "with yellow legs"
Scold you when you hunt for eggs?
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?
Do the pigs in concert squeal
When you bring their evening meal?
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I 'd like to know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.
Do you find it pretty hard
Clinging to the topsail yard?
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you 'll go?
Do they let you take a light
When you go aloft at night?
Tell me, little sailor boy, for I 'd like to know.

Little boys of every kind, tell me how you know
That 't is time ere school begins rather ill to grow.
Does the pain increase so fast
That 't is terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce when too late to go?
Do you think I am a dunce?
Was n't I a school-boy once?
Tell me, all you little boys, for I 'd like to know.



LITTLE GIRL WITH THE SHELL: "WHY, IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE ROAR OF THE OCEAN!"



NINTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"THERE'S plenty of time for another. Let the little folk go to bed, now that they 've had their story, and then please bring out the next story, Auntie," cried Min, when all had listened with more interest than they would avow to the children's tale.

So the small people trotted off, much against their will, and this most obliging of aunts drew forth another manuscript, saying, as she glanced at several of her elder nieces, brave in the new trinkets Santa Claus had sent them:

"This is a story with a moral to it which the girls will understand; the boys can take naps while I read, for it will not interest them."

"If it shows up the girls, we shall like it," answered Geoff, as he composed himself to hear and enjoy the tale of

DAISY'S JEWEL BOX, AND HOW SHE FILLED IT.

"It would be perfectly delightful, and just what I long for, but I don't see how I *can* go with nothing fit to wear," said Daisy, looking up from the letter in her hand, with a face full of girlish eagerness and anxiety.

Mrs. Field set every fear at rest with a re-assuring smile, as she quietly made one of the sacrifices mothers think so small, when made for the dear creatures for whom they live.

"You shall go, dear; I have a little sum put by for an emergency. Twenty-five dollars will do a great deal, when tastes are simple and we do our own dress-making."

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much I can't bear to have you give it up," said sober little Jane, the home-girl, who unlike her gay elder sister, never cared for visiting.

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over my old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure. She needs a change after this dull autumn, and she must be neat and nice."

Janey said no more, and fell to thinking what she had to offer Daisy; for both took great pride in the pretty girl, who was the queen among her young friends.

Daisy heard, but was so busy re-reading the letter that she took no notice then, though she recalled the words later.

"Come and pass the holidays with us. We all wish to see you, and Laura begs you will not disappoint her."

This was the invitation that came from Laura's mother; for the two girls had struck up a great friendship during the summer the city family passed in the little country town where Daisy lived. She had ardently hoped that Laura would not forget the charming plan, and now the cordial message came just when the season would be gayest in town.

"I suppose I must have the everlasting white muslin for a party dress, as that is the cheapest thing a girl can wear. A nun's-veiling is what I long for, but I 'm afraid we can't afford it," she said, with a sigh, coming back from visions of city delights to the all-important question of dress.

"Yes, we can, and new ribbons, gloves, and slippers as well. You are so small that it does n't take much, and we can make it up ourselves. So run and collect all your little finery, while I go and do the shopping at once."

"You dearest of mothers! how you always manage to give me what I want, and smooth all my worries away. I 'll be as good as gold, and bring you the best present I can find."

Daisy's grateful kiss warmed the dear woman's heart, and made her forget how shabby the old sack was, as she hastened away to spend the money carefully hoarded for the much-needed cloak.

Needles and fingers flew, and two days before Christmas, Daisy set out for the enchanted city, feeling very rich with the pretty new dress in her trunk and with five dollars for pocket money. It seemed a large sum to the country girl, and she planned to spend it all in gifts for mother and Janey, whose tired faces rather haunted her after she had caught the last glimpse of them.

Her reception was a warm one; for all the Vaughns were interested in the blooming little maiden they had found among the hills, and did their best to make her visit a pleasant one. The first day she was in a delightful sort of maze,—things were so splendid, gay and new; the second, she felt awkward and countrified, and wished she had not come. A letter from her mother on Christmas morning did her good, and gave her courage to bear the little trials that afflicted her.

"My clothes do look dowdy beside Laura's elegant costumes, though they seemed very nice at home; but my hair is n't red, and that 's a comfort," she said to herself, as she dressed for the party that evening.

She could not help smiling at the bonny figure she saw in the long mirror, and wishing Mother and Janey could see the work of their hands in all its glory; for the simple white dress was very becoming, and her kind host had supplied her with lovely flowers for belt and bouquet.

But the smile faded as she took up her one ornament,—an antique necklace, given her by an old aunt. At home it was considered a very rare and beautiful thing, and Daisy had been rather proud of her old-fashioned chain till she saw Laura's collection of trinkets, the variety and brilliancy of which dazzled her eyes, and woke a burning desire in her to possess treasures of the same sort. It was some consolation to find that the most striking were not very expensive; and after poring over them with deep interest, Daisy privately resolved to buy as many as her five dollars would procure. These new ornaments could be worn during her visit, and serve as gifts when she went home; so the extravagance would not be so great as it seemed.

This purpose comforted her, as she put on the old necklace, which looked very dingy beside the Rhine-stones that flashed, the silver bangles that clashed, and the gilded butterflies, spiders, arrows, flowers, and daggers that shone on the young girls whom she met that evening. Their fine dresses she could not hope to imitate, but a pin and a pair of bracelets were possible, and she resolved to have them, if she had to borrow money to get home.

Her head was quite turned by this desire for the cheap trinkets which attract all feminine eyes nowadays; and when, among the pretty things that came to her from the Christmas-tree that night, she received a blue plush jewel-box, she felt that it was almost a duty to fill it as soon as possible.

"Is n't it a beauty? I never had one, and it is just what I wanted!" said Daisy, delightedly lifting the trayful of satin beds for pretty things, and pulling out the little drawer underneath, where the giver's card lay.

"I told papa a work-box or a fan would be better; but he liked this and he would buy it," explained Laura, who knew how useless it was to her friend.

"It was very kind of him, and I prefer the jewel-box to either of those. I 've nothing but my old chain and a shabby little pin to put in it now, but I 'll fill it in time," answered Daisy, whose eyes seemed to behold the unbought treasures already reposing on the dainty cushion.

"Real jewels are the best, my dear, for their worth and beauty are never lost. The tinsel that girls wear now is poor stuff, and money is thrown away in buying it," said Mrs. Vaughn, who overheard them and guessed the temptation which beset the young country girl.

Daisy looked conscious, but answered with a smile, and a hand on her necklace: "This old thing would n't look well in my pretty box, so I 'll leave it empty till I can afford something better."

"But that antique chain is worth many mock diamonds; for it is genuine, and its age adds to its value. Lovers of such things would pay a good price for that and keep it carefully. So don't be ashamed of it, my dear,—though this pretty throat needs no ornament," added Mrs. Vaughn, hoping the girl would not forget the little lesson she was trying to give her.

Daisy did not; but when she went to bed, she set the jewel-box on the table where it would meet her eyes on her awakening in the morning, and then she fell asleep trying to decide that she would buy no baubles, since there were better things for which to spend her money

Nothing more was said; but as the two girls went about the gay streets on various pleasant errands, Daisy never could pass the jewelers' windows without stopping to yearn over the trays full of enchanting ornaments. More than once, when alone, she went in to inquire the prices of these much-coveted trifles, and their cheapness made the temptation harder to resist. Certain things had a sort of fascination for her, and seemed to haunt her in an uncanny way, giving her no peace. A golden rose with a diamond drop of dew on its leaves bloomed in her very dreams; an en-

ameled butterfly flew before her as she walked, and a pair of silver bangles rattled in her ears like goblin castanets.

"I shall not be safe till I spend that money, so I might as well decide on something and be at peace," said poor Daisy, after some days of this girlish struggle; "I need n't buy anything for mother and Janey, for I can share my nice and useful presents with them; but I should like to be able to show the girls my lovely jewel-box with something pretty in it,—and I will! Laura need n't know anything about it, for I 'm sure she 'd think it silly, and so would her mother. I 'll slip in now and buy that rose; it 's only three dollars, and the other two will buy one *porte-bonheur*, or the dear butterfly."

Making her way through the crowd that always stood before the brilliant window, Daisy went in and demanded the rose; then, somewhat frightened by this reckless act, she paused, and decided to look farther before buying anything else. With a pleasant little flutter of the heart, as the pretty trinket was done up, she put her hand into her pocket to pay for it, and all the color died out of her cheeks when she found no purse there. In vain she pulled out handkerchief, keys, and pin-cushion; no sign of money was found but a ten-cent piece which had fallen out at some time. She looked so pale and dismayed that the shopman guessed her misfortune before she told it; but all the comfort he offered was the useless information that the crowded corner was a great place for pickpockets.

There was nothing to be done but to return the rose and go sadly home, feeling that fate was very cruel to snatch away this long-coveted happiness when so nearly won. Like the milk-maid who upset her pail while planning which ribbons would become her best, poor Daisy's dreams of splendor came to a sudden end; for instead of a golden rose, she was left with only ten cents, and not even a purse to put it in.

She went home angry, disappointed, and ashamed, but too proud to complain, though not able to keep the loss to herself; for it was a sad affair, and her face betrayed her in spite of her efforts to be gay.

"I know you were staring at the French diamonds in that corner store. I never can get you by there without a regular tug," cried Laura, when the tale was very briefly told.

"I can't help it; I 'm perfectly fascinated by those foolish things, and I know I should have bought some; so it is as well that I lost my money, perhaps," answered Daisy, looking so innocently penitent and so frankly disappointed that Mr. Vaughn said kindly:

"So it is, for now I have a chance to complete my Christmas present. I was not sure it would suit, so I gave it empty. Please use this in buying some of the 'fascinating things' you like so well."

A bright ten-dollar gold piece was slipped into Daisy's hand, and she was obliged to keep it, in spite of all her protestations that she could live without trinkets, and did not need any money, as her ticket home was already bought. Mrs. Vaughn added a nice little purse, and Laura advised her to keep the lone ten-cent piece for a good-luck penny.

"Now I can do it with a free mind, and fill my box as Mr. Vaughn wishes me to. Wont it be fun?" thought Daisy, as she skipped upstairs after dinner, a load of care lifted from her spirits.

Laura was taking a music lesson, so her guest went to the sewing-room to mend the facing of her dress, which some one had stepped on while she stood in that fatal crowd. A seamstress was there, sewing as if for a wager, and while Daisy stitched her braid, she wondered if there were any need of such haste; for the young woman's fingers seemed to fly, a feverish color was in her cheeks, and now and then she sighed as if tired or worried.

"Let me help, if you are in a hurry, Miss White. I can sew fast, and know something of dress-making. Please let me. I 'd love to do anything for Mrs. Vaughn, she is so kind to me," said Daisy, when her small job was done, lingering to make the offer, though an interesting book was waiting in her room.

"Thank you, I think I can get through by dark. I do want to finish, for my Mother is sick, and needs me as well as the money," answered the needle-woman, pausing to give the girl a grateful smile, then stitching away faster than ever.

"Then I must help. Give me that sleeve to sew up, and do you rest a little. You look dreadfully tired, and you 've been working all day," insisted Daisy.

"That 's very kind, and it would be a great help, if you really like it," answered Miss White, with a sigh of relief, as she handed over the sleeve, and saw how heartily and helpfully Daisy fell to work.

Of course, they talked; for the friendly act opened both hearts, and did both girls good. As the younger listened to the little story of love and labor, the gold burned in her pocket, and tinsel trinkets looked very poor beside the sacrifices so sweetly made by this good daughter for the feeble mother whose comfort and support she was.

"Our landlord has raised the rent, but I can't move now, for the cold and the worry would kill Mother; so I 'm tugging away to pay the extra money, or he will turn us out, I 'm afraid."

"Why don't you tell Mrs. Vaughn? She helps every one, and loves to do it."

"So she does, bless her! She has done a deal for us, and that's why I can't ask for more. I wont beg while I can work, but worry wears on me, and if I break down, what *will* become of Mother?"

Poor Mary shook the tears out of her eyes, for daylight was going, and she had no time to cry; but Daisy stopped to wonder how it would seem to be in her place, "tugging away" day after day to keep a roof over mother. It made her heart ache to think of it, and sent her hand to her pocket with a joyful sense of power; for alms-giving was a new pleasure, and Daisy felt very rich.

"I 've had a present to-day, and I 'd love dearly to share it with you, if you would n't mind. I shall only waste it, so do let me send it to your mother in any shape you like," she said, in a timid, but very earnest way.

"O Miss Field! I could n't do it! you are too kind; I never thought of hinting"—began Mary, quite overcome by this unexpected proposal.

Daisy settled the matter by running away to the study, where Mr. Vaughn was napping, to ask him if he would give her two fives for the gold piece.

"Ah! the fascination is at work, I see; and we can't wait till Monday to buy the pretty things. Girls will be girls, and must sow their innocent wild oats I suppose. Here, my dear; beware of pickpockets, and good luck to the shopping," said the old gentlemen, as he put two crisp bills into her hands, with a laugh.

"Pickpockets wont get this, and I *know* my shopping will prosper now," answered Daisy, in such a happy tone that Mr. Vaughn wondered what plan was in the girl's head to make her look so sweet and glad.

She went slowly upstairs, looking at the two bills, which did not seem half so precious as when in the shape of gold.

"I wonder if it would be very extravagant to give her all of it. I shall do some silly thing if I keep it. Her boots were very thin, and she coughs, and if she is sick it will be dreadful. Suppose I give her five for herself, and five for her mother. I 'd love to feel rich and generous for once in my life, and give real help."

The house was very still, and Daisy paused at the head of the stairs to settle the point, little dreaming that Mrs. Vaughn had heard the talk in the sewing-room, and saw her as she stood thoughtfully staring at the two bits of paper in her hand.

"I should n't feel ashamed if Mrs. Vaughn found me out in this, but I should never dare to let her see my bangles and pins, if I should buy them. I know she thinks them silly, especially so for me. She said she hoped I 'd set a good example to Laura, in the way of simplicity and industry. I liked that, and Mother 'll like it, too. But then, my jewel-box! All empty, and such a pretty thing.—Oh, dear, I wish I could be wise and silly at the same time!"

Daisy sighed, and took a few more steps, then smiled, pulled out her purse, and taking the ten-cent piece, tossed it up, saying, "Heads, Mary; tails, myself."

Up flew the bright little coin, and down it came with the goddess of liberty uppermost.

"That settles it; she shall have the ten, and I 'll be content with the old chain for all my jewelry," said Daisy aloud; and looking much relieved, she danced away, leaving the unsuspected observer to smile at her girlish mode of deciding the question, and to rejoice over the generous nature unspoiled as yet.

Mrs. Vaughn watched her young guest with new interest during the next few days; for certain fine plans were in her mind, and every trifle helped the decision for or against.

Mary White went smiling home that night to rejoice with her feeble mother over the help that came so opportunely and so kindly.

Daisy looked as if her shopping *had* prospered wonderfully, though the old necklace was the only ornament she wore; and those who saw her happy face at the merry-making thought that she needed no other. She danced as if her feet were as light as her heart, and enjoyed that party more than the first; for no envy spoiled her pleasure, and a secret content brightened all the world to her.

But the next day she discovered that temptation still had power over her, and she nearly spoiled her first self-conquest by the fall which is very apt to come after a triumph, as if to show us how hard it is to stand fast, even when small allurements get in our way.

She broke the clasp of the necklace, and Mrs. Vaughn directed her to a person who mended such things. The man examined it with interest, and asked its history. Daisy very willingly told all she knew, inquiring if it was really valuable.

"I 'd give twenty-five dollars for it any time. I 've been trying to get one to go with a pair of ear-rings I picked up, and this is just what I want. Of course, you don't care to sell it, miss?" he asked, glancing at Daisy's simple dress and rather excited face, for his offer had fairly startled her.

She was not sufficiently worldly-wise to see that the jeweler wanted it enough to give more for it, nor to make a good bargain for herself. Twenty-five dollars seemed a vast sum, and she only paused to collect her wits before she answered eagerly:

"Yes, I *should* like to sell it; I 've had it so long, that I 'm tired of it, and it 's all out of fashion.

Mrs. Vaughn told me some people would be glad to get it, because it is genuine. Do you really think it is worth twenty-five dollars?"

"It 's old, and I shall have to tinker it up; but it matches the ear-rings so well, I am willing to pay well for it. Will you take the money now, Miss, or think it over and call again?" asked the man, more respectfully, after hearing Mrs. Vaughn's name.

"I 'll take it now, if you please. I shall leave town in a day or two, and may not have time to call again," said Daisy, taking a half-regretful look at the chain, as the man counted out the money.

Holding it fast, she went away, feeling that this unexpected fortune was a reward for the good use she had made of her gold piece.

"Now I can buy some really valuable ornament, and wear it without being ashamed. What shall it be? No tinsel for me this time;" and she walked by the attractive shop-window with an air of lofty indifference, for she really was getting over her first craze for that sort of thing.

Feeling as if she possessed the power to buy real diamonds, Daisy turned toward the great jewelers, pausing now and then to look for some pretty gift for Janey, to be bought with her own money.

"What can I get for Mother? She never owns that she needs anything, and goes shabby so I can be fine. I could get some of those fine, thick stockings; hers are all darns,— but they might not fit. Flannel is useful, but it is n't a pretty present. What *does* she need most?"

As Daisy stopped before a great window, full of all manner of comfortable garments, her eye fell on a fur-lined cloak marked "$25." It seemed to answer her question like a voice, and as she looked at it she heard again the words:

"'But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much ——'

"'Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over the old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure.'"

"How could I forget that! What a selfish girl I am, to be thinking of jewelry, when that dear, good Mother has n't a cloak to her back. Daisy Field, I 'm ashamed of you! Go in and buy that nice warm one at once, and don't let me hear of that ridiculous box again."

After this little burst of remorse and self-reproach, Daisy took another look; and prudence suggested asking the advice of some more experienced shopper than herself, before making so important a purchase. As if the fates were interested in settling the matter at once, while she stood undecided Mary White came down the street, with a parcel of work in her hands.

"Just the person! The Vaughns need n't know anything about it; and Mary is a good judge."

It was pleasant to see the two faces brighten as the girls met; rather comical to watch the deep interest with which one listened and the other explained; and beautiful to hear the grateful eagerness in Mary's voice, as she answered cordially:

"Indeed, I will! You 've been so kind to my Mother, there 's nothing I would n't be glad to do for yours."

So in they went, and after due consideration, the cloak was bought and ordered home,— both girls feeling that it was a little ceremony full of love and good-will; for Mary's time was money, yet she gave it gladly, and Daisy's purse was left empty of all but the good-luck penny, which was to bring still greater happiness in unsuspected ways.

Another secret was put away in the empty jewel-box, and the cloak hidden in Daisy's trunk; for she felt shy of telling her little business transactions, lest the Vaughns should consider her extravagant. But the thought of her mother's surprise and pleasure warmed her heart, and made the last days of her visit the happiest. Being a mortal girl, she did give a sigh as she tied a bit of black velvet around her white throat, instead of the necklace, which seemed really a treasure now that it was gone; and she looked with great disfavor at the shabby little pin, worn where she had fondly hoped to see the golden rose. She put a real rose in its place, and never knew that her own fresh, happy face was as lovely; for the thought of the two mothers made comfortable by her was better than all the pearls and diamonds that fell from the lips of the good girl in the fairy tale.

"Let me help you pack your trunk; I love to cram things in, and dance on the lid when it wont shut," said Laura, joining her friend next day, just as she had well hidden the cloak-box under a layer of clothes.

"Thank you, I 've almost finished, and rather like to fuss over my own things in my own way. You wont mind if I give this pretty box of handkerchiefs to Mother, will you, dear? I have so many things, I must go halves with some one. The muslin apron and box of bonbons are for Janey, because she can't wear the gloves, and this lovely *jabot* is too old for her," said Daisy, surveying her new possessions with girlish satisfaction.

"Do what you like with your own. Mamma has a box of presents for your mother and sister. She is packing it now, but I don't believe you can get it in; your trunk seems to be so full. This must go in a safe place, or your heart will break," and Laura took up the jewel-box, adding with a laugh, as she opened it, "you have n't filled it, after all! What did you do with papa's gold piece?"

"That 's a secret. I 'll tell some day, but not

yet," said Daisy, diving into her trunk to hide the color in her cheeks.

"Sly thing! I know you have silver spiders and filagree racquets, and Rhine-stone moons and stars stowed away somewhere and wont confess it. I wanted to fill this box, but Mamma said you 'd do it better yourself, so I let it alone; but I was afraid you 'd think I was very selfish to have a pin for every day in the month and never give you one," said Laura, as she looked at the single little brooch reposing on the satin cushion. "Where 's your chain?" she added, before Daisy could speak.

"It is safe enough. I 'm tired of it, and don't care if I never see it again." And Daisy packed away, and laughed as she smoothed the white dress in its tray, remembering that it was paid for by the sale of the old necklace.

"Give it to me, then. I like it immensely; it 's so odd. I 'll exchange for anything of mine you choose. Will you?" asked Laura, who seemed bent on asking inconvenient questions.

"I shall have to tell, or she will think me ungrateful," thought Daisy, not without a pang of regret even then, for Laura's offer was a generous one.

"Well, like George Washington, 'I can not tell a lie'; so I must confess that I sold it, and spent the money for something I wanted very much,—not jewelry, but something to give away," she said.

Daisy was spared further confessions by the entrance of Mrs. Vaughn, with a box in her hand.

"I have room for something more. Give me that, Laura, it will just fit in;" and taking the little jewel-box, she added, "Mary White wishes you to try on your dress, Laura. Go at once; I will help Daisy."

Laura went, and her mother stood looking down at the kneeling girl with an expression of affectionate satisfaction which would have puzzled Daisy, had she seen it.

"Has the visit been a pleasant one, my dear?"

"Oh, very! I can't thank you enough for the good it has done me. I hope I can pay a little of the debt next summer, if you come our way again," cried Daisy, looking up with a face full of gratitude.

"We shall probably go to Europe for the summer. Laura is of a good age for it now, and we all shall enjoy it."

"How delightful! We shall miss you very much, but I 'm glad you are going, and I hope Laura will find time to write me now and then. I shall want to know how she likes the 'foreign parts' we 've talked about so much."

"You *shall* know. We shall not forget you, my dear," and with a caressing touch on the smiling yet wistful face upturned to hers, Mrs. Vaughn went away to pack the empty jewel-box, leaving Daisy to drop a few irrepressible tears on the new gown, over the downfall of her summer hopes, and the longings all girls feel for that enchanted world that lies beyond the sea.

"We shall see you before we go, so we wont gush now," said Laura, as she bade her friend good-bye, adding in a whisper, "Some folk can have secrets as well as other folk, and be as sly. So don't think you have all the fun to yourself, you dear, good, generous darling."

Daisy looked bewildered, and Mrs. Vaughn added to her surprise by kissing her very warmly as she said: "I wished to find a good friend for my spoiled girl, and I think I have succeeded."

There was no time for explanation, and all the way home Daisy kept wondering what they meant. But she forgot everything when she saw the dear faces beaming at the door, and ran straight into her mother's arms, while Janey hugged the trunk till her turn came for something better.

When the first raptures were over, out came the cloak; and Daisy was well repaid for her little trials and sacrifices when she was folded in it as her mother held her close, and thanked her as mothers only can. Sitting in its soft shelter, she told all about it, and coming to the end said, as she took up the jewel-box, unpacked with the other generous gifts: "I have n't a thing to put in it, but I shall value it because it taught me a lesson which I hope I never shall forget. See how pretty it is!" and opening it, Daisy gave a cry of surprise and joy, for there lay the golden rose, with Laura's name and "*Sub rosa*" on a slip of paper.

"The dear thing! she knew I wanted it, and that is what she meant by 'secrets.' I 'll write and tell her mine to-morrow."

"Here is something more," said Janey, who had been lifting the tray while her sister examined the long-desired flower.

A pair of real gold bangles shone before her delighted eyes, and a card in Mr. Vaughn's handwriting bore these words: "Handcuffs for the thief who stole the pocket-book."

Daisy hardly had time to laugh gayly at the old gentleman's joke, when Janey cried out, as she opened the little drawer, "Here's another!"

It was a note from Mrs. Vaughn, but all thought it the greatest treasure of the three, for it read:

"DEAR DAISY,— Mary told me some of your secrets, and I found out the others. Forgive me and go to Europe with Laura, in May. Your visit was a little test. You stood it well, and we wish to know more of you. The little box is not quite empty, but the best jewels are the self-denial, sweet charity, and good sense you put in yourself.

"Your friend, A. V."

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks.

VIII.

BRIAN OF MUNSTER: THE BOY CHIEFTAIN. A. D. 927–1014.

[*Afterward Brian Boru, King of Ireland.*]

INTO that picturesque and legend-filled section of Ireland now known as the County Clare, where over rocks and boulders the Shannon, "noblest of Irish rivers," rushes down past Killaloe and Castle Connell to Limerick and the sea, there rode one fair summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad. The skirt of his parti-colored *lenn*, or kilt, was richly embroidered and fringed with gold; his *inar*, or jacket, close-fitting and silver-trimmed, was open at the throat, displaying the embroidered *lenn* and the twisted collar of gold about his sturdy neck, while a deep purple scarf, held the jacket at the waist. A gleaming, golden brooch secured the long plaid shawl, that drooped from his left shoulder; broad bracelets encircled his bare and curiously tattooed arms, and from an odd-looking golden spiral at the back of his head his thick and dark-red hair fell in flowing ringlets upon his broad shoulders. Raw-hide shoes covered his feet, and his bronze shield and short war-ax hung conveniently from his saddle of skins. A strong guard of pikemen and gallowglasses, or heavy-armed footmen, followed at his pony's heels, and seemed an escort worthy a king's son.

A strong-limbed, cleanly-built lad of fifteen was this sturdy young horseman, who now rode down to the Ath na Borumma, or Ford of the Tribute, just above the rapids of the Shannon, near the town of Killaloe. And as he reined in his pony, he turned and bade his herald, Cogoran, sound the trumpet-blast. It was to announce to the Clan of Cas the return, from his years of fosterage, of the young *flaith*, or chieftain, Brian, the son of Kennedy, King of Thomond.

But ere the strong-lunged Cogoran could wind his horn, the hearts of all the company grew numb with fear as across the water the low, clear strains of a warning-song sounded from the haunted gray-stone,—the mystic rock of Carrick-lee, that overhung the tumbling rapids:

"Never yet the beat of foe,
By the ford of Killaloe,
Stopped the crests of heroes free—
Sons of Cas by Carrick-lee.

"Falls the arm that mates the foe,
By the ford of Killaloe;
Chilled the heart that boundeth free,
By the rock of Carrick-lee.

"He who knows not fear of foe,
Fears the ford of Killaloe;
Fears the voice that chants his doom,
From the rock of Carrick-lee."

Young Brian was full of the superstition of his day—superstition that even yet lives amid the simple peasantry of Ireland, and peoples rocks, and woods, and streams with good and evil spirits, fairies, sprites, and banshees; and no real, native Irish lad could fail to tremble before the mysterious song. Sorely troubled, he turned to Cogoran inquiringly, and that faithful retainer said in a rather shaky voice:

"'T is your warning-song, O noble young chief! 't is the voice of the banshee of our clan—of Carrick-lee."

Just then from behind the haunted gray-rock a fair young girl appeared, tripping lightly across the large stepping-stones that furnished the only means of crossing the ford of Killaloe.

"See—see!" said Cogoran, grasping his young lord's arm; "she comes for thee. 'T is thy doom, O Master!"

"So fair a ghost should bring me naught of grief," said young Brian stoutly enough, though it must be confessed his heart beat fast and loud. "O Spirit of the Waters!" he exclaimed, "O banshee of Clan Cas! why thus early in his life dost thou come to summon the son of Kennedy the King?"

The young girl turned startled eyes upon the group of armed and warlike men, and grasping the skirt of her white and purple *lenn*, turned as if to flee,—when Cogoran, with a loud laugh, cried out:

"Now, fool and double fool am I,—fit brother to Sitric the blind! Why, 't is no banshee, O noble young chief, 'tis but thy foster-sister, Eimer, the daughter of Conor, Eimer, the golden-haired!"

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"Nay, is it so?" said Brian, greatly relieved. "Come to us, maiden; come to us," he said. "Fear nothing; 't is but Brian, thy foster-brother, returning to his father's home."

The girl swiftly crossed the ford and bowed her golden head in a vassal's welcome to the young lord.

"Welcome home, O brother," she said. "Even now, my lord, thy father awaits the sound of thy horn as he sits in the great seat beneath his kingly shield. And I——"

"And thou, maiden," said Brian, gayly, "thou must needs lurk behind the haunted rock of Carrick-lee, to freeze the heart of young Brian at his home-coming, with thy banshee-song."



BRIAN MEETS EIMER OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

Eimer of the golden hair laughed a ringing laugh. "Say'st thou so, Brother?" she said. "Does the 'Scourge of the Danes' shrink thus at a maiden's voice?"

"Who calls me the 'Scourge of the Danes'?" asked Brian.

"So across the border do they say that the maidens of King Callaghan's court call the boy Brian, the son of Kennedy," the girl made answer.

"Who faces the Danes, my sister, faces no tender foe," said Brian, "and the court of the king of Cashel is no ladies' hall in these hard-striking times.—But wind thy horn, Cogoran, and cross we the ford to greet the king, my father."

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids, and as the boy and his followers crossed the ford, the gates of the palace, or *dun*, of King Kennedy of Thomond were flung open, and the band of welcomers, headed by Mahon, Brian's eldest brother, rode out to greet the lad.

Nine hundred years ago the tribe of Cas was one of the most powerful of the many Irish clans. The whole of Thomond, or North Munster, was under their sway. When the clans of Munster gathered for battle, it was the right of the Clan of Cas to lead in the attack, and to guard the rear when returning from any invasion. It gave kings to the throne of Munster, and valiant leaders in warfare with the Danes who in the tenth century poured their hosts into Ireland, conquering and destroying. At the period to which our sketch refers, the head of this powerful clan was Cennedigh, or Kennedy, King of Thomond. His son Brian had, in accordance with an old Irish custom, passed his boyhood in "fosterage" at the Court of Callaghan, King of Cashel, in East Munster. Brought up amid warlike scenes, where battles with the Danish invaders were of frequent occurrence, young Brian had now at fifteen completed the years of his fostership, and was a lad of strong and dauntless courage, cool and clear-headed, and a firm foe of Ireland's scourge—the Danes.

The feast of welcome was over. The bards had sung their heroic songs to the accompaniment of the *cruot*, or harp; the fool had played his pranks, and the juggler his tricks, and the chief bard, who was expected to be familiar with "more than seven times fifty stories great and small," had given the best from his list; and as they sat thus in the great hall of the long, low-roofed house of hewn oak that scarcely rose above the stout

earthen ramparts that defended it, swift messengers came bearing news of a great gathering of Danes for the ravaging of Munster and the plundering of the Clan of Cas.

"Thou hast come in right fitting time, O son!" said Kennedy the King. "Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. How say ye, noble lords and worthy chieftain? Dare we face in fight this, so great a host?"

But as chiefs and counselors were discussing the king's question, advising fight or flight as they deemed wisest, young Brian sprung into the assembly, war-ax in hand.

"What, fathers of Clan Cas," he cried, all aflame with excitement, "will ye stoop to parley with hard-hearted pirates—ye, who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any king of all the kings of Erin—ye, who never yielded even the leveret of a hare in tribute to a Dane! 'T is for the Clan of Cas to demand tribute,—not to pay it! Summon our vassals to war. Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute and bid me make test of the lessons of my fostership. Know ye not how the boy champion, Cuchullin of Ulster, held the ford for five long days against all the hosts of Connaught? What boy hath done, boy may do. Death can come but once!"

The lad's impetuous words fired the whole assembly, the gillies and retainers caught up the cry and, with the wild enthusiasm that has marked the quick-hearted Irishman from Brian's day to this, "they all," so says the record, "kissed the ground and gave a terrible shout." Beacon fires blazed from cairn and hill-top, and from "the four points," from north and south and east and west, came the men of Thomond rallying around their chieftains on the banks of Shannon.

With terrible ferocity the Danish hosts fell upon Ireland. From Dublin to Cork the coast swarmed with their war-ships and the land echoed the tramp of their swordmen. Their chief blow was struck at "Broccan's Brake" in the County Meath, and "on that field," says the old Irish record, "fell the kings and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erinn." There fell Kennedy the King and two of his stalwart sons. But at the Ford of the Tribute, Brian, the boy chieftain, kept his post and hurled back again and again the Danes of Limerick as they swarmed up the valley of the Shannon to support their countrymen on the plains of Meath.

The haunted gray-stone of Carrick-lee, from which Brian had heard the song of the supposed banshee, rose sharp and bold above the rushing waters; and against it and around it Brian and his followers stood at bay battling against the Danish hosts. "Ill-luck was it for the foreigner," says the record, "when that youth was born—Brian, the son of Kennedy." In the midst of the fight at the ford, around from a jutting point of the rock of Carrick-lee, a light shallop came speeding down the rapids. In the prow stood a female figure, all in white, from the gleaming golden *lann*, or crescent, that held her flowing veil, to the hem of her gracefully falling *lenn*, or robe. And above the din of the strife a clear voice sang:

"Fast to face the foreign foe,
Fast to strike the battle blow,
Fast to turn from triumph back,
Fast to brave the battle's wrack,
Clan of Cas shall victor be
When they fight at Carrick-lee."

It was, of course, only the brave young Eimer of the golden hair bringing fresh arms in her shallop to Brian and his fighting-men; but as the sun, bursting through the clouds, flashed full upon the shining war-ax which she held aloft, the superstitious Danes saw in the floating figure the "White Lady of the Rapids," the banshee, the fairy guardian of the Clan of Cas. Believing, therefore, that they could not prevail against her powerful aid, they turned and fled in dismay from the river and the haunted rock.

But fast upon young Brian's victory came the tearful news of the battle of Broccan's Brake and the defeat of the Irish kings. Of all the brave lad's family only his eldest brother Mahon escaped from that fatal field; and now he reigned in place of Kennedy, his father, as King of Thomond. But the victorious Danes overran all southern Ireland, and the brothers Mahon and Brian found that they could not successfully face in open field the hosts of their invaders. So they left their mud-walled fortress-palace by the Shannon, and with "all their people and all their chattels" went deep into the forests of Cratloe and the rocky fastnesses of the County Clare; and there they lived the life of robber chieftains, harassing and plundering the Danes of Limerick and their recreant Irish allies, and guarding against frequent surprise and attack. But so hazardous and unsettled a life was terribly exhausting, and "at length each party of them became tired of the other," until finally King Mahon made peace and truce with the Danes of Limerick.

But "Brian the brave" would make no truce with a hated foe. "Tell my brother," he said, when messengers brought him word of Mahon's treaty, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, knows no peace with foreign invaders, and though all others yield and are silent, yet will I never!"

And with this defiance the boy chieftain and "the young champions of the tribe of Cas" went deeper into the woods and fastnesses of County

Clare, and for months kept up a fierce guerilla warfare. The Danish tyrants knew neither peace nor rest from his swift and sudden attacks. Much booty of "satins and silken cloths, both scarlet and green, pleasing jewels and saddles beautiful and foreign" did they lose to this active young chieftain, and much tribute of cows and hogs and other possessions did he force from them. So dauntless an outlaw did he become that his name struck terror from Galway Bay to the banks of Shannon and from Lough Derg to the Burren of Clare. To many an adventurous boy the free and successful outlaw life of this lad of nine centuries ago may seem alluring. But "life in the greenwood" had little romance for such old-time outlaws as Brian Boru and Robin Hood and their imitators. To them it was stern reality, and meant constant struggle and vigilance. They were outcasts and Ishmaels — "their hands against every man and every man's hand against them" — and though the pleasant summer weather brought many sunshiny days and starlit nights, the cold, damp, and dismal days took all the poetry out of this roving life, and sodden forests and relentless foes brought dreary and disheartening hours. Trust me, boys, this so-called "free and jolly life of the bold outlaw," which so many story-papers picture, whether it be in distant Ireland, nine hundred years ago, or in Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood, or with some "Buckeye Jim" on our own Montana hill-sides to-day, is not "what it is cracked up to be." Its attractiveness is found solely in those untruthful tales that give you only the little that seems to be sweet, but say nothing of the much that is so very, very harsh and bitter. Month by month the boy chieftain strove against fearful odds, day by day he saw his brave band grow less and less, dying under the unpitying swords of the Danes and the hardships of this wandering life, until of all the high-spirited and valiant comrades that had followed him into the hills of Clare only fifteen remained.

One chill April day, as Brian sat alone before the gloomy cave that had given him a winter shelter in the depths of the forests of Clare, his quick ear, well trained in wood-craft, caught the sound of a light step in the thicket. Snatching his ever-ready spear he stood on guard and demanded:

"Who is there?"

No answer followed his summons. But as he waited and listened, he heard the notes of a song, low and gentle, as if for his ear alone:

> "Chieftain of the stainless shield,
> Prince who brooks no tribute fee;
> Ne'er shall he to pagan yield
> Who prevailed at Carrick-lee.
> Rouse thee, arm thee, hark and heed,
> Erin's strength in Erin's need."

"'T is the banshee," was the youth's first thought. "The guardian of our clan urgeth me to speedier action."— And then he called aloud: "Who sings of triumph to Brian the heavy-hearted?"

"Be no longer Brian the heavy-hearted; be, as thou ever art, Brian the brave!" came the reply, and through the parting thicket appeared, not the dreamed vision of the banshee, but the fair young face of his foster-sister, Eimer of the golden hair.

"Better days await thee, Brian, my brother," she said; "Mahon the King bids thee meet him at Holy Isle. None dared bring his message for fear of the death-dealing Danes who have circled thee with their earth-lines. But what dare not I do for so gallant a foster-brother?"

With the courtesy that marked the men of even those savage times, the boy chieftain knelt and kissed the hem of the daring little maiden's purple robe.

"And what wishes my brother, the king, O Eimer of the golden hair?" he said. "Knows he not that Brian has sworn never to bend his neck to the foreigner?"

"That does he know right well," replied the girl. "But his only words to me were: 'Bid Brian my brother take heart and keep this tryst with me, and the sons of Kennedy may still stand, unfettered, kings of Erin.'"

So Brian kept the tryst; and where near the southern shores of Lough Derg, the Holy Isle still lies all strewn with the ruins of the seven churches that gave it this name, the outlawed young chieftain met the king. Braving the dangers of Danish capture and death, he had come unattended to meet his brother.

"Where, O Brian, are thy followers?" King Mahon inquired.

"Save the fifteen faithful men that remain to me in the caves of Uin-Bloit," said the lad, "the bones of my followers rest on many a field from the mountains of Connaught to the gates of Limerick; for their chieftain, O my brother, makes no truce with the foe."

"Are there but fifteen left to thee!" said Mahon.

"Is it not the inheritance of the Clan of Cas to die for their honor and their homes?" demanded Brian. "So surely is it no honor in valorous men, my brother, to abandon without battle or conflict their father's inheritance to Danes and traitorous kings!"

The unyielding courage of the lad roused the elder brother to action, and, secretly but swiftly, he gathered the chiefs of the clan for council in the *dun* of King Mahon by the ford of Killaloe. "Freedom for Erin and death to the Danes!" cried they, as the voice of one man, says the record. Again the warning beacons flamed from cairn and

hill-top. In the shadow of the "Rock of Cashel" the banner of the ancient kings, the royal sunburst, was flung to the breeze, and clansmen and vassals and allies rallied beneath its folds to strike one mighty blow for the redemption of Ireland.



"THE [illegible] KNELT AND [illegible] THE HEM OF THE MAIDEN'S [illegible]"

In the county of Tipperary, in the midst of what is called "the golden valley," this remarkable "Rock of Cashel" looms up three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, its top, even now, crowned with the ruins of what were in Brian's day palace and chapel, turret and battlement and ancient tower. Beneath the rough archway of the triple ramparts at the foot of the rock, and up the sharp ascent, there rode one day the herald of Ivar, the Danish king of Limerick. Through the gate-way of the palace he passed, and striding into the audience-hall, spoke thus to Mahon the King:

"Hear, now, O King! Ivar, the son of Sitric, King of Limerick and sole Over-lord of Munster, doth summon thee, his vassal, to give up to him this fortress of Cashel, to disperse thy followers, to send to him at Limerick, bounden with chains, the body of Brian the outlaw, and to render unto him tribute and hostage."

King Mahon glanced proudly out to where upon the ramparts fluttered the flag of Ireland.

"Say to Ivar, the son of Sitric," he said, "that Mahon, King of Thomond, spurns his summons, and will pay no tribute for his own inheritance. Tell thy master that the Clan of Cas defy his boastful words, and will show in battle which are lords of Erin."

"And tell thy master," said his brother, "that Brian the outlaw will come to Limerick not bound with chains, but to bind them."

The Danish power was strong and terrible, but the action of the two valiant brothers was swift and their example was inspiriting. Clansmen and vassals flocked to their standard, and a great and warlike host gathered in old Cashel. Brian led them to battle, and near a willow forest, close to the present town of Tipperary, the opposing forces

met in a battle that lasted "from sunrise to midday." And the sun-burst streamed victorious over a conquered field, and the hosts of the Danes were routed. From Tipperary to Limerick, Brian pursued the flying enemy; and capturing Limerick, took therefrom great stores of booty and many prisoners.

And from the day of Limerick's downfall the star of Ireland brightened, as in battle after battle, Brian Boru,* the wise and valiant young chieftain, was hailed as victor and deliverer from sea to sea.

But now he is a lad no longer, and the story of the boy chieftain gives place to the record of the valiant soldier and the able king. For upon the death of his brother Mahon, in the year 976, Brian became King of Thomond, of Munster, and Cashel. Then uniting the rival clans and tribes under his sovereign rule, he was crowned at Tara, in the year 1000, "Ard-righ," or "High King of Erinn." The reign of this great king of Ireland was peaceful and prosperous. He built churches, fostered learning, made bridges and causeways, and constructed a road around the coast of the whole kingdom. In his palace at Kincora, near the old *dun* of his father, King Kennedy, by the ford of Killaloe, he "dispensed a royal hospitality, administered a rigid and impartial justice, and so continued in prosperity for the rest of his reign, having been at his death thirty-eight years King of Munster and fifteen years sovereign of all Ireland."

So the boy chieftain came to be King of Ireland, and the story of his death is as full of interest and glory as the record of his boyish deeds. For Brian grew to be an old, old man, and the Danes and some of the restless Irishmen whom he had brought under his sway revolted against his rule. So the "old king of nearly ninety years" led his armies out from the tree-shaded ramparts of royal Kincora, and meeting the enemy on the plains of Dublin, fought "his last and most terrible fight." It was a bloody day for Ireland; but though the aged king and four of his six sons, with eleven thousand of his followers, were slain on that fatal field, the Danes were utterly routed, and the battle of Clontarf freed Ireland forever from their invasions and tyrannies.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!"

So sings Thomas Moore in one of his beautiful Irish melodies; and when hereafter you hear or read of Brian Boru, remember him not only as Ireland's greatest king, but also as the dauntless lad who held the ford at Killaloe, and preferred the privations of an outlaw's life to a disgraceful peace.

Kincora, the royal home of Brian the King, is now so lost in ruin that travelers can not tell the throne-room from the cow-house; Cashel's high rock is deserted and dismantled, and on the hill of Tara the palace of the ancient Irish kings is but a grass-grown mound. But time can not dim the shining record of the great king of Ireland, Brian Boru — Brian of Munster: the Boy Chieftain.

* *Boru*, or *Borumha*, the tribute; therefore "Brian of the Tribute," or "of the Ford of the Tribute."

FRÄULEIN MINA SMIDT GOES TO SCHOOL.

By Charles Barnard.

Fräulein Mina Smidt was a good, sweet, and earnest-natured little girl. She lived in Tompkins Square, New York City, with her father and mother. She might have been called a learned girl, for she could speak German with her father and English with her playfellows and school-mates in the big breezy square, where she often went to play after school-hours. But she was not happy. Mina's mother kept house in the good old German way she had learned in Berlin before Mina was born. Mina had helped her in various ways, yet she had never really kept house, nor had she so much as learned plain cooking. Her mother was very busy until late in the afternoon at a factory on Second Avenue, and, of course, her father was away all day at his work. Now, it happened occasionally that her mother was ill, and could not prepare the six o'clock dinner. Mina wished to do it, but really she did n't know how.

She tried to cook her father's dinner one day,

but it was a sorry affair. He did not say much about it. He only said that Mina was big enough



"HE WENT OUT INTO THE PARK AND SAT DOWN TO CRY."

now to be a help to her mother. Feeling very badly about it, she went out in the park, and sat down upon one of the benches to cry. But in a few minutes another little girl, a friend of Mina's, named Lizzy Stoffholder, came hurrying along the broad walk.

"Have you been to the baker's?" asked Mina, rather dolefully, as Lizzy approached.

Lizzy smiled proudly, and answered: "Just feel of this bread. Look at the top crust and the bottom crust. I 'd break off a piece for you,



THE WAY TO THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

but I could n't break it till I 've shown it to Mother."

"Much she will care to see it," laughed Mina.

"She will; she will, indeed, for I made it, myself."

Lizzy Stoffholder could talk very rapidly, and in three minutes she had told Mina all about her making the bread, and about her having learned how to make it at a certain wonderful school near by.

"Oh, dear!" said Mina. "Do you suppose I could go to that school? Would they teach me, too? Would they let me join the class?"

—And that was how it came about that Mina Smidt went to school. For at a quarter past two, on the afternoon of the very next day, she met her friend Lizzy Stoffholder in the park, and they both set out for No. 125 St. Mark's Place. They rang the bell, and when the door opened, a girl about nine years old, wearing a lovely white apron, and with her hair neatly brushed beneath a pretty cap, politely escorted them upstairs and into a big room.



LIZZIE AND MINA ARE SHOWN UPSTAIRS.

"She is a kitchen-gardener," said Lizzy.

"Oh," said Mina. "She does n't really work in the garden, does she?"

"No," said Lizzy, in a superior way. "She 's not that kind."

The fact is, Mina Smidt had been very unfortunate. She had never read ST. NICHOLAS, which must account for her very natural mistake.*

The girl left them in the big room, and Mina asked Lizzie if they used books for studying in the school.

"No," said Lizzie; "only books in which they write down the bill of fare and the time-table."

"So? Are we going in the cars, or to a restaurant?"

"No, indeed. We generally eat up the lesson after it 's done; only sometimes we take it home and eat it there. You 'll see. It 's just fun to go to this school."

At that moment, ten little girls came in, some fräuleins and some misses and some mademoiselles. They all seemed very happy about something, and they were talking as fast as they could to one another in English, German, and French.—"*Heute werden wir Fisch haben.*" "*Nous aurons du poisson aujourd'hui.*" "We shall have fish to-day."—That is what they were saying.

Then a young lady, wearing a large white apron, came in, and gave each girl an apron. With hands and faces perfectly clean, and hair neatly brushed, all the girls put on the aprons, and soon they stood two and two in a procession. Mina, being a new-comer, was placed at the end of the line next to Mademoiselle Louie Japeau, aged nine.

Hark! A piano playing a grand march—"Rory O' Moore," from the book of Irish songs. It was n't very appropriate, but it sounded quite well, and they all kept step and marched out into the hall and through a big door into the school-room. Around the room twice did they march, to the stirring piano accompaniment, until six of the girls stood behind one long table and six behind another, and then "Rory O'Moore" expired in a solemn chord, and they all sat gravely down at the two long tables.

Such a queer, school-room as it was! There were three pleasant windows looking out on the park, pictures on the walls, and a nice stove with a tea-kettle singing on top. There was a big table at one end of the room and behind it sat the teacher. Mina looked at the teacher and wondered if she was good to poor little girls who did n't know anything. And the more she looked at the teacher, the more she felt sure she should love her. On each side stood the assistant teachers in their white aprons. Behind the teacher was a dresser filled

* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.

with cooking utensils. There were also plates and knives and forks on the tables, and on the long table before each girl was a knife and fork. But there was not a book or a slate to be seen. It was not like a school-room at all, except that there was a blackboard at one side in full view of the scholars.

Then one of the teachers gave each girl a big card on which was written a song. The piano struck up a tune, and they all began to sing. Mina being, as before remarked, a young person of many polite accomplishments, soon joined the merry chorus. She thought the song a very funny one. It was all about going a-shopping for ham and steak and fish and vegetables, with time by the time they reached the second verse, and before it ended she had "joined in" with her voice, although she had not learned the words.

We must prepare our bill of fare,
Meet every taste, yet have no waste
Something for all, both great and small,
And all bills pay on market-day.

Different kinds of meat we find
All on a market-day,
And many fishes of every kind:
Which shall we have to-day?

Nice "roast beef" rare, choose it with care;
And beefsteak, too, the whole year through;
Chicken, remember, October, November;
Cheap price you pay on a market-day.

Then the lesson began. The teacher had a large dish before her, and from it she lifted a fine mack-



GETTING READY FOR WORK.

"sentiments" about buying lamb chops in September and veal in November. Here is a part of this funny song:

MARKETING SONG.

Rise up early in the morning,
All on a market-day;
Stalls are filled before the dawn,
And wagons on the way.

That is the way it began, and the girls sang it so heartily that Mina had almost learned the tune

erel, split quite in two, and just from the shop.

"What is this?" said she, as she held it up.

"A fish," replied the class.

"What kind of a fish?"

"Mackerel!" said every girl in the class.

"Here's another.—A handsome fellow with a big mouth and sharp teeth. What is he?"

"A pike!" exclaimed several of the girls.

"And here is a pretty one with stripes?"

"A sea-bass!" came the answer promptly.

"And these pretty fellows?"

Everybody knew them, and the entire class said "*smelts*" in chorus.

Then the teacher pointed to the blackboard, and there on the board was the BILL OF FARE. The lists of fishes, with full directions for cooking them. At once the teacher read off the first direction for the mackerel, and then called on two of the girls to take the noble fish to their seats and to prepare it according to the directions. Then the other fishes were given out, one to each pair of girls. Then came butter and flour to be mixed for the sauce. Another girl was given an egg and told to put it in cold water and boil it half an hour on the stove, being very careful to note the time when she put it on, and to take it off at the right moment. Mina, being a new scholar, was given a plate of parsley and a knife with which to cut it up, so that it could be mixed with the egg-sauce. Every girl had something to do. Everybody could talk except when the teacher was explaining the work. The teacher and the two assistants went from table to table, helping and showing, but not doing the work. Each girl had to do just what was assigned to her. The girl on Mina's right was washing the pike with a damp cloth, and cleaning it in the deftest manner. Then she and the girl who was helping her bathed the lovely pike in vinegar to keep it from tumbling to pieces when it should come to be cooked in the oven.

Not far away was a girl slicing up some salt pork into beautiful little ribbons. "Oh, that's the way,



"IT WAS NOT LIKE A SCHOOL-ROOM, AT ALL."

is it?" said Mina to herself. One of the girls took Mr. Pike and made neat cuts in his glistening sides. And then Mina had a chance. The teacher gave her the ribbons of salt pork and showed her how to put them in the cut places in the fish. First, a long one near the head, then a little shorter one, and then a little shorter one still, and so on, clear down to the tail. And even the tail, too, was decorated in the most fishy way possible, by cutting into it with a pair of scissors, so that it looked as natural as could be, and quite artistic.

Then the pike was handed to some other girls, though Fräulein kept a sharp eye on it, to see what would be done next. In another week, it might be her turn to prepare a fish in just that way. The girls sprinkled the pike with salt, and then dredged it with flour, and put it in a big iron pan, with its pretty nose in one corner and its artistic tail in another. Lastly, they poured some water in the pan — just enough to cover the bottom. Then the whole school gathered around the big stove to see the pike put in the oven. They shut it in warm and snug, and they all looked at the clock, and said, in chorus,

"Bake twenty minutes!"

Every girl had a chance to do something. Even little Mademoiselle Louie Japeau helped sew up the sea-bass in the bag, when it was put into the hot water. There was big Miss Mahitable Susan Jones, the American girl, aged twelve, who fried the smelts. She said:

"She guessed the fire was pretty hot, and she would go and get a drink."

How everybody did laugh! Go for a drink, and leave those beautiful smelts to burn to a crisp? What a strange girl Miss Mahitable Susan Jones must be! Even Fräulein Mina knew better than that.

How tell the wondrous tale? How tell all they did — those young disciples in the important art of



THE LITTLE COOKS AT WORK.

Fräulein wished she had twelve pairs of eyes, so that she could see every girl at once, for each one had something to do. She repeated over everything the teacher said, so that she might remember it. What a great deal to learn, to be sure! Only four kinds of fishes, and each kind cooked in a different way. The pike was baked, the mackerel broiled, the bass was sewed up in a bag and boiled, and the smelts were fried. Fräulein saw it all done. The chopping of the salt pork for the frying-pan, the making of the sauce, the broiling and frying.

cooking? Did they not also sing the most expressive songs while the pike and the sea-bass were cooking?

"All [illegible] work to learn [illegible]
That we may be [illegible] at home."

That was the beginning of one of the songs, and Mina felt truly glad that she had come. Perhaps some day she, too, would be a real comfort to her father and mother at home. Once they tried another song, all about making bread. The teacher

called it the "Bread-makers' Song." Here is one verse:

"Now you place it in the bread-bowl
A smooth and nice dough-ball,
Last, a towel, and a cover,
And at night that 's all.
But when morning calls the sleeper
From her little bed,
She can make our breakfast biscuit
From that batch of bread."

"And so I will," said Mina, with enthusiasm. "It 's much better than the black bread of the grocery store." Everybody laughed, and Mina knew she had spoken right out in school.



PUTTING THE FISH INTO THE OVEN

Of course, as it was fish day, they had a fish song, and here is the first verse — an odd combination of rhyme and cookery wisdom:

"Our lesson is fish, and in every dish
We would like to meet our teacher's wish.
But many men have many minds,
There are many fishes of many kinds;
So we can only learn to boil and bake,
To broil and fry, and make a fish-cake,
And trust this knowledge will carry us through
When other fishes we have to "do."

How the time flew! The hands of the clock seemed to race around the dial, and it was half-past three before they knew it. Each girl went in turn to the blackboard to make a copy of the bill of fare and the "time-table," or the directions for the time the fishes must stay on the fire. There is not space to tell all that happened on that eventful afternoon. Some of the pictures here presented will give you an idea of the way in which those delightful lessons were learned.

And when it all was over, the teachers passed plates to every pupil, and gave every one a slice of bread, and they cheerfully ate up the entire lesson, and left only the bones and the directions on the blackboard.

I have said that Mina Smidt might be called a learned girl. This was proved in a singular and startling manner, just ten weeks after that remarkable lesson on fish. Mina's father and mother knew that she went on two afternoons of each week to a certain school, but as she never brought home any exercises or books, they had an impression that she did not learn very much. However, sly Mina said nothing, but took a wonderful interest in her mother's work in the kitchen. Twice she suggested that the cooking could be done better in another way, and said that broiled steak was better than fried steak, and that home-made bread was better than the carraway-seed loaves from the grocery store. Fräulein's mother had her own notions about cooking. Had she not learned it all when she was a *fräulein* in Berlin? Let Mina make something for her father's dinner, or else say less about her own dear mother's excellent German cooking.

Fräulein was not at all alarmed. She only said she should need the kitchen to herself for the afternoon. It was not without a thought of how forward and self-confident children can be, that the good *Frau* Smidt turned over her kitchen to Mina and then went to the next room to reckon how much it would cost to go out to the queer little restaurant on the corner to get a dinner after Mina had spoiled everything in the house.

Five o'clock came, and the poor woman began to be nervous. Half-past five, and she went to the kitchen door and looked in, but Mina only waved a skillet in the air, and said:

"Shssss——"

Which being translated — if it can be — means "Wait a little longer."—Six o'clock. The mischief had been done. The dinner was surely ruined by this time.—Quarter past six. Mr. Smidt arrived, and his wife escorted him to the dining-room. The table was set, and in the center stood a covered dish. Mina was calm — quite calm.

They all sat solemnly down, and the dinner began.

"Nodings but berdaties?" asked *Herr* Smidt.

"Nothing but potatoes," said Mina calmly.

Her father gravely took a potato. He was a long-suffering man, accustomed to poor cooking, which fact is quite sufficient to account for his resignation. He gazed in a gloomy way upon the solitary potato, and his wife said she hoped it would be a lesson for the froward Mina, who presumed to



"ON A MARKET-DAY."

instruct her own mother, who had been cook in the Hotel Badescherhoff, in dear old Berlin, ten years before this silly American child had been born. It was sad to think good German children were being ruined by these New York schools. It was very —

"Hah!" Mr. Smidt had discovered something. The potato! His wife took one and hastily cut it, while poor Mina stuffed her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing.

Remarkable potatoes, truly! They were hollow inside and stuffed with the most fragrant and lovely sausage-meat Mein Herr ever tasted. Mina's father jumped up and kissed her, and her mother laughed till she cried, and Mina cried till she laughed, which made it very pleasant all around. Then she ran into the kitchen and brought in — oh, such a fine dinner! There was not, to be sure, a great variety of food, but it was prepared so well that it made a feast for that plain little family. To Mina, it was French cooking with a delicate American flavor, and dashed with a touch of the German style for the sake of the Fatherland.

This was the first dinner Mina prepared, but it was not the last. Many a day after that the good German and his frau enjoyed their simple well-cooked dinner all the more because of the bright eyes of their happy little cook. To be sure Frau Smidt felt it her duty at first to shrug her shoulders at some of Mina's "queer American ways" of preparing food; but she was as proud as Mein Herr of the clever little daughter who had learned so much in the school where there were no books.

Meantime the good work of the school went on — teaching and sending out dozens of little maids who could be "a comfort at home."

It is not all play — if it were, it would not bring about the desired results; but it is so like play that there is no sunnier school in New York than this same school in St. Mark's Place, where Miss Huntington and her willing helpers invite all poor little girls to come and be made happy and useful, able to help their parents, and ready, if need be, to earn their own living by and by.



THE PLAYMATE HOURS.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

DAWN lingers silent in the shade of night,
Till on the gloaming Baby's laughter rings.
Then smiling Day awakes, and open flings
Her golden doors, to speed the shining flight
Of restless hours, gay children of the light.
Each eager playfellow to Baby brings
Some separate gift; a flitting bird that sings
With her; a waving branch of berries bright;
A heap of rustling leaves; each trifle cheers
This joyous little life but just begun.
No weary hour to her brings sighs or tears;
And when the shadows warn the loitering sun,
With blossoms in her hands, untouched by fears,
She softly falls asleep, and day is done.

A STORY OF A TREE-FROG.

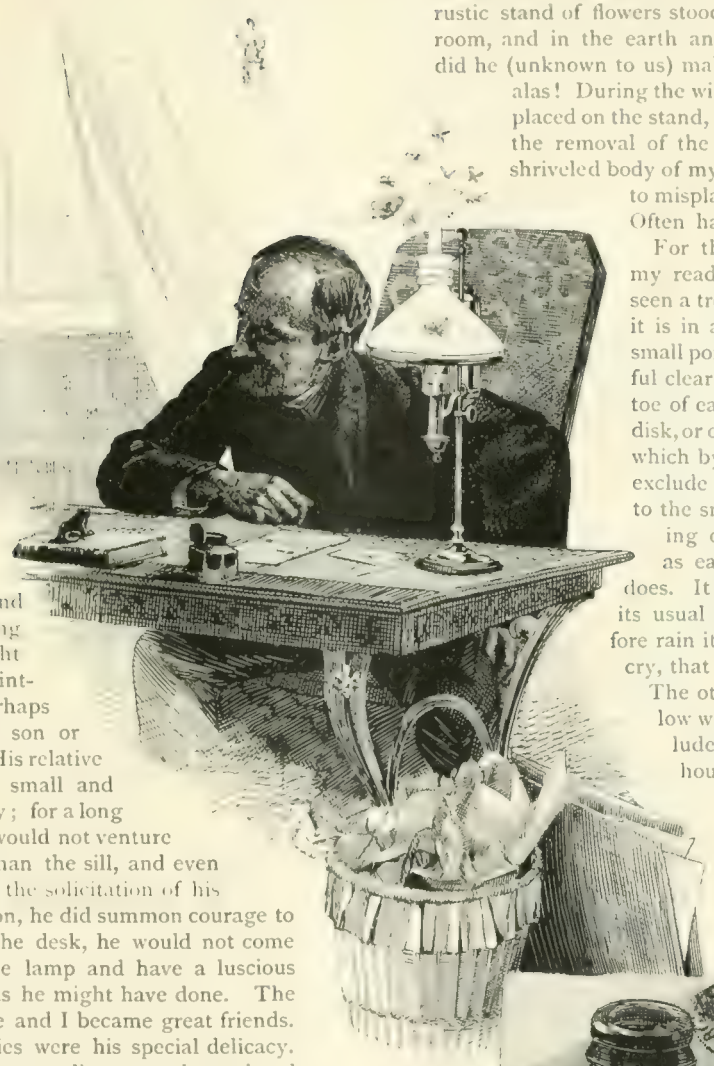
BY T. LANCEY.

ONE sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. The night was very dark, very still, and very hot. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark,—some with long wings, some with short; some with long and nimble legs that scurried over my papers as though afraid they would not have time for all their night's business; some with short legs, deliberate and slow, that seemed to carefully consider each inch of ground they traversed. Winged insects of all sorts and sizes kept coming and going; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back, vainly kicked its little legs in air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window — a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window-sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin — of an exquisite pale apple-green color—shone in the lamp-light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird-note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence, alas! misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then, hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered, — as if to say good-night,— and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signaled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit

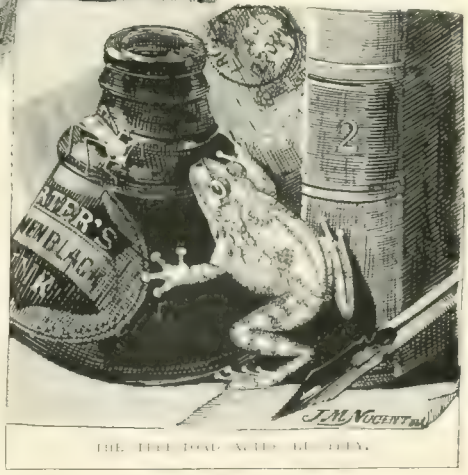


my room nightly, and one evening he brought an acquaintance, perhaps even his son or cousin. His relative was very small and rather shy; for a long time he would not venture further than the sill, and even when, at the solicitation of his companion, he did summon courage to hop on the desk, he would not come under the lamp and have a luscious supper, as he might have done. The elder one and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disks, or suckers, on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one hind leg and then the other, and when within proper distance, he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

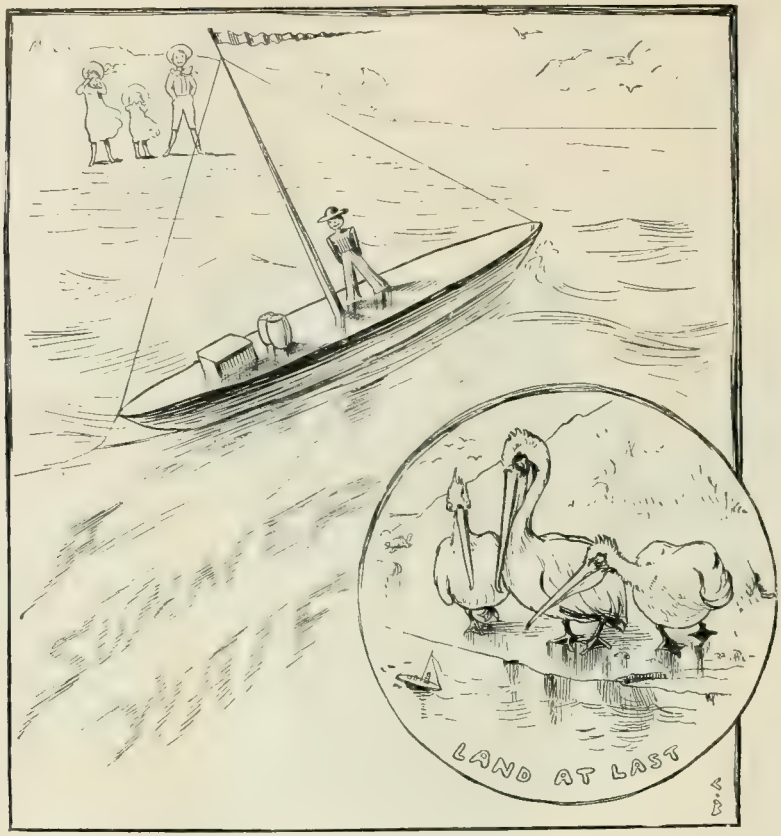
He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side-wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.

The final days of summer came at last, however, and with them cool and frosty nights. He evidently thought he was safe in my room, and therefore resolved to make his winter home with me. A rustic stand of flowers stood in one corner of the room, and in the earth and leaves which it held did he (unknown to us) make his little bed. Alas! alas! During the winter a heavy weight was placed on the stand, and in the spring, upon the removal of the weight, we found the shriveled body of my little friend — a victim to misplaced confidence in man. Often have I mourned his loss.

For the benefit of those of my readers who may not have seen a tree-frog, I may add that it is in appearance similar to a small pond-frog, but of a beautiful clear green color. On each toe of each foot there is a small disk, or cup-shaped sucker, from which by pressure it can at once exclude air, and so attach itself to the smoothest surface, walking calmly across a ceiling as easily as its prey, the fly, does. It has two cries. In trees, its usual haunt in summer, before rain it utters a shrill, piercing cry, that is harsh and deafening. The other cry is the bird-like, low whistle I have already alluded to. You may look for hours for him in a tree without success, as he lies motionless, his body flattened along a limb, his color identical with that of the bark or leaf on which he rests.



THE TREE-FROG WITH HIS FRIEND.



FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

By Nora E. Crosby.

OUT in the corn field, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true:
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw, made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

By Maurice Thompson.

Chapter XIX.

GETTING READY FOR FLORIDA.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin spent the next two weeks in drilling the boys in the practice of wing-shooting; for, though Neil and Hugh had made great progress in the method of handling their guns, they had, as yet, scarcely learned the "A-B-C" of the theory and art of shooting. They had fallen into some faults, too, during the trip, and these were a great deal harder to get rid of than they had been to acquire.

During these two weeks, the following was the order of affairs each day: They arose in the morning in time for breakfast at six o'clock; after breakfast they had a drill in shooting till ten; then came two hours of study for the boys, while Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin rode over the plantation; dinner was served at one and lasted an hour, after which the boys were free for two hours; then came another hour of careful drill, followed by a light supper; then two hours of chatting or reading, and to bed at eight.

Mr. Marvin's method of drilling the boys was so simple that any one can follow it with very little trouble. He made a spring-trap of a flexible, elastic piece of wood, four feet long and three inches wide by a half inch thick, which he fastened at one end securely to a thick board, its middle resting firmly on a cleat, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Upon the upper or free end of this spring-piece he fastened a tin blacking-box, hollow side up. A notched trigger was fixed by a hinge to the board in such a way that, when the spring was bent downward over the cleat, the notch could be made to hold it in that position until it was released by pulling a long cord attached to the top end of the trigger. This trap was used as follows:

The elastic piece was bent down and made fast by the notch in the trigger. Any small object upon which shot would take effect was then placed in the box. The pulling-string being sixty feet long, when all was ready, the shooter stood eighteen yards from the trap, while the puller took up his position a little behind and to one side of him. When the shooter was ready, he said: "Pull!" and instantly the puller gently drew the string, which released the "bender" of the trap, and the small potato or block of wood, or whatever formed the target, was thrown into the air, and shot at before it fell.

The wide board, which formed the base of the trap, was fastened firmly to the ground, by driving long stakes through holes made in it for the purpose.

Traps with steel springs, and hollow glass balls for targets, can be had of dealers in sportsmen's goods; but they are quite expensive, and Mr. Marvin's arrangement is just as good.

Neil and Hugh at first shot with a single trap; then two were used for practicing at double wing-shooting. Sometimes Mr. Marvin would have them turn their backs to the trap, with directions to wheel about and fire, at the word "pull." This drill was interspersed with some pleasant talk on shooting and on the habits of game-birds. Mr. Marvin himself sometimes took a gun and performed some quite wonderful feats of marksmanship. For instance, with his rifle he hit a potato twice before it could fall from the height of fifteen feet when thrown into the air. But the main thing that he sought to teach the boys was the habit of aiming correctly and of handling their guns carefully. Their next trip was to be a long one, in which Neil and Hugh would necessarily have to depend largely upon themselves, and it was Mr. Marvin's desire to have them so trained that no accident need be feared.

Uncle Charley had written to an old hunting friend who lived on the Gulf coast of Florida, to hire him a good stanch boat large enough for the whole party and their luggage, camp equipage, dogs, *et cetera*. The plan was to coast from St. Marks to some point on the lower part of the Florida peninsula, stopping wherever they pleased to go into camp and hunt; Mr. Marvin's object being to collect plumes for the market, and bird-skins and rare specimens of any kind for the Smithsonian Institute.

The thought of going away down to the haunts of the heron, the golden plover, the ibis, the spoon-bill, the crying-bird, the snake-bird, the alligator, and the panther, of seeing the orange groves, the palm-trees, the wild semi-tropical jungles, the mangrove islands, and the dreamy lagoons, and of coasting along the border of the Gulf Stream, under the fair southern sky, so charmed the boys that they could scarcely sleep or eat.

Samson said he did not care about going "down to dem yallergator swamps," and he "reckon'd he 'd

* Copyright, 1884, by Maurice Thompson.

stay at home"; but Judge wished to go wherever Neil and Hugh went, even if there was danger.

Neil sent for a new sketch-book and a diary, a supply of pencils and water-colors, and a hand-book of botanical drawing. He was resolved to spend more time than formerly in sketching; for it surprised him now to find how well some of his sketches looked.

It pleased the boys greatly when they saw an account of their bear adventure, filling almost a column of their home paper, *The Belair Bugle*. A reporter had obtained the particulars by interviewing their father, and had then dressed them up until the affair really had the ring of a thrilling encounter.

"What will Tom Dale and the rest of the boys think of that?" exclaimed Hugh delightedly. "Wont they wish they were along with us?"

"What will they say when they see that same bear's skin used by Papa for a lap-rug in his sleigh?" said Neil. "That 'll prove to them that the story is true."

"I mean to send Papa a panther's skin from Florida," said Hugh.

"And a fine collection of alligators' teeth," added Neil.

"And I 'll kill a roseate spoon-bill and get Mr. Marvin to mount it, as he did the owl, and I 'll send it to Tom Dale," said Hugh.

The evenings were now quite cold in Tennessee. There was a light fall of snow, and the wind was sharp and keen. Uncle Charley's sitting-room had a wide fire-place with tall brass andirons and a stone hearth. A big wood fire flamed and crackled there constantly, and the boys thought there were few things more enjoyable and comfortable than to sit before it in an arm-chair and listen to a good story read aloud.

Uncle Charley had but few books that would interest boys. He took all the magazines, however, and the *London Field* and several American journals devoted to shooting and fishing, so that Neil and Hugh found plenty of good reading matter quite suited to their prevailing line of thought. Then Mr. Marvin was generally ready with reminiscences of his hunting adventures, into which he always managed to insert some good advice, or some wise suggestions, intended for the benefit of the boys.

So the time passed, and at last the day of their departure for Florida arrived. Once more they were on the cars, flying southward at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. We need not follow them step by step. Let us hurry to the warm, green gulf, and find them sailing over its bosom, their little vessel stanch and true, and all of them as joyous as the sweet sea-breeze itself.

CHAPTER XX.

DRIFTING ALONG THE COAST.

HAVE you ever sailed on the Gulf of Mexico? In winter the water near the west coast of the peninsula of Florida is usually as calm as an inland pond, so far as big waves are concerned, and the breezes seem specially designed to make sailing safe and enjoyable.

The boat that Uncle Charley had chartered was called the "Water-fowl," and was about thirty feet long, by ten or twelve feet wide, decked over for about half its length, and furnished with a supplementary canvas awning, which could be used or taken down at pleasure. It was rigged with a mainsail and jib, had a center-board, and was, in fact, a very stanch, if not a very fast or beautiful little craft.

Uncle Charley had hired the owner of the "Water-fowl," Andrea Gomez, to go along as sailing-master. He was of Spanish descent, about fifty years old, short, broad-shouldered, and very dark. He was a good sailor, and knew almost every island and reef and river on the Florida coast.

It would be difficult to exactly describe the sensations of Neil and Hugh, as they felt the sea palpitating under them, while the gentle breeze blew them along at the rate of four miles an hour.

Neil stood upon the little deck and gazed dreamily about him. What did he see? In one direction a low, dark shore of marsh-grass and tangled woods, with a border of shining white sand; in every other direction, a sheet of green-blue water, that met the sky and blended with it in a creamy line at the horizon. How very, very far away seemed his home at Belair, in cold and snowy Illinois!

The sun beamed down upon the deck with real summer fervor, but the breeze was cool and sweet. A few gulls, drifting here and there, flashed their wings in the light, and swarms of pelicans wheeled around the sandy bars along the shore. As the boat kept on its course, the outline of the shore seemed to break up into fragments, hundreds of small islands appearing along the coast. Now and then a picturesque grove of palmetto-trees stood up in clear relief from the sand ridges on the main-land. Some gulf-caps, those strange clouds of the southern sea, hovered in the far western horizon.

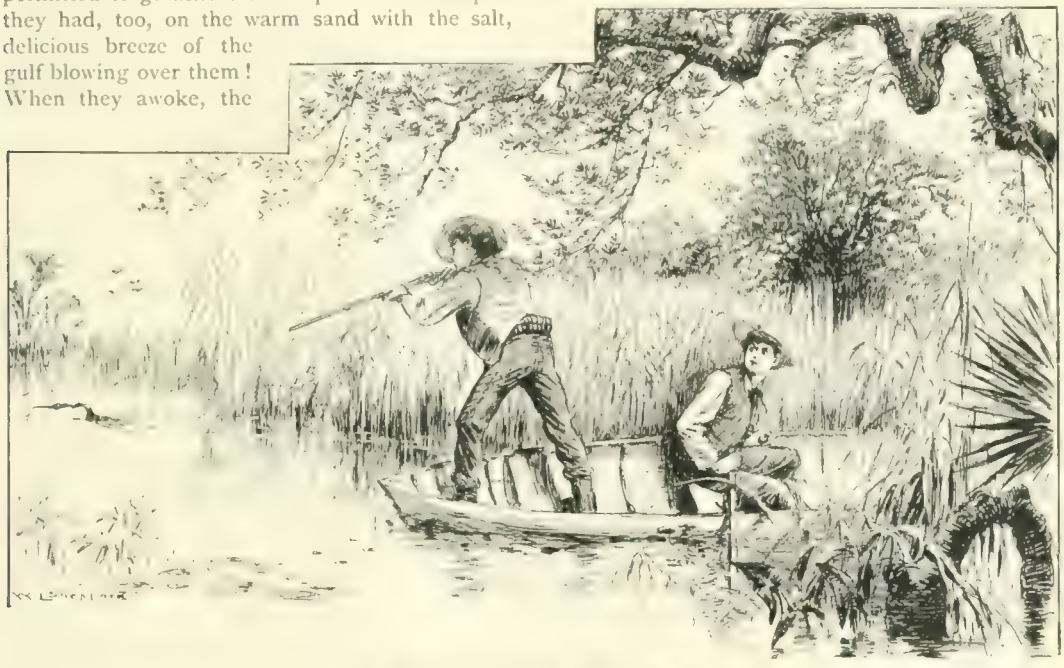
Mr. Gomez, the sailing-master, was a very quiet man, and sat by the tiller all day, smoking a short pipe most of the time.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley lounged in the after part of the boat, talking or reading. Judge

slept on his back in the warm sunshine, with his head bare and his face toward the sky.

When night fell, the sloop was run in among some shore islands to a shallow, sheltered spot, and anchored. There being no place to land, supper was cooked on board, and the whole party slept in the vessel.

Next day the breeze was fresher, and the waves ran so high that Neil, Hugh, and Judge were sea-sick; but the sloop bowled steadily on, notwithstanding, and made many miles before night fell again. It was a terribly long day for the sick boys, and they were glad indeed when a landing was made on a dry, sandy island, and they were permitted to go ashore to sleep. Such a sleep as they had, too, on the warm sand with the salt, delicious breeze of the gulf blowing over them! When they awoke, the sun was almost an hour high, and Uncle Charley had been fishing with fine success, and had brought in several three-pound sheep's-head.



Mr. Marvin had been around the island with his gun, but had seen nothing worth shooting.

As for Mr. Gomez, he had made coffee and prepared an excellent breakfast.

Neil and Hugh and Judge ran down and bathed in the surf, and when they had dressed themselves, they felt as fresh and happy as if they had never heard of sea-sickness.

"Oh, look in Judge's hair!" cried Neil, as they started for the camp.

Hugh looked and began to laugh merrily. A "fiddler-crab," one of those funny little animals, somewhat like a small craw-fish, had become tangled in Judge's wool while he was bathing.

Judge put up his hand, and touched the squirming thing.

"Take 'im off! Take 'im off!" he shouted, prancing around on the sand, his wide-open eyes seeming almost twice their natural size.

Neil and Hugh held their sides and laughed as only merry boys can. No monkey ever went through more comical contortions of face and body than did Judge, as he danced frantically about in his fright. With his arms akimbo and his legs bowed outward, he "jumped up and down" on the beach, yelling at the top of his voice:

"It 'll bite me! Take 'im off, quick: Take 'im off, quick!"

Hugh had pity on him at last and brushed the fiddler off.

"I 'se not gwine inter dat water no more," Judge muttered, walking away indignantly.

When breakfast was over, they all went aboard of the "Water-fowl" and sailed away to the southward.

Two more days passed without any adventure of special interest. But the voyage grew more and more delightful and entertaining all the time. They saw vast numbers of aquatic birds hovering about strange islands or flying high overhead in long angular lines.

Neil sat upon the deck and wrote in his diary, or sketched whatever scenes he thought worth remembering.

One day as they were passing near an island they saw a number of snipe settle down on a marsh-meadow, and the boys asked the privilege of going ashore and shooting some. One of four folding canvas boats that Uncle Charley had provided was brought out and launched.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as the boys took their places in the little craft, with Neil at the oars, "don't kill more than twenty or thirty. That will be as many as we can use, and you know we have agreed not to destroy any birds for mere wantonness."

Neil promised that they would not transgress the rule, and then, bending to the oars, he pulled ashore. They found some difficulty in making a landing, the shore being very muddy, but at last they found firm footing. Back a few steps from the water the meadow was higher and the walking good. They separated a little, each sharply on the lookout for a first shot at the game. They had never hunted snipe, and, save such information as Neil had gathered from books, they were unacquainted with the bird's habits.

The sloop had come to anchor, and Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley watched from the deck as the boys proceeded to tramp over the meadow.

Presently two snipe sprang into the air in front of Hugh, with a little sharp cry that sounded like "'scape, 'scape," and they did escape. Their flight was like a corkscrew in its line. Hugh blazed away, but did not touch a feather. At the sound of his gun, several more birds took to wing, giving Neil and Judge a chance for a shot; but they did not do any better than Hugh. It was a case of clean missing for all of them.

Uncle Charley, who was watching through a strong field-glass, laughed heartily.

"The boys have met their match," he said to Mr. Marvin; "they don't know how to shoot snipe."

"Experience is the best master," replied Mr. Marvin; "they 'll soon discover how to aim. It bothers the best of shots, for a while, to become accustomed to a snipe's eccentric flight."

Judge's old flint-lock killed the first bird, but it was n't a snipe. It was a clapper-rail, called by the naturalists *Rallus crepitans*, which he flushed from some tall grass beside a little pond. This bird flew rather heavily, affording Judge a most excellent target.

Neil and Hugh fired shot after shot, but not a snipe fell.

"I don't believe these cartridges are good for anything," said Hugh in a hopeless tone.

"Oh, it 's not the fault of the shells," responded Neil; "it 's the wriggling way that these snipe have in flying; a fellow can't cover them. I wish Mr. Marvin would come over; he would show us how to hit them."

"Well, I 'm not going to give it up," exclaimed Hugh. "I 'll shoot as long as my shells hold out."

Judge kept banging away with his funny old gun, and when at last he did really kill a snipe, his joy had no limit. That he had bagged two birds before Neil or Hugh could kill one seemed to him a most glorious victory.

"Mebbe yo' wont call my gun a' ole blundybus no more!" he cried, holding up his game and making comical grimaces at the white boys.

At last Neil began to understand the spiral turns of the snipe's flight, and then the birds fell at nearly every shot he fired. Hugh, too, soon found the knack, so that the sport became very exciting.

Uncle Charley was delighted when, by the aid of his field-glass, he saw that the boys were mastering the difficulty.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, "bravo! Neil is knocking them down beautifully now. He has caught the idea. There, Hugh killed one, too! Another one down for Neil,—another for Hugh. Why that 's grand sport they 're having over there, Marvin; we 've missed a treat!"

"Yes; but I thought we 'd better not go. We 'd have killed all we needed before the boys could have got their hands in, and that would have cut them out," replied Mr. Marvin.

The three boy-hunters kept up a noisy fusillade across the broad marsh-meadow, and entirely forgot their promise, and no doubt would have killed a great many more than thirty, if Mr. Marvin had not blown the bugle-horn, which was the signal for them to return to the boat.

"Oh, but did n't I hate to quit!" exclaimed Hugh, as Neil was rowing them back. "I was just beginning to get the knack of it."

"Dat 's jis me, zac'ly," said Judge. "I was a ketchin' onter dat whirlymegig ob a way dey has o' flyin', an' I could 'a' brought down heaps ob 'em, ef I 'd had a little mo' time."

When they all were aboard the sloop again the birds were counted, and the score stood as follows:

Neil	15
Hugh	10
Judge	3
Total	28

The clapper-rail that Judge had killed was not included in the count, because Mr. Marvin said it was so slow in its flight that it would not be fair to reckon it in a score where snipe-shooting had been the undertaking.

For the rest of the day they sailed before a light breeze, and at night they slept on deck.

Neil made some drawings of the rail and snipe, and put a description of the snipe-hunt in his diary.

They did not stop to shoot any more until they reached Tampa, a town far down the coast of the peninsula, where, as they had expected, letters and papers from home awaited them.

The orange-groves about Tampa were loaded with luscious oranges, and the bananas were ripe and mellow. Uncle Charley sent several large boxes of both kinds of fruit aboard the "Waterfowl."

Chapter XXI.

A PICUS PRINCIPALIS.

After a stay of two days in Tampa, in order to give Uncle Charley time to write some business letters, and to examine some real estate for a friend in Tennessee, our party sailed out of the beautiful bay of Tampa at sunrise, and turned southward down the long Sarasota river, or — more correctly speaking — bay, that extends along the peninsula between the coast islands on one hand, and the main-land on the other. In some places, owing to large reefs of oysters and mud-banks, the navigation of those waters is quite dangerous, but Mr. Gomez was so familiar with the channels that he kept the sloop clear of all obstructions.

Mr. Marvin desired to find the mouth of a certain large creek that empties into the gulf about twenty-five miles below the northern end of the bay, as he had been told that through it a fine region for plume-hunting could be reached. But it was no easy matter to discover which one of the many indentations of the shore was the entrance looked for.

It was ten o'clock at night, with the moon shining brightly somewhat down the western slope of the sky, when they anchored under a low bluff covered with cedar-trees. Here Neil and Hugh saw their first sharks. The huge fellows were chasing a swarm of mullet, and in their eagerness to capture them, would follow them into water so shoal that their broad black backs would break through the surface, while the mullet would leap bodily from the water, sometimes falling a short distance out upon the shells or sand of the shore. It was a strange sight, and the swashing sounds, as the sharks struggled back into the deeper part of the channel, broke upon the still, moonlit night with an effect not easy to describe.

Mr. Gomez went ashore and perched himself on the highest point of the bluff, where, as he sat smoking his pipe, he looked like a round-shouldered silhouette against the shimmering sky. At first they could not understand why the old sailor had gone up there; but soon countless swarms of mosquitoes, from a low marsh astern of the boat, assailed them in a body. The wings of those legions of warlike insects filled the air with an unbearably irritating murmur, and the onslaught of their piercing bills was almost maddening.

"Here, this wont do!" ejaculated Mr. Marvin, at last. "We shall be eaten up by these mosquitoes. We must go ashore."

All hands assented. Neil and Hugh took their double hammock and swung it between two cedar-trees, where a strong current of the gulf breeze would blow upon it. And there they slept sweetly, entirely undisturbed by the mosquitoes.

Just before sunrise, Neil slipped out of the hammock, dressed himself, took his gun, and went for a short walk about the island. He found great numbers of deer-tracks leading into a dark, impenetrable cypress jungle, but no deer were visible. By the margin of a still, grass-fringed lagoon he flushed some small herons and one or two plover: but nothing worth firing at appeared until, in passing around an outlying spur of the swamp, he came suddenly upon a pair of snowy herons, that took to wing within thirty yards of him. The flash and flutter of their broad white wings startled him at first, but he raised his gun in time to get a good aim at one of them, and brought it down in fine style. He fired at the other, but it had gone too far, and he missed it. Neil's bird, named by the naturalists *Garzetta candidissima*, was in full plumage, and he held it up proudly for the rest of the party to look at, as he returned to camp just at breakfast-time. It measured thirty-nine inches from tip to tip of its wings. The plumes, so much prized as ornaments by ladies, lay loosely on its back, curling upward toward their lower ends, as white as snow and as soft as silk. Mr. Marvin pronounced it to be a perfect specimen of its kind, the finest, in fact, that he had ever seen; and he asked Neil to let him prepare its skin for mounting.

The next day they reached the creek for which they were looking, and after a great deal of trouble brought the sloop up to a good camping-place some miles inland from the bay. Here the tents were pitched on a mound, with a wide meadow on one hand and a dense forest on the other. The heron-roost was a mile distant up the creek, but shoal water and an immense stretch of saw-grass, lily-pads, and clumps of aquatic weeds prevented their taking the sloop any further in that direction.

The mound on which the tents were pitched was underlaid with a shell formation, and at a remote period had been occupied by some family, probably of Indians, as a home. The remnants of

an old palmetto hut were visible, and a few gnarled orange-trees and some guavas grew scattered about in the vicinity, while traces of a rude fence bordered the wood.

The boys were delighted to see flocks of snipe pitching down into the grass of the meadow, beyond which a small lake shone clear and bright, with a live-oak hummock on its further side, and a fringe of tall grass and rushes around its border. Far off in the south-east, a ridge of sand with a thin line of palmetto-trees on its summit was softly outlined against the sky.

Next morning all were up early. The night's sleep had been refreshing, and breakfast was eaten with vigorous appetites. Even while they were eating they saw several large flocks of water-fowl flying low across the meadow toward the lake. Other flocks passed almost overhead on their way up the creek to some lagoon or pond.

It was arranged that Mr. Gomez and Judge should stay at the camp, while the rest took the canvas boats and pulled up the creek in quest of herons.

Neil and Hugh occupied one of these boats together, while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took one each. The stream had not much current, so that they were not long in reaching the lake above, where the water was full of weeds, grass, lily-pads, and all manner of aquatic plants,— truly a heron's paradise.

While Neil was pulling the boat through a narrow water-lane between high walls of grass, Hugh secured a fine shot at a great blue heron, the *Ardea herodias* of our naturalists; but it was flying at a right angle with his line of sight, and he forgot to aim ahead of it. All large birds seem to fly much slower than they really do, and they also appear to be much nearer than they really are, consequently it is a common fault of young shooters in aiming at geese, herons, cranes, and ducks, not to allow for flight, and therefore to miss *behind* the game.

Hugh now took the oars, which he could do without changing his seat, the boat being a "double-ender," in order that Neil might try a shot at the next game they saw.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already among the birds, and their guns were roaring almost continually.

The boys did not understand the windings of the water-lanes, and in consequence they soon found themselves pulling along the shore under the boughs of some grand old live-oak trees.

Suddenly Hugh cried out: "Oh, look, Neil, look! There 's a snake with wings! Quick, shoot it before it gets away!" He backed water as he spoke, and stopped the boat.

Neil looked, and saw a strange serpent-like neck, followed by a dark, winged body, wriggling along in the water; the head was above the surface, the rest of it below. It was a hideous object as it squirmed and writhed along toward a patch of grass and weeds, and Hugh really believed that it was a winged snake; but Neil had read descriptions of the snake-birds, and knew at once that this was one of them. He fired and killed it; and upon examination it was found to be far less hideous than they had thought. It had a long slender neck and a rather queer head, and its habit of swimming with its body under water and its head out had given it the appearance of a regular water-dragon. The boys threw it in the bottom of the boat, as Neil wished to make a sketch of it and skin it when he returned to camp.

From the rapid firing kept up by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, it was evident that they were making havoc among the herons; but the boys found none, though snake-birds, named *Platus anhinga* by ornithologists, were now seen in every direction; it was sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the mottled moccasin snakes so numerous in Florida.

At length, growing tired of the labor of rowing, and Neil wishing to gather some strange-looking flowers, they pulled the boat ashore at a dry point on the wooded side of the lake. While Neil was botanizing, Hugh went a short distance into the woods, hoping he might see a deer. The trees were mostly live-oaks and water-oaks of large size, with wide-spread tops and buttressed roots; some giant vines were knotted and linked from tree to tree, and the foliage was so thick that scarcely a ray of light could fall through. Hugh saw no game, but a dull thumping sound almost overhead and the falling of large fragments of bark and rotten wood attracted his attention to the top of a very tall dead tree, and there he discovered a bird of which he and Neil had talked a great deal, but which neither of them had ever seen—an ivory-billed woodpecker—the handsomest of all American birds. It was pounding away vigorously with its great white beak against the lower side of a rotten limb, about eighty feet from the ground, and its broad back was fully exposed to Hugh's aim. He fired, and it fell straight down almost at his feet. This was, indeed, a prize, for he knew how his father would value such a specimen. He picked it up and ran back to Neil, who exclaimed:

"A *Picus principalis!* Wont Mr. Marvin be glad! I heard him say that a gentleman in New York had offered him fifty dollars for the skin of one!"

"But I want to send this to Papa," said Hugh.

"Oh, you can't do that without Mr. Marvin's

consent; for it was agreed that all valuable specimens, plumes, and eggs should belong to him!" responded Neil.

"That 's so," assented Hugh; "and I suppose it 's right, too, for Mr. Marvin has taught us a great deal."

They went back to their boat and pulled across the shallow lake in the direction of the heavy firing kept up by the other two hunters, but before they could join them, the shooting was over. Mr. Marvin had the bottom of his boat padded with tufts of snowy and ash-colored plumes which he had stripped from the birds killed by him and Uncle Charley. "Many a fine lady will wear these," he said, holding up some very long feathers. He was delighted when Hugh gave him the ivory-billed woodpecker.

Neil's good luck came as they were making their way back to camp. He killed a roseate spoon-bill — *Platalea ajaja* — by a splendid shot, that won the hearty applause of Mr. Marvin. It was quite sixty yards distant, and was flying straight across the direction in which the boat was moving.

The beautiful rose-colored wings, the long pale pink tuft of breast-plumes, and the brilliant carmine shoulder-feathers of this bird made it a prize almost equal in value to the *Picus principalis*.

"Very well for one day," said Mr. Marvin, in a satisfied tone.

Chapter XXII.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

When our plume-hunters reached camp again, Judge was found to be in a very excited state of mind. Great flocks of snipe had approached the edge of the meadow nearest the mound, and he had been impatiently waiting for Uncle Charley to return, as he had been ordered by him and Mr. Marvin not to leave camp before they came. He had heard the sound of the shooting up at Weed Lake, and that, together with the near approach of the snipe, had rendered him doubly restless. He had his old flint-lock across his lap, nursing it tenderly; his game-bag was at his side, and his shot-pouch and powder-flask slung in their places, ready for instant use.

"Neber see folks stay so long, nowhere," he good-naturedly muttered; "seem like yo' not gwine t' come back at all. I 's been mos' dead ter tackle dem whirlymegig birds down dar."

But the *Picus principalis* and the roseate spoon-bill had to be examined by him before he could go. Anything red charmed Judge, and the tall scarlet crest of the giant woodpecker and the dazzling carmine shoulder-plumes of the spoon-bill put him into raptures.

Hugh could not resist the temptation of joining Judge in the snipe-shooting, so he presently snatched up his gun and went out upon the meadow. The grass grew in tufts, with a light trace of water or soft mud between. The birds usually rose singly, or in flocks of three or four, sometimes from near the feet of the hunter, flying low and dropping into the grass again after going not more than fifty yards.

Hugh soon began to flush them, and he aimed with great deliberation, reserving his fire until the game steadied itself after its first gyrations in the air. But he found it quite as difficult to hit them now as it had been on the island. He missed oftener than he hit, in spite of all his care. Suddenly he remembered that his shells were loaded with very large shot for heron-shooting. This accounted for his poor marksmanship. He went back to his tent and got some cartridges loaded with number ten shot, and when he resumed shooting, he could hit a great deal oftener. But by changing his cartridges Hugh lost a good opportunity. He had just reloaded his gun, after killing a snipe, when, happening to look up, he saw a scarlet ibis flying overhead at a height of about one hundred and fifty feet. Quick as thought, he aimed a little ahead of the bright-winged bird and fired. The shot failed. He fired again. Not a feather fell, and the ibis, "like a flake of flame," swept on toward the gulf. This was the only specimen they saw during their long ramblings in Florida. Hugh was very sorry he had not kept on using the large shot! It would have been better, he thought, to have killed fewer snipe and made sure of the scarlet ibis.

Judge did not stop shooting while there was daylight enough to see how to aim. He and Hugh together bagged twenty-five snipe. The score stood:

Hugh	17
Judge	8

That night it was discovered that Mr. Gomez was quite a musician. He played upon a flute until late bed-time, the mellow notes floating away to the haunts of the alligator and the dens of the bear and the panther. Neil and Hugh swung in their double hammock, with the cool night breeze blowing over them, and watched the brilliant Southern moon as it seemed to slip along under the almost purple sky. They fell asleep, Neil to dream of grand achievements and great fame as an artist, and Hugh to dream of happy adventures among the strange birds of those semi-tropical groves and plains.

They were startled from their sleep early next morning by loud voices and violent language; and hurrying on their clothes, they found that a party of very rough-looking men had come up the creek in a large boat, and were insisting upon taking possession of the mound for their camp. They claimed to have leased the hunting on a large area of ground about there from the owner.

"Show your lease," Uncle Charley was calmly saying, "and we will respect it, no matter what we may think of you."

"I don't believe you have any lease, and I think you are a set of impostors," said Mr. Marvin. "You had better take good advice and go back the way you came, and in short order."

"Joe Stout, I know *you*," said Mr. Gomez, stepping forward and addressing the fellow who appeared to be the leader of the intruders, "you never had money enough in all your life to lease a potato patch for fifteen minutes."

"Hello! Gomez, is that you, old man?" responded the ruffian, in a more pacific tone.

"You can see for yourself," answered Mr. Gomez; "and you know that when *I* camp at a place, I 'm there to stay as long as I please."

The men in the boat now held a council in low tones, after which the leader said:

"Well, I guess you 've got the right to the campin'-place, so we 'll go away."

They then turned their boat about and pulled down the creek until they passed out of sight around a bend.

"They 're a bad lot," said Mr. Gomez, when they were gone; "we shall be in danger so long as we stay in this vicinity. They wont tackle us together, but if they were to find one or two of us away from our party, they 'd shoot us in a minute, on very little provocation."

"Where are they from?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Gomez, "but Joe Stout used to be a sponger up around Cedar Keys; I used to see him often in my coasting voyages."

"What is a sponger?" asked Hugh.

"A man who fishes for sponges," replied Neil. "A great many sponges are found in the Gulf off the west coast of Florida."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, decidedly, "you all may get ready to move at once. I 'm not down here on a fighting expedition. Strike the tents and move everything aboard as quickly as possible."

There was no room for objections or suggestions when Uncle Charley gave an order, so without a word all hands fell to work, and in less than half an hour the sloop was heading down the creek toward the gulf. The wind was favorable, but they often had to use the oars, as the stream was very crooked. They passed the boat of their late visitors about half a mile from the camp. There was but one man in it; the others having probably gone ashore to hunt. The man in the boat stared at our friends as they sailed past, but he did not say a word. The bay was reached about noon, and Uncle Charley ordered Mr. Gomez to steer for Casey's Pass, which is the south-west outlet to the bay.

"We will run down to Charlotte Harbor," he said, "where game of every kind is more plentiful, and where there will be no one to molest us."

CHAPTER XXIII.

UP THE CALOOSAHATCHEE. A PANTHER.

IN due time our friends reached Punta Rassa, a small village, and waited there several days for a breeze that would help them up the Caloosahatchee river.

From Punta Rassa to Fort Myers, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, was the next run. The first part was through a rough and dangerous channel, choked with oyster bars and mud shallows; but when at last they were fairly in the Caloosahatchee, it was found to be a grand and beautiful river, with high banks upon which grew noble forests of pine and oak. They passed Fort Myers just after night-fall, but the moon was shining brilliantly, showing the place to be a forlorn-looking little village. Three or four miles beyond, they anchored near a small mud island, and slept well, despite some trouble with mosquitoes.

Neil and Hugh heard big alligators booming about in the lagoons and mud flats, and a strange sense of remoteness and isolation stole over them. They began to feel as if they were getting into a country where large and dangerous animals roamed at will, and where strange trees and unknown plants and flowers might be found. They knew, too, that not far eastward of them lay that mysterious island lake called Okeechobee, around the borders of which still dwelt, in their own wild way, the last remnant of Osceola's once famous Indian warriors. Neil had read translations of the old Spanish accounts of this region, clothed in the fascinating mists of romance, and of the old inexplicable mounds, fortifications, and canals discovered by the early explorers, and he hoped that it might turn out that he should be able to find the wonderful pearl-fisheries of the savages.

When morning came, they made haste to work the boat past some ugly mud islands, through shallow, treacherous channels. This took till

nearly noon, the sloop going aground quite often on hidden bars of black mud.

And now they began to get glimpses of alligators,—huge, hideous creatures,—sliding into the water of the dark lagoons on either side of the river.

In many places the banks of the stream were very low, and our friends, standing on the deck of the "Water-fowl," could see far along natural openings in the woods to where green savannas, those beautiful southern prairies, shone in the sunlight.

Now and then a small sleek deer would bound away into the thicket or brakes, or stand and gaze wildly at the sloop as she slowly swept by.

Water-birds seemed almost to fill the air and to cover the stream in places,—the sound of their wings and their harsh cries filling the air, as though bedlam had been let loose.

Neil and Hugh were very anxious to shoot at some of these many wild things, but Uncle Charley had forbidden them, as he did not wish to stop to collect the game they killed, and he did not approve of shooting merely for fun.

Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin, and Mr. Gomez had to resort to the oars, and Neil to the pushing-pole, in order to help the sloop along, whenever the wind fell. The progress was slow, and Hugh grew very impatient, especially when he saw a raft of wood-duck swimming about on a little estuary, under the richly variegated pendants of air-plants, that swung from the boughs of over-hanging trees. He could not help aiming his gun at them, although he did not shoot.

"Hugh," said Mr. Marvin, "you might get out your tackle and catch us some fish as we go along. Put a spinning-spoon on the line and troll it astern." The suggestion was a happy one. Hugh went to his box and took out a strong jointed bass-rod, fitted with a reel and two hundred feet of strong line. He adjusted a trolling-spoon, and when all was ready, he cast astern and awaited the result. It was not a minute before something struck the spinner, and his rod was bent almost double in a trice.

"Oh, Neil, Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin! It will pull me in! Come quick!" he cried, holding on manfully, with his feet braced and his shoulders raised.

"Loose your reel! Give it line! Let it run!" cried Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley in a breath, as they dropped their oars and sprang to Hugh's assistance.

Uncle Charley stood ready, but he did not wish to interfere unless it became absolutely necessary. Hugh pressed the spring, and the fish ran off with fifty feet of line at a single rush. Then began a desperate struggle. This way and that, and around and around, the strong, gamy victim sped, making the line sing keenly, while the reel spun like a top. Uncle Charley acted as general, directing Hugh in his movements with such words as "Give it a little more line—check it now—reel up fast or it 'll foul the line in those bushes—hold, it 's sulking; jerk it a little!"

Every one on board was excited, and watched the fight with great interest. Hugh's arms and hands became very tired, but he was too plucky to give up. He set his lips firmly and kept steadily to his work.

"You 'll conquer it directly," said Mr. Marvin; "watch it closely; don't let it have any slack; keep it fighting; it 'll soon tire."

Hugh felt the importance of his position, and redoubled his efforts. Suddenly the fish rose to the surface and "somersaulted" clean out of the water.

"My! what a big fellow it is!" cried Neil.

Judge was stupefied with amazement. He had never before seen so large a fish hooked.

This last maneuver of the fish was very trying on the tackle, but it stood the strain, and Hugh promptly gave out some line as another surge followed. Some wide circles were now run by the game at lower speed, and then Hugh felt the strain grow less.

"Now give him the butt!" cried Uncle Charley.

Hugh checked the line suddenly and firmly, and finding no more fight at the end of it, reeled it up slowly until the fish was drawn to the surface close to the boat.

Mr. Marvin had the gaff ready, and leaning over the gunwale, hooked the big fish and lifted it aboard.

It was a cavalli of seven or eight pounds weight. That night they anchored under a bluff and went ashore to cook their supper. There being no danger of rain, and the mosquitoes being troublesome on the water, they hung their hammocks on the highest ground they could find. Here the wood was thin and the trees small, though at a few rods distance began a densely timbered swamp that looked impenetrable. They had eaten nothing but a cold luncheon since an early breakfast, and all were very hungry. It was while they were sipping their hot coffee, and talking over the day's experience by a dim little fire, that they first heard a peculiar cry, or wail, coming out of the swamp. Uncle Charley stopped in the midst of a sip; Mr. Marvin turned his head to one side to listen intently; and Mr. Gomez said:

"A panther!"

Judge jumped as if something had bitten him. "Ugh! Laws o' massy! What we gwine do?" he cried, for he was badly frightened.

"Let 's go and kill it," said Hugh.

"How far away do you think it is?" Neil inquired of Uncle Charley, as they heard it scream again.

"It 's right down there in the swamp; it can not be very far away," replied Uncle Charley.

"I thought I heard dogs barking awhile ago," remarked Mr. Gomez. "I think the Indians are on a big hunt. Perhaps they have driven the panther into this little hummock."

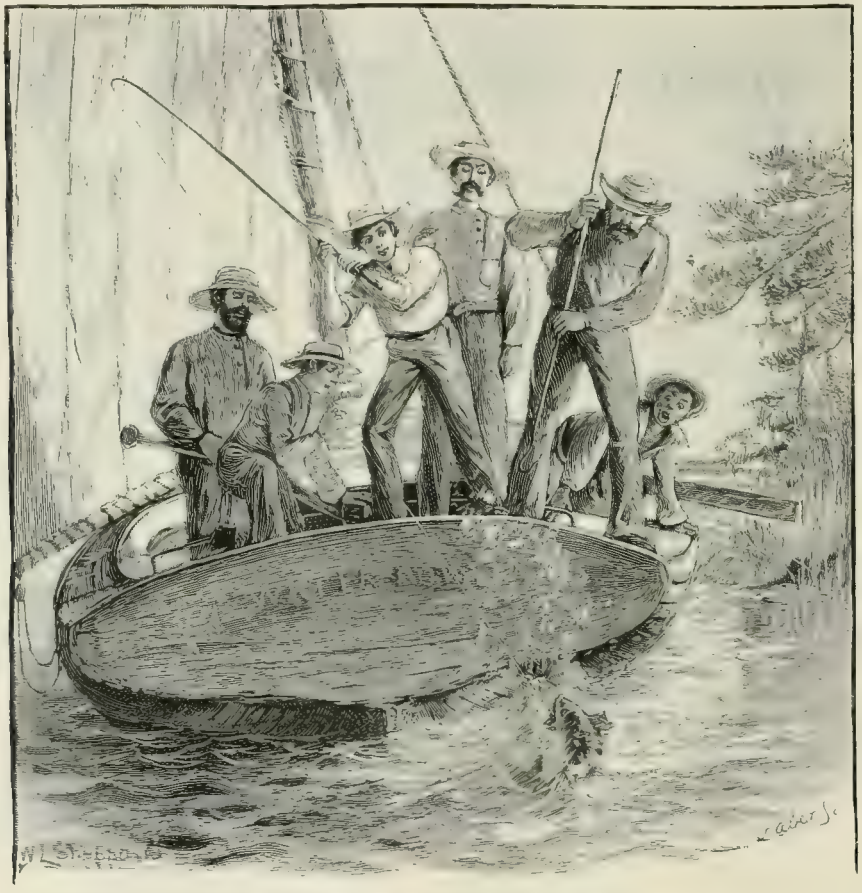
"Dem good-fur-nuffin Injuns 'll jes' scalp us for sho'," muttered Judge.

The boys looked at each other a little uneasily. It was not very pleasant to think of being surrounded by savages and having a panther prowling about close to their unprotected camp.

"Oh, the Indians are harmless," said Mr. Gomez, "but we 'll have to look out for that panther; for, if it has been chased for a day or two, it may be desperate and dangerous."

Arrangements were accordingly made to divide the night into watches. Neil and Hugh were to sit up until twelve o'clock, after which Mr. Marvin and Mr. Gomez were to divide the rest of the night, allowing Uncle Charley, who had suffered all day with headache, to get undisturbed rest.

A sufficient supply of dry wood had been gathered, so that a fire could be kept burning all night.



"'NOW GIVE HIM THE BUTT!' CRIED UNCLE CHARLEY."

The moon did not rise until about ten o'clock; but when its light began to fall across the landscape, the swamp in which the panther seemed to be roaming looked doubly wild and weird.

Hugh and Neil kept close to the fire, with their guns resting across their knees, ready for any emergency.

At last, near eleven o'clock, the occasional screams of the panther suddenly ceased, and more than half an hour passed before anything further was heard; then all at once Neil saw a large animal run up a tree and take a cat-like position

on a limb about forty feet from the ground. The moonlight fell upon it from such a direction that its outlines were strongly marked against some masses of dark foliage. Neil touched Hugh's arm and whispered: "Yonder it is, see!" and he pointed toward it with his finger.

Hugh's gaze discovered it very quickly. Both boys felt a strange thrill at sight of the beast. They clutched their guns and regarded each other for a moment in silence. Neil was the first to speak.

"Are you afraid, Hugh?" he whispered. "Shall we call Uncle Charley and the rest?"

Hugh caught a meaning in Neil's words not directly expressed by them, and at once he replied:

"No; let 's kill the panther ourselves. My gun is loaded with nine buckshot in each barrel."

"So is mine," said Neil. "How many shells have you?"

"Ten, answered Hugh," after counting them.

"I have eight," said Neil.

"Well," asked Hugh, "what do you say?"

"Let 's try it by ourselves," was Neil's reply.

"All right."

They both rose and stood for a moment hesitating.

"We must have some plan of action," said Neil.

"Let 's slip down close to the tree, take good aim at the beast, fire both barrels at it, and run back here," answered Hugh.

"Thirty-six buckshot ought to kill it," said Neil.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Hugh.

"We must be sure not to miss," cautioned Neil; "and to aim at its shoulder," he added.

"Yes," answered Hugh. "How proud Uncle Charlie will be, if we get that panther's skin!"

The tree, upon a limb of which the panther had stationed itself, was about two hundred yards distant from the fire.

"Come on," said Neil, "and keep cool."

Side by side the boys walked slowly and cautiously toward the tree.

The panther saw them, no doubt; for it crouched flat on the limb, and gave forth a low, tremulous scream.

Hugh halted involuntarily, but Neil touched his arm and whispered:

"Come on."

The panther screamed again almost immediately, this time much louder than before. It required all the courage the boys could command to march straight on toward the ferocious beast; but Neil would never turn back when once he had started, and Hugh was too proud to abandon his brother in the face of danger. They went on until they were within fifty feet of the tree. The panther had turned its face in their direction, and its eyes glared savagely at them.

"Ready, now," whispered Neil.

"Yes, ready," answered Hugh.

"When I say 'fire,'—blaze away!" added Neil.

"All right," said Hugh.

They raised their guns and aimed as steadily as they could.

"Fire!" exclaimed Neil, and the woods fairly shook with the roar of their guns.



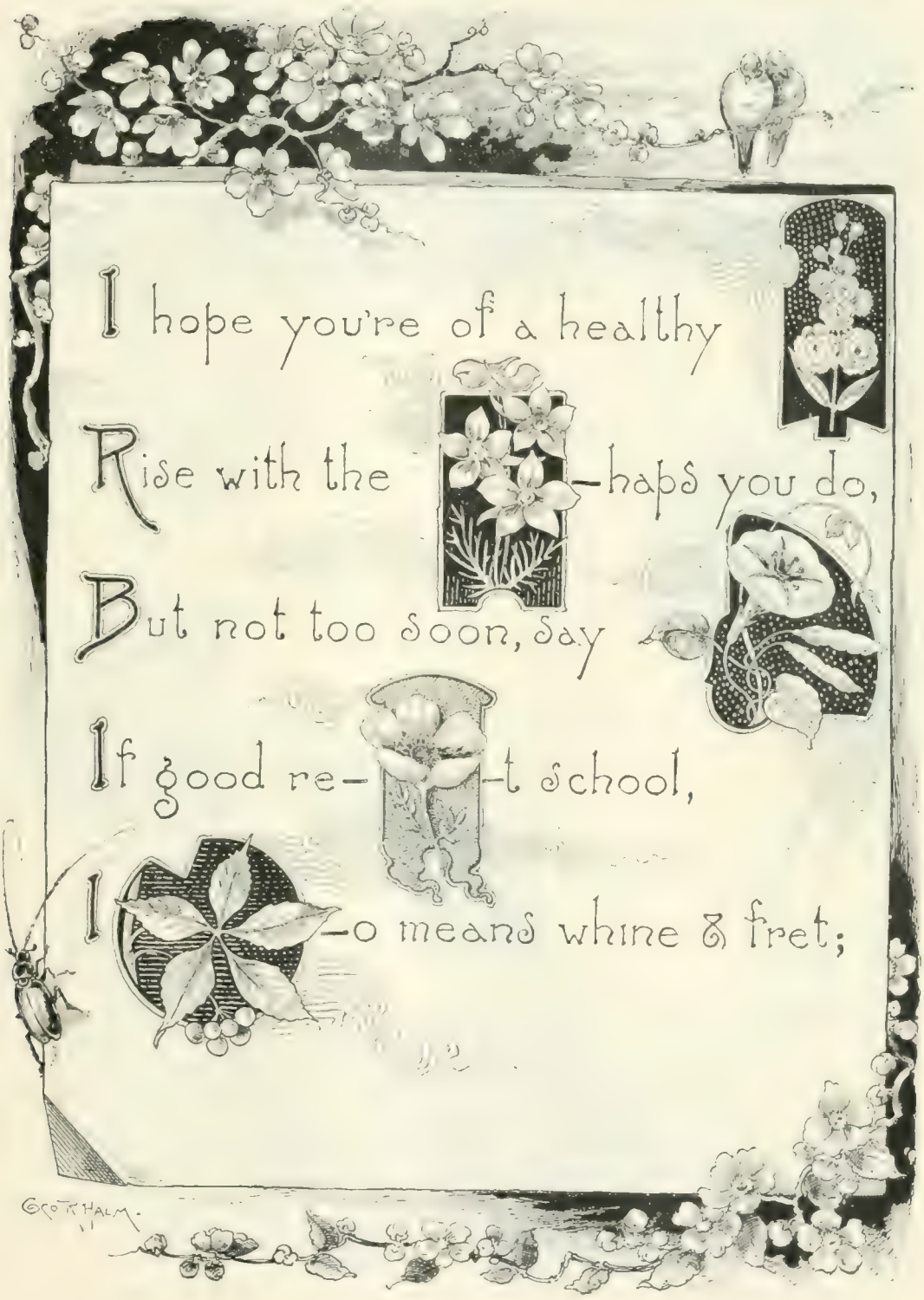
THE PET SWAN.

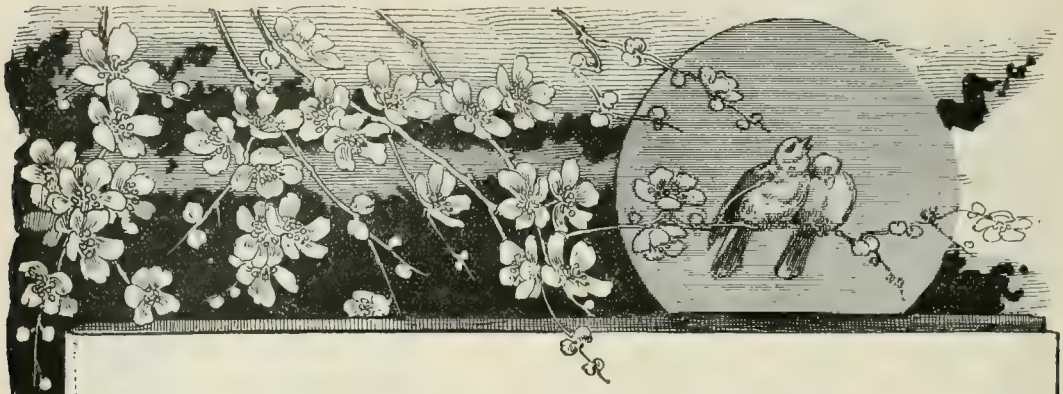
A FLORAL LETTER*

Dear Steenie:

I hope you'll be a boy;
You've e-joy to me;
Your principles dont
-ling man you then will be.
As puny boys make

* See Letter-Box.


I hope you're of a healthy
Rise with the
-haps you do,
But not too soon, say
If good re-
-t school,
I
-o means whine & fret;
GEO. T. HALM.



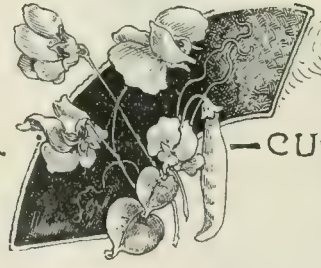
But courage take & say to Sloth:

wretch! I'll conquer yet!"

Some folks there are who



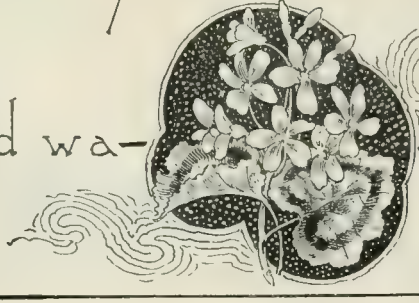
And with a



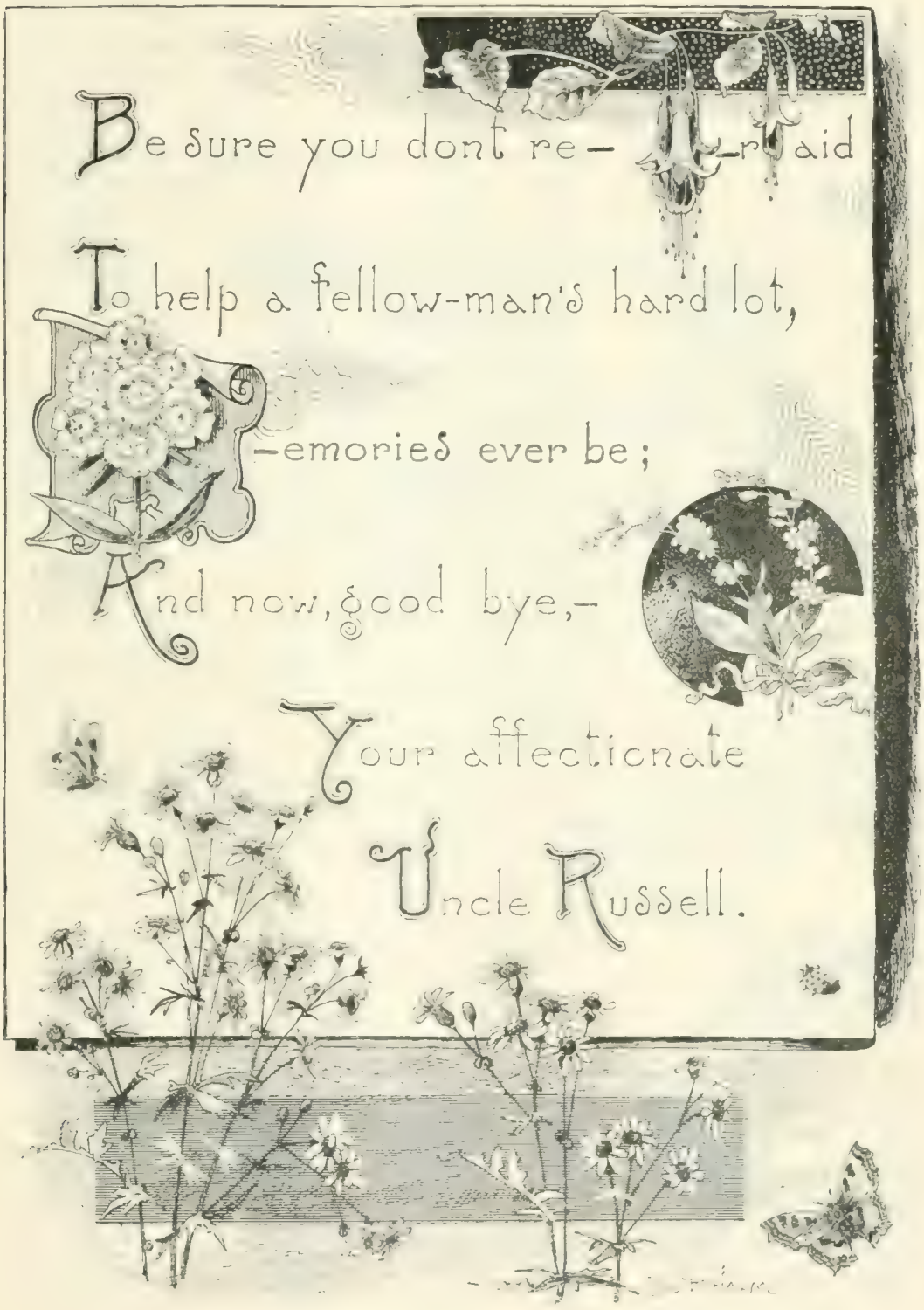
-culiar ease;

That you will not be one of them

I'd wa-



-ount you please!


Be sure you dont re- -r aid
To help a fellow-man's hard lot,
-emories ever be;
And now, good bye,-
Your affectionate
Uncle Russell.

LITTLE BERTIE.

By Bessie Hill.





One day little Bertie Green came running in from the fields. She carried something in her apron, but no one could see what it was. She went up to her mother's room. Her mother was very tired, and was resting in the big easy-chair.

"Oh, Mamma," said Bertie, "let 's play three wishes! Play you 're a poor woman and I 'm a be-yoo-tiful fairy. Will you, Mamma?"

Mamma laughed, and said she would try.

"Good!" said Bertie, "you 'll see what a lovely game it is, Mam-

ma. Now, shut your eyes tight, 'cause we 're going to begin! I 'm a fairy, and I 'll grant you three wishes. There 's something in my apron, you know, Mamma, but it 's a secret. Now, WISH!"

"Well," said mamma, closing her eyes, "let me think of something to wish for."

"That 's right, Mamma; wish for something very nice—a flower, or a cherry, or anything!"

"I wish for a—flower," said her mamma, very slowly.

"Here it is!" cried Bertie, laughing with joy, and handing her mamma a lovely rose. "Now wish again, Mamma."

"Let—me—think," said mamma again; "now what SHALL I wish for?"

"Something to eat!" the fairy hinted.

"Oh, yes, something to eat!" mamma said; "well, I wish—I wish for two nice cherries!"

"Good! good!" shouted Bertie, giving mamma a bright little red bunch. "How DID you know? Are they sweet?"

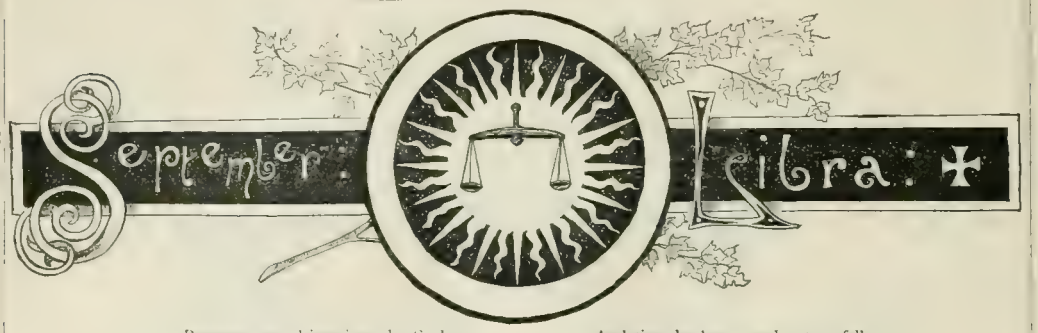
"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "and I thank you very much, good fairy! But there were to be three wishes. I can have another wish, you know!"

"Y-e-s!" said Bertie, looking troubled, and letting go of the little empty apron; "only, I don't know how to play any more wishes."

"I do!" said mamma; "I wish for a kiss!" Then you should have seen the happy fairy climb up, throw her little arms around mamma's neck and kiss her again and again!

"That was the very best wish of all," said mamma.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



PHŒBUS now drives into the Scales,
His skyward course descending,
And tips the beam, and gets a fall,
Just as the summer 's ending.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Mon.	12	Capri.	12.	Louis XIV. France, d. 1715
2	Tues.	13	Aqua.	12.	Gen. Moreau, died 1813.
3	Wed.	14	"	11.59	Oliver Cromwell, d. 1658.
4	Thur.	FULL	"	11.59	Chateaubriand, born 1768.
5	Fri.	16	Pisces	11.58	Richelieu, born 1585.
6	Sat.	17	"	11.58	
7	☽	18	"	11.58	13th Sunday after Trinity.
8	Mon.	19	Aries	11.57	Capture Sebastopol, 1855.
9	Tues.	20	"	11.57	James IV. Scotl'd, d. 1513.
10	Wed.	21	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Aldebaran.
11	Thur.	22	"	11.56	☾ " "
12	Fri.	23	Orion	11.56	☾ " Saturn
13	Sat.	24	Gemini	11.56	Gen. James Wolfe, d. 1759.
14	☽	25	Cancer	11.55	14th Sunday after Trinity.
15	Mon.	26	"	11.55	☾ near Venus
16	Tues.	27	Leo	11.55	☾ " Jupiter
17	Wed.	28		11.54	Philip IV. Spain, d. 1665.
18	Thur.	29		11.54	
19	Fri.	NEW		11.53	Pres. Garfield, died 1881.
20	Sat.	1		11.53	Alex. the Great, b. 356 B.C.
21	☽	2		11.53	15th Sunday after Trinity.
22	Mon.	3	Libra	11.52	☾ near Mars.
23	Tues.	4	"	11.52	Capture of André, 1780.
24	Wed.	5	Ophiuch	11.52	
25	Thur.	6	"	11.51	
26	Fri.	7	Sagit.	11.51	Daniel Boone, died 1820
27	Sat.	8	"	11.51	Louis XIII. France, b. 1601
28	☽	9	"	11.50	16th Sunday after Trinity.
29	Mon.	10	Capri.	11.50	Admiral Nelson, b. 1758.
30	Tues.	11	Aqua.	11.50	

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

HERE and there, on brook and river,
Where the shadows float and quiver,
Pushing gayly from the shore,
Merry rowers ply the oar.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

SEPTEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

If you want to see VENUS, JUPITER, or SATURN, you must take a peep out of an eastern window about four o'clock in the morning.

Altair is now slightly to the west of our south mark. Near it, but a trifle to the east, is a pretty little diamond-shaped group of stars, often called Job's Coffin. These are in the constellation of *The Dolphin*. Exactly in the south, at some distance below Altair, and pointing to that star, are two stars quite near together that mark the Zodiac constellation *Capricornus*, or *The Goat*. The upper one of the two has a faint star close to it. The lower one, called Beta Capricorni, is remarkable this year from the fact that it is covered by the moon once in the course of each month. Whenever the place of the moon is marked in the Almanac as being in *Capricornus*, you will see her not far from this star, generally to the east or west of it. But in October, the occultation (as the passage of the moon over a star is called) will occur at an hour when we can observe it.

The Square of *Pegasus* is now high up in the east. The great Dipper is low down in the north-west. Lyra, the Beautiful, has passed to the west of our south mark, and *The Swan*, with its leading brilliant Arided, has crept nearly to the point overhead. Antares, the red star of the *Scorpion*, is setting in the south-west. The bright star rising in the far north-east is Capella in *Auriga*, the *Charioteer*.

We can now trace another step in the course of the sun. From the point we noted last month which he occupies on the 22d of November, he passes through the constellation of *Sagittarius*, *The Archer*, during December, and reaches a point some distance below Beta Capricorni on the 21st of January.

THE WHIRLWIND AND THE ZEPHYR.

"WHY are you so fierce?" said a gentle Zephyr, that had been blowing over rose-gardens and was laden with fragrance, to a Whirlwind that was dashing furiously around.

"Oh!" said the Whirlwind, "I 'm not fierce; that 's energy! I 'm only a good healthy Whirlwind, that 's all. You — poor little Zephyr, will die some time for lack of breath;" and so saying, he seized a rose-bush and almost tore it up by the roots, scattering the rose-leaves far and wide.

"Alas!" said the Zephyr, as she hovered tenderly over the rose-bush, and tried weakly to gather up the fallen petals, "you 're not healthy for others, my friend, and you do not seem to know that might does not make right; as for me, I think a kiss is better than a blow."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals, — those of constellations in italics.



"HARVEST HOME! Harvest home!" cried September, bursting in gayly. "You have done pretty well, Mother, after all, have n't you? Seems to me I never before had so many apples and melons to touch up, and the vines are fairly groaning. I don't know as I shall have purple enough to give all the grapes a good rich color. I think I ought to be the happiest month of all the twelve; for while my brothers and sisters work, I only have to reap the fruit of their labors. I suppose I must put the tips of my fingers on some of the trees, and begin to turn their lovely green to yellow and red; but I leave all I can of that work to October, who knows more about it than I do. What shall I take hold of first? Shall I call a little breeze, and bid it shake the apples down? It is time they were falling."

"Yes," said Dame Nature; "and don't forget to shine a little on your marigolds; and remember you are the Midas who turns the pumpkins to pure gold."

PRESERVING-TIME.

Says Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear
"You're growing very plump, Madame,
And look very fair.

And those Mrs. Clingstone Peach,
Second cousin to the least,
I perceive as well, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crab-apple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the Farmer's wife
I 'spect they will be fed.

"But see the Lambkin,
[illegible]
I fear it's ready to be gaining
To get purple in the face.

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows unto her sorrow,
Preserving-time has come."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"[illegible]
And soon we shall be smothering
In sugar by the pound."

And before the month was ended,
The fruits that looked so fair,
Had [illegible] from off the boughs,
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape;
"I 'm cider!" sighed the Apple;
"I 'm jelly," [illegible]

They were all in jars and bottles,
Upon the shelf arrayed;
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to marmalade.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE nightingale by moonlight clear
So sweetly sang, all came to hear.
The raven said: "I 'd like to see
So many listening to me,
And when the nightingale is through
I 'll show the world what I can do."
The nightingale was hardly done,
Before the raven had begun,
But as the people heard his lay,
They stopped their ears and ran away.

The raven slowly shook his head;
"O nightingale," he sadly said,
"The difference I can not see,—
They list to you; they run from me.
I wish I knew the reason why!
You sang your song, and so did I."
The nightingale made soft reply:
"Was anybody listening there?
I did not know; I do not care.
My mate is sitting on her nest
To guard the eggs beneath her breast;
As in the thicket she must hide,
She can not see the moon outside.
To her I sing with all my might
The beauty of the glorious night,
And can not tell it half, although
I love it so! I love it so!"

This pretty song-story by Selma W. Paine, a friend of my birds, is as true of people as it is of birds. There are raven-folk and nightingale-folk among young and old, Deacon Green says, and you meet them every day, in one way or another.

Think about it, each one of you, dearly beloveds, and see whether you belong to the ravens or the nightingales.

A NEW WORD-GAME.

HERE is something a little out of my line. But as the Little School-ma'am hands it in, and begs me to show it to you, I can only say, "Certainly I will!" The little lady says it will amuse you and your elders, in or out of doors, and that it comes to her from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. George B. Bartlett.

Here it is; but don't all play it at once, my chicks, or my birds will think there 's a battle raging between the crows and the katydids. It is called by a big name, too; but the Little School-ma'am assures me that it is perfectly harmless. Let me know how you like it, please.

MENTAL WORD CULTURE.

At last, by a change of rule and method, the good old game of word-making can be played without printed cards or letters, by the summer moonlight or winter fireside. The memory will be greatly strengthened by this new and fascinating amusement, which will also cultivate correct spelling and bring to notice many curious words. Any number of players may join. The first in line mentions any word of two or three letters, and the one who sits next makes another word of it by adding one or more letters. The third player does the same in his turn; and so on, until a word is made to which no one can add; and this completed word belongs to the player who finished it. This player then starts another, which goes on in the same way until finished, and the player who first secures five words wins the game, which is subject to the following rules:

No proper names can be used.

No word can be changed unless at least one letter is added, and the new word is of different meaning from the one before it.

No plural or change of tense can be used to make a word.

Before starting a new word, the player must call out in order the words he has already secured, which can be taken away at this time by any player who can add to any of them, or combine any of them into other words by adding one or more letters.

If any player discovers an error of spelling in any word given out, he can claim it for his own by giving the correct spelling.

Any player may call on another for the definition of any of his words, and if the spelling be not correct for the word of that meaning, he can claim it, although correctly spelled for another meaning.

No unreasonable delay is permitted, as the player next in turn can play if he has waited three minutes, which he can compute by counting slowly the numbers to one hundred and eighty.

Here are a few specimen words and changes:

Am, ram, ream, cream, scream.
At, cat, cart, cater, canter, decanter.
Wig, twig, twinge.
He, hem, helm, helmet.

WHAT NOISE DOES THE BEAVER MAKE?

SEVERAL months ago, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS asked you this question, and out of many letters of reply that came, only a few were based on actual observation by the writers. These answers you shall hear now:

Bertha M. S. describes a pet beaver that had been given to a member of her family. She says the noise it made was exactly like the cry of a very young baby in distress.

John T. McS. says, "It 's a soft splash, that you hear only once, just as the beaver turns from the dam it is building."

And Edgar G. B., a twelve-year-old boy, living in Urbana, Ohio, writes: "I want to tell you about the noise the beaver makes. He makes it with his tail, in using it as a trowel when he builds his dam. It sounds like clapping your hand on a board or piece of hard earth."

A CRAB-BAROMETER

Well, what shall I hear next? Yesterday, I have heard somebody tell the dear Little School-ma'am about a kind of crab that is used by the natives of the Chiloe Islands as a natural barometer. It appears that the shell of this sensitive little kicker is nearly white in dry weather, but whenever it is exposed to moisture, little red spots appear. These deepen and thicken according to the degree of dampness to which the shell is exposed, until finally, in the rainy season, it becomes red all over.

Have any of you been to the Chiloe Islands, and have you ever seen this particular sort of crab? Is it a land-crab? I suppose it is; for a water-crab, sensitive to dampness, would n't make a very satisfactory barometer, I fancy. Or is it only a sort of posthumous crab, whose real life of usefulness, so to speak, begins after his death? Who knows?

WHY TUMBLER.

Vincentown, July 2d.

[illegible] your July question: Certain drinking-vessels, one or two centuries ago, were called tumblers, because they had a pointed or round base, and could not be set down with any liquor in them, thus compelling the drinker to finish his measure. Hoping this may be the correct answer, I remain your constant reader,

[illegible]

Other young friends write that, according to some dictionaries, a tumbler is a drinking-vessel without a foot; and one grown-up correspondent, curiously enough, says that a tumbler should be called stumbler, for it takes its name from the word stumble, as it is "a glass without a foot," which could only be set down empty, as it was sure to spill any fluid left in it.

A little maiden of Birmingham, England, after explaining that tumblers originally were made pointed, so writes:

[illegible] lightful 'Spinning-wheel Stories.' I am also very much interested in [illegible] in July), and I hope it will turn out a success.

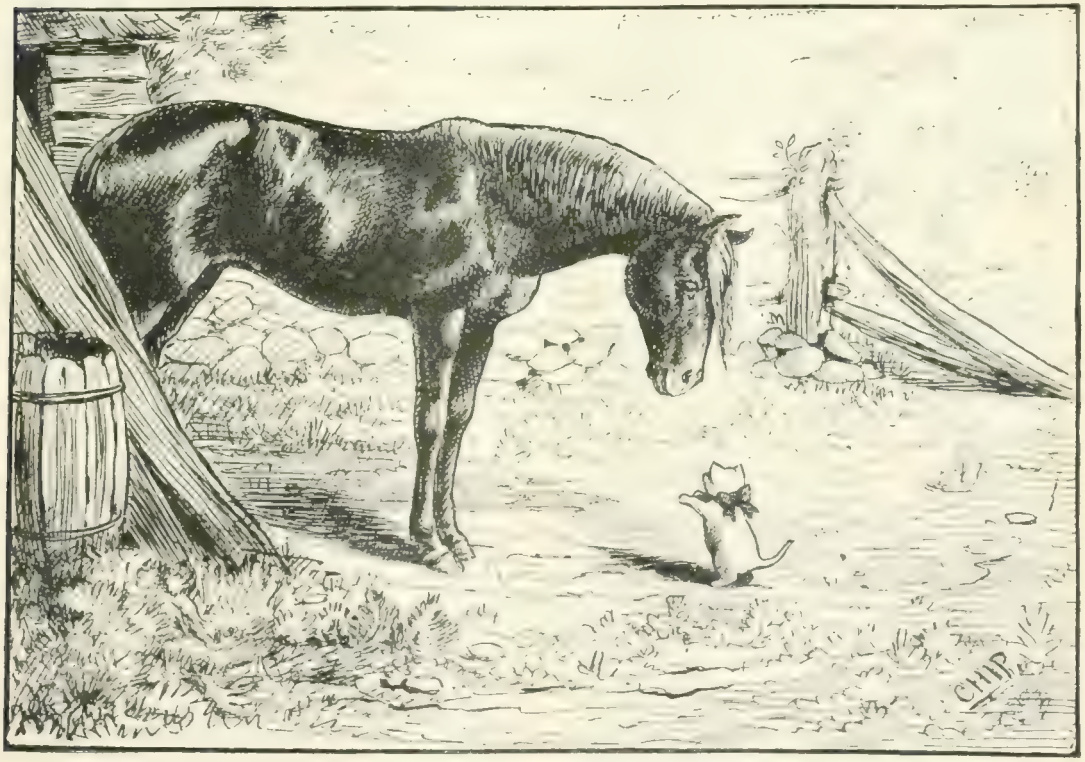
"I do not see many letters from English girls, but several of my little friends take your beautiful magazine, and love it dearly.

"Now, good-bye. With love to 'Deacon Green' and the 'Little School-ma'am,' I am, your little friend,

[illegible]

THOSE AGED ANIMALS.

There, our time is up for this month, and I have not shown you, as I intended to do, more of the many interesting letters that have been coming in ever since I asked for facts from personal knowledge about the ages of horses and dogs. But you shall see them some time; and, by the way, here is something quite appropriate:



PUSSY: "ARE YOU THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S OTHER PET?"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE Floral Letter printed on pages 890–894 of this number will, we are sure, interest all flower-lovers among our readers. It is copied from a genuine letter written by a gentleman to his little nephew, and though somewhat in the nature of a puzzle, it will be found to convey in its "flower-language" some excellent hints. As the flowers represented are nearly all of common varieties, we think our readers will have no difficulty in deciphering the Floral Letter, since by substituting the name of each flower for the picture of it, the sense and meaning will be evident at once. However, for the benefit of those who may not care to study out the letter for themselves, we shall print in next month's Letter-box a key to it, which can then be compared with the original.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now visiting the beautiful city of Paris. There are so many things of interest here! I have been to the Palace of Versailles, which is beautiful; saw the bed which Louis XIV. died on, and Napoleon's carriage. We also saw a pretty château which Marie Antoinette built, her chapel, and a tree which she and Louis XIV. planted. I have also visited the old city of Rouen, which is very interesting; and I saw the spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. I have to wait so long before you come that it seems as if I 'll not receive you. I would like to write more, but I am afraid I shall not have my letter printed.

Your faithful reader, MADGE M——.

PLIMPTON HOUSE, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the July number a letter from Charlie Delany, telling how the Chinese imitated the plate that the gentleman sent so exactly. When I showed it to my cousin, she said that some one had told her that a gentleman sent a pair of pantaloons to a Chinaman to have another pair made like them. Unfortunately the old pair had a patch in one of the knees, and when the Chinaman made the new pair, he cut a hole in the same knee in which it had been in the old pair, and patched it.

Sincerely yours, HELEN E——.

BROOKLYN, July 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about a society a friend of mine belongs to. It is called "The Charity Society." The reason they call it "Charity" is because whenever any member says anything untrue or anything she would be unwilling to repeat to the person spoken of she is fined one cent, and when they have a large amount they use it for the benefit of some poor person. J. L.

J. L.'s account of the "Charity Society" will remind many of our readers of the story entitled "The S. F. B. P.," printed in our last number.

17 BAYSWATER TERRACE, LONDON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have no doubt that some of your readers have "viper's-grass" in their gardens. It generally flowers in June or July, and grows best in chalky soil. The seed somewhat resembles the head of a viper, and it was from this arose the idea that it was a cure for the bite of that reptile.

I believe it is also known as the "Ox-tongue," and in France it is called the *réveille-matin* ["the morning call" or "alarm-clock"]. The other day I read a little legend concerning this flower which I send you, thinking that perhaps it may interest some of your numerous readers.

One day St. Nicholas met a little maiden weeping bitterly on her way to school, and touched by the sight of the child's grief, he stopped her and inquired the cause of her tears. "Why do you cry, little one?" And the little girl answered, "Because I am late again this morning for school, and when I get there the teacher will scold me and say I am lazy, but I know that it is really not my fault, for I can not prevent myself from waking up late, much as I would wish to do so." Upon this, St. Nicholas placed his hands on the child's golden hair, and said, "Do not weep, you will not be scolded this morning; for I will put back the hands of the school-house clock and all the other clocks in the village; but this is for to-day only. Take this flower, and for the future place it at the head of your bed and you will wake early every morning." And so saying, St. Nicholas broke off a branch of the viper's-grass and gave it to his little friend, and went away. After this the little girl was never late at school, and it soon became known that she was always the first to arrive there. On her telling the villagers, they nicknamed the flower the "morning call." And to this day, when the villagers of Flanders wish to wake early in the morning, they place a branch of the "morning call" by their bedsides

I much enjoy reading your delightful paper, dear ST. NICHOLAS; and hoping this letter will find a corner in your Letter-box, as it is the first I have yet written to you, believe me, your admiring reader,

VIOLET M. C——.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but to-day I thought I would, and ask you a question. We live in a boarding-house, and a boy rooms just across the hall. The other day the boy came in and asked me to come and see an "experiment" of his; he got his idea from a story in ST. NICHOLAS of a boy who burnt bark in a tea-kettle to make gas.

He had taken an old glass ink-bottle, filled it with scraps of paper and bits of wood, and set it on the coals in a grate; soon a sort of smoke came, which he lighted, and it had been burning nearly half an hour when I saw it. It went out soon after, and when we took the bottle from the grate, the bottom was melted out. We filled another bottle with paper alone, and it burnt, too. Now, was that gas that came from the mouth of the bottle? If so, what kind, and how can paper make gas? Your admiring reader,

BLANCHE C. LEGGETT.

P. S.—The paper was not consumed, but burnt after we took the bottle from the grate.

WHEN any material, be it wood, paper, coal, or anything that will burn, is exposed to great heat, gases of various kinds are evolved, and these, if mingled with air, will burn. If the air has access to the material, the material itself will appear to burn, yet, in reality, only the gas burns. If the material is inclosed in some vessel, so that the air can not get to it, and the gases are led away in a pipe, they will burn, even if quite cold, the moment they meet the air and a flame. (A good way to try the experiment is to fill the bowl of a tobacco-pipe with dry sawdust, cover the top of the bowl with clay or plaster of Paris, and to thrust the bowl of the pipe in the coals of a fire, and leave the stem projecting from the stove. Soon a yellow smoke will escape from the pipe, and, if touched with flame, will burn as a tiny gas flame. On breaking open the bowl of the pipe the wood will be found reduced to charcoal. The charcoal will burn, but with a pale flame, showing that a part of the gas has been extracted. Such an experiment is called "destructive distillation," because the gas and some other products are distilled out of the wood in a retort, and the wood is destroyed in the process.)

PARIS, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my dolls and cats. I have a great many of them. I will tell you their names. My littlest is the baby doll; her name is Mary Anderson, and I have two more; one is named Queen Victoria. She is my finest doll, and I have another which is named Emma Abbot. Then I have two cats, which are named Hamlet and Still Bill. I am nine years old, and I like your magazine very much.

Yours truly, A. J——.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., June 29, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Southern California in the ST. NICK, so I thought I would write one and see if it would be printed.

We are having very pleasant weather here, and everything is

green and fresh. I think the "Scarlet Tanager" and "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" are not [illegible]

Your faithful reader, [illegible] H. L.

COLLEGE AVE., No. 26.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two [illegible] N[illegible]y go to [illegible] m[illegible] Mr. W[illegible] "Bird Study" [illegible] f[illegible] [illegible] in looks and character, a very dear teacher of our own, which makes it seem more real; and also, because we go to boarding-school ourselves, but board at home, which is not nearly so nice. It is very lonesome here now that school has closed, and as we have never written a letter to you before, nor seen one in the "Letter-box" from this part of the country, we thought we would write to you and would like very much to see this in print.

Your Western friends, [illegible]

[illegible], Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have [illegible] bound; one is red and one blue. I like the fairy-stories and poetry very much.

I knew a donkey called Sam. He liked apples, but they grew too high for him; so a tall horse, named Trooper, pulled the boughs [illegible] month, and I shall have a party.

From your friend, HUBERT C——.

WE thank our girl and boy friends, whose names are here given, for the pleasant letters we have received from them. We would be glad to publish their letters if there were room. At it is, we can only acknowledge them by name: Corinne F. Hill, Mertie M[illegible], H[illegible] Ostrander, Elizabeth Alling, Florence C. D., Miriam McGaw, Louise Joynes, J. C. W., Nellie W., Cherry Wood, Vivia Blair, Hattie S. Mason, Gertrude Hofford.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FIRST REPORT.

THERE should be a flavor of salt in our report this month, for it is developing in the sea-side laboratory of the Boston Society of Natural History, in close companionship with lobsters, crabs, hydroids, sea-urchins, and star-fish, in view of rolling waves, and amid the whisperings of an ocean breeze. A company of earnest students are at work at the various tables, and among them we note with pleasure the former secretary of Gloucester, A, Mr. R. S. Tarr.

It may be useful to mention a plan of work, that as followed here yields the most gratifying results. This is the careful and exhaustive study of a very few typical forms. One student, for example, has spent a month of constant study on the lobster, noting carefully its various parts and characteristics, with the aid of some such book as Huxley and Martin's *Practical Biology*, or W. K. Brooks's *Handbook of Invertebrate Zoölogy*. All the parts, as described by these authors, are found in the specimens in hand, drawn, and carefully contrasted and compared. Those who have more time carry their studies deeper, and trace the growth of some animal from the egg through all its different stages, until the adult form is reached, making successive drawings and continual notes, and in this way working up a complete "life history" of the creature. This kind of work can be done anywhere, but the marine forms, being larger and, at the same time, of less complex organization, afford the best material for beginners. We advise any of our friends who may have the opportunity to attend a laboratory, and do practical work under [illegible]

It is with great pleasure that we lay before the A. A. the following generous offers from Profs. Jordan and Grinnell:

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.

DEAR SIR: In St. Nicholas for June, page [illegible], I [illegible] all for a "specialist on fish."

I am such a person, and I shall be very glad to answer any questions on fishes (and reptiles or birds) that any of your young correspondents may ask. Yours very truly,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

[illegible], PARK, REV. NEW YORK, [illegible]

DEAR SIR: Your interesting little hand-book of the Agassiz Association has just fallen into my hands. The subject is so interesting, and the objects of the Association appeal so strongly to every student of science, that I feel that it is unnecessary for me to apologize to you for offering my most cordial congratulations to you as the originator of the grand idea. It must always be a source of the greatest congratulation to you to feel that you have in this way helped to broaden out the lives of so many of the children of our country. And no doubt among those belonging to your association there will be many who will do good work for science in the years that are to come. After attentively reading your hand-book, it has occurred to me that perhaps some one who has a general knowledge of North American birds might be of assistance to some of your members. General North American ornithology is my specialty, and I should be happy to identify any specimens that may be sent to me by any members of the A. A., or to be of service to them in any other way.

Should any of them require help about our birds, pray do not hesitate to call upon me. Yours respectfully,

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL, Ph. D.

THE CONVENTION.

THE Secretary of the Philadelphia Assembly reports that a very large number of Chapters have signified their intention of sending a delegate or delegates to the convention on September 2. Among the topics that will be discussed in the meeting are: Methods of work; histories of Chapters; the use of the microscope; practical work in zoölogy, conchology, ornithology, and entomology. We gladly insert the following cordial letter of invitation from the Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A.:

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1884.

Although special invitations have been sent to all the Chapters of the Agassiz Association for the convention to be held in Philadelphia this September, we think it well to also extend an invitation through ST. NICHOLAS.

We therefore cordially invite all members of the Agassiz Association to attend the convention, which will be held on September 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1884.

On Tuesday, September 2d, at 8 P. M., a reception will be given to the members; on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, visits will be made to the Academy of Natural Sciences and the Zoölogical Gardens; on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, sessions of the convention will be held; on Wednesday evening a lecture will be delivered by Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.; and on Thursday evening a visit will probably be made to the Electrical Exhibition.

Chapters or members of the A. A. and other parties are desired to read at the sessions or send to the Secretary of the Assembly notes of personal observations or other papers of scientific interest.

Persons unconnected with the A. A. who are interested in its work are invited to be present at the sessions.

The reception will be held at 1418 Chestnut street, second floor; sessions of the convention and Dr. McCook's lecture at Lecture-Room of Franklin Institute, 15 South Seventh street; hotel accommodations for visiting members (at $2.50 per day) at West End Hotel, 1524 Chestnut street; head-quarters of the convention, on and after September 1st, at West End Hotel. All members are requested to call at head-quarters as soon as possible after their arrival in the city, and obtain tickets for the reception, lectures, etc.

A circular giving particulars for obtaining reduced railroad rates and hotel accommodations has been issued. This has been sent to all Chapters answering our first circular, and will be mailed to others upon application. Yours truly,

ROBERT T. TAYLOR,
Sec'y Philadelphia Assembly.

Address communications to P. O. Box 259, Philadelphia, Pa.

The warm months of summer do not bring the usual decrease in the number of new Chapters formed.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No	Name.	No. of Members	Address.
670	Wright's Grove, Ill.	4	Myron Hunt (care Miller and Hunt).
671	Lyndon, Vt	12	Miss Alice E. Hall.
672	Chicago (W).	16	Noble M. Eberhart, 161 La Salle St., Room 75.
673	Milwaukee, Wis. (B)	9	Mrs. F. L. Atkins.
674	Washington, D. C. (I)	5	Spencer A. Searle.
675	Newport, R. I. (D)	4	Henry M. Soonper, 169 Broadway.
676	Burlington, N. J. (B)	4	C. P. Smith, Jr., Box 232.
677	Milwaukee, Wis. (C)	4	Miss Lizzie Jordan, 142 3d St.
678	Taunton, Mass. (C)	5	Daniel J. Mehegan.
679	De Pere, Wis. (E)	10	Barton L. Parker.
680	Peoria, Ill. (E)	4	Gustav Kleene, 210 Fourth St.
681	Garden City, L. I., N. Y. (B)	5	C. W. Clark.
682	Philadelphia, Pa. (W)	5	James E. Brooks, 1865 North 24th St.
683	Louisville, Ky. (C)	4	Will C. Cope, 1818 Barret Ave.

REORGANIZED.

346	Toronto, Canada (A)	7	David Howell, 57 Gloucester St.

DISSOLVED.

144 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

NOTES.

115. *Frogs raining down.*—The phenomenon is thus explained by Prof. Wood, in "Common Objects of the Country": The frog showers, of which we so often hear, are occasioned, not by the actual descent of frogs from the clouds, but, probably, from the genial influence of the moisture on the young frogs that have been already hatched and developed, and have been biding their time before daring to venture abroad.

116. *Attacus cynthia.*—In answer to "X," *Attacus cynthia* is a moth of the *Attacus* group of the family *Lepidoptera*. It is more properly called *Samia cynthia*. The cocoon of this moth is used for the manufacture of silk, which is of good quality. The moth can be raised in this country in the open air. It feeds on the ailantus. J. R. Boardman, Augusta, Me.

117. *Bohemian chatterer.*—Hearing the note of a Bohemian chatterer, I determined, if possible, to find out what it was doing away from its companions. It soon flew from the tree on which it had alighted, and before long a whole flock of the birds came to the same tree and began eating the berries. This seems to show that the birds, having nearly stripped one tree of its fruit, had sent this bird to find a new feeding-place.—Chas. Keeler.

118. *Cow-bird.*—In ST. NICHOLAS for March is a communication from a member of the A. A., stating that four eggs of the cow-bird were found in a nest of the wood-thrush, and asking if any parallel case has been noted. In the summer of 1881, I found a yellow warbler's nest of six eggs, two of the warbler and four of the cow-bird. I took the nest. About two weeks later I found another nest of the warbler, not ten feet from the first one. In it were two eggs of the cow-bird and one of the warbler. I took only the former. A few days later I found another cow-bird's egg in the same nest, and removed it. The next time I obtained two more. It was becoming interesting. Next day, to my surprise, I found the nest empty, and much torn. The warbler's eggs were on the ground beneath it, and each one had a hole picked in it. I concluded that the cow-bird had avenged her wrongs.—H. H. Birney, Bethlehem, Pa.

119. *Promethea.*—The *Attacus promethea* (Harris), or *Callosamia Promethea* (Saunders), is the most common of the large moths here. Its cocoons are found in numbers on magnolia-trees in gardens. I wish that members of the A. A. in different places would tell us how the number of these moths compares with that of others, like the *Polyphemus* and *Cecropia*, for example.—C. M. Hewins, Hartford, Conn.

120. *Slate.*—While exploring a slate ledge for pyrites, I found a place where the slate seemed to have undergone a curious change. Pieces could be broken off in the same rectangular form as usual; but instead of being hard and brittle, it was very soft and slightly moist. Will some one tell me if this decomposition of slate is a common occurrence, as I can not find any mention of it in my mineralogy. I have specimens of it to exchange for labeled fossils.—R W. Wood, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

121. *Danais.*—I have found *Danais archippus* on locust. There were no milkweeds anywhere near that the larvæ could have crawled from before changing to the chrysalis. Can any one tell me where to send for "Morris's Synopsis of the Lepidoptera of N. A.," issued by the Smithsonian Inst.?—E. H. Pierce, Auburn, N. Y.

122. *What is it?*—I am too young to belong to the A. A., but I like to watch bugs and insects. I can print quite well, but I get Papa to write what I want to tell and ask you. I found on a leaf of a morning-glory a little winged bug, shaped like the common lady-bug. It was of the most brilliant gold color, looking like a drop of pure gold. The tips of its feet were like Etruscan gold. Around the border of its back, overlapping the body, was a thin film that looked like glass. Around its sides there seemed to be a row of beading, or little dents into the golden edge. I put it into a clear glass bottle. After a little time its color began to change until it was a dark brick red, with three black spots on each wing. I then got a leaf like the one on which I had found it, and put it into the bottle. It immediately crawled on it, and soon its color changed back to the bright gold. The black spots went away. Is this a lady-bug? Margie T. Kitchel, Hamilton, Texas.

123. *Cecropia.*—I have found out why the cocoons of *Attacus cecropia* often have slits in the side. The sapsucker makes them in order to reach the *pupæ*, which it eats. I happened to catch him at it.—Bradley M. Davis.

124. *Crows.*—One fact that struck me particularly was that their leader was larger than the others, and seemed to have greater power of flight. He generally kept at the head of the flock, but once he turned, and soaring above the rest flew to the rear; then turning back, he out-flew the others, and again reached the head of the moving company.—L. M. H.

125. *Musk-rat.*—We saw a musk-rat go through a hole in the ice, and soon return with a clam. It pried the shell open, and ate the clam. It did this about ten times in succession. Once it got one too big to open, and threw it back into the water.—W. M. Clute.

126. *Cricket.*—While walking one day, I came across one cricket burying another. I removed it about three feet from the dead one, but it came directly back. Is it common for crickets to bury each other?—W. H. White, St. Johnland, N. Y.

127. *Evening primrose.*—I have had an opportunity of seeing this month some evening primroses—curious flowers that open at twilight. They unfolded in a series of jerks, and the great yellow flower gave off a strong perfume, that seemed intoxicating to a number of humming-bird moths that hovered about, and let themselves be easily caught in the hand. After dark I passed by again, and found the uncanny flowers plainly swaying about in the darkness, while all about them were perfectly still. Of course I should have examined the way they were attached, but I am sorry to say that I did not.—C.

128. [In answer to the question, "What causes, and what is, the blue part of the flame next to the gas-jet?" It is the reducing flame, and in it the carbon and hydrogen of the flame are in a high state of ignition, and are inclosed from the atmosphere by the surrounding flame.]

EXCHANGES.

Water-snails, petrified moss, and fossil shells.—Barton L. Parker, De Pere, Wis.

Birds' eggs.—H. W. Davis, North Granville, N. Y., and W. V. Abell, Easthampton, Ct.

Cotton-plant with cotton-moth, for iron or sea-weed.—R. S. Cross, West Point, Mississippi.

Garnets, clays, and marble, for eggs and minerals of the West.—D. W. Rice, Brandon, Vt.

Minerals and insects, for eggs and silk-worm eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Harry U. Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.

Caddis-fly cases. Write first. Harry B. Hinnan, Chase's Lake, Lewis Co., N. Y.

Drawings of moths, butterflies, etc.—W. E. Watts, 3346 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

Missouri granite. Write first. Frank M. Davis, 3857 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Correspondence with distant Chapters, with a view to exchanges.—Max Greenbaum, Sec. Ch. 654, 433 Franklin St., Phila. Pa.

QUERIES.

What causes the light in a fire-fly?

What is the largest flower in the world?—Sec. 601.

A large number of interesting Chapter reports must go over until next month. We must, however, insert this one:

REPORT OF THE ROSEVILLE AGASSIZ CHAPTER, June 24, 1884.

Although it is a long time since our club has sent a report, it has been struggling on and doing some work. We have not accomplished all we had hoped to do, but our number has increased to thirty-two members. We have a regular place of meeting, have had many new contributions to our cabinet, have purchased a Polyopticon, the latest edition of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," with cuts and engravings, and have formed the nucleus for a circulating library. Besides our regular fortnightly meetings, we have had two lectures and a very fine microscopic exhibition, with a lecture on the laws of light — Sara Dorrach, Sec.

Address all communications to the president,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A chain-coat of mail. 3. A thin board upon which [illegible] painted. 4. A species of lynx. 5. Encouragement in speech. 6. Perforated. 7. Plaited strings. 8. A verb. 9. A consonant.

"LITTLE HART."

ANAGRAMS.

The work of a famous English novelist:

1. Oh Vane.
2. The Kate Owl.
3. Art in the Quay.
4. Leon Heart Offering.
5. Dolly Ottawa.
6. Rutland Gate.
7. The Lars Money Daisy.

ZIGZAG.

Each of the words described contains six letters. The zigzag begins at the upper left-hand corner and reads [illegible]. The first letter of the fifth word, the sixth letter of the seventh word, the first letter of the ninth word, and the first and fifth letters of the twelfth word will spell the name of the country it was built to [illegible].

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous Egyptian pyramid. 2. Not straight. 3. A wind. 4. Sullen. 5. A division of the globe. 6. A riddle. 7. Hatred. 8. A bird which is often kept for a pet. 9. Freely. 10. Sacred songs. 11. A halo. 12. An instrument for pounding substances in a mortar. 13. Corrects. 14. A seat to be placed on a horse's back [illegible]. A prize [illegible]. Injury.

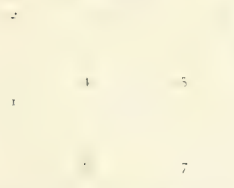
"ATCHEMAS."

PI.

SPOUSER flie notsed sleepa oyu
Orn het ayw mose opleep od,—
Od ouy ktinh eth lowhe raticone
Liwl eb dreatle stuj orf ouy?
Nad stin ti, ym oby ro lirg,
Eth tinces, stabvre lanp,
Teavrhew secom ro nestdo moce
Ot od eth sebt oyu nac?

FRANK.

CUBE.



THE same letter may replace every figure in the diagram. From 1 to 2, the first part of a carriage; from 3 to 4, to evade; from 6 to 7, a carpenter's tool; from 1 to 5, a margin; from 2 to 4, a lake of North America; from 1 to 6, pertaining to the ancient inhabitants of Scotland; from 4 to 6, to invest; from 5 to 7, to obliterate; from 2 to 1, to run away.

IVA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: How many perished on this famous field,
FINALS: That this proud despot might be forced to yield.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. This god in Scandinavian myth we find,
And one day of the week keeps him in mind.

2. The Taj Mahal we in this city see,
A wonder of the world, as all agree.

3. The prudent Dutchman, in the days of yore,
On this gay blossom squandered all his store.

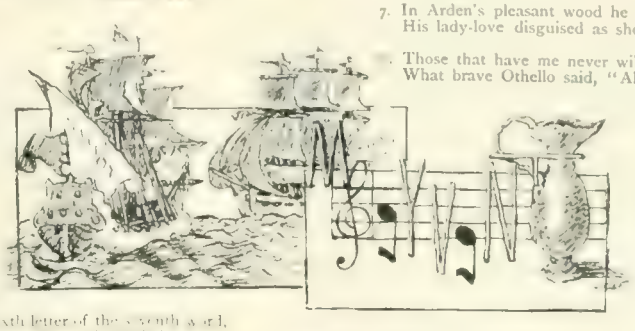
4. This nymph in rocks, in caves or hills we seek;
We never see her, but we hear her speak.

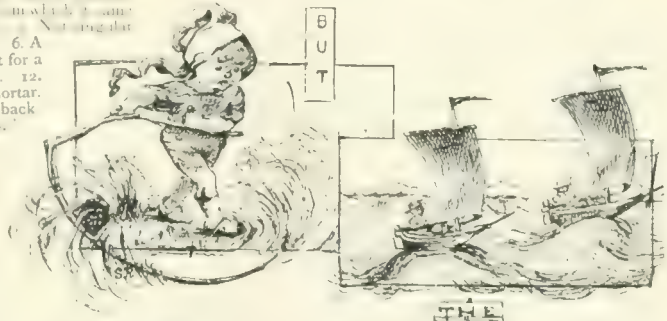
5. [illegible] was his fame!
He early died, but left a deathless name.

6. This gallant Frenchman, noble, young, and brave,
Gave us his help, our liberties to save.

7. In Arden's pleasant wood he found his joy,—
His lady-love disguised as shepherd-boy.

8. Those that have me never will be forlorn,—
What brave Othello said, "Alas, was gone!"







REBUS.

THE answer to the above rebus is one of "Poor Richard's" maxims, addressed to those who are inclined to be too venturesome.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A fugitive. 2. Harmony. 3. A cavity. 4. Of a whitish-gray color. 5. Deep dejection. 6. A useful article. 7. In Assyrian.

GEORGE [illegible].

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

The diagonals reading downward from left to right form a word meaning pertaining to a common metal; from right to left, a word meaning pertaining to a valuable metal.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Affected taste. 2. Any phenomenon in the atmosphere. 3. Loyalty. 4. Wet and miry. 5. Yeast. 6. A people.

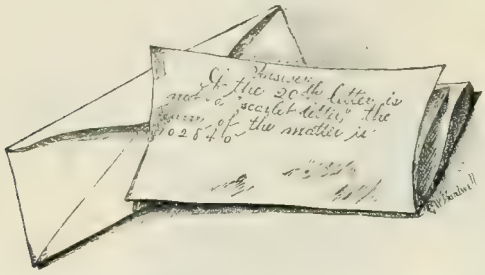
"SUMMER BOARDER."

HOUR-GLASS.

THE central letters, read downward, will spell the name of a Shakespearean hero.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A learned man. 2. To take captive. 3. A pronoun. 4. In summer. 5. To employ with diligence. 6. Mild. 7. To write on the back of EMMA AND ADA.

"TEA" PUZZLE.



IF tea is not ready, when you call in response to an invitation to tea, what ought you to do? The problem is to decipher the answer given in the foregoing illustration. G. W. B.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lad-y.

1. Syncopate to bind from a person under medical treatment, and leave to gasp. 2. Syncopate a pronoun from in what place, and leave a pronoun. 3. Syncopate a part of the head from closest, and leave a certain habitation. 4. Syncopate an offer from prohibiting, and leave wading. 5. Syncopate an article of food from entreated, and leave the bottom of a stream. 6. Syncopate amount from recommended, and leave a pastoral pipe.

The initial letters of the syncopated words spell the name of the capital of Bœotia, in ancient Greece. BELLE.

TRIANGLE.

1
2 9
3 10
4 11
5 12
6 13
7 14
8 15

1. In fringe; 2, 9, a note in music; from 3 to 10, cunning; from 4 to 11, a rapid outflowing; 5 to 12, a Shakespearean hero; from 6 to 13, to declare positively; from 7 to 14, a person designated by another; from 8 to 15, afflicted; from 1 to 8, atrocious; from 1 to 15, penetrated. F. S. F.

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

```
          1
        1 2 3
      1 2 3 4 5
    1 2 3 4 5 6 7
      3 4 5 6 7
        5 6 7
          7
```

I. 1. IN opened. 2. A cade lamb. 3. Part of a flower. 4. Having petals. 5. A kind of habit worn by the Jews. 6. Conducted. 7. In opened.

II. 1. In opened. 2. A step. 3. Dough. 4. Part of a horse's leg. 5. Austere. 6. The name by which the sea-eagle, or osprey, is known in Scotland. 7. In opened. "REX FORD."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

HIDDEN FISHES. 1. Shad. 2. Mackerel. 3. Whale. 4. Hake. 5. Blue. 6. Sword. 7. Mussel 8. Cat 9. Pike. 10. Dog 11. Oyster 12. Clam. 13. Haddock. 14. Grayling. 15. Bream. 16. Rudd. 17. Chubb. 18. Carp. 19. Roach. 20. Perch. 21. Smelt. 22. Trout 23. Cod. 24. Shark. 25. Pickerel. 26. Scup. 27. Salmon. 28. Bass. 29. Tench. 30. Eel. 31. Porpoise. 32. Dace.

AN EXTRACT FROM IZAAK WALTON. "As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler."

RIDDLE. Oliver (Cromwell). Oil, ire, ore, lie, roe, roe, roi, vie, rove, role, over, rive, Riel, love, viol, veil, evil, olive, liver, live, Eli, Levi, Loire.

PI. "If we had no faults, we should take no pleasure in remarking those of others; if we had no pride, we should not perceive it in another." ROCHEFOUCAULD.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. 1. Mares, smear, arms. 2. Large, lager, real. 3. Maple, ample, male. 4. Dales, leads, sled. Syncopated letters, transposed, page.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Depart. 2. Editor. 3. Pintle. 4. Attila. 5. Rolled. 6 Treads.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Tar. 2. Urged. 3. Trailer. 4. Agitate. 5. Related. 6. Deter. 7. Red. II. 1. Cap. 2. Lares. 3. Cantata. 4 Artisan. 5. Peasant. 6. Stand. 7. Ant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!"

ARROW-HEAD. Across: 1. Alder. 2. Aulic. 3. Copal. 4. Taper. 5. Helen.

REBUS. The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Black, clack, crack, crock, crook, croon, crown, brown. 2. Rome, rope, pope, pore, pork, York. 3. Basle, baste, caste, casts, carts, parts, Paris. 4. Homer, homes, hones, bones, bores, bares, barns, Burns. 5. Bear, bean, lean, Leon, lion. 6. Bird, bind, bend, bent, best, nest. 7. Give, gave, cave, cake, take. 8. Cold, hold, held, head, heat. 9. Rise, rile, file, fill, fall.

CHARADE. Barbarian.

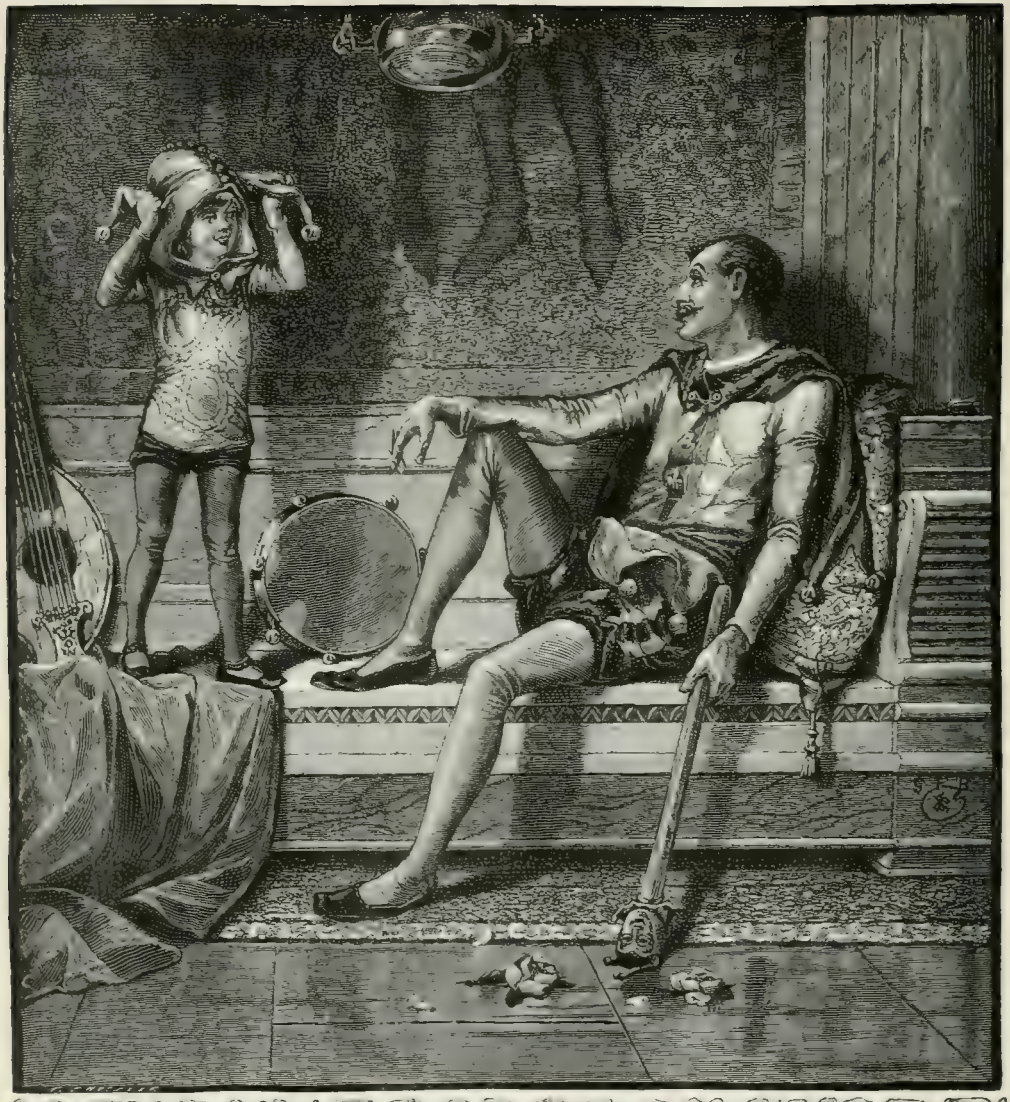
NOVEL ACROSTIC. Second row of letters, Parthenon; fourth row, Colosseum. Cross-words: 1. aPaCe. 2. cAnOn. 3. dRiLl. 4. sToOp. 5. cHeSt. 6. dEnSe. 7. sNeEr. 8. fOrUm. 9. eNeMy.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 7 — "Three Sunflowers," London, England, 2 — No Name, 7 — Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10 — Willie Sheraton, 6 — "Eggs," London, England, 11.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maggie T. Turrill — Frederick Winthrop Faxon — "Shumway Hen and Chickens."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Sam and Alice, 1 — P. Bayard Veiller, 2 — Mary K. Jennings, 1 — "Navajo," 5 — "Spider and Fly," 4 — D. Sargent, 1 — Inez T. Dale, 6 — A. and B., 3 — Florence E., 1 — May Bradley, 1 — Fred S. Kersey, 2 — E. S. B., Jr., 1 — Paul Reese, 8 — Lillie Fleetwood, 1 — Mattie Fleetwood, 1 — "Man in the Moon," 4 — Tallac, 3 — J. L., 1 — Tillie Mosley, 1 — Helen DuBarry, 1 — Lillian E. Ostrander, 1 — E. M. Lewis and J. B. Hodgskin, 6 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Chester Aldrich, 6. — Kitty Clover, 1 — Helen W. Gardner, 1 — "Two Jerseys," 6 — Anna D. Mills, 1 — R. H., Uncle George, and Mamma, 2 — Gertrude and Bessie, 3 — "Pepper and Maria," 11 — Vivia Blair, 1 — Cabell Chadwick, 1 — "Kansas Boy," 2 — Dycie, 7 — Emma G. Cosgrave, 7 — Alice T. Palfrey, 1 — Mouche and Mère," 9 — Arthur E. Hyde, 5 — Mary P. Stockett, 10 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 7 — Johnny Duck, 11 — Frank Smyth, 3 — Jessie A. Platt, 11 — Hattie Clara, and Mamma, 11 — "Unknown to History," 5 — Alex. Laidlaw, 7 — Cora and Nettie, 1 — George Habenicht, 1 — Grace and Percy Owen, 7 — Bertie, 3 — Mary, Effie, and James Lamb, 1 — Louise M. Lorey, 1 — Bessie A. Jackson, 4 — E. Muriel Grundy, 9 — Charles H. Kyte, 11 — No Name, 9 — "B. Kelly," 4 — Hattie, Daisy, and Auntie, 4 — G. C. T., 3 — Olive, Ida, Lillie, and Aunt Angie, 5 — Lillian and Logere, 4 — Francis W. Islip, 10 — "Puss in Boots," 8 — Emily Danzel, 1 — Hugh and Cis, 10 — Willie B. La Bar, 3 — Harry Tremaine, 1 — Katie Orr, 7.



THE JESTER'S CAP

ST. NICHOLAS.

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SLANG.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

"FIVE cents fine, Master Jack!" shouted Kitty. "You said 'choused me out of my turn'; and 'choused' is slang."

"Nonsense, Kitty; 'choused' is a good dictionary word, I 'm sure. Let 's see if 't is n't."

The children dropped their mallets and rushed into the library to settle the question.

"What now, young whirlwinds?" asked Mr. May, looking up from his work.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle Jack," said Kitty; "but we 've such a habit of slang that we agreed to fine ourselves five cents every time we used it, to stop the habit; and I said 'chouse' was slang, and Jack said it was n't, and is n't it, Uncle Jack?"

"Well, it certainly *was* slang," said Uncle Jack, "but I suppose it is n't now, though Webster, I believe, calls it 'low.' When a word has been tolerated in a language for nearly three hundred years, and for half of that time, perhaps, has been seen in the good society of well-bred words, I think it deserves a place. There 's an odd bit of history wrapped up in that word 'choused,' as there so often is in our rich English speech."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Jack."

"Well, you all know how alive England was in the reign of Elizabeth with the spirit of adventure and discovery. The finding of America was still a new wonder to be gossiped about. There were wars and expeditions on every side; and every plucky young Englishman wished to sail away to find a new inheritance with his ship, or conquer an old one with his sword. A great many young fellows, with more ambition than money, offered their services to foreign powers. One of these soldiers of fortune, Sir Robert Shirley, was employed by the Grand Seigneur and King of Persia, and sent on various missions, the most important being a commercial embassy to England. By this time King James was on the throne, and anxious to encourage the trade with Turkey and the East, which Elizabeth's advisers had begun in a small way, about twenty-five years before. So this shrewd Sir Robert sent over a Turkish *chiaus*, or envoy, in advance of his own coming, to get the good-will of the London merchants in the Persian and Turkish trade. The enterprising *chiaus* exerted himself so successfully that he pocketed some four thousand pounds of their money (a large sum for that time), and ran away with it, leaving his master to stand the loss and the laugh against him, as best he could; for the tavern wits were as much delighted to get hold of a bit of new slang as you are, children, and they adopted 'chiaused' (now become 'choused') in the sense of 'defrauded,' just as you boys, Jack, would now say 'chiseled,' I suppose. You will find it in Ben Jonson and in Shirley as slang, and in Landor, two hundred years afterward, as good English. So you see, in the etymology of one little word you get a glimpse of English life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"That 's bully!—" began Jack.

"Five cents fine for you!" shouted Kitty.

"Oh, I know that 's slang, and I 'll pay up. But a chap can't break off all at once. I noticed you said 'plucky,' Uncle Jack, and we thought plucky was slang. I suppose we can use it now?"

Mr. May smiled. "Good English, my boy," he answered, "I take to be the English of the best usage. Thackeray was a master, and he used 'pluck' and 'plucky' constantly,—as why should n't he? If 'heart' and 'hearty' are good words, 'pluck' and 'plucky,' which come to us by the same road, certainly are. Pluck was butchers' slang once, but it proved too good a word to lose."

"It seems to me," said Kitty, doubtfully, "that you defend slang, Uncle Jack,—at least, ancient slang. And Mamma says it is so vulgar, and a sign of such mental poverty, that she had made us ashamed of it."

"It 's like that old verse about treason, Kitty," observed young Jack.

> "'Treason doth never prosper. What 's the reason?
> Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.'

Uncle Jack wont recognize new-comers, but when all the nobs take 'em up, he 'll shake hands. I call that time-serving, myself. How do you know, Uncle Jack, that there may not be just as good fellows in our slang list as 'chouse' or 'plucky'?"

"I don't," said Mr. May. "But the fact that your slang so soon goes out of fashion is the chief argument against it. It 's at least a year since I 've heard you say 'that 's the kind of hair-pin I am,' or 'how 's that for high,' and perhaps twice as long since you 've threatened to 'get up on your ear' or to 'put a head on' anybody. Some new flowers of speech have grown up in place of those forgotten ones, I dare say; but the chance is that they 'll prove equally rootless."

"Well, they were a rum lot, that 's a fact," remarked Jack, regretfully. "But I don't think the new ones are quite so flat."

"That 's the mistake you youngsters make. You are taken in by a novelty. Now, it seems to me that 'money,' for example, is a good sonorous word, sufficient for its purpose, and with a pretty bit of history attached, for it comes from the Latin *moneta*, the adviser, a surname of Juno, in whose temple silver was first coined by the Romans, in the third century before Christ, about the time that Rome was making herself mistress of all Italy, and beginning to amuse her leisure with gladiatorial shows. And I can't truthfully say that any of the substitutes of which you and Kitty seem so fond, such as 'chink,' 'the rhino,' 'the ready,' 'the needful,' 'the tin,' 'spondoolicks,' and some half-dozen more, appear to me either so expressive, or so poetical. It strikes me, also, that 'boy' or 'man' means as much as 'cove,' 'chap,' 'codger,' or 'duffer.'"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, "I 've seen some of those very words in the stories in ST. NICHOLAS. Are they any better in print?"

"Not a bit, my dear. But if the story concerns a slangy boy, or a frontiersman, or hunter, or sailor, or persons in any region of country or walk of life which gives them a speech peculiar to themselves — characteristic, prevailing, what we call a dialect, in fact — then, you see, these people would n't be real people unless they spoke after their peculiar fashion. Their phrases must belong to their place in the world, and their occupation, as much as their clothes."

"I catch on," said the incorrigible Jack. "Go ahead, Uncle! just wax us!"

"I don't suppose you are unusually quarrelsome, Jack, but I have certainly heard you propose to 'whale,' 'lick,' 'larrup,' 'leather,' 'lay out,' 'tan,' 'whack,' 'wallop,' 'maul,' 'pummel,' 'pay out,' 'lash,' 'lam,' 'fix,' and 'whop' one or another of your fellow-beings. You both say 'grab' or 'prig' for 'take'; you say 'hook it,' or 'bolt,' or 'make tracks,' or 'mizzle,' or 'walk your chalks,' or 'absquatulate,' or 'cut sticks,' or 'vamose the ranch,' or 'leg it,' if you mean to go out or to run away. You call shoes 'brogans,' and watches 'tickers,' and clothes 'togs,' and food 'grub,' and feet 'trotters,' and talk 'gab,' and your house your 'diggins.' Anything fine or unusual you pronounce 'stunning'; to be rich or fashionable is to be 'swell' or 'nobby'; great people are 'swells' or 'nobs,' and to be poor or in trouble is to be 'down on your luck.' Now, these are mere random quotations from your every-day speech. If I should set myself to remember, I could doubtless repeat to you a hundred words and phrases still more senseless, if possible. Do you wonder that your mother thinks such a dialect vulgar and poverty-stricken?"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, eagerly, "it does sound shocking from you. But somehow it never did before. And slang is so much more exciting than dictionary words, you know, and it seems as if our talk would sound perfectly prim and starchy without it."

"Yes, Kitty, I dare say the real charm of slang to well-taught children, like you, is the sense of adventure and excitement you get with it. You are like those old borderers who had cattle enough of their own, but found the chief delight of life in making forays across their boundary to 'lift' the lean kine of their neighbors. We elders have outgrown the fun, if we ever appreciated it, and object to the theft. For you see, children, this

jargon of yours comes from the very lowest sources. It is the familiar speech of people too ignorant to express their few ideas in decent English. It 's the contribution of tinkers, gypsies, stable-boys, track-layers, deck-hands, and roughs and rowdies in general."

"'Rough' and 'rowdy' sound slangy," said Kitty, reflectively.

"So they do, chick, and so they were," replied Uncle Jack. "They are two more examples of the *promoted* words; words so necessary to describe great modern classes that their low origin is forgotten in their usefulness. And slang, certainly, has this great value, that it shows you how language grows. The English tongue is so vigorous that it seizes whatever it needs for growth, just as it did in its infancy. At that period direct imitations of sounds were constantly made into words, just as you two young vandals to-day use 'chink' for 'money.' Farther on in the growth of the tongue, it took from ordinary speech these imitative words, and converted them to new uses, just as you say 'ticker' for 'watch,' and 'puff' for 'advertisement.' The contraction of words is another stage, as 'mob,' now perfectly good English, was at first merely slang for the Latin *mobile*, the fickle crowd, as 'cab' was slang for 'cabriolet,' and 'furlong' for 'furrow-long,' the length of a furrow, and as your favorite 'nob' is slang for 'nobility.' Then there 's another tendency of the language which slang repeats, and that is an inclination in difficult sounds to get themselves altered to suit untaught ears. You think it fun, for example, to say 'jimmyjohn' for 'demijohn.' But demijohn itself is a corruption, slang in fact, for the Arabic *damagan*, itself changed from the name of the Persian glass-making town of Damaghan."

"I see," said Jack; "and we make words from men's names in the same way. I suppose 'boycotting' will be good English soon."

"Very likely, my boy," answered his uncle. "'Martinet,' which is indispensable, was the name of a historic general over-strict in discipline. 'Derrick' was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honor of whom the roughs nicknamed the gallows-like hoisting apparatus; and these are two, only, out of scores of cases."

"Then you think, Uncle Jack, that if a word is a good one, and its ancestors were n't *too* low, we have a right to it?"

"I don't think the ancestry matters much, Kitty, *when* the word *is* a good one. But that is the question to settle. Many of the respectabilities of conversation were gutter-children. 'Drag,' for instance, was a thieves' word for carriage, and 'dragsmen' the particular variety of thieves who followed the carriage to cut away the luggage from the rack behind. But 'drag' is good English now for a private coach. 'Kidnap' was thieves' slang for child-stealing; that is, to 'nab a kid.' 'Tie,' for cravat, was as much the slang of low life as 'choker' is now. 'Conundrum,' and 'donkey,' and 'fun' were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. 'Bore' was slang, and so were 'waddle' and 'bother.'"

"Jack," said Kitty, "what a comfort this lecture is! We 'll not have to turn our backs on the whole beloved family of slang terms, after all, but only pick and choose."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "I think that 's a fair conclusion. It 's useless to try to lock the doors against all new-comers, because they can't be kept out. On the other hand, why should you be more ready to adopt every new cant word that is knocking about the streets than you would be to make a comrade of the low ragamuffin who uses, if he did not invent it? Besides, the constant use of cheap language tends to cheapen your ideas. If you don't try to express yourselves in the most exact and vivid words, but adopt some ready-made phrase, you gradually lose both the power and the desire to talk well. I agree with you, Kitty, that an occasional slang word of the better sort, that is, of the sort that conveys a good idea, does give piquancy to conversation. But you can hardly be too sparing of that sort of condiment. You are fifteen years old now, and a hard student. You don't need to have me tell you, my dear, that a bright mind does n't require slang to express its thoughts brightly, and that a stupid one is sure to use it very stupidly."

"Well," said Kitty, ruefully, "it seems to me your consent is very much like mother's veto, after all. How long does it take slang, on the average, to become good English?"

"There 's an old saying, my child," answered Mr. May, with twinkling eyes, "that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; and I think, *as a rule*, that 's a fair probation for slang."



RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

THE STORY OF KING RHOUD.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

Nothing is really small. For shame or glory,
For evil or for good,—
All things have influence. Listen to my story,
The story of King Rhoud.
Enemies threatened; even in his palace,
So it was darkly said,
Were those who looked on him with hate and malice,
And those who wished him dead.

Walking beneath the trees one fair spring morning,
He and his chosen friend,
Earl Reigin uttered troubled words of warning,
Praying the King to send
Forth from the palace all who were suspected.
Then the King smiled, and said:
"By an Almighty Hand I am protected;
It covereth my head."

"Truly," the Earl replied, "I well might covet
Your faith in that High Power.
But think: Your life—and surely you must love it—
Is hazarded each hour."
"Ah!" said the King, "vain were all self-protection
Without that mighty Hand;
But, with its comfort and its sure direction,
Serenely I can stand."

Thus talking, through the forest-paths they wandered
And by the laughing stream,
Till suddenly, as each in silence pondered,
They heard a piteous scream.
"It is a bird!" said Rhoud, intently listening.
"Stop! We can do no less
Than give it help. For hark!" (his kind eyes glistening)
"'T is in some sore distress."

"Then let it scream!" said Reigin, with impatience;
"For surely you must feel
That what concerns you now 's the weight of nations,
Not that small creature's weal!"
"The nearest duty first, both now and ever,"
The King said, with a smile;
"I learned to climb enough for this endeavor
In my own native isle."

"But see, the trunk uprises like a tower,
Without a single branch!"
"I am but small—you surely have the power
To lift me, warrior stanch!"
"But you may fall—and would you have the story
Through all your realm be heard
That the King parted with his life and glory
Just for a little bird?"

"Many have died for less," the King said sadly.
The Earl, unwillingly,
And urging still: "Why will you act so madly?"
Helped him to climb the tree.
He came down safely, bearing in his bosom
A little wounded bird,—
A goldfinch, brighter than a tropic blossom,
Whose plaintive cry they 'd heard.

And to his little daughter home he bore it,
Trusting her loving care
To comfort the small prisoner, and restore it,
Healed, to the sunny air.
The courtiers sneered. "He plays the child," they muttered,
"And sees not what 's before.
In vain for *us* the finch had screamed and fluttered,
With foes at every door."

Meanwhile the traitors planned. Within the ceiling,
Above the good King's bed,
A heavy beam was loosened. "Past all healing
Will Rhoud be, soon," they said.
All was arranged. When the King, sorely tired,
From a long journey came,
Silently watched the traitor who aspired
To take his place and name.

But just as Rhoud had sunk in heavy sumber,
Unbroken by a dream,
And ere the clock the fatal hour could number,
Came the bird's piteous scream.
Forgotten by the careless little daughter
And by the weary King,
The little creature pined for food and water.
—"Oh, thou poor helpless thing!"

The King, remorseful, said: "I vowed to cherish
Thy feeble, failing breath;
And now I have come near to let thee perish
By a more cruel death."
He sprang to satisfy the starving creature,
And, as it hushed its scream,
A sudden horror froze his every feature—
Down rushed the loosened beam!

The warriors, wakened by the thunderous crashing,
Rushed to the room, in fright;
The servants screamed with terror; lights came flashing
Everywhere through the night.
"The King is killed! the King is slain!" Their wailing
Resounded through the place.
And then they saw him, flushing first, then paling,
A smile upon his face.

He raised the cage. "God's hand is still above me!"
He reverently said.
"Give thanks, my people,—you who truly love me.
Your King had now been dead,
But for the cry which broke my mortal slumber;
'T was from this helpless thing.
Ah, the Almighty's forces who can number?
The bird has saved the King!"



I PURPOSE to write the brief history of one who was wise, discreet, and of a simple heart. Taking it for granted that the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS admire these qualities, I shall show how they may be exemplified in the biography of Richard. Now, Richard was a cat. He was born and reared in the studio of an eminent artist, whose favorite subjects are cats and kittens, dogs and puppies, and other domestic animals. It is hardly necessary to say that Richard, brought up amidst the surroundings of an artist's studio, was continually under the influence of an art atmosphere. In himself he was an object worthy of an artist's admiration, and from kittenhood to mature cat-hood he figured in many pictures that have become famous among men.

But Richard's attractiveness arose from his strongly individual character rather than from any artistic training. Indeed, his training was not in an esthetic direction at all. His master taught him to be neat, patient, and obedient. Richard also early learned several diverting tricks. He would lie down, at word of command, flat on the floor, stretched at full length, with his head thrown limply back, as if he were dead, and would jump up again, lithely, when permission was given, and not before; or, when placed behind the clasped hands of a person bending over him, he would leap over them, or would leap when shown a stick held horizontally and not too high. Sundry other amusing antics did this learned cat perform, to narrate all of which would be tedious.

In color, Richard was pure white as to his under parts, and of a bright brownish-yellow, beautifully mottled with tortoise-shell markings, as to the rest of the body. He was graceful in all his motions, and when he flew after a little ball of bread thrown for him (an amusement of which he was very fond), his tiger-like spring and quick recovery of the body were very charming to behold.

What we may call Richard's mental traits, however, chiefly commended him to his associates. When he was full-grown he was presented to the Lotos Club, an artistic and social organization, of which his master was a member. With him went a portrait in oils, an engraving of which is shown on page 914 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS. Richard's unfailing good-humor, his steadiness, and gravity of demeanor, and, above all, his discreet silence, made him at once an acceptable member of the Lotos Club. Before he had been in the house a month, he had won many friends, and was generally recognized as a privileged character. He never abused his privileges; but, if objection was made to his taking a leading part in anything that was going on, the merest hint was sufficient for him. He withdrew at the slightest suggestion that he was not wanted.

Whether it was a fault of his studio training or of his later experience in a club composed exclusively of men, I can not say, but it soon became evident that he did not like the society of ladies. It is the admirable custom of the Lotos Club at intervals to throw open their house, for an afternoon reception to ladies, who go to see the pictures and listen to the music performed for their benefit. On such occasions, Dick, as he was familiarly called, was greatly disquieted. He detected the preparations going on, and, having learned by experience what was about to happen, he fled to the garret, or to some other friendly shelter, and there remained hidden until the last of the (to him) objectionable visitors had gone. At that time, my private lodgings were in the club-house, and Richard often secured an entrance into my rooms before the company arrived, nor did he go out until the last silken rustle of feminine garments had ceased.

To test his powers of observation, I once took him out into the upper hall of the house, near the close of a ladies' reception. Released from my hands, Dick cautiously stole to the banisters, peered down the stair-way, sniffing the odor of fried oysters and other good things, and then, as if his keen senses noted a sound or smell, which my duller perceptions did not, he dashed back into the room, imploring me with his large and expressive eyes to close the door and keep him safe.

One strong trait was his sedateness. He never, except when accidentally hurt, uttered a cry. Such an expression as "m-e-ouw!" never passed his lips. Nor did he ever laugh or smile. His only speech was in his eyes, which were, at times,

truly eloquent. A comical sight or an amusing story never moved him from his beautiful gravity; but he sat and regarded the scene with a dignified demeanor, which, as many members have said, was a perpetual reproof of frivolity.

His friendship for men was very strong. Perhaps, like most human creatures, his selfish interests bounded his affections. Certainly, he did not like people who gave him no kindness. But, on the other hand, there were gentlemen who vainly tried to win him by showing him favors. By all the members of the club, however, he was highly esteemed and respected. If a gentleman desired to sit, and found Dick occupying the chair most convenient to him, he took some other seat, leaving Dick in possession. Once it was reported that a gentleman had turned Richard unceremoniously out of his favorite seat, to the great indignation of most of those who beheld it. But the offender was excused when it was found that he was a new member and unaccustomed to the usages of the club.

Possibly it was his consorting thus with men who live delicately that made Dick dainty and fastidious concerning his food. Under no circumstances or stress of hunger would he touch or taste any pork, bacon, ham, or other product of the American hog. All "made dishes" he despised. He retained a cat's fondness for fish, lobster being his special weakness, as it were. The predatory and sporting instincts of his race were displayed in his passionate appetite for game of every description. Usually he attended at the table where I dined with others, and it was supposed that he was permanently attached to our party. But if our table had only a roast of beef or chicken, and Dick detected the odor of a canvas-back duck or quail in another part of the dining-room, he quit us as if we were strangers. Once, when he had been detained elsewhere until the dinner-hour was over, and nearly all the members had left the dining-room, Dick came in, apparently dejected by the loss of his dinner. A tender-hearted and enthusiastic friend of Richard, indignant at the neglect which the cat had seemed to suffer at the hands of the servants, sent an order to the kitchen and had a bird broiled and sent up for Dick's dinner. To his credit it should be said, that Richard always preferred a cooked bird to one uncooked.

As I usually breakfasted late, it was Dick's custom to wait about my chamber door, if he could not get in, until I was ready to descend. Then he loitered about the hall at my heels, and hung back until I was ready to sit down at table, when he stalked slowly in. His seat was in a chair at my left, and, with his large luminous eyes fixed on mine, he waited for an invitation to begin. If I had fruit before breakfast, as I almost invariably had, Dick gave one contemptuous look at the plate, and then, turning around, addressed himself to considering the street sights. Nor would he pay the least attention to any remark from me. By his actions he seemed to say:

"Baked apples! Who in the world eats baked apples? I have my opinion of the creature who eats baked apples. How remarkable in a man of the pretensions that this fellow has!"

Presently, something else would come on the table. Dick's fine sense of smell would warn him of what had come; but, although his sensitive pink nose quivered with enjoyment, he gave no other sign. He seemed to say: "This fellow has got



"A FOX-SKIN, WITH A STUFFED AND MOUNTED HEAD, WAS A TERROR TO RICHARD." (PAGE 915)

a bird, as sure as I am a living cat! What shall I do about it? A bird? A *quail*, I guess."

Then suddenly turning around, he seemed to say: "Why, old fellow, how are you? I did n't notice you before. Nice day! What have you there—a bird? Well, if there is anything I like"—etcetera, etcetera.

Then, jumping down, he would caress my leg, throwing into his eyes as much fondness and



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD. ENGRAVED FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS.

desire as he was capable of showing, and that was a great deal. If, in rebuke to his selfishness, I forebore to feed him at once, he tried to attract my attention by clawing and shaking the table-cloth; and if this did not avail, he reached up and deftly pulled the napkin quite out of my lap; and when I stooped to pick it up, that cat almost laughed as he met my eyes with his, seeming to say, "Ha! ha! Great joke,—was n't it?"

One very cold winter morning, Dick came in late, and, from the far end of the parlors through which he approached the dining-room, he descried a row of plates put before the open fire to keep hot for expected breakfasters. Usually Richard's motions were very slow, sedate, and even ponderous. Although he was agile, he moved with the gravity of an elephant, except when he was in a hurry, as he was this time. As if saying, "My eye! what a fine spread is set out for me!" he darted to the plates before the fire. But when he saw that they were empty, his own foolishness dawned on him, and he turned and went out of the room, with his tail hanging down with mortified pride; nor did he come back during the remainder of that morning. I have seen somewhere an account of a dog doing very much the same thing, which shows that animals have a sense of shame akin to that of the more sensitive human creature.

Richard's strong point, I may say, was his memory. He never forgot an injury, and never an unpleasant experience. One of the club members, who was my neighbor in the club lodgings, was presented with a canary-bird, and, as Dick was a frequent visitor to his rooms, my friend was at a loss how to entertain the cat without sacrificing the bird. So, one day, having put the bird-cage where Dick was able to get at it, he heated a wire almost to a burning-point, and invited Dick to inspect the cage. The poor bird flew around its prison in terror as Dick, confident of game, pressed his nose against the bars. Just then, the master of the premises slid the hot wire down between those of the cage, and Dick, astounded at the sudden turn of affairs, sprang away in great alarm and fled the room. Although his opportunities were often good after that, Dick never could be tempted to go near that cage. He believed it to be red-hot; and he never forgot it.

On another occasion, lounging around in my bedroom, as was his wont of a morning, he noticed that a drawer in the bureau was left open. Climbing in, he clawed the contents about until he had fixed a comfortable bed and cuddled down for a nap. When I was ready to leave the room, I said, "Come, Dick, I am going down to breakfast. If you want anything to eat, you 'd better get out of that."

But Master Richard shook his head. He was very well satisfied with his position. So, after vainly coaxing him, I closed the drawer and went to breakfast. When I returned, shortly afterward, having breakfasted, I remembered Dick and opened the drawer. He leaped out, with his tail moving angrily, darted out of the door, and under

no persuasion could he ever afterward be induced to get into a drawer of any kind.

His curiosity was something remarkable. Whenever a new member came into the club, Richard observed him at once. He would take up a position where he could see him, look him over, and, apparently, make up his mind what manner of man he was. A casual visitor Dick never noticed. In like manner, a new piece of furniture attracted his attention. He inspected it with great care, first with his nose and then with his paws, or, so to speak, his hands; for he managed his paws as though they were hands. His curiosity being satisfied, after a long and careful examination, he gave the subject no further thought.

One day in spring, for the first time, he found no fire in the open grate, in which a coal fire usually burned, night and day. As if saying to himself, "This is mighty queer," he mounted the heap of unkindled coal, sniffed at it, peered up the chimney, inspected the fire-brick, jumped down, took in the general look of things, as if for future reference, and walked away, entirely at ease in his mind. Coming into my sitting-room one day in the autumn, when I had just laid down a new rug of skins, edged with red cloth, he walked apprehensively around it, sniffing at the cloth border very gingerly and discreetly. Observing his partly concealed agitation, I took him up and dropped him in the middle of the rug. He shivered with fright, and looked about for a means of escape. The rug was too big for him to clear it at one bound, and it was skins in every direction. Presently, finding that the thing was not alive, he grew more interested. Then he gently clawed it, without awaking any response. Finally, he laid down and rolled in an ecstasy of enjoyment, purring and clawing the skins with delight. The rug was ever after a source of great comfort to Richard.

A fox-skin, with a stuffed and mounted head, and glass eyes, used as a foot-mat by my neighbor, was an infinite terror to Richard. When it was first put down, Richard saw it facing him, with the glass eyes glaring at him. In an abject fright, he fled to the shelter of a table in an adjoining room, from which he could observe the monster. It did not move, although Dick sat a long time waiting for it to show what it would do. Finally, his curiosity overcoming his fears, Master Richard crept stealthily toward the thing, and, planting himself on the floor, stretched out his head and scrutinized the tip of the tail of the skin. There was no motion, and Dick was about to enlarge his observations when the master of the premises took him and made him face the stuffed head. Dick gave one dark, despairing look, and, with a frightened dash past the creature's tail, bolted from the apartments. He never entered that room again as long as the frightful mat remained on the floor.

If he came home at any time, and found the outer door of the house closed, he made no ado, but silently sat and waited for some one to come and let him in. Often, returning to the club-house at a late hour of the night, I would discern Dick flying about in the gloom, like a fleeting ghost. Recognizing me long before I saw him, he would dash up the steps, as if in a tearing hurry to be let into the house. But, the door being fairly open before him, he dropped into his customary leisurely gait, and walked in as if determined to show that he knew how to enter with due dignity.

One summer day, when all the outer doors were open, Dick came in with a mouse which he had caught in the grass-plot in front of the house, where he seemed to keep a private stock. The



feline instinct, long hidden under the guise of a club-cat, came out, and Master Dick cruelly amused himself with foiling the attempts of the poor persecuted and frightened mouse to escape. Dick was perfectly aware that the members in the parlor were watching him, and, with much agility, he kept up what he would probably have called "a regular circus." Finally, he dropped the mouse into a porcelain jar, and then made as if

he would conclude the fun by fishing the mouse out with his paw. But he could not catch him, being able to get only one paw inside the narrow neck of the jar. Baffled often, he finally sat down, with a shame-faced expression of countenance, and considered the situation. Then, as if a new light had dawned on him, he got up, placed his forepaws forcibly on the edge of the jar, tilted it over on its side, and deliberately drove out the mouse and dispatched him without more ado. It should be said that Dick, unless under great pressure of hunger, never ate a mouse. His was what may be called an educated appetite.

When a bit of bread rolled in a pellet was thrown, he caught it before it could reach the floor, no matter how far it was thrown; and if he could make a pass at it with his forepaw, he struck it



An Accident.

precisely as a base-ball player would. Having eaten the ball, he would come back and look eagerly for another; but under no circumstances did he ever eat bread as a portion of his provender. To eat the ball was to him a part of the game.

Sometimes, when longing for human society, Richard would come up to my apartments where I was busily writing, and, mounting the table with great deliberation, would sit down to watch the motions of the pen as it traveled across the paper. Writing he considered evidently a very queer business. After a while, weary of waiting for me to stop and talk with him, Master Richard would put out his paw and strike the pen; and, if that did not bring on a crisis, he drew his velvety foot along the line of writing yet wet with ink. Once he did that before I could see what he was about, and in my vexation I cuffed his ears vigorously. Greatly astonished and indignant at this unusual treatment, Richard bolted from the table, and, squatting on his haunches at a safe distance, regarded me with mild-eyed reproach. Then, turning over his foot stained with ink, he exhibited it to me, saying, as plain as a cat's eyes can say anything, "See what you have done!"

This pampered favorite of the Lotos club suffered many accidents, notwithstanding the ease and comfort of his position. Once, while repairs were going on in adjoining premises, he leaped ignorantly into a bed of mortar, and his legs, despite the tender care of the servants, were badly burned. The lime also destroyed the beauty of his fur for some time, and he kept himself secluded until the hair grew again. At another time, attempting to leap on a high and narrow table, slippery as to top, he lost his footing, scooted over the surface, and fell into a water-vessel on the other side. No persuasion, no temptation, could ever induce him to leap on that table again.

Finally, during the summer of 1883, while the club-house was being altered and repaired, Richard, who had been an inmate for five years, seemed to absorb particles of lime and mortar, or he was sickened by the smell of paint which pervaded the house. He gradually lost his hair; he refused to eat, and his general appearance was most dejected and melancholy. It was clear that he could not live long, and it was an act of mercy to spare him a lingering and hopeless sickness. I never knew how the decision of the house committee in his case was carried out, nor did I want to know. But his numerous friends were assured that he was humanely dealt with, and that his quietus was to him a peaceful deliverance.

THE DALZELLS OF DAISYDOWN.

By E. Vinton Blake.

Part III.

Peace and harmony now reigned at Dalzell Hall. The four young people were inseparable, and for Houghton geologizing had lost its charm. Mr. Tripton Dalzell saw with satisfaction that his boys were becoming more refined, more thoughtful. There were long horseback scampers over the downs, sailing, fishing, and rowing without end, picnics on Bear Island, daily plunges in the surf, and evening "sings" in the long, cool parlor, when Mr. Tripton Dalzell would listen, in a retired nook with his hand over his eyes, to the fresh young voices.

Neither was the two weeks' yachting trip left out for the three lads. They all went, though Ranald heroically offered to stay at home with Molly, a sacrifice which she with equal heroism refused.

"I shall feel very lonesome while you 're gone," she said, "but never mind; I shall ride and practice, and the time will soon pass. I would n't have you miss the trip for anything."

So Miss Peabody was brought up from Daisydown to sleep with Mrs. Merriam, and Peter removed from his stable-chamber to a room near the kitchen, because of the lonesomeness of the big house; for Mr. Tripton Dalzell was to accompany his boys. And off they went.

Breakfast is late at Dalzell Hall on the morning of their return, about two weeks later. It is full half-past nine when they rise from table, — all but Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who, after a couple of hours' sleep in a chair, has taken an early train for town and business.

"Now, what shall we do?" says Molly.

"Go fox-hunting," answers Ranald. "Peter was telling me just now of a fox that Teddy Capen saw on the hills beyond the ledges. Let 's take Prince and Poppy and hunt him up."

"We 're not in England, my fine fellow, where the lords and ladies ride straight over everybody's land," objects Phil, while Houghton laughs. "But may be we 'll have some fun out of it. It 's a nice cool day, and I 'm in for the hunt if the rest are."

"Be careful, my dears," says Mrs. Merriam, with a shade of anxiety in her soft gray eyes. "No reckless riding, I beseech you. Look out for Molly."

"Indeed we will," answers Houghton, blithely, "as the apple of our eyes, I assure you. Come on, boys."

Off they go to the stable, to create a commotion among the horses, and drive Peter nearly out of his senses by twenty different questions and demands in a breath.

Mrs. Merriam, looking from her window as they prepare to start, says to herself that no brighter, finer-looking young people are to be found anywhere. Houghton, with his father's air of command, bestrides proudly that father's black mare, which neither of the other boys is allowed to touch. Phil's horse is a dapple chestnut; Ranald rides as if he and his gallant gray are one; and Molly, in her dark-blue habit with her brown mare and handsome equipments, makes a pretty picture. Two and two they canter down the drive, Houghton and Phil ahead, Ranald by Molly's side, with Prince, the hound, and Poppy, the Scotch collie, prancing and barking all about. The gate evergreens shut them from view, and Mrs. Merriam, with a little sigh, leaves her window.

What a fresh wind! And what a blue, tossing sea over yonder between the hills! What a rustle and sway in the old willow branches all along the road, and how the poplar leaves turn their silvery sides up! How glorious to feel your horse bound beneath you, and to sway lightly to his easy motion!

"A grand morning for a ride," says Houghton.

"I hope we 'll find the fox," says Molly.

"We 've about one chance in fifty!" exclaims Phil.

"Perhaps we 'll strike the one chance," answers Ranald, gayly.

They turn from the village street to the quiet leafy lane that leads over beyond the ledges. Still further on they strike a cart-path that wanders under overhanging boughs into the very heart of Daisydown wood.

"Let 's ride slower," says Ranald, removing his hat. "The fox 'll keep, and I 'm very warm."

They subside to a walk, and the boys begin to give Molly an account of divers stirring incidents connected with their yachting trip. This continues for a full half-hour, at the end of which they are nearly out of the wood, and through the sparse foliage they catch a view of the sweep of the long turfy downs that, with here and there a cart-track, extend for many a mile along the coast.

Suddenly both dogs give tongue at once, and before one can say "Jack Robinson," they have disappeared over the sloping crest before them, at the heels of a smaller, reddish-brown animal that

has unexpectedly started up from no one knows where.

"Oh, the fox! the fox!" shrieks Phil, and the next minute four astonished horses, urged by four excited young riders, are flying at a break-neck pace over the slope. There are no words wasted. Neck and neck the horses gallop over the turf, their riders straining eager eyes after the dogs. Ah,—there they are! Yes, it is surely a fox,—a rather rare animal around Daisydown, and it is heading straight over the downs for Denham wood, three miles away. The hound is close on its heels, the collie a little in the rear.

"Hurrah!" shouts Houghton, as the black mare leads up the next slope. "This *is* a fox-hunt, sure, Molly, and no mistake!"

The horses string out now; Houghton's is the best of the four, and Phil's dapple chestnut last of all. Ranald's gray is close up with Houghton, when they come unexpectedly to the brink of a narrow, deep gully at the crest of the slope. No time to stop; Houghton feels one little thrill of fear for Molly, not himself, as his mare takes the leap; Ranald follows after; and they both look over their shoulders rather anxiously to see how their girl friend will fare. They begin to think of Mrs. Merriam's warning.

But Molly is a daring rider, and is excited now. She catches sight of the gully just in time; her whip descends with stinging emphasis on the brown mare's flank; the astonished and indignant animal "takes" the gully in gallant style, and, distancing Ranald, goes tearing over the turf. Ranald, indeed, pulls up for a look at Phil, whose dapple chestnut balks, refusing the leap.

"Give him the spur, Phil!" calls Ranald; "conquer him once for all, or he 'll conquer you."

"I mean to," says Phil, setting his teeth hard as he fights the unruly steed. "He always bothers me about leaping. There now—go it!"



"BUT MOLLY IS A DARING RIDER, AND THE MARE 'TAKES' THE GULLY IN GALLANT STYLE."

He heads the chestnut once more for the gully, and, with a stinging blow and sharp thrust of the spur, enforces obedience. The horse, all in a fume, takes the gully in a vigorous leap and races by Ranald's side after the others.

Houghton, still ahead, with Molly a little distance behind him, catches sight of the fox again as the dogs close nearer upon it. He catches sight also of a woodchuck, that dives into the front door of its residence as the chase sweeps by.

The woodchuck's residence is at the right, out of Houghton's range, but quite within Molly's, who diverges for a shorter cut, as she sees the fox

in front sweep also to the right. The woodchuck has escaped her notice.

The brown mare, by this time as excited as her rider, obeys the touch of the rein, and clears the ground in splendid style. Unfortunately, while in full career, she sinks her right fore-leg into the woodchuck's hole; there is a stumble, and the next instant she rolls on the ground with a snort of pain that chills the blood in the veins of the four young riders who hear it. Molly, with a hasty clutch at the animal's mane that somewhat breaks the force of the fall, is flung forward and rolls on the ground some distance away. Albeit bruised and half stunned, she has yet sense enough to scramble, or roll, further away from the struggling, kicking animal. Ranald, white as a sheet, picks up the prostrate Molly; Houghton and Phil are at her side in a moment, the latter almost crying.

"Molly, you 're not dead, are you? Molly, Molly, speak to us!" beseeches Ranald.

"No, oh, no!" gasps Molly faintly, shivering as the brown mare screams again. "Oh, the poor creature! She 's got a bad sprain, Ranald. Oh, I can't bear to hear her!" and Molly clasps both trembling hands over her ears.

"But are you all safe; no bones broken? I can't believe it, Molly; you had an awful fall," says Houghton, passing his hand rapidly over her shoulders and arms.

"I 'm stiff and sore, but I 'm sure no bones are broken," says Molly, trying to stand alone, but not succeeding very well. "You see I clutched the mane when I felt her going, and it broke the force of the fall a little."

"The mare is badly hurt," says Phil, shuddering slightly at the pitiful cry of the disabled steed. "What can we do, Houghton?"

"There 's only one thing to be done," answers Houghton. We can't relieve the poor creature's suffering, and we must just let her wait here until Peter can bring some men and the horse-doctor, and some sort of a contrivance to carry her home in. I hope it 's nothing more than a sprain, but the mare can't stand up, that 's certain, much less walk all the way home. I 'll stay here and watch her, and I 'll trust you, Ranald, with the black mare, so that Molly can ride your gray to the nearest place where you can get a carriage for her. When you 've seen her safely home, you 'd better come back here. Phil, you must ride off, at once, to tell Peter about the accident, and get help for the mare. Be as quick as you can!"

PART IV.

"WELL, well, Miss Molly! and how do you feel to-night? Ranald tells me you have had a dangerous tumble. I am afraid my boys need some lessons on taking care of a young lady," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell on the evening of that eventful day of the fox-hunt.

"Oh, Mr. Dalzell!" cried Molly, choking a little, "if you knew how careless I 've been, and how I feel about your mare;—when you 've all been so kind to me, too. It almost broke my heart to hear her, and to see her in such pain."

"We are sorry she had to suffer, of course," said Mr. Dalzell kindly, "but our thankfulness for your own escape puts that quite out of mind. Don't let the animal worry you in the least. We hope she 'll recover from the sprain in good time. You shall ride another horse which I shall have brought over from the farm for you,—on condition, however, that we shall have no more fox-hunts to imperil your precious neck."

"I feel as if I could never ride again. But Papa will pay you the value of the mare, if it does n't get well—I shall write to him," said Molly, eagerly.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Dalzell, good-naturedly, "have I not told you that is of no consequence? The fault rests with the boys, who should not have ridden so recklessly. I can not be too thankful that you are safe, for you have really had a narrow escape. But you will be just as ready to ride when your bruises are whole again."

So he passes it off, and is kindly solicitous for Molly's comfort, and even has the family doctor,—worthy soul,—to make sure that there are no sprains, dislocations, or what not, that will retard her full restoration to activity. And, indeed, for three good days Molly's chief occupation is to lie on the sofa and read, or play chess, dominoes, or backgammon with the boys, whose attentions are constant and devoted.

This trouble over, however, matters go on as happily as before at Dalzell Hall.

It is now August. The days would be sultry but for the ubiquitous sea-wind that always tempers the heat of the sun. August,—and September, close at hand, will bring Molly's father from the Adirondacks to Daisydown.

"How can I ever endure to go back to New York?" moans Molly to Mrs. Merriam at intervals.

They can not bear to think of it!

"You will come out to us again, surely," answers the good lady, who is very loath to lose the bright girlish face from the quaint old house. "And besides, dear, it would n't seem like Dalzell Hall to you with the boys at school. They go, in September, you know."

But Molly shakes her head. It is not altogether the boys. The old hall has won a place in her heart, with its quaint, ivied walls, its gables and

nooks and rose-alleys, with its outlook over the sunny sea, and its wilderness of a garden, wherein grow all flowers that ever blossomed under the sun,—or so it seems to Molly.

But the afternoon boat is due soon, and she and the boys must go down and see it, and stop for a chat with old Cap'n Azariah, in his funny old store on the pier. So away with all sad thoughts, for this is the last week of her stay, and one must be happy when one can in this work-a-day world.

"Vacation's most out—hey?" says Cap'n Azariah, placing a chair for Miss Molly under the shadow of the morning-glory vines that shade the side of his little piazza.

"Yes,—we 're sorry to say," answers Phil, dolefully.

"Wall, now I s'pose ye mean to go back to the big city schools where ye be'n last year,—hey?"

"Yes, sir; to the same one."

"Wall, do ye *larn* anythin' there?—anythin', I mean, more worth while than ye could learn at the 'cademy here in Daisydown?"

"Why, of course," says Houghton, looking up in surprise into the shrewd, wrinkled face of his questioner. But Ranald smiled. He caught the drift of the question.

"We study all the common branches, and the higher ones, such as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, the languages, music,"—goes on Houghton, fluently.

"And do they put in 'longside o' all those fine extries, the larnin' to be a *man*, a ra'al honest, God-fearin' man, as wont ever knuckle under to temptation, ner turn his back on his brother, in a tight place?"

Houghton is silent, for a moment. Then he says:

"I suppose we could learn that in Daisydown."

"Jes' so; jes' so, my boy," says old Cap'n Azariah, heartily. "Not that I say a word agenst the big schools. The world 's grown sence my day, and larnin' must grow with it. But I 've b'en about a good deal, and I never found a place yit where ye could n't larn good or bad, jes' as ye 've a min' to. It 's all in the boy, Houghton. There 's a many temptations in the big school, though, that ye wont find in the old Daisydown 'Cademy,—aren't there, now?"

Again Houghton is silent. Then he answers, "Yes, sir; there are."

"Wall," says the old Cap'n, "look out for your taups'les, then, all you boys, and jibe and tack right lively, or you 'll be stove on the rocks. Keep your course clear, and yer eye on the compass. I 've seen you chaps grow up, ye know, an' I take nat'rally a sort 'o int'rest in ye. I 've seen the world, too, and I thought seein' ye was goin' off so soon, a word from the old man would n't come amiss."

"Thank you for it, Cap'n," says Ranald, with an earnest look in his deep gray eyes; "we 'll remember what you say."

"All right," says Cap'n Azariah, ambling off to attend to a customer.

And now,—who is that tall, gray-whiskered gentleman with yellow traveling-bag, who walks up the pier, casting critical yet undecided glances on all his surroundings.

"Oh, Papa! Oh, Papa!" cries Molly, bounding from the piazza with a shout of delight.

The boys come upright from their lounging positions with expressions of dismay; the tall man gives Molly a hearty hand-shake and kiss, and then Ranald, the reserved, electrifies his cousins by stepping quietly forward with lifted cap. He says simply: "I want to ask the pleasure of being introduced to Molly's father."

The others are just behind him. After the introductions and cordial greetings,—for Mr. Arnold has never seen his friend's boys,—they all walk up over the turfy downs through the sunlight, the breeze, the fresh sea air, to Dalzell Hall. Mr. Arnold's admiration of it is sincere enough to satisfy even Molly, and Mrs. Merriam and the boys speedily make him welcome.

In the evening comes Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who is heartily glad to see his friend. And for the next few days a series of farewell rides, sails, and picnics, give Mr. Arnold a chance to know all the beauties and delights of Daisydown.

But the summer is ended, after all. Summers do not stay. Well for all of us who carry a perpetual summer in our hearts. And then it is not well for us always to lie in the roses; at least, the admonitory thorns may do us good. But, after all, the real work of life has to be done, and such summers are but resting-places on our journey.

So they part; Houghton, Ranald, and Phil to plunge into busy school-life again, with all its joys, trials, temptations; carrying with them the memory of the kindly eyes and shrewd smile of old Cap'n Azariah, and the honest, manly admonitions of Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who gives them always all the help that a father can. And Molly goes to her New York home to combat, as well as she may, her girlish faults, to rebel, often with reason, against the exactions of a too fashionable mother, and to train her young voice for the glorious future which her teacher predicts for it. Shall they ever again meet at Dalzell Hall? Who can tell?



"BRAIDING MOTHER'S HAIR."—DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

CORNY'S CATAMOUNT.—TENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Two boys sat on the bars, one whittling, the other whistling,—not for want of thought, by any means, for his brow was knit in an anxious frown, and he paused now and then to thump the rail, with an impatient exclamation. The other lad appeared to be absorbed in shaping an arrow from the slender stick in his hand; but he watched his neighbor with a vexing smile, saying a few words occasionally, which seemed to add to the neighbor's irritation, though they were in a sympathizing tone.

"Oh, well, if a chap can't do a thing, he can't, and he 'd better give up and say 'Beat,'" he asserted finally.

"But I wont give up, and I never say 'Beat.' I 'm not going to be laughed out of it, and I 'll do what I said I would, if it takes all summer, Chris Warner," was the answer he received.

"You 'll have to be spry then, for there are only two more days in August," replied the whittler, shutting one eye to look along his arrow and see if its lines were "true."

"I intend to be spry, and if you wont tell on me, I 'll let you into a plan I made last night."

"I guess you can trust me. I 've heard about a dozen plans of yours already, and never told one of 'em."

"They all failed, so there was nothing to tell. But this one is *not* going to fail, if I die for it. I feel that it 's best to tell some one, because it is really dangerous; and if anything *should* happen to me, your knowing my plan would save time and trouble."

"I don't seem to feel anxious a mite. But I 'll stand ready to pick up the pieces, if you come to grief."

"Now, Chris, it 's mean of you to keep on making fun when I 'm in dead earnest. You know I mean what I 'm saying now, and this may be the last thing you can do for me."

"Wait till I get out my handkerchief; if you 're going to be affectin' I may want it. Granite 's cheap up here; just mention what you 'd like on

your tombstone and I 'll see that it gets there, if it takes my last cent."

The big boy in the blue overalls spoke with such a comical drawl that the slender city lad could not help laughing, till, with a slap that nearly sent his neighbor off his perch, Corny said good-naturedly:

"Come, now, stop joking and lend a hand, and I 'll do anything I can for you. I 've set my heart on shooting a wild cat, and I know I can if I once get a good chance. Mother 'll not let me go off far enough, so of course I don't do it, and then you all jeer at me. To-morrow we are going up the mountain, and I 'm set on trying again, for Abner says the big woods are the place to find the 'varmint.' Now, you hold your tongue, and let me slip away when I think we 've hit the right spot. I 'm not a bit afraid, and while the rest go poking to the top, I 'll plunge into the woods and see what I can do."

"All right. Better take old Buff; he 'll bring you home when you get lost, and keep puss from clawing you. You wont like that part of the fun as much as you expect to, may be," said Chris, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as he glanced at Corny and then away toward the vast forest that stretched far up the mighty mountain's side.

"No, I don't want any help, and Buff will betray me by barking; I prefer to go alone. I shall take some lunch and plenty of shot, and have a glorious time, even if I don't meet that confounded beast. I will keep dashing in and out of the woods as we go; then no one will miss me for a while, and when they do, you just say, 'Oh, he 's all right,—he 'll be along directly'; and go ahead, and let me alone."

Corny spoke so confidently, and looked so pleased with his plan, that honest Chris could not bear to tell him how much danger he would run in that pathless forest, where older hunters than he had been lost.

"I don't feel as if I cared to tell any lies about it, and I don't advise your goin'; but if you 're mad for catamounts, I s'pose I must humor you and say nothin'. Only bear in mind, Abner and I will be along; and if you get into a scrape, just give a yell and we 'll come."

"No fear of that; I 've tramped around all summer, and I know my way like an Indian. Keep the girls quiet, and let me have a good lark. I 'll turn up all right by sundown; so don't worry. Not a word to mother, or she wont let me go. I 'll make things straight with her after the fun is over."

"That 's not 'square,' Corny; but it 's not my funeral, so I wont meddle. Hope you 'll have first-rate sport, and bag a brace of cats. One thing you must mind,—don't get too near your game before you fire; and keep out of sight of the critters as much as you can."

Chris spoke in a deep whisper, looking so excited and impressed by the reckless courage of his mate that Corny felt himself a Leatherstocking, and went off to tea with his finger on his lips, full of boyish faith in his own powers. If he had seen Chris dart behind the barn, and there roll upon the grass in convulsions of laughter, he would have been both surprised and hurt.

No deacon could have been more sober than Chris, however, when they met next morning, while the party of summer boarders at the old farm-house were in a pleasant bustle of preparation for the long-expected day on the mountain. Three merry girls, a pair of small boys, two amiable mammas, Chris and Corny, made up the party, with Abner to drive the big wagon drawn by Milk and Molasses, the yellow span.

"All aboard!" shouted our young Nimrod, in a hurry to be off, as the lunch-basket was handed up, and the small boys sought the most uncomfortable corners, regardless of their arms and legs.

Away they rattled with a parting cheer, and peace fell upon the farm-house for a few hours, to the great contentment of the good people left behind. Corny's mother was one of them, and her last words were: "A pleasant day, dear. I wish you 'd leave that gun at home; I 'm so afraid you 'll get hurt with it."

"There 's no fun without it. Don't worry, Mamma; I 'll be very careful."

"I 'll see to him, ma'am," called Chris, as he hung on behind, and waved his old straw hat, with a steady, reliable sort of look, that made the anxious lady feel more comfortable.

"We are going to walk up the mountain, when we get to it, and leave the horses to rest; so I can choose my time. See? I 've a bottle of cold tea in this pocket, and a lot of grub in the other. No danger of my starving, is there?" whispered Corny, as he leaned over to Chris, who sat, apparently on nothing, with his long legs dangling into space.

"Should n't wonder if you needed every mite of it. Hunting is hard work on a hot day, and this is going to be a blazer," answered Chris, pulling his big straw hat lower over his eyes.

As we intend to follow Corny's adventures, we need not pause to describe the drive, which was a merry one; with girls chattering, mammas holding on to excited small boys, in danger of flying out at every jolt, Abner joking till every one roared, Corny's dangerous evolutions with the beloved gun, and the gymnastic feats which Chris performed, jumping off to pick flowers for the ladies, and getting on again while Milk and Molasses tore up and down the rough road to the mountain as if they enjoyed it.

About ten o'clock they reached the foot of the mountain; and, after a short rest at the hotel, they began the three-mile ascent in high spirits. Abner was to follow later with the wagon, to bring the party down; so Chris was guide, as he knew the way well, and often came thither with people. The girls and younger boys hurried on, full of eagerness to reach the top. The ladies went more slowly, enjoying the grand beauty of the scene, while Chris carried the lunch-basket, and Corny lingered in the rear, waiting for a good chance to "plunge."



"IN THE SAFE SHELTER OF THE FOREST, WHERE HUMAN FEET SO SELDOM CAME."

He wanted to be off before Abner came, as he well knew that wise man and mighty hunter would never let him go alone.

"The very next path I see, I'll dive into the woods, and run; Chris can't leave the rest to follow me, and if I once get a good start, they wont catch me in a hurry," thought the boy, longing to be free and alone in the wild woods that tempted him on either hand.

Just as he was tightening his belt to be ready for the run, Mrs. Barker, the stout lady, called him; and being a well-bred lad, he hastened at once to see what she wanted, feeling that he was the only gallant in the party.

"Please give me your arm, dear; I'm getting very tired, and I fear I can't hold out to the top, without a little help," said the poor lady, red and panting with the heat and steepness of the road.

"Certainly, ma'am," answered Corny, obeying at once, and inwardly resolving to deposit his fair burden on the first fallen log they came to, and then make his escape.

But Mrs. Barker got on bravely, with the support of his strong arm, and chatted away so delightfully that Corny would really have enjoyed the walk, if his soul had not been yearning for catamounts. He did his best, but when they passed opening after opening into the green recesses of the wood, and the granite bowlders grew more and more plentiful, his patience gave out, and he began to plan what he could say to

excuse himself. Chris was behind, apparently deaf and blind to his calls and imploring glances, though he grinned cheerfully when poor Corny looked round and beckoned, as well as he could beckon with a gun on one arm and a stout lady on the other.

"The hardest part is coming now, and we'd better rest a moment. Here's a nice rock, and the last spring we are likely to see till we get to the top. Come on, Chris, and give us the dipper. Mrs. Barker wants a drink, and so do I," called the young hunter, driven to despair at last.

Up came Chris, and while he rummaged in the well-packed basket, Corny slipped into the wood, leaving the good lady, with her thanks half spoken, sitting on a warm stone beside a muddy little pool. A loud laugh followed him, as he scrambled through the tall ferns and went plunging down the steep mountain-side, eager to reach the lower woods.

"Let him laugh; it will be my turn when I go home, with a fine cat over my shoulder," thought Corny, tearing along, heedless of falls, scratches, and bruised knees.

At length he paused for breath, and looked about him well satisfied, for the spot was lonely and lovely enough to suit any hunter. The tallest pines he ever saw sighed far overhead; the ground was ankle-deep in moss, and gay with scarlet bunch-berries; every fallen log was veiled by sweet-scented Linnea, green vines, or nodding brakes; while hidden brooks sang musically, and the air was full of the soft flutter of leaves, the whir of wings, the sound of birds gossiping sweetly in the safe shelter of the forest, where human feet so seldom came.

"I'll rest a bit, and then go along down, keeping a look out for puss by the way," thought Corny, feeling safe and free, and very happy, for he had his own way, at last, and a whole day in which to lead the life he loved.

So he bathed his hot face, took a cool drink, and lay on the moss, staring up into the green gloom of the pines, blissfully dreaming of the joys of a hunter's life,—till a peculiar cry startled him to his feet, and sent him creeping wearily toward the sound. Whether it was a new kind of bird, or a fox, or a bear, he did not know, but he fondly hoped it was a wild cat; though he was well aware that that crafty creature sleeps by day, and prowls by night. Abner had said that they purred and snarled and gave a mewing sort of cry; but which it was now he could not tell, having unfortunately been half asleep.

On he went, looking up into the trees for a furry bunch, behind every log, and in every rocky hole, longing and hoping to discover his heart's desire. But a hawk was all he saw above, an ugly snake was the only living thing he found among the logs, and a fat woodchuck's hind legs vanished down the most attractive hole. He shot at all three and missed them, and pushed on, pretending that he did not care for such small game.

"Now, this is what I call fun," he said to himself, tramping gayly along, and at that moment he went splash into a mud-hole concealed under the grass. He sank up to his knees, and with great difficulty got out by clinging to the tussocks that grew near. In his struggles the lunch was lost, for the bottle broke and the pocket where the sandwiches were stored was full of mud. A woful spectacle was the trim lad as he emerged from the slough, black and dripping in front, well spattered behind, hatless, and with one shoe gone, it having been carelessly left unlaced in the ardor of his hunt.

"Here's a mess!" thought poor Corny, surveying himself with great disgust and feeling very helpless, as well as tired, hungry, and cross. "Luckily, my powder is dry and my gun safe; so my fun is n't spoiled, though I do look like a wallowing pig. I've heard of mud baths, but I never took one before, and I'll never do it again."

So he washed as well as he could, hoping the sun would dry him, picked out a few bits of bread unspoiled by the general wreck, and trudged on with less ardor, though by no means discouraged yet.

"I'm too high for any game but birds, and those I dont want. I'll go right down, and come out in the valley. Abner said any brook would show the way, and this brook that led me into a scrape shall lead me out," he said, as he followed the little stream that went tumbling over the stones, which increased in number as the ground sloped toward the deep ravine, where a water-fall shone like silver in the sun.

"I'll take a bath if the pool is big enough, and that will set me up. Should n't wonder if I've been poisoned a bit with some of the vines I've been tearing through. My hands smart like fury, and I guess the mosquitoes have about eaten my face up. I never saw such clouds of stingers before," muttered Corny, looking at his scratched hands, and rubbing his hot face in great discomfort,—for it was the gnat that drove the lion mad, you remember.

It was easy to say, "I'll follow the brook," but not so easy to do it; for the frolicsome stream went headlong over rocks, crept under fallen logs, and now and then hid itself so cleverly that one had to look and listen carefully to recover the trail. It was long past noon when Corny came out near the water-fall, so tired and hungry that he

heartily wished himself back among the party he had left, who, by this time, must have lunched well and who were now probably driving gayly homeward to a good supper.

No chance for a bath appeared, so he washed his burning face and took a rest, enjoying the splendid view far over valley and intervale through the gap in the mountain range. He was desperately tired with these hours of rough travel, and very hungry; but he would not own it, and he sat considering what to do next, for he saw by the sun that the afternoon was half over. There was time to go back by the way he had come, and by following the path down the hill he could reach the hotel and get supper and a bed, or be driven home. That was the wise thing to do, but his pride rebelled against returning empty-handed after all his plans and boasts of great exploits.

"I wont go home, to be laughed at by Chris and Abner. I 'll shoot something, if I stay all night. Who cares for hunger and mosquito bites? Not I. Hunters can bear more than that, I guess. The next live thing I see I 'll shoot it, and make a fire and have a jolly supper. Now, which way shall I go,—up or down? A pretty hard prospect, either way."

The sight of an eagle soaring above him seemed to answer his question, and fill him with new strength and ardor. To shoot the king of birds and take him home in triumph would cover the hunter with glory. It should be done! And away he went, climbing, tumbling, leaping from rock to rock, toward the place where the eagle had alighted. More cuts and bruises, more vain shots, and the sole reward of his eager struggles was a single feather that floated down as the great bird soared serenely away, leaving the boy exhausted and disappointed, in a wilderness of granite bowlders, and with no sign of a path to show the way out.

As he leaned breathless and weary against the crag where he had fondly hoped to find the eagle's nest, he realized for the first time what a fool-hardy thing he had done. Here he was, alone, without a guide, in this wild region where there was neither food nor shelter, and night was coming on. Utterly used up, he could not get home now even if he knew the way; and suddenly all the tales he had ever heard of men lost in the mountains came into his head. If he had not been weak with hunger, he would have felt better able to bear it; but his legs trembled under him, his head ached with the glare of the sun, and a queer faintness came over him now and then. For, plucky as he was, the city lad was unused to exercise so violent.

"The only thing to do now is to get down to the valley, if I can, before dark. Abner said there was an old cabin, where the hunters used to sleep, somewhere down there. I can try for it, and perhaps shoot something on the way. I may break my bones, but I can't sit and starve up here. I was a fool to come. I 'll keep the feather, anyhow, to prove that I really saw an eagle; that 's better than nothing."

Still bravely trying to affect the indifference to danger and fatigue which hunters are always described as possessing in such a remarkable degree, Corny slung the useless gun on his back and began the steep descent, discovering now the perils he had been too eager to see before. He was a good climber, but he was stiff with weariness, and his hands were already sore with scratches and poison; so he went slowly, feeling quite unfit for such hard work. Coming to the ravine, he found that the only road led down its precipitous side to the valley, that looked so safe and pleasant now. Stunted pines grew in the fissures of the rocks, and their strong roots helped the clinging hands and feet as the boy painfully climbed, slipped, and swung along, fearing every minute to come to some impassable barrier in the dangerous path.

But he got on wonderfully well, and was feeling much encouraged, when his foot slipped, the root he held gave way, and down he went, rolling and bumping on the rocks below, to his death, he thought, as a crash came, and he knew no more.

"Wonder if I 'm dead?" was the first idea that occurred to him as he opened his eyes and saw a brilliant sky above him, all purple, gold, and red.

He seemed floating in the air; for he swayed to and fro on a soft bed, a pleasant murmur reached his ear, and when he glanced down he saw what looked like clouds, misty and white, below him. He lay a few minutes drowsily musing, for the fall had stunned him; then, as he moved his hand, something pricked it, and he felt pine-needles in the fingers that closed over them.

"Caught in a tree, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, and all visions of heaven vanished in a breath, as he sat up and stared about him, wide-awake now, and conscious of many aching bones.

Yes, there he lay among the branches of one of the sturdy pines, into which he had fallen on his way down the precipice. Blessed helpful tree! set there to save a life, and to teach a lesson to a willful young heart that never forgot that hour.

Holding fast, lest a rash motion should set him bounding further down like a living ball, Corny took an observation as rapidly as possible, for the red light was fading, and the mist rising from the valley. All he could see was a narrow ledge where the tree stood; and, anxious to reach a safer bed for the night, he climbed cautiously down to drop on the rock, so full of gratitude for safety that he

could only lie still for a little while, thinking of his mother, and trying not to cry.

He was much shaken by the fall, his flesh bruised, his clothes torn, and his spirit cowed; for hunger, weariness, pain, and danger showed him what a very feeble creature he was, after all. He could do no more till morning, and he resigned himself to a night on the mountain-side, glad to be there alive, though doubtful what daylight would show him. Too tired to move, he lay watching the western sky, where the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills. All below was wrapt in mist, and not a sound reached him but the sigh of the pine, and the murmur of the water-fall.

"This is a first-class scrape. What a fool I was not to go back when I could, instead of blundering down here where no one can get at me. Now, as like as not, I can't get out alone! Gun smashed, too, in that ugly fall, so I can't even fire a shot to bring help. Nothing to eat or drink, and very likely a day or so to spend here till I 'm found,—if I ever am. Chris said, 'Yell, if you want us.' Much good that would do now! I 'll try, though." And getting up on his weary legs, Corny shouted till he was hoarse; but echo alone answered him, and after a few efforts he gave it up, trying to accept the situation like a man. As if kind Nature took pity on the poor boy, the little ledge was soft with lichens and thin grass, and here and there grew a sprig of checkerberry, sown by the wind, sheltered by the tree, and nourished by the moisture that trickled down the rock from some hidden spring. Eagerly Corny ate the sweet leaves to stay the pangs of hunger that gnawed him, and finished his meal with grass and pine-needles, calling himself a calf, and wishing his pasture were wider.

"The fellows we read about always come to grief in a place where they can shoot a bird, catch a fish, or knock over some handy beast for supper," he said, talking to himself. "I 'm not lucky enough even to find a sassafras bush to chew, or a bird's egg to suck. My poor gun is broken, or I might bang away at a hawk, and cook him for supper, if the bog had n't spoiled my matches as it spoiled my lunch. Oh, well! I 'll pull through, I guess, and when it 's all over, it will be a right good story to tell."

Then, hoping to forget his woes in sleep, he nestled under the low-growing branches of the pine and lay blinking drowsily at the twilight world outside. A dream came, and he saw the old farm-house in sad confusion, caused by his absence,—the women crying, the men sober, all anxious, and all making ready to come and look for him. So vivid was it that he woke himself by crying out, "Here I am," and nearly went over the ledge, stretching out his arms to Abner.

The start and the scare made it hard to go to sleep again, and he sat looking at the solemn sky, full of stars that seemed watching over him alone there, like a poor, lost child on the great mountain's stony breast. He had never seen the world at that hour before, and it made a deep impression on him; for it was a vast, wild scene, full of gloomy shadows and unknown dangers. It gave him, too, a new sense of utter littleness and helplessness, which taught the boy human dependence upon heavenly love as no words, even from his mother's tender lips, could have taught it. Thoughts of the suffering his willfulness had given her wrung a few penitent tears from him, which he was not ashamed to shed, since only the kind stars saw them, and better still, he resolved to own the fault, to atone for it, and to learn wisdom from this lesson, which might yet prove to be a very bitter one.

He felt better after this little break-down, and presently his thoughts were turned from conscience to catamounts again; for sounds in the woods below led him to believe that the much-desired animal was on the prowl. His excited fancy painted dozens of them not far away, waiting to be shot, and there he was, cooped up on that narrow ledge, with a broken gun, unable even to get a look at them. He felt that it was a just punishment, and after the first regret he tried to comfort himself with the fact that he was much safer where he was than alone in the forest at that hour, for various nocturnal voices suggested restless and dangerous neighbors.

Presently his wakeful eyes saw lights twinkling far off on the opposite side of the ravine, and he imagined he heard shouts and shots. But the splash of the water-fall and the rush of the night wind deadened the sounds to his ear, and drowned his own reply.

"They are looking for me, and will never think of this strange place. I can't make them hear, and must wait till morning. Poor Chris will get a great scolding for letting me go. I don't believe he told a word till he had to. I 'll make it up to him. Chris is a capital fellow, and I just wish I had him here to make things jolly," thought the lonely lad.

But soon the lights vanished, the sounds died away, and the silence of midnight brooded over the hills, seldom broken except by the soft cry of an owl, the rustle of the pine, or a louder gust of wind as it grew strong and cold. Corny kept awake as long as he could, fearing to dream and fall; but by and by he dropped off, and slept soundly till the chill of dawn waked him.

At any other time he would have heartily enjoyed the splendor of the eastern sky, as the red

glow spread and brightened, till the sun came dazzling through the gorge, making the wild solitude beautiful and grand.

Now, however, he would have given it all for a hot beefsteak and a cup of coffee, as he wet his lips with a few drops of ice-cold water, and browsed over his small pasture till not a green spire remained. He was stiff, and full of pain, but daylight and the hope of escape cheered him up, and gave him coolness and courage to see how best he could accomplish his end.

The wind soon blew away the mist and let him see that the dry bed of a stream lay just below. To reach it he must leap, at risk of his bones, or find some means to swing down ten or twelve feet. Once there, it was pretty certain that by following the rough road he would come into the valley, whence he could very easily find his way home. Much elated at this unexpected good fortune, he took the strap that had slung his gun, the leathern belt about his waist, and the strong cords of his pouch, and knotting them together, made a rope long enough to let him drop within two or three feet of the stones below. This he fastened firmly round the trunk of the pine, and finished his preparations by tying his handkerchief to one of the branches, that it might serve as a guide for him, a signal for others, and a trophy of his grand fall.

Then putting a little sprig of the evergreen tree in his jacket, with a grateful thought of all it had done for him, he swung himself off and landed safely below, not minding a few extra bumps, after his late exploits at tumbling.

Feeling like a prisoner set free, he hurried as fast as bare feet and stiff legs would carry him, along the bed of the stream, coming at last into the welcome shelter of the woods, which seemed more beautiful than ever after the bleak region of granite in which he had been all night.

Anxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view; and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last!

There it was, the big, fierce cat, crouched in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from its neck and the tremble of its limbs plainly showed.

"Now 's my chance! I don't care who shot it, I 'll kill it, and own its skin, too, if I pay my last dollar for it," thought Corny; and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck two quick, heavy blows, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl, and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This achievement atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the catamount was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphal entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"I wish I did n't look so like a scarecrow; but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Wont the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat! Hope there 's a house not very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this cat much further, I 'm so starved and shaky."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment later several men came bursting through the woods, cheering wildly as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool "Hullo!"

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a sort of wild jig around his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go, and all night had rushed up and down seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till, almost exhausted, he looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

"Why on earth did n't you tell me?—I 'd a got up a hunt for you wuth havin'.—You ought n't to have gone off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap for gettin' inter scrapes,—and out of 'em too, I 'm bound to own," growled Abner.

"That is n't a wild goose, is it?" proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the catamount, which now lay on the ground, while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it 's not, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot it?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"I did n't shoot it; I broke my gun when I took

that header down the mountain. I hit the catamount a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found it," answered Corny, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into it; I only finished the fight."

"Chris shot it, then; he fired not long ago, and we saw the critter run, but we were too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you 've had enough of catamounts for once, hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corny, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew,—ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark, which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I have n't! I want this one, and I 'll buy it if Chris will let me. I said I 'd kill one, and I did, and I want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corny stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or we 'll have to cart you home. You 've done well, and now you want a good meal to set you on your feet again. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hail Columby!"

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The tall, hearty man, with the dead animal at his back, went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff soberly brought up the rear, with his eye constantly on the wild cat.

In this order they reached home, and Corny sought his mother's comforting care, and was seen no more for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plantain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received very meekly the congratulations showered upon him. He made no more boasts of skill and courage that summer, set out on no more wild hunts, and gave up his own wishes so cheerfully that it was evident something had worked a helpful change in willful Corny.

He liked to tell the story of that day and night, whenever his friends were recounting adventures by sea and land; but he never said much about the hours on the ledge, always owned that Chris shot the beast, and usually ended by sagely advising his hearers to let their mothers know when they wanted to go on a lark of that kind. Those who knew and loved him best observed that he was fonder than ever of nibbling checkerberry leaves, that he did n't mind being laughed at for liking to wear a bit of pine in his buttonhole, and that the skin of the catamount, so hardly won, lay before his study table till the moths ate it up.

YOUTH AND AGE.

By M. H. F. Lovett.

A FUNNY thing I heard to-day
I might as well relate.
Our Lil is six, and little May
Still lacks a month of eight.

And, through the open play-room door,
I heard the elder say:
"Lil, run down-stairs and get my doll.
Go quick, now,—right away!"

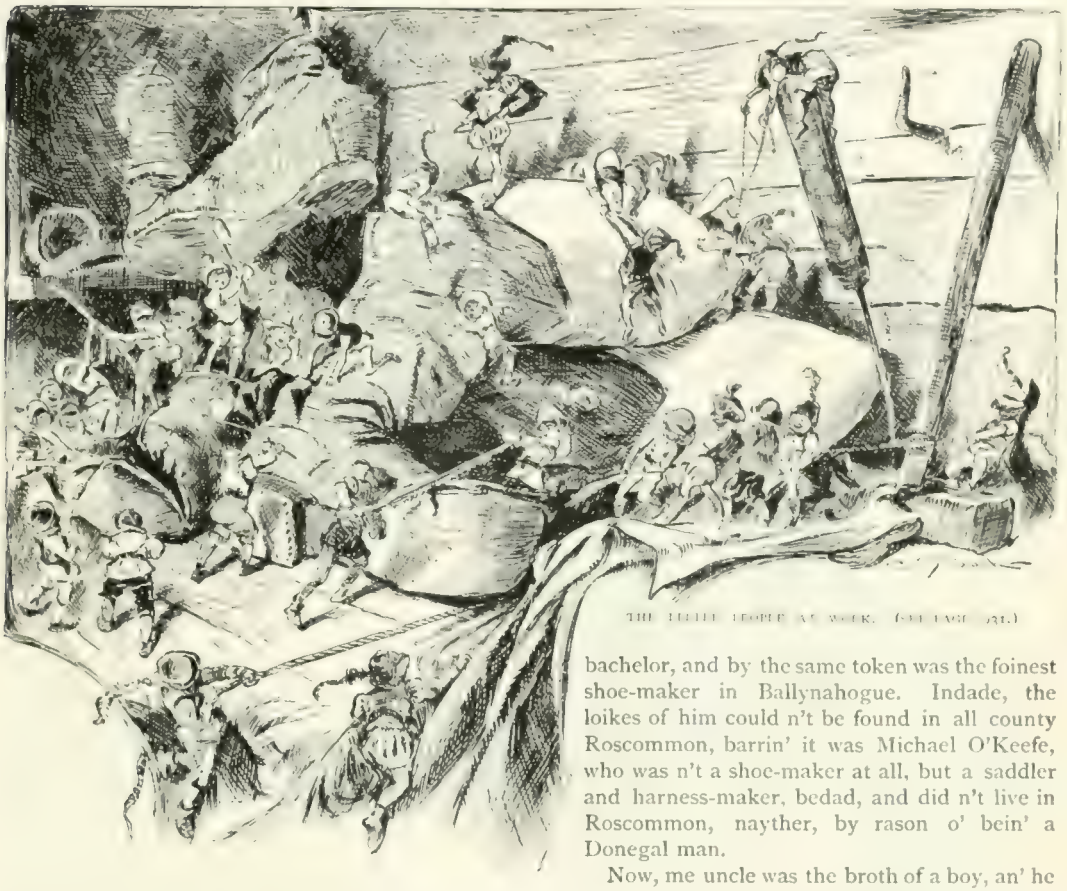
And Lillie said,—(and I agreed
That May was hardly fair):—
"You might say 'please,' or go yourself—
I did n't leave it there."

"But, Lillie," urged the elder one,
"Your little legs, you know,
Are youngerer than mine are, child,
And so you *ought* to go!"

LANTY O'HOOLAHAN AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

[From Fagan's Fairy Tale.]

By Frederick D. Story.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 931.)

Arrah then, an' is it a fairy shtory ye 'll be afther wantin' me to tell to yez? An' what 'll your papa be a-sayin' to me, if I do that same? "Sure," he 'll say, "Phalim, it 's a moighty foine gardener ye are, wastin' your toime tellin' fairy shtories to the childher instid of attindin' to your worruk." Though for the matter o' that, it 's nothin' I could be doin' now, barrin' it 's diggin' the praties which I finished yestherday, or weedin' the onion bed which wont be ready till the day afther to-morrow. So, as I have n't the toime to tell yez a reg'lar fairy shtory, I 'll contint mesilf wid narratin' a quare advinture of an uncle o' mine, by the name o' Lanty O'Hoolahan, wid the Little People.

Now, you must know that me uncle was an old bachelor, and by the same token was the foinest shoe-maker in Ballynahogue. Indade, the loikes of him could n't be found in all county Roscommon, barrin' it was Michael O'Keefe, who was n't a shoe-maker at all, but a saddler and harness-maker, bedad, and did n't live in Roscommon, nayther, by rason o' bein' a Donegal man.

Now, me uncle was the broth of a boy, an' he tuk measures for more ready-made shoes in a week than he could consthruct betune Michaelmas-day and St. Pathrick's. Sure, but he was the swate timpered sowl, as meek as milk, and as quoiet as a pig, barrin' that he niver could bear conthradiction, and was moighty quick to take offinse, an' had a rough tongue of his own and a nimble shillaly, by rason of which he 'd bate a man first, an' argue the quistion wid him p'aceable and frindly aftherwards.

Well, it happened one avenin' that Lanty was thraveling home to his cabin across the bog by the edge of Sheve-na-Cruish, in not the best timper in the worruld. An' moighty shmall blame to him for that same. For afther carryin' a perfectly illigant pair of brogues to a skinflint of an agent,

the ould miser tould him to take 'em back, beca'se they did n't fit, and hurted his feet in the bargain.

An' so poor Lanty had to thrudge home ag'in wid the brogues undher his arrum, and wid all the money the ould fellow paid him for thim, in an impty pocket. Now, as I was afther tellin' ye, he was walkin' across a piece av medder-land on the edge of the bog, an' bewailin' his bad luck, whin he had the misfortune to stub his fut agin a fairy ring by the side av the path, an' he fell at full length upon the flure. Av coorse ye know, me dears, what a fairy ring is? Then, faith, I need n't be tellin' ye that it 's the big tufts av grass in the medders that the Little People dance around on moonshiny nights. Whin Lanty got up ag'in, he was in a tearin' rage. "Bad luck to the Little People," says he, "a-puttin' the tricks on a dacent poor man that 's goin' home wid a load o' throuble on his heart! I 'd wring their



"'BAD LUCK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE!' SAYS LANTY."

necks for um," says he, "if I had um here betune me thumb an' forefinger." Well, afther a dale av mutterin' an' blatherin', Lanty got home to his cabin, an' was soon sound aslape, an' by the nixt mornin' was as merry as a fiddler at a wake, an' had forgotten all about his throubles an' difficulties. But, poor sowl, though he had forgotten, the Little People had n't; an' it was n't long afore the most perplixin' an' ixtrornary circumshtances in connixion wid his perfeshun began to deplate his trisury an' bewildher his narves, to sich an ixtint that, if it had n't 'a' bin for the comfort of the whiff at his poipe, there 's no tellin' what he 'd 'a' been afther doin'.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye vilyun," says one of his custhomers a day or two aftherwards, "what d' ye mane by sindin' home to me a pair av brogues like thim? They 're harder to kape thegither than a drove av pigs; an' I could niver ha' worn 'em here if I had n't 'a' carried 'em in me hands an' walked barefut. It 's mesilf that does n't know how sich tricherous brogues could ixist at all, onliss yez made 'em out av brown paper, an' shtuck 'em thegither wid pins."

"Arrah, be aisy, Patsy," says me uncle, "an' how could I be makin' a pair av *black* brogues out av *brown* paper? Sure, they 're cut from as foine a bit av English calfskin as ivver was tanned."

"Then, be the powers," says Patsy, "if it ivver rains in England, the calf that wore that skin for a coverin' caught his death o' cowld, for sorra bit of wather did it turn."

"An' what 's the matther wid 'em at all, at all?" says me uncle.

"Begorra, there 's not enough left av 'em to make matarial for ixamination, let alone discussion," says Patsy, "and that 's the throuble," says he. "Shame on ye, Lanty O'Hoolahan, for a desavin' cratur!" says he.

An' its thrue for yez, them brogues wor a sight to behowld. The welts wor a-gapin' as though they had n't bin aslape for a fortnight, an' ivvery siperate bit av the uppers was as full av cracks as Tim Maguire's head afther a faction fight at Donnybrook fair.

Now, if ye 'll belave me, afore poor Lanty was over wid lamintin' the terrible misfortune that had befallen him, who should come in but Mr. Finnelay, the attorney, Colonel De Lacey's agint, a-lookin' moighty put out, an' as red as a beet.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye spalpeen!" says he.

"Yer honor!" says Lanty, wid a gentale scrape. (He see throuble a-brewin', an' was bound to smooth it over wid perliteness; for it always tickles an agint to be called "yer honor.")

"How dare ye spile me best London-made shoes," says he, "by convartin' 'em into a botch like this?" An' he held up afore him a pair av walkin'-shoes, wid the sowls hangin' to 'em by a thread or two, an' the heels clane gone intirely.

"Musha, then," says me uncle, "but it 's the pathriotic sowls they are, to be sure. It 's ivident they dispise to be bound to the Saxon toyrant or anny of his worruks," says he. "Ould Oireland need n't despair av freedom, whin even inanimate nature rebels ag'in the furrin yoke. It on'y confurrums me opinion that there 's nothin' like leather."

"'T is a true word ye 're spakin," says Misther Finnelay. "I 'll go bail," says he, "there 's

nothin' that 's annythin' at all like leather in them shoe-soles, more shame to ye, ye rogue."

"Hark to the improvin' discoorse av him!" says



me uncle, admirin'ly. "See how he catches up me own words in a twinklin', an' bates me wid 'em. Sure 't is Parliament 's the place for a gintleman av ready spache like yer honor, an' its mesilf as would enj'y hearin' ye trate the Tories wid the rough edge o' yer tongue," says he.

"Git out wid yer blarneyin'" says the agint, but he was plazed, for all that. "But what ails ye, annyway?" says he.

"Sorra bit do I know," says Lanty, "barrin' it is that ould Kitty Flanagan has been overlookin' me shoes in rivinge for the illigant batin' I gave her ould man, the toime he broke me head, an' laid me up for the winther," says he.

Howsomdever, afther this, things went from bad to worse wid him, so that he grew as thin as a shavin' off the hide av a skinned rabbit, an' as sad as a wathery pratie, until wan night, as he sat aslape in his cabin, a-watchin' the imbers av the pate fire, an' a-thinkin' over his desprit condition, he heard the quarest little "he-he" av a giggle that ivver a man clapt eyes on, comin' out av the other corner av the room. 'T was just as though a Jersey muskater had become a Christian, an' was thryin' his hand on an Irish laugh.

"The saints betune us an' all harrum!" says me uncle to himself, but so low that he had to watch the movements av his mouth to tell what it was he was afther sayin',—"but that 's a strange soight, so it is," says he. An' he was just on the sthroke av jumpin' up an' hollerin' "murther an' thaves," whin he heard the laugh ag'in, an' lookin' beyant, where his bench stood, he saw a shmall head near the soize av a middlin' pratie (be way av makin' sure that the coast was clear) a-papin' out av the lig av one av Squire Kelly's new top boots, which Lanty was afther finishin' that avenin' ready for takin' to the Hall the nixt mornin'.

Whin the little man saw that all was quoiet an' shtill, "All right!" says he, an' quick as a wink, the binch an' the flure wor covered wid a hustlin' crowd av little people, as big as me hand or iittler, barrin' the dirrt, a-lapin an' tumblin' an' dancin' about like parched pays in a fryin'-pan, wid a shprinklin' av red-hot gunpowther thrown in to ballast 'em an' kape 'em stiddy. Some av 'em wor drissed in green, an' some in red, an' the lave av 'em had little chisels an' saws an' knoives in their hands, wid little baskets to hould the chips.

Prisintly one av 'em wid a big feather in his cap, an' a coat all ablaze wid gould an' di'monds, says: "Ordher," says he, an' at onct the little folks wor a-stannin in rows loike a corps av Fanians a-drillin' on the green.

"To worruk!" says he.



An' at it they went, helter skelter, hammer an' tongs, wid chisels an' files, an' knoives an' spoke-shaves, butcherin' an' slahterin' the new top boots.

Two av 'em wid a shmall cheese-cutter were a-nickin' the sti'ches around the sowls, while the others went to chisellin' grooves on the inside av the uppers, an' shavin' the leather so thin yez could see daylight through 'em down a coal-mine wid the lamps out.

An' all the toime me poor uncle was a-lookin' at the little felluhs, wid his eyes shut for fear they 'd see him a-watchin' 'em, an' quakin' an' thrimblin, while the cowld sweat poured down his back till he had n't a dry rag on him, barrin' his night-cap, which was a-soakin' wid the lave av his linen in the tub ready ag'in the nixt wash-day.

"Bad luck to 'em!" says he. "There goes two pound an' the intherest for ivver! Be jabers!" says he, "there 's one comfort, the boots wont hould thegither long enough fur the squoire to kick me out o' the house when I take 'em home."

"Lanty O'Hoolahan," says he, still a-talkin' to hisself, "if it takes ye three days to mak them boots, lavin' out Sunday an' workin' two days more to even it, an' these thavin' little blaggyuards desthroy thim in the coorse av an hour or so, how long will it be afore y' are clatterin' down the road to ruin, wid yer joints greased for the occasion, an' wid the help av a convaynient landshlip ordhered exprissly to expedite the ixcursion?"

"Wirra, wirra," says he, "what have I done to the Little People that they should thrate me so, wasthin' me substhance, an' desthroyin' me carackther, an' wearin' out the ligimints av me heart wid grief!" When jist then he remembered the misfortunate night when he shtumbled over the fairy ring, an' forgot his good manners, an' gave the Little People bad names, an' thritened their p'ace an' dignity. "That 's it!" says he in terror. "'T is all over wid me!" says he. "If I come out av this shcrape wid me head on me showldhers, it 'll be by the mercy av Providence an' the help av me own wit, an' not from any good-will or lanience of the fairies."

Purty soon the Little People finished their job for the noight, an' wor packin' up their traps to be off, when Lanty could stan' it no longer; an' casthin' away all considherations av fear or danger, he le'pt into the middle av the flure an' made a grab fur the crowd. Sure, he might as well have clutched the slippery end av a moonbeam, for they slid through his fingers like a shtream av ice wather wid the chill off, an' were gone in a flash. But, as luck would have it, the little chap wid the feathers an' di'monds in makin' a spring fur the chimney shtumbled over a lump av cobbler's wax on the edge of the binch, an' went souse into a pot av glue that was simmerin' be the side av the foire. Afore he could gather hisself thegither fur anither lape, me uncle had him be the neck.

"I 've got ye, at last!" says Lanty.

"Ye have," says the little chap.

"Good-avenin' to ye!" says me uncle, politely.

"Good-avenin'!" says the little chap.



"'I 'VE GOT YE, AT LAST!' SAID LANTY."

"Ye dis*pic*able scoundhrel!" says Lanty; "what d' ye mane be thryin' to ruin a dacent thradesman as nivver did ye anny harrum?"

"What did ye mane by thramplin' over my domain wid yer clumsy brogues, an' blatherin' an' threatenin' me paple aftherwards?" says the little chap. "D' yez know who I am?" says he.

"Ye 're a rogue that 's jist rached the ind av a career av croime," says Lanty.

"I 'm the king av the fairies," says the midget.

"An' I 'm the king av the cobblers," says Lanty. "An' when two kings come as close thegither as mesilf an' yersilf it 's loike to be purty uncomfortable fur one av 'em."

"Sure, an' ye would n't demane yersilf be takin' the rivinge out o' me fur a harrumless joke!"

"Faith, an' the laugh that follows that joke 'll be mighty onpleasant," says Lanty, "an' amazin' unhealthy fur the throat," says he.

"What 'll ye be for doin'?" says the little chap.

"Wringin' yer neck!" says Lanty.

"We 'll l'ave ye alone for the future," says he.

"I 'll go bail that *one* av yez will," says Lanty.

"We 'll make ye rich," says the little chap.

"The man that has his hands on the neck av his worst enimy 'ud be grady to ask for betther fortune than that same," says Lanty.

"We 'll worruk for ye," says the little chap.

"Thrue for you," says Lanty. "'The dilicate attentions ye 've paid to me worruk 'll recave in the past as in the future the grateful acknowldgmint av me pathrons,' as Barney Muldoon, the milk dealer, said in his last circilar to his custhomers,—more power to his pump!" says Lanty.

"I 'm in airnest," says the little chap.

"Ye 'll be in glory in a few minnits," says Lanty.

Well, not to repate the whole av the conversation, by way av makin' a long shtory out av it, the discushion indid by the King av the Fairies promisin', in considheration av his relase, that his paple should do all Lanty's worruk for him, so that he cud live the loife av a jintleman. An' niver was bargain betther kipt. In the daytoime Lanty sat down at his aise an' tuk his measures, an' cut out his leather, an' ivvery noight a busy crew av fairy cobblers was sprawlin' all over his cabin flure, aplyin' their elbows loike the drivin' rods av a stame-ingine, a-makin' Lanty's brogues and his fortune at the same toime. Afther a whoile, what wid the good-will av the fairies an' the increase av his business, Lanty kem to be the richest man in the counthry, an' kep his carridge, an' had a change av brogues for ivvery day in the week, wid a pair av red morocco tops for Sundays an' saints' days. Sure, the paple kem from all over Oireland to settle in those parts, to be in the way av buyin' Lanty's wondherful brogues, ontil they ran rents up so high that the agint was obliged to go round collectin' em wid a laddher.

"Now," says you to me, "if yer uncle bekem so rich, Phalim, how is it that ye left sich prosperity as that, an' kem to Ameriky to be a gardener?" says you, "which, although it 's a respictable an' gentale profeshun," says you, "is hardly comminsurate wid yer prospicts as the relative av a gintleman av yer uncle's wealth an' importance."

An' it 's precoisely the pint I 'm in process av elucidatin'. Ye see, the family grew so powerful in riches an' inflooence, an' so excited the mane invy an' jealousy av an illiterate an' onrasonable pesintry, that it wor thought betther that some av us should l'ave the counthry, temporairily, to aquilize the aquilibrium.

"An', in the nixt place," says me uncle to me, "Phalim," says he, "your janius is too ixpansive fur a conthracted shpot like Oireland. Ameriky is the place for you, an' I 'll be buyin' you a steerage ticket to go," says he. An', sure, I had to sell me pig and me bits av shticks av furniture to scrape thegither enough money to pay for it. "A steerage passage," says me uncle, "'ll tache ye aquality, an' instil raal ginuine Demmicratic sintimints into ye," says he, "an' be the toime ye 've bin in the Shtates long enough to be nathralized, they 'll be afther makin' a Prisident or a police capt'in out av ye!" says he.

THE ROMANCE OF A MENAGERIE.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

QUEEN is an elephant in a menagerie. Every boy and girl in the land knows her, because she is the mother of that very remarkable creature, the baby elephant "Bridgeport." Before she was the mother of the baby elephant, however, she was no more famous than any other of the twenty or more elephants which belonged to the menagerie.

Why she was called Queen, I shall not pretend to explain, for I do not know. There is no knowledge that she ever, either wild or tame, held any rank which would entitle her to the name. Nor did the keepers show her any especial respect because of her royal name.

How she did hate the trainer! and how much more fiercely she hated her keeper! If it had not been for the sharp-pointed iron prod, of which she was mortally afraid, she would have soon shown the puny human beings, who made her do such absurd things in the circus ring, that an elephant was above such antics. Indeed, the spirit of hatred was so strong in her that one day she could not resist an opportunity, when the keeper stood near

her without his iron prod, to curl her trunk suddenly around his waist and give him a toss against a wall a few yards away. The keeper was badly injured, and Queen received a severe punishment, but for that she was too much excited to care.

But if Queen hated her keeper, and indeed all the men about her, she had a soft place in her heart for Spot. He was an odd companion for Queen, for he was a dog; but they were sworn friends, and she was very lonely when he was away from her. Spot was on very friendly terms with all the elephants, but he realized Queen's special interest in him and always had an extra wag of the tail by way of greeting to her; while she showed her satisfaction in elephant language, which was by swaying her great body to and fro and emitting a prolonged rumbling sound from her capacious chest.

Some time before, Queen had had a camel for her intimate friend, but the owners of the menagerie, without the slightest regard for her feelings, had sold the camel to another showman. Queen had expressed her indignation at the time by trumpeting defiance to all mankind and attempting to push her head through the brick wall of the building she was in. She also refused to perform, but a battalion of men finally persuaded her to change her mind.

No doubt the experience with the camel made her suspicious, for if any length of time went by without a visit from Spot, she notified the other elephants, and together they made such a commotion that Spot would be immediately sent for. Once, when the menagerie was out West, Spot imprudently wandered too far away from the tents, and, being a good-looking dog, he was captured by some wicked person.

Queen was the first to notice his failure to appear, and, as before, she suspected the keepers of having sent him away. In a moment she had communicated the intelligence of his absence and her suspicions, and then began the commotion, of which the keepers now knew the meaning perfectly well.

High and low they searched for Spot, but, of course, he was not found. When performance time came, the elephants were marshaled out; but they said, as plainly as if they had used human language, "Bring back Spot, or we will not perform." Nor could any kind of force or persuasion induce them to yield. The next day and the next found them in the same obstinate mood, and it became perfectly evident that unless Spot could be restored to them, there would be no more performances with the elephants.

A reward was offered and Spot was recovered. You know a dog's way. He barked and jumped and wagged his tail nearly off as soon as he caught sight of the circus tents. At the first faint bark, Queen's eyes lighted up, and she listened intently. Another bark, and she nodded her head as if to say—"He 's coming!" and then began to rumble and sway. All the elephants rumbled and swayed; and when Spot dashed boisterously in among them and bounded up and down the line, the elephants bumped against one another in furious glee, rumbling out joyfully, "Here he is! Here he is; just look at the dear old fellow!" And of course the performances went on all right after that happy reunion.

But by and by, Spot, who was not a young dog, grew too old to live any longer, and one day he barked his final bark and wagged his tail for the last time. It took his big friends fully a week to realize that Spot was gone forever, and that week was devoted solely to mourning. To Queen, particularly, the blow was very severe, and it is said that, to this day, if the men snap their fingers and call for Spot, she will dolefully evince her sorrow for her lost friend.

No doubt Queen thought she never could be happy again, and if anybody had suggested to her that she could ever love anybody else as she had loved Spot, she doubtless would have been indignant indeed. But just about this time a new member joined the circus to which the menagerie belonged, who was destined to be the dearest friend Queen ever had or would have until little "Bridgeport" joined the menagerie.

Babies come to all sorts of queer places to light them up and fill them with joy; and right into the company of the careering horses, the shouting clowns, the tumbling acrobats, the giants, fat men, Zulus, dwarfs, and wild animals, came laughing little Donald Melville to begin his young life.

Little Don could not help laughing. That is what he seemed to have come for, else why all those dimples? He had dimples all over him; every little finger and every cunning little toe had its own dimple, and so Don was charming to look at, and everybody loved him.

Any other baby might have been afraid of all those fierce-looking animals in the cages; but Don was not. Why should he be? He meant them no harm! The very first time he was taken into the menagerie,—and he was not many months old then,—he tried as hard as he could to pat the great tiger, but, to his astonishment, he was snatched hurriedly away from the cage. All of the animals pleased him, and he crowed and laughed delightedly as he was carried from cage to cage; but the elephants were evidently the particular wonders which pleased and interested him most, for when

he was carried to them, he opened wide his big blue eyes and gave vent to his feelings in a long "Oo-o-o-o!" through his puckered red lips.

Queen was still nursing her sorrow for Spot when little Don, with his blue eyes, red lips, and dimpled cheeks, was held up before her and laughed his way straight into her affection. Spot alive or not, Queen, in common with everybody else in the big tents, had to do homage to innocence and joy, and so she straightway declared her love by a tremendous rumble and sway, which so delighted Don that he replied with a cooing "Oo-o-o-o!" that sealed the compact. From that time forward Don and Queen were devoted to each other.

Many parents would have been afraid to trust their little child with Queen, knowing how she hated the men about her; but Don's papa and mamma were circus people, familiar with elephant ways, and they knew that Queen would far rather injure herself than allow the least harm to come to Don. No doubt Queen considered Don as a new species of being, entirely different from the mankind she hated so bitterly.



DON AND QUEEN PLAYING WITH THE BUILDING-BLOCKS. [SEE NEXT PAGE]

Every day, at least once, must Don be taken to Queen; and long before the baby boy could walk, he crawled about under the gigantic creature or rode on her back, with as much fearlessness as if she were made of wood. The first time he ever stood on his feet by himself was one day when he was playing about Queen. He caught hold of one of the huge legs, which he could not half encircle, and strained and tugged until he had gained his feet.

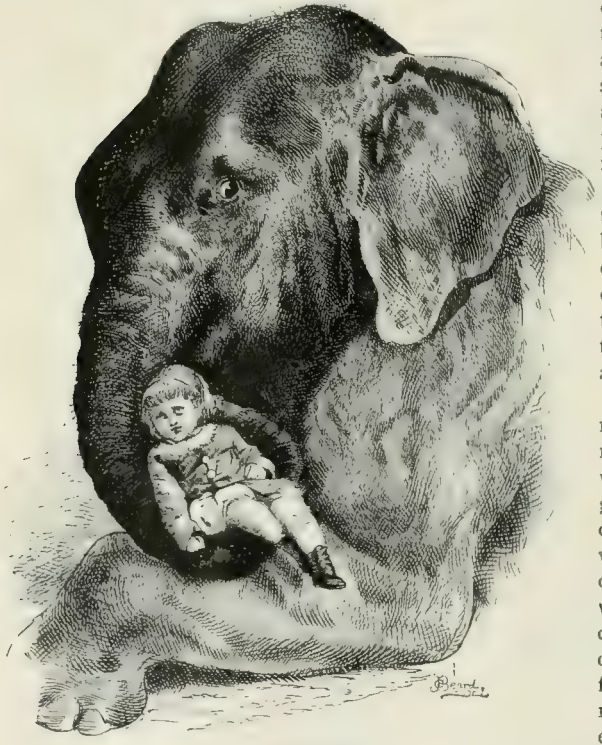
His triumphant "Oo-o-o-o!" was responded to by a prolonged rumble from Queen, who seemed quite as proud of Don's achievement as were the spectators. Nor could his own mother have been more tender of him. You might have tortured Queen, but she would not have moved a hair's-breadth carelessly when Don was playing about her feet.

By and by Don grew older and could walk, and then what games they used to have together! Everybody in the show would gather around to see the two strange playfellows. When he could just toddle, Don would run up to Queen with a chuckle of delight, and putting his white, plump little arms around her great brown hairy trunk,

would tug away with all his little strength, as if he believed he could pull that living mountain over.

And, strange to say, he actually accomplished his object, for Queen humored the little fellow's fancy. Swaying and rumbling with delight, she would gradually allow herself to come to her knees, and finally to fall over on her side. And it was touching to see how all the time she kept her eyes lovingly on the beautiful baby, taking care that no movement of hers should even disturb him!

When she was at last prostrate, Don would look around as if to say, "See what I can do!" Then he would imitate what he had seen the trainer perform. He would clamber and climb until he was on Queen's head, and there he would sit, with the air



THE TWO FRIENDS.

of a conqueror. He was quite likely to thrust his little fist into the elephant's eye or to swing his foot into her mouth, but not a motion would the patient creature make while he sat there, for she seemed to know that he was not very secure in his high perch.

Sometimes Don would carry his picture-blocks to Queen, and together they would build houses. Don would put on one block, and then Queen would take one up in her trunk and put it in its place as carefully as if she had been used to the game all her life; and when Don would kick the house down, as he usually did when it was about half built, his merry laugh and her thunder-like rumble were something worth going miles to hear.

It never seemed to occur to Don that there was anything odd in his companionship with the gigantic creature; and had it entered his little head to do so, there is no doubt that he would have proposed a walk in the fields with her, with as much innocence as if she had been a small dog.

All this while there was no better-tempered elephant in the menagerie than Queen, who seemed to feel bound to act gently toward everybody in order to prove her right to the friendship of little Don. But one day a change came. A cloud fell upon the great show. Diphtheria, a cruel disease, took away the little baby boy. Sunshine gave place to gloom. The lightest-hearted, the most careless, the most reckless, mourned.

The sorrowful tidings found their way into the elephants' tent,—who can tell how! Nobody could doubt then the love that went out for little Don from the uncouth giants chained to the earth. They could not speak, they could not weep like their human masters; but their grief must find expression, and they acted as if crazed.

And Queen! She could not or would not realize that the men about her had had no part in her bereavement. She was filled with fury. Her other losses she could forgive, but never this one. Everything was done to pacify her, to subdue her, but in vain. They might kill her, quell her they could not. The other elephants after a week of grief resumed their accustomed duties, but Queen was immovable and even dangerous, and, therefore, she was sent from the Far West to Bridgeport in Connecticut, where the winter quarters of the elephants are.

For six months Queen remained in this condition of furious grief. Never before or since has there been such an instance among elephants of persistent affection. Queen has little "Bridgeport" now, and if one can judge by appearances, she is perfectly satisfied with him, for if ever mother doted on baby, she dotes on him; and though, no doubt, she has reserved one corner of her heart to the memory of Don, she has too much happiness to feel much sorrow.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

By Joaquin Miller.

ONLY sixteen or seventeen miles a day. A long, creeping, creaking line of covered white ox wagons, stretching away to the west across the vast and boundless brown plains. Not a house for thousands of miles, not a tree, not a shrub, not a single thing in sight, except now and then, dotted down here and there, a few great black spots in the boundless sea of brown.

That is the way it was when my parents took me, then only a lad, across the plains, more than thirty years ago. How different now, with the engines tearing, smoking, screeching and screaming across at the rate of five hundred miles or more a day!

There are many houses on the plains now. The pioneers have planted great forests of trees, and there are also vast corn-fields, and the song of happy harvesters is heard there. But the great black spots that dotted the boundless sea of brown are gone forever. Those dark spots were herds of countless bison, or buffalo — as they were more generally called.

One sultry morning in July, as the sun rose up and blazed with uncommon ardor, a herd of buffalo was seen grazing quietly close to our train, and some of the younger boys who had guns and pistols, and were "dying to kill a buffalo," begged their parents to let them ride out and take a shot.

As it was only a natural desire, and seemed a simple thing to do, a small party of boys was soon ready. The men were obliged to stay with the train and drive the oxen; for the tents had already been struck, and the long white line had begun to creep slowly away over the level brown sea toward the next water, a little blind stream that stole through the willows fifteen miles away to the west.

There were in our train two sons of a rich and rather important man. And they were now first in the saddle and ready to take the lead. But as they were vain and selfish, and had always had a big opinion of themselves, their father knew they had not learned much about anything else. There was also in the train a sad-faced, silent boy, barefooted and all in rags; for his parents had died with the cholera the day after we crossed the Missouri river, and he was left helpless and alone. He hardly ever spoke to any one. And as for the rich man's boys, they would sooner have thought of speaking to their negro cook than to him.

As the boys sat on their horses ready to go, and the train of wagons rolled away, the rich man came up to the barefooted boy, and said:

"See here, "Tatters," go along with my boys and bring back the game."

"But I have no horse, sir," replied the sad-faced boy.

"Well, take mine," said the anxious father; "I will get in the wagon and ride there till you come back."

"But I have no gun, no pistols nor knife," added the boy.

"Here!" cried the rich man. "Jump on my horse 'Ginger,' and I 'll fit you out."

When the barefooted boy had mounted the horse, the man buckled his own belt about the lad and swung his rifle over the saddle-bow.

How the boy's face lit up! His young heart was beating like a drum with delight as the party bounded away after the buffalo.

The wagons creaked and crawled away to the west over the great grassy plains; the herd of buffalo sniffed the young hunters, and lifting their shaggy heads, shook them angrily, and then turned away like a dark retreating tide of the sea, with the boys bounding after them in hot pursuit.

It was a long and exciting chase. "Tatters" soon passed the other boys, and pressing hard on the herd, after nearly an hour of wild and splendid riding, threw himself from the saddle and, taking aim, fired.

The brothers came up soon, and dismounting as fast as their less practiced limbs would let them, also fired at the retreating herd.

When the dust and smoke cleared away, a fine fat buffalo lay rolling in the grass before them. Following the example of "Tatters," they loaded their guns where they stood, as all cautious hunters do, and then went up to the game.

The barefooted boy at once laid his finger on a bullet hole near the region of the heart and looked up at the others.

"I aimed about there!" shouted one. "And so did I!" cried the other eagerly.

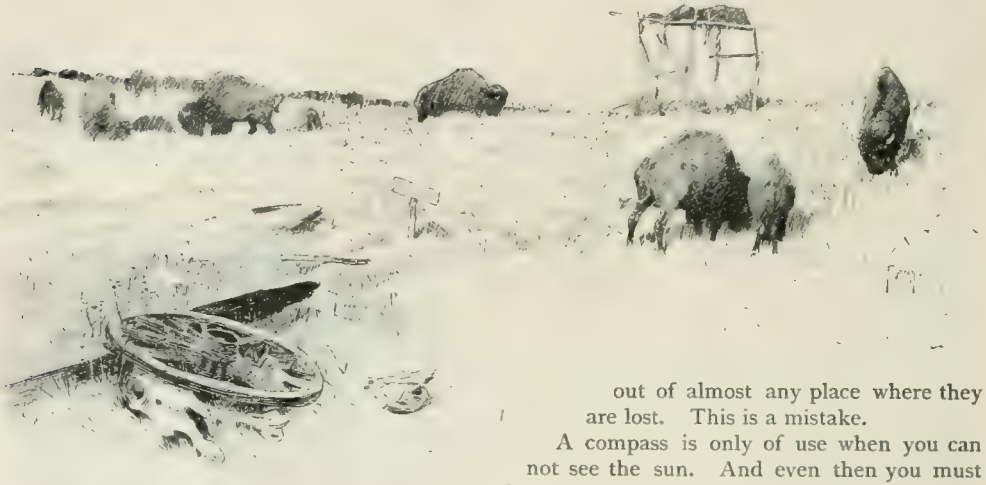
Without saying a word, but with a very significant look, the barefooted boy took out his knife, and, unobserved, pricked two holes with the point of it close by the bullet hole. Then he put his finger there and again looked up at the boys. They came down on their knees, wild with delight, in an instant.

They had really helped kill a buffalo! In fact,

they had killed it! "For are not two bullets better than one!" they cried.

"'Tatters,' cut me off the tail," said one.

"And cut me off the mane; I want it to make a coat-collar for my father," shouted the other.



Without a word, the boy did as he was bid, and then securely fastened the trophies on behind their saddles.

"Now let 's overtake the train, and tell father all about killing our first buffalo," cried the elder of the two brothers.

"And wont he be delighted!" said the other, as he clambered up to the saddle, and turned his face in every direction, looking for the wagons.

"But where are they?" he cried.

At first the brothers laughed a little. Then they grew very sober.

"That is the way they went," said one, pointing off. "Ye-ye-yes, I think that 's the way they went. But I wonder why we can't see the wagons?"

"We have galloped a long way; and then they have all the time been going in the other direction. If you go that way, you will be lost. When we started, I noticed that the train was moving toward sunset, and that the sun was over our left shoulder as we looked after the train. We must go in this direction, or we shall be lost," mildly and firmly said the barefooted boy, as he drew his belt tighter and prepared for work.

The other boys only looked disdainfully at the speaker as he sat his horse and, shading his eyes with his lifted hand, looked away in the direction he wished to go. Then they talked a moment between themselves, and taking out their pocket compasses, pretended to look at them very knowingly.

Now, many people think a compass will lead them out of almost any place where they are lost. This is a mistake.

A compass is only of use when you can not see the sun. And even then you must have coolness and patience and good sense to get on with it at all. It can at best only guide you from one object to another, and thus keep you in a straight line, and so prevent you from going around and around and around.

But when the plain is one vast level sea, without a single object rising up out of it as a guide, what is a boy to do? It takes a cool head, boy's or man's, to use a compass on the plains.

"Come on! that is right," cried the elder of the two hunters, and they darted away, with "Tatters" far in the rear. They rode hard and hot for a full hour, getting more frightened, and going faster at every jump. The sun was high in the heavens. Their horses were all in a foam.

"I see something at last," shouted the elder, as he stood up in his stirrups, and then settling back in his seat, he laid on whip and spur, and rode fast and furious straight for a dark object that lay there in the long brown grasses of the broad unbroken plains. Soon they came up to it. It was the dead buffalo! They knew now that they were lost on the plains. They had been riding in the fatal circle that means death if you do not break it and escape.

Very meek and very penitent felt the two boys as "Tatters" came riding up slowly after them. They were tired and thirsty. They seemed to themselves to have shrunken to about half their usual size.

Meekly they lifted their eyes to the despised boy, and pleaded silently and pitifully for help. Tears

were in their eyes. Their chins and lips quivered, but they could not say one word.

"We must ride with the sun on the left shoulder, as I said, and with our faces all the time to the west. If we do not do that, we shall die. Now, come with me," said "Tatters" firmly, as he turned his horse and took the lead. And now meekly and patiently the others followed.

But the horses were broken in strength and spirit. The sun in mid-heaven poured its full force of heat upon the heads of the thirsty hunters, and they could hardly keep their seats in the hot saddles. The horses began to stumble and stagger as they walked.

And yet there was no sight or sound of anything at all, before, behind, or left or right. Nothing but the weary, dreary, eternal and unbroken sea of brown.

Away to the west, the bright blue sky shut down sharp and tight upon the brown and blazing plain. The tops of the long untrodden grass gleamed and shimmered with the heat. Yet not a sign of water could be anywhere discerned. Silence, vastness, voiceless as when the world came newly from the hand of God.

No one spoke. Steadily and quietly the young leader of the party led on. Now and then he would lift his eyes under his hat to the blazing sun over his left shoulder, and that was all.

There comes a time to us all, I believe, sooner or later, on the plains, in the valley, or on the mountain, in the palace or cottage, when we too can only lift our eyes, silent and helpless, to something shining in heaven.

At last the silent little party heard a faint sound beyond them, a feeble, screeching cry that seemed to come out from the brown grass beneath them as they struggled on.

Then suddenly they came through and out of the tall brown grass into an open plain that looked like a plowed field. Only, all about the outer edge of the field were little hills or forts as high as a man's knee. On every one of these little forts stood a soldier-sentinel, high on his hind legs and barking with all his might.

The lost hunters had found a dog-town, the first they had ever seen.

Some owls flew lazily over the strange little city, close to the ground; and as they rode through the town, a rattlesnake now and then glided into the hole on the top of one of the ten thousand little forts. The prairie dogs, also, as the boys rode close upon them, would twinkle their heels in the air and disappear, head first, only to jump up, like a Jack-in-a-box, in another fort, almost instantly.

The party rode through the town and looked beyond. Nothing! Behind? Nothing! To the right? Nothing! To the left? Nothing; nothing but the great blue sky shut tight down against the boundless level sea of brown!

"Water," gasped one of the boys; "I am dying for water."

"Tatters" looked him in the face and saw that what he said was true. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Wait here for me." Then, leaving the others, he rode slowly and quietly around the prairie-dog city with his eyes closely scanning the ground. As he again neared the two boys waiting patiently for him, he uttered a cry of delight, and beckoned them to come.



"Look there! Do you see that little road there winding along through the thick grass? It is a dim and small road, not wider than your hand, but it means everything to us."

"Oh, I am dying of thirst!" exclaimed one of the brothers. "What does it mean?"

"It means water. Do you think a great city like that can get on without water? This is their road to water. Come! Let us follow this trail till we find it."

Saying this, "Tatters" led off at a lively pace, for the horses, cheered by the barking dogs, and somewhat rested, were in better spirits now. And then it is safe to say that they, too, saw and understood the meaning of the dim and dusty little road that wound along under their feet.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Gallant "Tatters" turned in his saddle and shook his cap to cheer the poor boys behind, as he saw a long line of fresh green willows starting up out of the brown grass and moving in the wind before him.

And did n't the horses dip their noses deep in the water! And did n't the boys slide down from their saddles in a hurry and throw themselves beside it! That same morning, two of these young gentlemen would not have taken water out of the same cup with "Tatters." Now they were drinking with the horses. And happy to do it, too. So happy! Water was never, never so sweet to them before.

The boys all bathed their faces, and the horses began to nibble the grass, as the riders sat on the bank and looked anxiously at the setting sun. Were they lost forever? Each one asked himself that question. Water was good; but they could not live on water.

"Stop here," said "Tatters," "and hold the horses till I come back."

He went down to the edge of the water and sat there watching the clear, swift little stream long and anxiously.

At last he sprang up, rolled his ragged pants above his knees, and dashed into the water. Clutching a little white object in his hands, he looked at it a second, and then with a beaming face hurried back to the boys:

"There! see that! a chip! They are camped up this stream somewhere, and they can't be very far away from here!"

Eagerly the boys mounted their horses, and pressed close on after "Tatters."

"And how do you know they are close by?" queried one.

"The chip was wet only on one side. It had not been ten minutes in the water." As "Tatters" said this, the boys exchanged glances. They were glad, so glad, to be nearing their father once more.

But it somehow began to dawn upon them very clearly that they did not know quite everything, even if their father was rich.

Soon, guns were heard firing for the lost party. And turning a corner in the willowy little river, they saw the tents pitched, the wagons in corral, and the oxen feeding peacefully beyond.

AUNT KITTY AND HER CANARIES,

[*And the Plantain Seed!*]

By Amanda B. Harris.

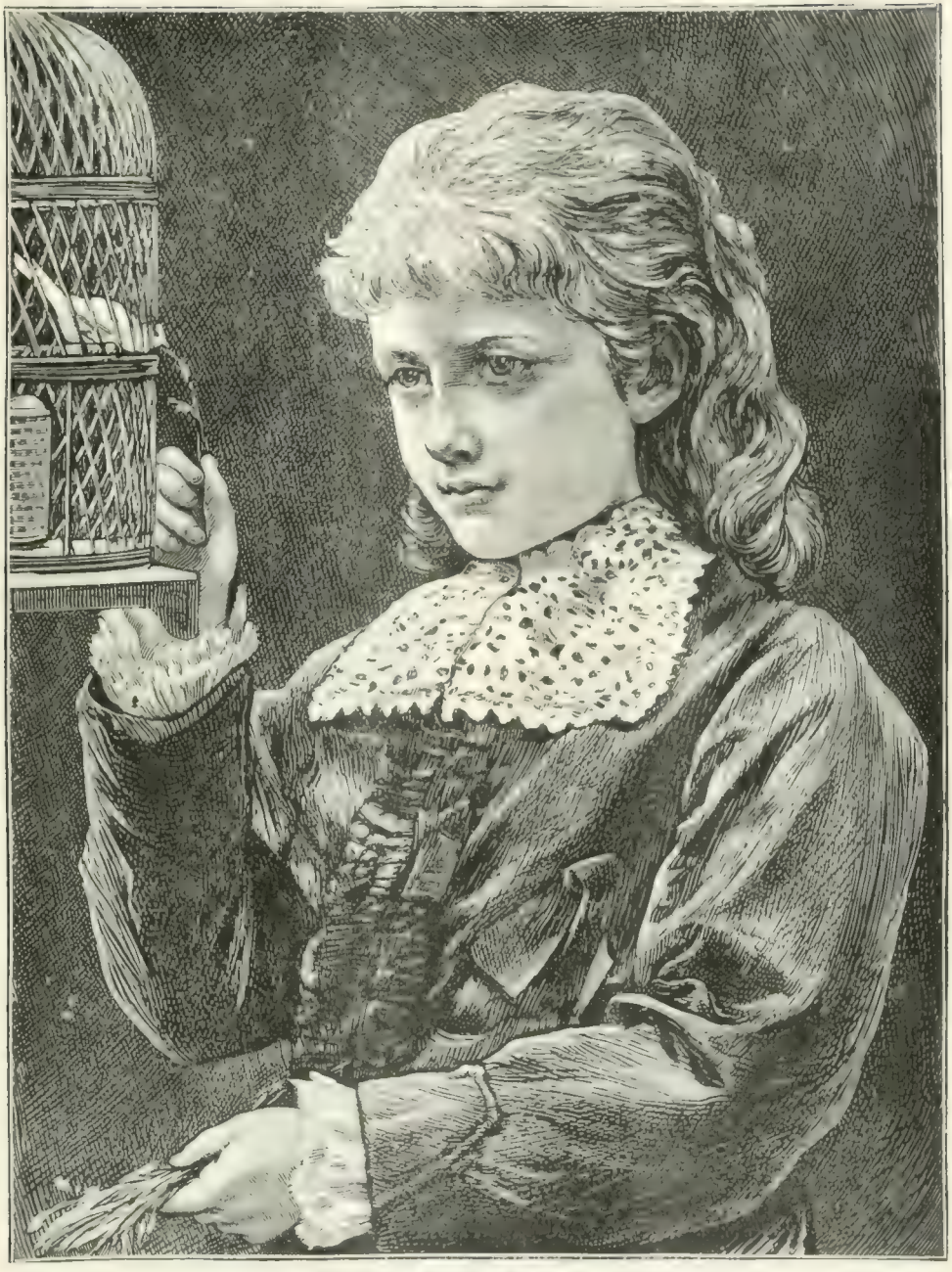
Aunt Kitty had a cageful of Canaries—that is, she had five. The children of the neighborhood were always running in to see them; and she would take the cage down, and answer all their questions—and you know what children are at asking questions, I suppose.

Well, the children wanted to know if the Canaries sang—how many of them sang—which ones sang—where they stayed nights, and if they sat in their swing.

And what did she give them to eat besides canary-seed? Well, she gave them tender cabbage-leaves in winter; and in summer, chick-weed.

So after that, the children used to come, bringing such handfuls of chick-weed, that the birds were in danger of being buried alive by it.

They came so often that Aunt Kitty occasionally sighed at the entry of her clamorous visitors; but she was always glad to receive the daily call from pretty Nellie Jackson. Nellie came alone, and she was not a very inquisitive girl, and, indeed, she had past the age when little folk are continually asking questions; and, besides, she knew all about canaries, for had not her mother kept a pair of them, ever since she could remember, in the sunny window of their handsome city home? But Nellie's mother was ill now, and had gone far away to the South in the hope of regaining her health;



NELLIE AND THE CANARY.

and Nellie had come up to spend the weeks of waiting with an uncle of hers who was a near neighbor of Aunt Kitty. And what so natural as that Nellie ere long should run in to Aunt Kitty's cheery little house, every day, "just to say good-morning, and to take a peep at the canaries." She would stand before the cage and gently thrust in a sprig of chick-weed, or smilingly tantalize an eager bird by holding the spray just beyond his reach for a moment, with a merry, "Don't you wish you may get it?" "They don't mind my teasing," she would add, the next

minute, as she pushed the dainty food through the bars; "they know I 'm only in fun, and that I love them. They are so pretty, and they remind me of home."

Aunt Kitty used to say it did her heart good to see Nellie's happy face, as she stood by the cage and chatted with the birds; and I think she missed the visits of the quiet, sweet-natured girl, when Nellie at last went back to the city to meet the dear mother, and to play once more with her own canaries in the sunny window.

But there were all the other children! They had n't ceased coming, and they were just as inquisitive as ever. "And did n't Aunt Kitty ever give the canaries something else to eat," they asked, "besides the canary-seed, and the chickweed, and the cabbage leaves?"

"Oh, yes," answered Aunt Kitty, "a baked potato every morning; and they will eat it all out clean, and leave nothing but the skin; and sometimes, a fig; and a lump of sugar; and a bit of cracker; and a piece of apple; and, once in a while, lettuce-seed, and cabbage-seed, and turnip-seed, and mustard-seed."

And on one unlucky day, Aunt Kitty happened to add—"and *plantain*-seed!"

It was not many days later that she heard a very small rap at the door. It was *so* small that she could scarcely hear it at all. If she had not been near the door just then, she would not have heard it.

There were two little children on the door-step; and they had a great cotton bag between them, stuffed as full as it could hold, with something. She knew them. Their names were Teddy and Mattie. They lived a mile off, on the top of a high hill. And now, if you will believe it, they had picked that bag full of plantain-seed, and brought it all the way—it was not very heavy, because it is a light kind of seed—to sell to her for the birds!

Now, there was plantain-seed enough in that bag to have lasted those birds fifty years. But Aunt Kitty never would have been guilty of disappointing the children; so she took it, and paid them well, and they went off.

As for the birds, I don't suppose they ate a spoonful of it all that winter; for, to begin with, it was too dry; and then they were not *very* fond of it, at best.

Aunt Kitty put the plantain-seed on one of the high shelves in the store-room, and never thought of it again, till the time came for spring house-cleaning. On those occasions, she always looked into every box and bag and bundle in the house. When she came to the store-room, she climbed up on the step-ladder, and handed down the things, one by one, to Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish woman who was helping her. Just as she was lifting the bag of plantain-seed, the string broke, and down it went in a shower all over Mrs. Flanagan. It is a wonder the woman escaped as she did. She usually had her mouth open, in the act of singing, or laughing, or talking; and if it had been open at this time, she would have been choked to death, or else she would have had her lungs ruined forever.

"Och! An' what shall I do with it?" cried Mrs. Flanagan.

"Shake it all off," said Aunt Kitty, "and sweep it up, and burn it. It is good for nothing."

That, she supposed, would be the end of it, and she thought no more about it. After the house-cleaning was done, she went away on a visit, and was gone all through the month of June; and when she came home, her brother Tom, who lived in New York City, but who always spent a week or two in summer at his sister's, came back with her.

Tom had been brought up a farmer's boy, and so whenever he found himself again in his old home he would go out and work in the garden, or off in the fields, because he liked it. He would trim trees, and hoe, and clear the garden of weeds. If there was anything he detested it was weeds, and there would not have been any if he had lived on the place all the time.

He put on an old coat and a pair of easy, old boots, which he kept there on purpose to work in, and went out as soon as he had eaten dinner. But in about five minutes he was back again.

"Kitty!" said he, "I should like to ask what has been going on in the garden?"

"Ask *what?*"

"Then you have n't seen it? Suppose you come out a minute! It beats *me*. Does it ever *rain* plantain-seeds, I wonder?"

You would have thought so. Mrs. Flanagan, instead of burning the seed, had carried it to the door and given it a toss; the wind had taken it, and scattered it broadcast over the garden, and all the rest of that spring had been sowing it; the sun and rain had nourished it—and as it is a plant that does not need much encouragement—well; words can't express it! There had been more seed than anybody ever saw before, or ever will again, and—in short, you ought to have seen that garden!

Tom grubbed away at the plantains during every spare moment, piled them in a wheel-barrow, and carried them down and threw them into the river. So they never will go to seed, you may be certain. As for Aunt Kitty, if you ask her about it now, she will tell you that her birds "*don't eat plantain-seed!*"





"HO, FOR THE [illegible]"



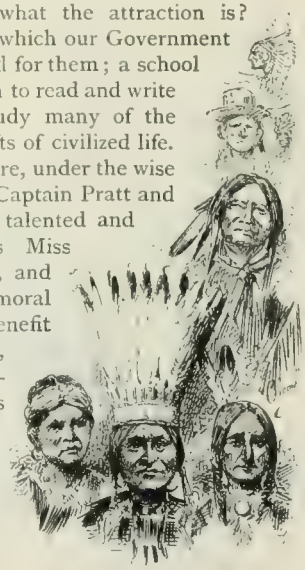
Another Indian Invasion.

by Mrs Lizzie W. Champney.

APACHES, stealthy and cunning; strong and cruel Arapahoes; fierce Cheyennes, with long reeded arrows tipped with deadly poison; little, revengeful Comanches; Pueblos, with something of the Mexican in their bold, black eyes and coarse hair bound with a bright handkerchief; Sioux, straight and taciturn, with high cheek-bones and aquiline noses that sniff the battle afar off; Navajoes, the gypsies of the Indians, in gayly striped and checkered blankets; degraded Diggers; bloodthirsty Pawnees; implacable Kiowas, with murderous, long-bladed knives thrust in their belts; gross-featured, thick-set Shoshones; Nez Percés, glancing sidewise from their slits of eyelids; Modocs and Poncas, Creeks and Crows, and a score of other tribes besides, tattooed, painted, half-clothed, squalid, and repulsive, or terrible with scalp-lock ornament and savage bravery of quill-work, beads, and feathers,—all of these in undisputed possession of a government fort in Pennsylvania, and unnumbered crowds of savages rallying with wonderful unanimity and determination toward the same point!

What a sensational announcement that would be if displayed in the daily newspapers with judicious use of capitals, exclamation points, and startling adjectives! And yet, the statement—without the adjectives—is strictly true. There has been no outbreak, no massacre, nor flying rumor of "Indians on the war-path!" but three hundred and sixty Indian boys and girls from all parts of the West and from thirty-six different tribes have quietly started in little bands toward the same point,—the old barracks at Carlisle.

Do you wonder what the attraction is? Well, it is a school which our Government has wisely established for them; a school where they can learn to read and write and cipher, and study many of the trades and handicrafts of civilized life. They are learning here, under the wise superintendence of Captain Pratt and the training of such talented and devoted women as Miss Temple, Miss Hyde, and their assistants, the moral and intellectual benefit of civilization; while, under mechanical instructors, Indian boys are becoming blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, harness-makers, printers, shoemakers, tailors, painters, bakers, farmers, besides learn-





ing to drive stakes, and Indian girls are taught to be laundresses, dress-makers, cooks, school teachers, nurses, and to fill many useful callings.

You should see the enthusiasm with which they enter upon these new occupations; how eager they are to learn and to follow "the white man's road!"

Our Government has not treated the Indians justly in time past. It has taken away their lands again and again, as they have become desirable, driving the Indians further West, and causing many to die. Certain good people have insisted that the treaties made with the Indians should be kept, and that settlers should be forbidden from encroaching on the Indian reservations; but some of those who live in the West have replied:

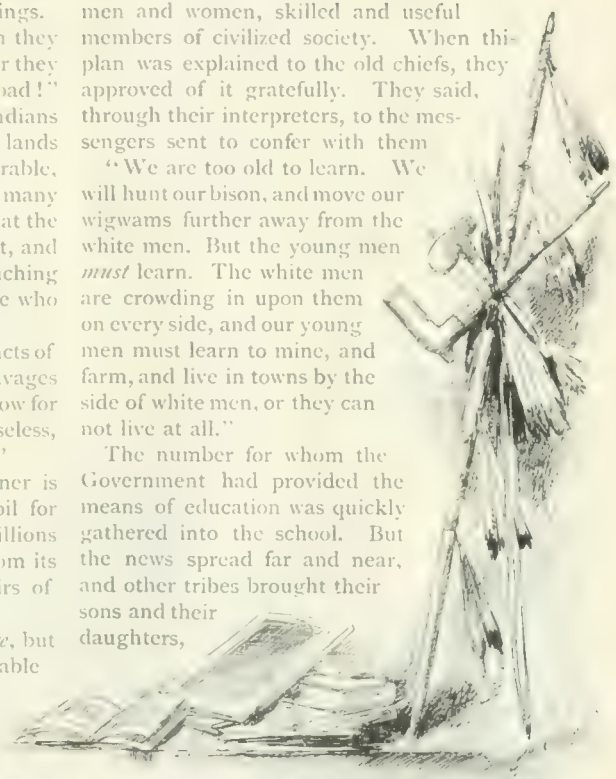
"That is impossible. Why should vast tracts of land be kept untilled, unmined, simply for savages and bison to range over? There is no room now for the savage in our country. He is ignorant, useless, cruel. Let the Government annihilate him."

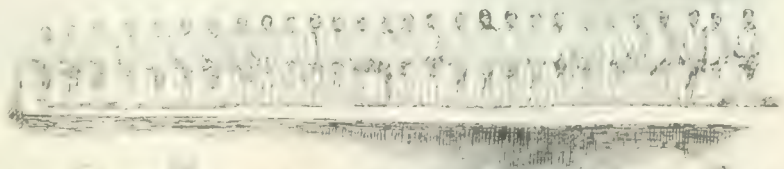
This does not seem kind, but the Westerner is right; the Indian ought not to claim the soil for his "hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, have been created heirs of the earth and claim its division."

There is no longer any room for the *savage*, but there is plenty of space for industrious, capable American citizens; and Eastern people have discovered a way to satisfy the demands of the West,—to annihilate the savage and leave the man. The machine is a simple one, a school at Carlisle Barracks, into which wild Indians are being turned and from which come self-supporting men and women, skilled and useful members of civilized society. When this plan was explained to the old chiefs, they approved of it gratefully. They said, through their interpreters, to the messengers sent to confer with them

"We are too old to learn. We will hunt our bison, and move our wigwams further away from the white men. But the young men *must* learn. The white men are crowding in upon them on every side, and our young men must learn to mine, and farm, and live in towns by the side of white men, or they can not live at all."

The number for whom the Government had provided the means of education was quickly gathered into the school. But the news spread far and near, and other tribes brought their sons and their daughters,



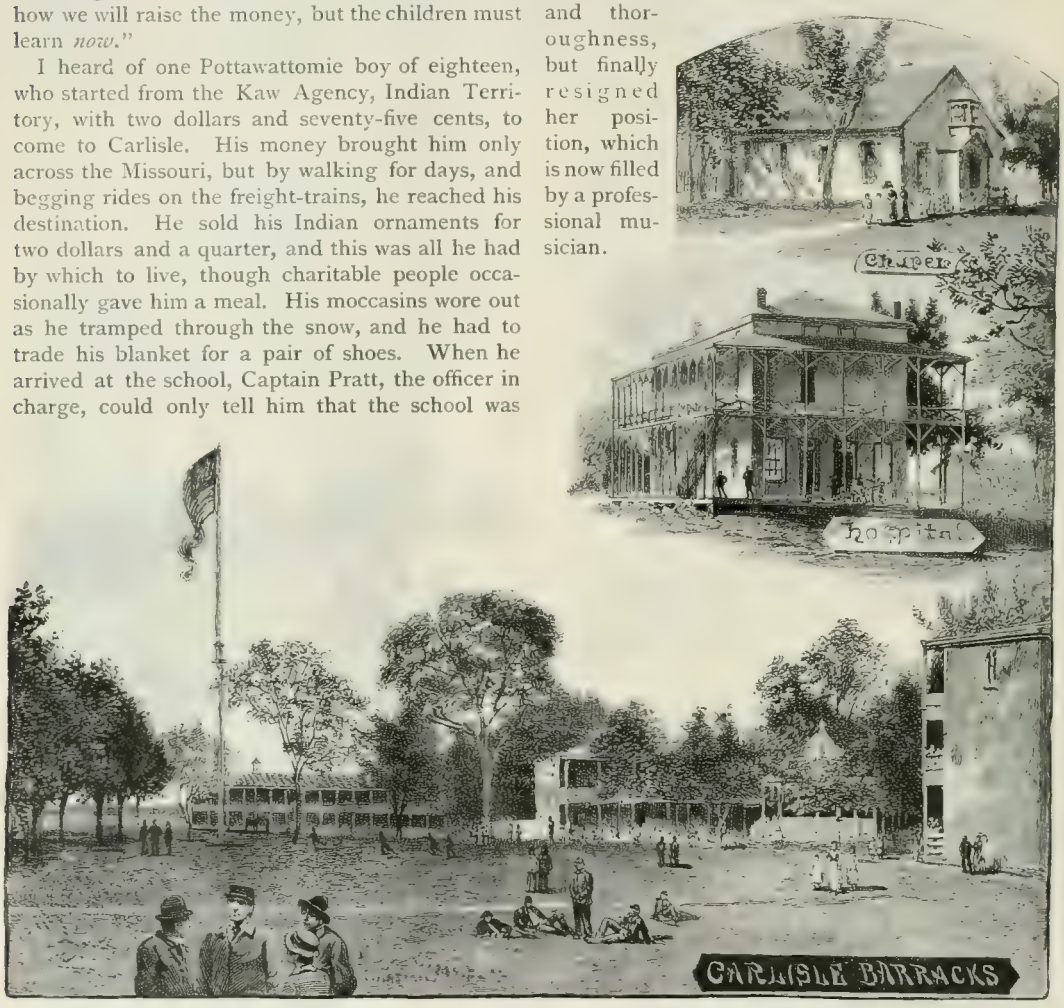




beseeching that they, too, might be taken. It was hard to refuse them,— to tell them that they must be patient and wait their turn,—and some could not be persuaded to wait. They sent on their children to the school without permission, saying: "We will pay their expenses ourselves, if the great father at Washington can not afford to take more. Somehow we will raise the money, but the children must learn *now*."

I heard of one Pottawattomie boy of eighteen, who started from the Kaw Agency, Indian Territory, with two dollars and seventy-five cents, to come to Carlisle. His money brought him only across the Missouri, but by walking for days, and begging rides on the freight-trains, he reached his destination. He sold his Indian ornaments for two dollars and a quarter, and this was all he had by which to live, though charitable people occasionally gave him a meal. His moccasins wore out as he tramped through the snow, and he had to trade his blanket for a pair of shoes. When he arrived at the school, Captain Pratt, the officer in charge, could only tell him that the school was filled and that no provision had been made for uninvited guests. But the boy did not have to go back, for a Sunday-school in Philadelphia volunteered to defray his school expenses, and he is now studying with the others.

Three hundred and sixty-seven Indians — two hundred and forty boys and one hundred and twenty-seven girls — are now gathered at the school. The boys wear a neat uniform and go through the military drill with great spirit and exactness. They have a brass band, the instruments for which were given them by a kind Boston lady; and it is doubtful whether the same amount of money ever gave more enjoyment. The leader of this band was at first a Mrs. Curtin, herself a skillful cornet player and daughter of the leader of a military band. She trained the boys with untiring patience and thoroughness, but finally resigned her position, which is now filled by a professional musician.



Let me introduce to you the members of the band as they are grouped on the pretty octagonal band-stand in the center of the well-clipped lawn. None of these young men expect to make music their profession, and though they are enthusiastic in its study, they regard what some of our white boys would consider very serious work as only play. Amos Cloudshield, a Sioux, is a wagon-maker. Conrad Killsalive is also a Sioux, and in spite of his murderous name, when not at school

or puffing his favorite horn, takes his place on the tailor's bench. Silas Childers, a Creek, is a shoemaker. Little Joe Harris, the drummer, a Gros-Ventre, has no trade as yet other than peg-top and marbles. Solomon Chandler, one of the supposed untamable Comanches, is a carpenter. Joshua Gibbons, a Kiowa, is the school janitor. Luther Standing-Bear, the first cornet player, is a tinner. Lewis Brown, a Sioux, is a shoe-maker; as is also Luke Philips, a young Nez Percé. Elwood Dorian, an Iowa, and Edward McClosky, a Peoria Indian, are both carpenters. They play thirty-six different pieces,— martial marches, gay waltzes, sweetly solemn sacred music, and patriotic airs. "America" is a prime favorite. They inflate their lungs and cheeks to bursting, and pound the floor with unusual spirit while the grand pæan rings out its praise of the

[illegible]

"Do they think of the words?" you ask. Perhaps not; certainly, from their own experiences, some of them would never imagine our country a

"Sweet land of liberty."

But they are not sad nor morose. After the evening parade, the band plays merrily and the children frolic on the lawn until sunset, and they often show a spirit of mirthfulness and mischief quite foreign to our idea of the Indian character. They are taught, indeed, from early childhood, to conceal all emotion, whether of pleasure or pain, and it takes some time for them to unlearn these lessons, and to give free expression to their feelings.

As an example of their stoicism, it is said that during a fight with our troops, in the West, an Indian woman concealed her little girl in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet, whatever happened. After the battle the child was found with her arm shattered by a minie-ball,— but she had uttered no sound. Their distrust of the whites is as characteristic as their self-control. One of the little girls at the school, who retains her Indian name, Keseeta, bears frightful scars from wounds inflicted by her mother with a sharp stone. Their village had been taken by United States soldiers, and rather than have her child fall into the hands of the white men, the poor mother tried to kill her. Coming from such influences, it is surprising to note how quickly the young Indians show appreciation of what is done for them, and the intelligence and affection which light their great black eyes as they return the greetings of the noble women who teach them.

Many of the names of these children, especially of the girls, sound oddly, for it is common for them to choose Christian names of their own, while retaining their fathers' names for the sake of family distinction. This gives rise to such queer combinations as Isabella Two-Dogs, Katy White-Bird, Maud Chief-Killer, Gertrude White-Cloud, Maggie American-Horse, Anna Laura Shooting-Cat, Alice Lone-Bear, Hattie Lone-Wolf, Stella Chasing-Hawk, and Ruth Big-Head. These girls are neat in their habits, bright, and imitative. Some of them have very pretty faces and could readily be mistaken for white children: the faces of others, newer arrivals, have a sadness and vacancy of expression due to privation and suffering. Yet these faces, we are told, are not so sad as were some others which now quiver with intelligence and feeling.

They are industrious and persevering. Nellie Cook, a Sioux, made thirty-six sheets in one day. Nellie Cary, an Apache, the tribe that the Western settlers describe in the same terms which St. Paul ascribes to the tongue — ("For every kind of beasts hath been tamed of mankind, but the Apache can no man tame") — hemmed thirty-two sheets, and Ella Moore, a Creek, thirty.

They are observant, and quick to notice peculiarities and differences. We read in the *School News*, a paper edited by one of the Indian boys, a letter from a little Pueblo girl who attended Episcopal service for the first time, and was particularly struck by the choristers,—

"Six little singing boys, dear little [illegible]
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles."

Her great eyes followed them intently, and the kind lady who took her noticed how eagerly she listened to the young voices as they thrilled through the arches. "Mattie is profoundly impressed," she thought; "she will never forget this day." Mattie was indeed impressed, but it was by the externals only, and this is what she wrote to the *School News* that evening:

"This morning we went to church. It 's other way they sing [illegible] are not wears coat, they wears white apron!"

One of the teachers has fitted up a pretty play-room for the girls, with a toy cooking-stove not too small to be really used, with a full set of tiny kitchen and laundry furniture, and a wee dining-table with bright turkey-red table-cloth and pretty tea-set, and other cunning baby-house things dear to the heart of every little girl. They meet here to make real biscuit, tea, and omelet, and in triumphal procession they carry lunches to their teachers.

A doll was once donated to this play-room, and there was much discussion as to the name to be given it. Some one finally read a list of names, with their significations, from the appendix to the

dictionary; and the girls decided upon Hephzibah, because it meant "My delight is in her."

Some of the girls during the vacations have worked in families and learned to be quite expert as cooks; to churn, to make bread and cake and jellies, and to preserve fruit. The bread for the entire school is baked by two boys, who rise every morning at two o'clock, without being called, to "mold it down," and not once have they failed nor has the bread been sour.

Their friends in the West are interested in their progress, and sometimes come to see them. Brave Big Horse writes his son:

"I am working on farm, and when you come back I hope you will find a different Indian from the one you left. I am doing this all for you. I was plowing yesterday afternoon till I gave out and stood in the field and thought of you — how, when you come back, you will be able to run the farm yourself and know more about it than I do."



CAPTAIN PRATT, — THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.

Red Cloud, the well-known Sioux chief, visited the school and addressed them in his own language. A prize of three dollars was offered for the best translation of this speech. We give a portion of the successful report, made by Luther Standing-Bear:

"You seem like my grandchildren; and now I went pass through the shops and saw what you can be done. I saw the shoe-maker, harness maker, tailor, carpenter, tinner, blacksmiths, and they all doing well. Here you see I wear a boots which is you make it. I was surprise that the blacksmith doing very good. Also the girls can washing clothes and sewing. Also I went pass through the school-rooms and I saw some of you can write very fast, and read, and I was glad. Now, this is the thing what we send you here for, to learn white men's way. There is two roads, one is good and one is what we call a devil road. Another thing is, you know, if who do nothing, just put his hand on his back and lie down, so any dime not come to in his pocket itself, so you must do something with your hands. Now you must not home-sick any; but you must try to be good and happier."

The school has other visitors, too. The Society of Friends, true to the traditions of William Penn, have been the faithful helpers of the red man. There are two representative Quaker women, the



Misses Longstreth, who have quietly and unostentatiously contributed to the Carlisle School and have induced others to aid it; nearly all the little comforts and many of the necessary supplies of the hospital have come through them. They inquire kindly, "Tell us what thee needs, and we will know where to ask for it. If dolls, we will get them ourselves; if wash-tubs, we know people who do not approve of dolls, but who will give wash-tubs."



It is very interesting to went pass through the



shops," as Red Cloud did.

There is the tailor's shop with boys working at the sewing-machines, ironing, making button-holes, and cutting out work. On the wall are tacked a number of fashion plates; and the boys study these different phases of civilized dress as they stitch away upon their uniforms, and it is evidently borne in upon them that the tailor has a great deal to do with making the man; that, somehow, clean white collars and cuffs, neatly fitting gloves, shining boots, and a scrupulous toilet generally are marks of a gentleman. The value of the lesson at this stage of their development can hardly be exaggerated. It is well, too, to make the garb of civilization as attractive as possible, for some among us have our doubts whether it is greatly in advance of their native costume in point of picturesque effect. The boys take kindly to the change, however,—fourteen apprentices are stitching merrily away, putting frogs of scarlet braid on their uniforms and tracing curves in colored stitching on the linings of their jackets. One of the boys has fitted himself to a jacket, and, as it is not his time to be served, he wishes it reserved for him, and sews a label on the coveted garment with these words on it:

[illegible]

Another apprentice writes home:

[illegible]

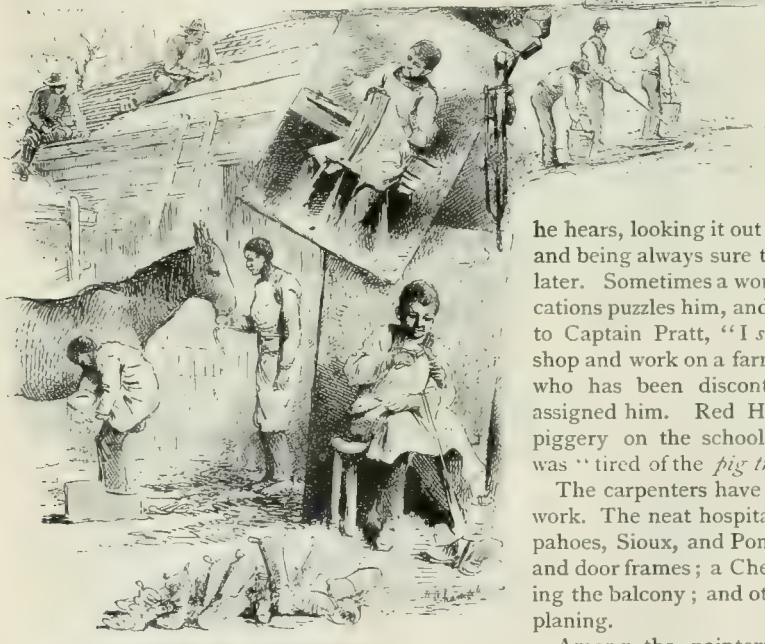
That they succeed in this style of architecture is demonstrated by the fact that Clarence Three-Stars made a pair of uniform trousers, with sergeants' stripes down the legs, between eight and half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a single day.



[illegible]

In the harness-shop we find sixteen boys cutting strips of leather, sewing, and polishing. "They have not wasted a dollar's worth of material in three years," is the testimony of the superintendent.

In the next room the shoe-makers are cobbling. There are twenty boys here, and some can make entire a very neat pair of shoes. Two hundred and fifty pairs are sent in per month from the school to be mended. We hear a great deal of the silent, moccasined foot-fall of the Indian; but, shod in durable, thick, solid calf-skin, and in time to the "step, step" of the corporal, the boys bring down their heels with audible emphasis. Their new shoes are highly admired. One scholar wrote to his father: "Yesterday eve I was very glad, he give me, Mr. C., one pair of boots and I am very warm inside my foot." Joseph Wisacoby, a Menomonee, writes home: "I like the shoe-maker trade as ever so much, and I will try the best I can to learn so I can go home and make shoes of myself, without anybody's help how to do it."



COBBLERS AND HARNESS-MAKERS.

In the tin-shop Henry C. Roman-Nose is perhaps the most expert. He is perfecting himself in his trade, and will soon take charge of a shop at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Indian Territory. Frank Twist, a Sioux, says: "Sometimes I make some pint tin cups very well, and I make some of quart, and little pans I fix very nice together." Duke Windy made thirty tin cups in two days; another Cheyenne boy made forty-six. White Buffalo, another tinman, although scarcely out of his teens, has gray hair. It was turned so, he relates, when a small boy by the enchantment of his father, a powerful medicine man, or magician. The stories which the children tell of these medicine men are, by the way, very interesting. The Indians believe that they can change themselves to bears and transport themselves thousands of miles in an instant. They are believed to understand the language of birds.





White Buffalo is an earnest student and carries a little note-book, in which he writes each new word he hears, looking it out in the dictionary afterward, and being always sure to bring it into use sooner or later. Sometimes a word which has several significations puzzles him, and is misused, as when he said to Captain Pratt, "I *similar* to depart from tin-shop and work on a farm." He is not the only boy who has been discontented with the occupation assigned him. Red Hat, who had charge of the piggery on the school farm, complained that he was "tired of the *pig trade*."

The carpenters have done some especially good work. The neat hospital was built by them,—Arapahoes, Sioux, and Poncas sawing out the window and door frames; a Cheyenne and an Apache carving the balcony; and others shingling, nailing, and planing.

Among the painters, Robert American-Horse has decorated some wagons made at the school shop, and sent to Oregon and Washington Territory. He is a blacksmith also, and, with James Porter and Edgar Fire-Thunder, has made and put up two strong double-acting swings, which the girls enjoy greatly.

Ellis Childers and Charles Kihiga are printers; another is dealing out quinine under the physician, as hospital steward, and has aspirations

toward being a "white medicine man" one of these days. So the boys work, and we might lengthen the account with reports from the *Red Man's News* until it would be far too long for insertion in ST. NICHOLAS.

During the summer vacation the boys and girls find employment on farms and in families, many of them working so well that their employers dislike to give them up when school re-opens. They are very proud of being self-supporting and of costing the Government nothing during this season. It frequently happens, however, when the course of instruction is over, that they manifest great reluctance to return to the Indian reservations in the West; and whenever situations have opened for them in the East, and there has been no special family reason for their return, they have been allowed to remain. They have argued, with reason, that they have learned how to live and support themselves in a civilized community, but if they return to the Indian camps the conditions of life will be altered, and it will be almost impossible for them not to fall back into the old ways of savagery. It is an easy task to reclaim the individual and to have him continually improve under the stimulus of civilized surroundings, but it is rather unreasonable to send one or two to convert a tribe. If they have been educated to become useful members of society, they should be allowed to go and come and settle where they choose. If we can bear the negro, the ignorant immigrant, and the Chinese amongst us, there is no reason why the self-supporting Indians should be herded apart and maintained in pauperism at the public expense. The scholars who have gone back to the reservations have many of them done nobly, struggling against an almost overwhelming tide of opposition. Encouraging reports concerning them come in daily from the different Indian agents. "Chester A. Arthur" and Alfred Brown carry on the tailor's trade at the Cheyenne Agency; Thomas Bear-robe is making brick at Caldwell; Etahdleuh Doanmo is carpentering at the Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita Agency; and many others are farming on their own lands, or working under Government employ at frontier posts. Etahdleuh's history is interesting. He was a prisoner in Florida, studied at Hampton, and was selected by Captain Pratt to visit with him the Indian tribes, and collect pupils for the Carlisle School. He was intelligent, sober, and industrious, deeply impressed with the grave problem before his people, and earnest in his endeavor to make the best of his own opportunities. After his return he assisted in drilling the boys, and continued improving himself in his trade and studies. One day he came to Captain Pratt, his serious face even graver than usual. "What is it, Etahdleuh?" asked the Captain.

"Captain Pratt," Etahdleuh replied, twirling his cap, "when I was in Florida, and the good ladies teach me, I think about what they say about trying to be good boy. I no think about girls. When I went to Hampton, I think about getting the good education. I no think about girls. When I go West with you, I think about getting scholars and persuading the Indians to follow the white man's road. I get my sister, and Laura, and all my friends I can. I no think about girls. When I come back, I think about learning to be a carpenter, so I can support myself and be good citizen. I no think about girls. *But Laura, she think.* And now Laura's father is dead, and Laura say, 'Who take care of Laura?' And I think *I* take care of Laura."



THE MISSES [illegible] OF [illegible] AND CAPTAIN [illegible] (U.S.A.) [illegible]

Etahdleuh was so honest in the matter, and his

answer to the question, Who is to take care of Laura? was so to the purpose that the wedding took place with the approval of the authorities, and to the great delight of the pupils, who were allowed to make a gala day of the occasion. Etahdleuh had earned two hundred and fifty dollars, and he took his bride back to the reservation, building a little house upon some land which had been assigned him by the Government.



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his last report on Indian Education, says: "It is useless to attempt the civilization of the Indian through the agency of schools, unless a large number of children, certainly not less than one-half the total number, can have the benefit of such schools."

But General Sheridan gives a list of forts which are no longer of any practical use, and which he recommends should be turned into Indian schools. The Secretary of the Interior assures us that, "with twenty thousand or more Indian children properly selected in our schools, there will be no danger of Indian wars." The cost of achieving this would be very trifling compared to the twenty-two millions of dollars which we have paid annually for the past ten years for military operations against the Indians! And as a result of these schools, the small remnant of the Indians will be gradually scattered among our millions of mixed population, their wild customs will be lost, and in a short time the wish of the Western settler will be gratified, the savage will be annihilated and a useful and educated class added to our American citizens. The process is being hastened by private donations. But, while all praise and thanks are due to such philanthropists, the chief need is for the Government to establish more Indian schools.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.

By [illegible].

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICKETS DRIVEN IN.

WHEN the panther screamed the second time after Neil and Hugh started to attack it, Mr. Marvin awoke, and was surprised to see that the young watchers were not at the fire, where they had been told to stay.

He sprang from his hammock, and slipping on his boots (he had not removed any other part of his attire), began to look about for the boys. It was a rather startling thought, but it at once rushed into his mind that they had gone on a hunt for the panther! He remembered having heard Hugh propose something of the sort while they were eating supper. He snatched up his rifle, and was on the point of going in search of them, when the four reports of their double shots rang out keen and clear on the still, night air, followed by an angry scream and the sound of scraping and scrambling feet.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez were up and armed in a twinkling. Judge, too, sprang up in a dazed sort of way, for he was but half awake, and half aware that some very exciting event was happening. Catching sight of Hugh, as he rushed up to the fire, his frightened fancy imagined that some terrible beast was just behind him; and, snatching up his empty flint-lock, he hurled it frantically forward as the best effort at protection which his scattered wits were capable of making. The gun narrowly missed Hugh, and, as luck would have it, fell plump into the middle of the fire. Both the boys were too frightened to heed it, however, and by the time Judge discovered it and drew it from the fire, the stock of the gun was almost entirely consumed.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin's Winchester rifle cracked sharply, once,—twice,—three times, in quick succession.

"What has become of Neil?" Hugh asked himself, and turned about to look for him. But he was nowhere to be seen!

After the boys had fired at the panther, as described in the preceding chapter, they stood their ground long enough to see the savage animal come tearing down the tree, apparently badly wounded and infuriated; and then Hugh ran away as fast as he could. Until he reached the fire he had thought that Neil was close at his heels.

Meantime, the boys' shots had aroused the camp, and soon the voice of Mr. Marvin, calling to Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez, announced that the panther had been killed. Hugh, therefore, hurried back to the spot. The panther was lying dead not more than two rods from the tree, and the three men were standing around it. It was a huge beast, with massive, muscular legs and a long, lithe body. Its head was like a cat's head, and its teeth were long and sharp.

"Where is Neil?" inquired Hugh, suddenly perceiving that his brother was not present.

"Why! Where is he, indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, looking hurriedly around.

"Has he gone? Is n't he here?" cried Uncle Charley.

"Has n't he been seen?" added Mr. Gomez. "Who saw him last?"

Hugh felt a cold chill of fear and dread creep over him. He gazed anxiously in every direction; the streaks of moonlight and places of dark shade made the wood appear solemn and lonely.

"He was with me when I started to run to camp," said Hugh, "and I have n't seen him since. I thought he turned and ran just as I did."

"You had better call him, sir," suggested Mr. Gomez, speaking to Uncle Charley, who at once cried out: "Neil! Neil!" as loudly as he could.

But no answer came.

Uncle Charley called again. And, this time, they thought they heard an answer, but far away in the swamp.

Mr. Gomez, who had a strong, stentorian voice, now called out:

"Ho! Neil!"

"Whoope-e-e!" came the answer, apparently from the very middle of the swamp.

"That 's Neil's voice!" exclaimed Hugh.

"But how did he ever get *there?*" demanded Mr. Marvin.

"It is very strange, certainly," said Uncle Charley.

They waited a few minutes, and then called again. The answer came quite promptly, but sounded no nearer. Mr. Marvin started in the direction whence the sound was heard, saying: "I 'll go and bring in Neil, while you drag the panther up to the fire."

In about half an hour Mr. Marvin and Neil came up to the fire, Neil looking very weary and mud-bespattered. He could not explain how he came to be where he was found.

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"After we shot at the panther," said he, "I turned and ran toward the fire, which I saw gleaming between the trees. I thought Hugh was following close after me, though I did not look back to see. The fire seemed to me to shift its position as I ran, so that I often had to change my course. Presently I discovered that Hugh was not with me. This frightened me and I ran still harder, thinking I would reach the fire and rouse the rest of you, and if Hugh did not come in immediately we would go out and hunt for him. But just then the fire began to look as if it was zigzaging about, now dancing here, now glimmering there, and I *could* not get any closer to it. I ran over bushes and stumbled against logs. At last I reached the edge of the water, where Mr. Marvin found me, and there I was horrified to see the light I had thought was our fire, hovering above the surface of the pond, where very soon it flickered and went out, leaving me quite bewildered and lost. I did not know what to do; I felt as if I were in some other and strange world; everything had so mysterious and vague a look about it. The dim moonlight and the ink-black shadows seemed to shift and waver. I was quite exhausted with my long hard run, so I sank down on the ground and gave up. When I heard the shooting, it did not sound as if it *could* be in the direction of our camp, but when you called me I knew your voices."

Hugh was as glad to see his brother as if Neil had returned from some long journey in foreign lands.

The panther lay stretched out by the fire, and Judge was dismally contemplating his ruined gun.

"This big fellow," said Mr. Marvin, touching the dead animal with his foot, "belongs to Neil and Hugh; for, although I finished it, their shots had mortally wounded it."

"That panther was a warrior," said Uncle Charley, "and he charged nobly."

"He druv in de pickets and scattered de scrimmagers," said Judge, grinning lugubriously.

The light that had led Neil astray could only be accounted for on the theory that it was a "will-o'-the-wisp" or "Jack-o'-lantern," one of those strange wandering luminous bubbles sometimes seen in swampy places. Neil had reached the other side of the swamp by running around it, in his pursuit of the flickering light.

CHAPTER XXV.

RULES FOR HANDLING THE GUN IN WING-SHOOTING.

MR. MARVIN gave Neil and Hugh a good scolding for having ventured to attack an animal so dangerous as a panther.

"What would your father say," he exclaimed, "if he thought that your uncle and I would permit you to take a risk so terrible? But for the chance fact that one of that panther's legs was broken by a shot, it would almost certainly have killed one or the other of you."

"Papa will not say anything about that when we send him the panther's skin," said Hugh. "He 'll think that we 've become better hunters than he expected."

Neil did not say anything. He felt the force of Mr. Marvin's remarks. The startling nature of the adventure, too, had impressed him strongly. Next morning he made a sketch of the panther's head. But he could not draw the will-o'-the-wisp.

They remained in camp at this spot for several days, during which time they made a fine collection of bird-skins to add to Mr. Marvin's stock. Some excellent shooting, too, they had at wood-duck and teal; but this was quite limited, as they would not kill a single bird that they did not need, either for food or as a specimen.

It was during their stay at this delightful place that Neil reduced to the shortest form Mr. Marvin's rules for wing-shooting with a shot gun. Here they are, just as he wrote them in one of his note-books:

Always bear in mind that it is the muzzle of a gun that is dangerous; therefore, never allow the muzzle to point toward yourself or any other person.

Never put your hand over the muzzle of a gun, nor allow another person to handle your gun while it is loaded.

Use a breech-loading gun with rebounding hammers. A muzzle-loading gun is both inconvenient and dangerous to load.

Hammerless guns are beautiful and convenient weapons, but they are not fit for boys to use, especially boys who are just beginning to shoot.

A sixteen-bore gun, with barrels of laminated or Damascus steel, horn or rubber breech-plate, rebounding hammers, and twenty-eight-inch length of barrels, top-snap action, left barrel choke-bored for long range, right barrel medium choke or cylinder bore—such is an outline from which any good gun-maker can build a boy's gun weighing about six and a half pounds.

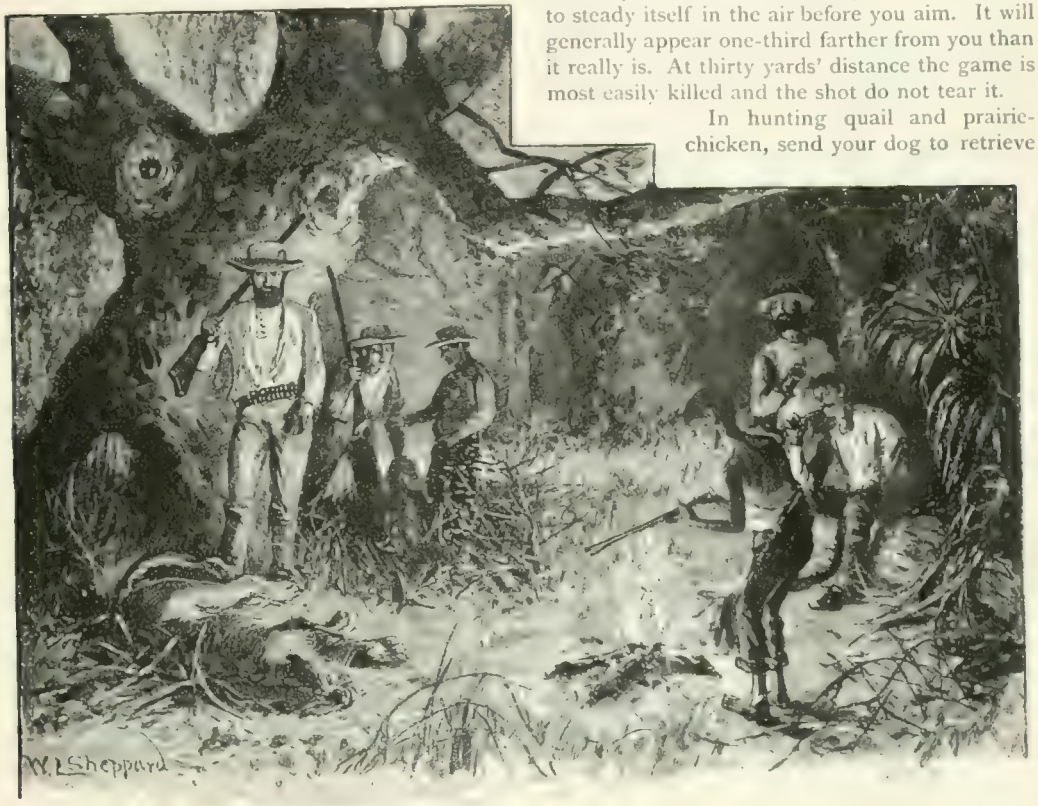
Shells for such a gun should be loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of shot. Put two thick wads on the powder and one on the shot.

For any game not larger than woodcock and quail, use No. 9 shot. For wood-duck, prairie-chicken, partridge, teal, and the like, No. 6 shot will be found best when the birds are old; but early in the season No. 7 will be better. For large water-fowl and wild turkey, No. 4 shot, as a rule, will be heavy enough. For deer, bear, and the like, you ought to have a gun specially

bored for shooting buck-shot, as it is sometimes dangerous to use shot so large in choked barrels.

In shooting at a flying bird, the first thing to know is that you must not aim directly at it unless it is flying straight and level away from you at about the height of your eye.

If a bird goes away with a rising line of flight, your aim must be a little *above* it, but if it flies level and above the line of your eye straight away, you must aim a little below it. If it flies to the left or to the right, you must aim a little ahead of it. In fact, the rule is to so fire that the bird's line of flight and the line of your shot will exactly intercept each other.



"THE HUNTERS HAD STOPPED TO EAT THEIR LUNCH."

Always move your gun in the direction of the bird's flight, but do not "poke" or follow. Cover your point of aim by a quick and steady motion and press the trigger at once.

Shoot with both eyes open, so as to see whether you hit or miss. If you miss with your first barrel, recover your aim and fire the other, or if there are two or more birds flushed and you hit with your first barrel, instantly select another bird and fire your second barrel, always shooting right and left.

When a dog "stands," or "points" game, you should not hurry to flush it. Be deliberate, always trying to drive your birds in the direction of light and low covert instead of that which is dense and high.

Most giddy-flying birds, like snipe and plover, will rise against the wind, so that the time to shoot them is just as they turn. To do this, hunt them down the wind if possible.

Always wait, if the field is open, for your bird to steady itself in the air before you aim. It will generally appear one-third farther from you than it really is. At thirty yards' distance the game is most easily killed and the shot do not tear it.

In hunting quail and prairie-chicken, send your dog to retrieve the game as soon as it falls, because, if you do not, a wounded bird may run off and be lost, to perish of its hurt. A true hunter is always anxious to prevent unnecessary cruelty. So long as we eat flesh, birds and animals must be killed for food, but we should avoid brutality in putting them to death.

Snap-shooting is done by raising the gun and firing it as soon as it can be leveled; a mode absolutely necessary in shooting woodcock and quail in high, close covert, where it often happens that the gunner merely gets a glimpse of his game and shoots by judging its position at the time of firing.

Teal and canvas-back duck are very fast flyers, often going at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. How far ahead of a green-winged teal, going at that rate across your line of sight, must you aim if the bird is forty yards distant, if your shot fly at the average rate of eight hundred feet per second?

Calculate as follows: It takes your shot, practically, one-sixth of a second to go forty yards. In one-sixth of a second your bird will fly, practically, fifteen and one-half feet, which is the distance you must aim ahead of the teal at forty yards. Of course this is not the exact calculation, but it is practically near enough. A few trials will familiarize the operation, and your eye will soon become trained in judging distances. Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, at what *appears* to be forty yards, your aim ought to be about ten feet ahead of your bird, if it is flying straight across your line of sight,—and less if the flight is diagonal.

If your game is flying toward you, the best rule is to allow it to pass, so that you may turn about and shoot it going from you. This for several reasons: First, because the breast-feathers, of water-fowl especially, are very thick; secondly, because it is very difficult to allow for the flight of an incoming bird; and thirdly, because in shooting a bird from behind, you send your shot *between* its feathers, and your game is cleanly killed.

Always be sure that your line of sight is along the middle of the rib that joins the barrels.

In quail-shooting, bear in mind that you rarely kill your game at a longer range than thirty yards, and that, under ordinary circumstances, your aim, for a cross-flying bird, should be about three feet ahead of it,—though no fixed rule can be given.

If you are hunting in company with others, be careful and courteous, always refraining from shooting at birds that are flushed nearer to your companion than to you, and do not allow your gun, under any circumstances, to point at, or in the direction of, any human being.

Open your gun at the breech and take out both shells before climbing over a fence, getting into a wagon, going into a house, or handing the gun to a person not used to fire-arms.

Never drag a gun toward you, with the muzzle foremost.

Treat an unloaded gun with the same care that you would use in handling a loaded one. "I did not know it was loaded" has caused many terrible accidents.

It is best to thoroughly clean and dry a gun after it has been used all day, and when not in use it should be kept in a heavy woolen or leather case.

Never shoot at harmless and worthless birds "just to try your hand." Most small birds are pretty, some of them sing sweetly, and nearly all of them are useful as insect-destroyers. It is brutal to kill them for any other than scientific or artistic purposes.

When out hunting, observe everything, so as to remember the minutest details of visible nature. Knowledge thus gathered is invaluable.

Boys, when hunting together, should be very cautious in thick covert; as there, one may be quite near another and not see him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW JUDGE'S NOSE WAS BITTEN.

IT would take a long time and a great deal of writing to tell all that happened during the winter spent by our party in Southern Florida. We can not follow them, step by step, from one good hunting ground to another.

They tried alligator-shooting, but Neil and Hugh did not like it. The killing of a great big stupid animal, merely to get its teeth, seemed to them very poor sport; and besides, they found alligators much less dangerous than they had been led to believe them to be.

They killed some of the small, beautiful deer of the peninsula, and had some lively times with bear.

Rattlesnakes and moccasins were common in the woods and swamps, and quite frequently the warning whir or hiss startled them as they pushed through the brakes of cane and tangles of air-plant.

Neil made rapid progress in his free-hand sketching from nature, both with lead pencil and in colors. His sketch-books contained a wonderful variety of subjects, from strange insects to wild beasts, and from a small air-plant spike to a huge live-oak tree, draped in Spanish long-moss.

Heron-shooting was their principal business, and the amount of plumes collected was very large and valuable.

One day's woodcock-shooting, however, was more to the boys' taste than all the other sport they enjoyed during the whole winter. They found, one morning, a fine lot of these noble game-birds scattered over a thinly wooded tract, where clumps of bushes and tufts of wild grass grew in a rather firm black mud, just suited to the habits of woodcock. They did not need a dog. The birds flew but a short distance when flushed; and if missed, could be easily followed so as to be found again.

Neil and Hugh endeavored to observe every rule of shooting, and they did remarkably fine work. For a long while they kept exactly even in the number of birds killed, and the race grew very exciting.

It was while absorbed in this sport that Hugh, as he walked through a patch of saw grass beside a little pool, stepped upon an enormous alligator. It was dead, but, feeling it under his foot, Hugh looked down and received a terrific scare. The reptile was fully twelve feet long, with a great rusty body and sprawling legs, and the hunter who had killed it had propped its terrible mouth open wide, so as to knock out its teeth when it had lain sufficiently long. Hugh jumped as high and as far as he could, and yelled with terror.

"Ugh! Oh! An alligator!" he cried.

Just then a woodcock rose and went straight away, but Hugh was so frightened that he did not think to shoot, and Neil's record went one ahead. The shock of his fright unsettled Hugh's nerves, and so Neil beat him, though the contest was a very close one.

The boys went back to camp for a late dinner, and the sight of their fourteen woodcocks fairly dazzled Judge's eyes. As a special favor, Uncle Charley loaned Judge his little sixteen-bore double-barrel for the rest of the afternoon. This made the young negro very happy. His face shone like a lump of anthracite coal with two black diamonds in it. He took twenty shells and went with the boys when they returned to the woodcock grounds, which lay but a short distance from the camp.

"Now," said Hugh, "here goes for a fair match. Let's see who 'll get the biggest bag of birds."

The challenge was quickly accepted by Neil and Judge, and so they began to quarter the ground, that is, they walked back and forth in diagonal lines across it.

In a very short time Hugh and Judge each had a bird, and Neil none; but the score soon changed, for Neil achieved a feat rarely accomplished nowadays. He made a "double shot" on woodcock, killing the brace in perfect style, right and left. This put him ahead of the others and made the race grow interesting.

Judge next missed a fine strong bird that flew quartering to his right, and Hugh killed it at fifty yards with his left barrel.

"Dis 'ere gun shoot too quick," said Judge; "it make me dodge! I done miss dat bird 'fore I got ready."

The next flush was by Neil, who failed to kill on account of an intervening bush. Hugh banged away and missed also; and so did Judge, who just then stumbled against the nose of the dead alligator and fell sprawling along its rusty back.



"BUGH [illegible] BACK"

"Look out!" shouted Hugh, in a spirit of mischief. "It 's an alligator!"

With a piercing shriek, Judge scrambled off on his hands and knees, screaming at the top of his voice. Then he jumped up, and leaving Uncle Charley's gun lying where he had dropped it when he fell, he started for camp as hard as he could run.

Neil picked up the gun, and seeing that it was growing late, he and Hugh followed after the flying negro.

When they reached camp, Judge was gesticulating and posturing and pointing in a vain effort to relate his terrible adventure to the men. The most realistic part of it was the fact that Judge had actually skinned his nose on the horny hide of the alligator, and that he persisted in asserting that he had been bitten!

"Dat beas' jis' kep' a-bitin' away, an' I tho't I done clean gone, fo' sho'!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

ALL things have an end, and so the time came at last for our little party to bid farewell to Florida.

The trip up the coast to Cedar Keys, and thence to St. Mark's, was performed in a leisurely way, the sloop anchoring for a day or two here and there, the boys seizing every opportunity to make a bag of snipe or shore birds, or to shoot herons for Mr. Marvin.

But the nearer they approached home, the more impatient at delay they all became, and it was with a sense of intense relief that they stood finally by the little railroad station at St. Mark's, ready to take the cars for the North, and home! They bade good-bye to Mr. Gomez with regret, for they had learned to like him very much during their long voyage.

At Tallahassee they took the dogs aboard. Don and Belt and Snip and Sly were the gladdest animals you ever saw, though they had been well kept and were as sleek as moles.

From Tallahassee Mr. Marvin shipped his plumes to New York, and his bird-skins to the Smithsonian Institute. He received orders here also, for it was now quite late in April, and the season for nest-hunting and egg-collecting was at hand, and some of his customers and patrons desired him to begin work for them in that line at once. So he had no time to lose. He could not even go so far as Uncle Charley's farm with Neil and Hugh, but had to part from them at Montgomery, Alabama, whence he went westward.

The boys both cried when he left them. He had seemed almost like an elder brother to them. But he promised to come and have a grouse-hunt with them in Illinois some time during the next season.

Samson was overjoyed when they reached Uncle Charley's home, and he asked hundreds of questions; and Judge told him some wonderful stories, that made his old eyes stare.

But Neil and Hugh were in a great hurry to return to Belair and see their father and talk with the boys. The very next day they left Tennessee, and in due time stepped off the train at the Belair station platform. Everything looked as natural as life, and the first person Hugh saw was Tom Dale.

"Hallo! Is this you, Hugh? and if there is n't old Neil! Why, how brown you are, boys! What a jolly time you two must have had!" cried Tom, in an ecstasy of delight.

Neil and Hugh jumped into a carriage and were driven straight home, while their "plunder" and luggage followed them in the village express wagon.

Mr. Burton was taken quite by surprise when his boys, all weather-browned and lusty, rushed into the library and fell upon him with their rousing caresses. They almost tumbled him out of his chair; his spectacles fell off, and his face was covered with kisses.

Of course the boys immediately began to tell him all about their wanderings and adventures, but it was many days before they had finished.

The news of the return of the boy hunters spread through Belair like a breeze.

Neil proposed to invite all their young friends to come to spend an evening with them, so that they might have a good time talking together over what had happened in Belair, as well as what had been done in the far Southern hunting-grounds, during the winter.

"That is just the thing," said Hugh, "and we 'll hang up all your pictures and sketches in the parlor, and set up our stuffed birds, and display our collection of eggs. In fact, we 'll have a genuine — what do you call it in French? — *salon?*"

"That would be interesting," assented Neil. "I think all the boys and girls would enjoy it. Suppose we do it?"

"Shall we invite the girls, too?" inquired Hugh.

"Certainly," said Neil; "girls like *fine* art quite as much as boys, you know."

He emphasized the word "fine," as if he meant to make fun of his sketches, but Hugh knew he was proud of them.

"What do you say, Papa?" said Hugh, turning to his father.

"I think the plan an excellent one," replied Mr. Burton. "I 'll see that your guests have a good supper and the freedom of the house from six to eleven in the evening."

The boys were delighted, and went to work with a will, getting ready for what proved to be the happiest social event ever enjoyed by the boys and girls of Belair.

Mr. Burton's large parlor was profusely decorated with Neil's sketches and the many trophies of the two lads' prowess with the gun. More than fifty guests were present, and all were delighted.

It was Tom Dale who afterward suggested to the Belair boys that they should present Neil with a testimonial. Tom made the presentation speech in excellent style, on behalf of all the donors.

The gift was an easel, a palette, and a mahl-stick, with an alligator carved on

THE END.



"LITTLE GIRL IN THE GLASS, I THINK I 'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE."

A FÊTE DAY IN BRITTANY.

By A. C. G.

EARLY on the morning of a bright September day, a certain little hotel in Brittany, where I happened to be sojourning, was all astir. It was evident, from the bustle going on, and the air of suppressed excitement among the usually listless inhabitants of the place, that some event of importance was at hand. I learned from our good landlady that the approaching celebration was the annual fête, or gala day, of the village, and she told me that if I wished to have a good view of the various performances, I should need to start early, as the festivities would begin promptly at ten.

As it was then nearly nine, my friend Tom Jackson and I hastened from the hotel and along one of the high-roads, in the direction in which the crowd was moving. On our way, we were overtaken by vehicles of every description, some very quaint and primitive, and almost all laden with peasants from the adjoining towns, gorgeous in their holiday attire. And among these was a great number of small boys, who evidently believed that the day had been instituted for their especial benefit.

As we neared the scene of the fête, the crowds




BRETON BOY.
BRETON GIRL.


DUCK CHASE
WRESTLING MATCH.



grew dense and more excited; men and boys were shouting wildly, and scores of people were hastily clambering upon two stone walls which lined the road. This road, it appeared, was to serve as a race-course. Having found a comfortable seat, we gave ourselves up to contemplating the odd crowd by which we were surrounded, and with patience awaited the start.

At last a wild shout arose, "Here they come!" Then dead silence fell over all, as dashing down the road came some six or eight horses, whose riders were urging them forward by every means possible.

The steeds were all without saddles, and they were supposed to have started at the same instant. But so anxious was each rider to get the lead that some had heard the word "go" a full minute before the others. As the clatter of hoofs was heard growing clearer and clearer, the greatest excitement prevailed in the crowd by which we were surrounded, and all were eager to see which of the riders would first reach the goal. All the burly men and the screaming boys prophesied that the winner would be a certain young man nicknamed Cayenne, because he had such a fiery temper. "No one *dares* beat him," piped a small boy at my elbow, "'cause Cayenne 's the fiercest man in Brittany!" And, sure enough, he soon came in view, the foremost in the race, with his red handkerchief flying in the air, and he was greeted with a loud shout from the assembled crowd.

This first contest was followed by others of a similar character, but ere long the races were finished. To us they were very tame performances, being nothing more than the galloping of a half-dozen plow-horses. But we derived much pleasure from watching the breathless and enthusiastic interest manifested by the simple people around us.

From the rude race-track, the crowds repaired to a large open space in one of the fields behind the school-house. Here a large circle had been marked off, and in the center stood a rather feeble-looking individual, bearing a long pole from which were suspended various prizes, consisting of gayly colored handkerchiefs, scarfs, wooden sabots, and other such trinkets.

Soon we perceived a small boy running around inside the ring, with his hand high up in the air; this was a challenge for any one outside the circle to come in and wrestle with the youthful athlete.

In a few moments the ring was completely filled with would-be wrestlers, who were struggling in each other's embrace in a lively fashion. Every now and then a man with a drum would commence to beat it in a deafening manner; this was to indicate that the contest between some pair of wrestlers was at an end, and that a prize would be given to one of them.

In the meantime the bearer of the pole with the prizes had grown very weary, so that to hold the pole upright was too much for him, and down he fell, with the whole superstructure on top of him.

A wail of woe went up from all the valiant wrestlers, who immediately stopped in the midst of their combat to gather up the scattered prizes. And the old man having been set upon his feet, and a new prize-bearer put in his place, the business in hand was resumed.

It was curious to see the earnestness and yet the great good-nature with which the wrestlers contended. At one moment you would have thought they were mortal enemies engaged in deathly combat, with such fury did they come on to the assault; but the next moment the conflict would suddenly cease, while the combatants adjusted some article of clothing which had been torn or misplaced — smiling and chattering with each other meanwhile in the friendliest manner.

When the wrestling was concluded, the prizes were distributed, and then might be seen groups of happy swains, bearing themselves with all the airs of conquering heroes, and surrounded by admiring groups of relatives and friends, carefully examining the "elegant" prizes.

There was now an intermission of an hour or more, devoted to luncheon and to visiting the various shows which crowded the market-place. The most attractive of these seemed to be the "Merry-go-round." Not only the little folks, but the grown people also, would ride around and around in it, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment.

At two the drum sounded to recall all wanderers, and to make known to the boys that the hour had arrived for them to come forth and display their prowess in another contest, but of a different sort.

In front of the hotel had been erected a curious contrivance made of wood, consisting of two upright poles and a revolving cross-piece.

Now, the feat for each of the boys to perform, in turn, was to climb up one of the poles to the cross-piece, along which he was to crawl until he reached the opposite pole. If he accomplished this seemingly easy performance, he was to be allowed to choose one of many bright-colored handkerchiefs on a table near by; and if he failed, he would be sure only of being laughed at by the spectators, and of getting a tumble of some five or six feet.

The first lad who tried nimbly climbed the pole, and firmly planted himself on the cross-piece,— when lo! in an instant, before he had a chance to crawl a single inch, the thing revolved, depositing him on a bed of straw that had been spread under-

neath to prevent any contestant from being hurt by the fall. What ignominy for the lad, to be lying there on the ground, when it looked so easy to reach the other end of the cross-piece!

A second boy now made the attempt, and had crawled about half-way along the cross-piece when the thing gave a quick lurch, and left him hanging with head down and feet convulsively clinging to the rod, while he writhed and twisted to regain his hold, the crowd hooting and jeering derisively.

A third, nothing daunted by the failures of his rivals, nimbly sprang up the pole, cautiously crawled along the bar, and just as the lookers-on were about to cheer him for his success,—over he went, landing flat upon the ground!

But at last a boy was found who reached the other end of the cross-piece without any mishap; and loud and long was the applause that rewarded his efforts as he waved in the air the much-coveted green and red handkerchief.

For an hour or more this performance was kept up, only one in every ten being successful, however; for the cross-piece was so adjusted that unless the balance was kept perfectly even, it was sure either to tip or to revolve.

Again the drum beat, this time louder and longer than before, and soon we saw the crowds wending their way in the direction of the river. When we reached it, both banks were already filled, and it was with difficulty that we found a place where we could watch the proceedings.

Anchored in the stream was a good-sized boat, gayly decorated with bright-colored ribbons and flags. Here were seated the judges and others having the affair in charge, looking very wise and important indeed.

The boom of the boat projected some distance out over the water. It was a good-sized, substantial pole, and would not, ordinarily, have been very difficult to "walk"; but now it had been thoroughly oiled, and it fairly glistened in the sun.

On the end were trophies of victory of about the same value and description as those already distributed, and including many red shirts and scarfs.

The river was filled with small boats, in readiness to rescue from a watery grave any contestant who was not an expert swimmer.

By and by appeared the group of boys who were to attempt the feat,—numbering a dozen or more, all scantily clothed, as the occasion required, but looking very determined.

The first fellow stepped carefully on the greased pole, made one or two convulsive motions with his arms, and then quietly jumped into the river and swam for the shore. The second tripped lightly on the boom, and with great care managed to balance himself until he had reached the end, and all the beautiful prizes were within his grasp.

Which should he take? His fond father on the shore shouted "that beautiful red shirt"; his little brother cried out "that tin sword"; while he knew, in his heart, that his mother wanted a ribbon. That decided him; a ribbon it should be. But alas! he had already hesitated too long; he began to totter, and he made wild efforts to retain his footing. But in vain. The next moment he fell like a stone into the river, and he was picked up by one of the small boats.

But his ardor was not dampened; friends helped him to scramble up the bank, and in a few moments he was aboard the boat and trying again; but this time he was too excited, and he fell in the river almost at the first step.

Many others made the attempt, with the same ill success, and but few escaped a ducking. Still, they tried and tried again, to the intense delight of the spectators, until all the prizes had been claimed.

The next performance was the catching the ducks. And for this, the small boys came forth again in large numbers, ready to do their best.

A number of ducks with clipped wings were thrown into the river, and whoever succeeded in capturing one was entitled to possess it. Wild and frantic were the efforts made, but the ducks had a way of their own of escaping their pursuers. A boy would get so near he could touch the duck with his hand, but just as soon as he tried to hold him, the duck, like Paddy's flea, "was n't there." They would jump over the lads' heads and fly in their faces, meanwhile keeping up a terrible quacking; but their strength gave out after a while, and then they fell easy prey to the hands of their captors.

This brought the day's sports to a close. Evening was fast setting in, and from the market-place could be heard the strains of the bagpipe and bignion. This was what the young people had been waiting for. Couples appeared from every side and soon were flying through the "gavotte," the native dance. They would form in lines joining hands, and then with something like a hop, skip, and a jump, away they would go in a wild whirl.

The covered market-place was dimly lighted with candles, and it was a strange, weird sight to watch the white caps bobbing up and down, here, there, and everywhere.

By ten o'clock the little village was sound asleep, and, no doubt, the dreams of its boys and girls, that night, were of a very rosy hue, for to them the annual fête is the greatest occasion of the year.


MASTER Squirrel, blithe and gay,
Come and live with me, I pray.
Nuts have I for thee to crack;
Gingerbread thou 'lt never lack,
Sugarplums and popcorn sweet
For thy pleasance shalt thou eat;
A gilded cage shall be thy nest,
A bed of down thy place of rest,
A life of ease thy lot shall be,
If thou wilt come and live with me.
NAY, my winsome little MAID,
I prefer the glen and glade.
In the tree have I my home,
Through the woods I'm free to roam;
Nuts have I and eke to spare,
Fruit and corn and berries rare.
When the SPORTSMAN'S gun I hear,
Many a hiding place is near.
A GOLDEN CAGE and wealth to me
Are no exchange for LIBERTY.
HPW

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks.

IV.

LOUIS OF BOURBON: THE BOY KING. 1638–1715.

[Louis XIV of France; afterward known as the "Grand Monarque."]

DID you ever hear or see a mob, boys and girls? Probably not; but ask father or mother, or uncle, or any one who remembers the draft riots of 1863 in our own New York, if there is any sound more terrifying than that threatening, far-away murmur that grows each second louder and more distinct until it swells and surges up and down the city streets—the hoarse, mad shouts of a mob. It was such a sound as this that on that dreary midnight of the tenth of February, 1651, filled the dark and narrow and dismal streets of old Paris, startling all the inmates of the Palais Royal, as under the palace windows rose the angry cry:

"The King! the King! Down with Mazarin!"

Two anxious-faced young persons, a girl and a boy of thirteen or thereabout, who were peeping out into the corridor, looked at one another inquiringly.

"Whatever is the matter, Count?" asked dainty little Olympia, the pretty niece of the Queen's prime minister, Mazarin.

For answer the light-hearted young Armand, Count of Guiche, whom even danger could not rob of gayety, replied: "Faith, mam'selle, 't is a trick that may set us all a livelier dance than your delightful *la brausle*. The people are storming the palace to save the little king from my lord, your uncle. They say that the Queen will steal away to your uncle with his little Majesty, and so here come the people in fury to stay her purpose. Hark! there they go again!" and as, before the gates, rose the angry shouts, "the King! the King! Down with Mazarin!" these sprightly young people drew hastily back into the security of their own apartments.

"*Down with Mazarin!*" It was the rallying cry that stirred the excitable people of Paris to riot and violence in those old days of strife and civil war, over two hundred years ago,—the troublesome time of the Fronde. The Court of the Queen Regent Anne, the Parliament of Paris, and the great princes of France were struggling for the mastery, in a quarrel so foolish and unnecessary that history has called it "the war of the children," and its very nickname, "the Fronde," was taken from the *fronde*, or sling, which the mischievous boys of Paris used in their heedless street fights. Probably not one half of those who shouted so loudly "Down with Mazarin!" understood what the quarrel was about, nor just why they showed rage against the unpopular prime minister of the Queen Regent, the Italian Mazarin. But they had grown to believe that the scarcity of bread, the pinching pains of hunger, the poverty, and wretchedness which they all *did* understand were due, somehow, to this hated Mazarin, and they were therefor ready to flame up in an instant and to shout "Down with Mazarin!" until they were hoarse.

And now in the great palace all is confusion.

"The King! the King! We must see the King!" shout the swaying crowd. There is a dash against the trellised gates of the palace, a dash and then a mighty crash, and, as the outer gate falls before the people's assault, the great alarm bell of the palace booms out its note of danger. Then guards and gentlemen press hastily toward the royal apartments in defense of the queen and her sons, while ladies, and pages, and servants scatter and hide in terror.

But Anne, Queen Regent of France, was as brave as she was shrewd.

"What is the people's wish?" she demanded as the Duc de Beaufort entered her apartment.

"To see his Majesty with their own eyes, they say," was the reply.

"But can they not trust their queen, my lord?" she asked.

"Their queen, your Highness? Yes. But not Mazarin," said the blunt duke.

"Ho, there, d'Aumont," said the Queen to the captain of the palace guard, "bid that the portals be opened at once! Draw off your guard. And you, my lords, stand aside; we will show the king to our good people of Paris and defeat the plots of our enemies. Bid the people enter," and, unattended, save by M. de Villeroi, the king's governor, and two of her ladies-in-waiting, she passed quickly through the gallery that led to the magnificent bed-chamber of the little King Louis.

"What is this uproar, madame?" was the greeting she received from a handsome, auburn-haired boy of twelve, as she entered the apartment.

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"Lie down, my son," said the Queen, "and if ever you seemed to sleep, seem to do so now. Your safety, your crown, perhaps your life, depend upon this masking. The people are crowding the palace, demanding to see with their own eyes that I have not taken you away."

Young Louis of Bourbon flushed angrily. "The people!" he exclaimed. "How dare they? Why does not Villeroi order the Swiss guard to drive the ruffians out?"

"Hush, my Louis," his mother said. "You have other enemies than these barbarians of Paris. Your time has not yet come. Hark, they are here!"

The angry boy closed his eyes in pretended sleep, while his mother softly opened the door of the apartment, and faced the mob alone. For, obedient to her order, the great portals of the palace had been opened, and up the broad staircase now pushed and scrambled the successful mob. The people were in the palace of the king.

"Enter, my friends," said the intrepid Queen, as rough, disordered, and flushed with the novelty of success the eager crowd halted in presence of royalty. "Enter, my friends; but — softly! They said falsely who declared that I sought to steal the king from his faithful people of Paris. See for yourselves!" and she swung open the door of the chamber; "here lies your king!" With ready hand she parted the heavy curtains of the splendid bed, and, with finger on lip as if in caution, she beckoned the people to approach the bedside.

And then came a singular change. For, as they looked upon the flushed face and the long, disordered hair of that beautiful boy, whose regular breathing seemed to indicate the healthy sleep of childhood, the howling, rebellious rabble of the outer gates became a reverent and loyal throng, which quietly and almost noiselessly filed past the royal bed upon which that strong-willed boy of twelve lay in a "make-believe" sleep.

For two long midnight hours on that memorable tenth of February, 1651, did mother and son endure this trying ordeal. At length it was over. The last burgher had departed, the great gates were closed, the guards were replaced, and, as shouts of "*vive le roi*" came from the jubilant crowd without, the boy-king sprang from his splendid bed and, quivering with shame and rage, shook his little fist toward the cheering people. For, from boyhood, young Louis of Bourbon had been taught to regard himself as the most important lad in all the world. Think, then, what a terrible shock to his pride must have been this invasion of his palace by the people.

The angry quarrel of the Fronde raged high for full five months after this midnight reception in the king's bed-chamber, but at last came the eventful day which was to fulfill the boy's oft-repeated wish — the day of his majority. For, according to a law of the realm, a king of France could be declared of age at thirteen; and young Louis of Bourbon, naturally a high-spirited lad, had been made even more proud and imperious by his surroundings and education. He chafed under the restraints of the regency, and hailed with delight the day that should set him free.

It was the seventh of August, 1651. Through the echoing streets of Paris wound a glittering cavalcade, gay with streaming banners and a wealth of gorgeous color. With trumpeters in blue velvet and heralds in complete armor, with princes and nobles and high officials mounted on horses gleaming in housings of silver and gold, with horse-guards and foot-guards, pages and attendants, in brilliant uniforms and liveries, rode young King Louis to proclaim himself absolute King of France. The glittering procession swept into the great hall of the palace and gathered around the throne. And there this boy of thirteen, with his plumed and jeweled cap on his head, while every one else remained uncovered, said, in a clear and steady voice: "Messieurs: I have summoned my Parliament to inform its members that, in accordance with the laws of my realm, it is my intention henceforth to assume the government of my kingdom." Then princes and lords, from little "Monsieur," the ten-year-old brother of the king, to the gray old marshals of France, bent the knee in allegiance, and back to the Palais Royal with his glittering procession, and amid the jubilant shouts of the people, rode the boy-king of France, Louis of Bourbon.

But alas for the ups and downs of life! This long-wished-for day of freedom did not bring to young Louis the absolute obedience he expected. The struggles of the Fronde still continued, and before the spring of the next year this same haughty young monarch who, in that gorgeous August pageant, had glittered "like a golden statue," found himself with his court, fugitives from Paris, and crowded into stuffy little rooms or uncomfortable old castles, fearful of capture, while not far away the cannons of the two great generals, Turenne and Condé, thundered at each other across the Loire, in all the fury of civil war. Something of a bully by nature, for all his blood and kingliness, young Louis seems to have taken a special delight, during these months of wandering, in tormenting his equally high-spirited brother, the little "Monsieur"; and there flashes across the years a very "realistic" picture of a narrow room in the old chateau of Corbeil, in which, upon a narrow bed, two angry boys are rolling and pulling and scratching in a bitter "pillow-fight,"

brought on by some piece of boyish tyranny. And these two boys are not the "frondeurs" of the Paris streets, but the highest dignitaries of France—her king and her royal prince. Boys will be boys, you see, whether princes or paupers.

But even intrigue and quarrel may wear themselves out. Court and people alike wearied of the foolish and ineffectual strivings of the Fronde, and so it was that in the fall of 1652, after a year of exile, the gates of Paris opened to the king, while the unpopular Mazarin, so long the object of public hatred, the man who had been exiled and outlawed, hunted and hounded for years, now returned to Paris as the chief adviser of the boy-king, with shouts of welcome filling the streets that for so many years had resounded with the cry of "*down with Mazarin!*"

And now the gay court of the young Louis blazed forth in all the brilliancy of pomp and pleasure. The boy, himself, as courageous in the trenches and on the battle-field as he was royal and imperious in his audience-chamber, became the hero and idol of the people. Life at his court was very joyous and delightful to the crowd of gay, fun-loving, and unthinking young courtiers who thronged around this powerful young king of fifteen, and not the least brilliant and lively in the royal train were Olympia Mancini and the young Count of Guiche, both proud of their prominence as favorites of the king.

One pleasant afternoon in the early autumn of 1653, a glittering company filled the little theater of the Hotel de Petit Bourbon, near to the Louvre. The curtain parted, and, now soft and sweet, now fast and furious, the music rose and fell, as the company of amateurs—young nobles and demoiselles of the court—danced, declaimed, and sang through all the mirth and action of a lively play. And, at one side of the stage, waiting their turn to appear, stood Olympia Mancini and young Count Armand. With a toss of her pretty head, she was saying: "And how can you know, Sir Count, that his Majesty does not mean truthfully all the pretty things he says to me? Ay, sir, and perhaps ——"

"Well! perhaps what, Mam'selle?" Count Armand asked, as the imperious little lady hesitated in her speech.

"Perhaps—well—who knows? Perhaps, some day, Count Armand, you may rue on bended knee the sharp things you are now so fond of saying to me—to me, who may then be—Olympia, Queen of France!"

Armand laughed softly. "Ho, stands my lady there?" he said. "I kiss your Majesty's hand, and sue for pardon," and he bent in mock reverence. But, come, they are calling us," and, with a gay song upon their gossipy lips, the merry pair danced in upon the stage, while a richly costumed Fury circled around them in a mad whirl. And amid the plaudits of the spectators the three bowed low in acknowledgment, but the Fury received by far the largest share of the applause—for you must know that the madly whirling Fury was none other than his gracious Majesty, Louis, King of France, who, passionately fond of amateur theatricals, sometimes appeared in four or five different characters in a single piece.

That very evening the most select of the court circle thronged the spacious apartments of the queen mother in attendance at the ball given to the widowed Queen of England, who, since the execution of her unfortunate husband, Charles the First, had found shelter at the court of her cousin Louis. And with her came her daughter, the little Princess Henrietta, a fair and timid child of eleven.

The violins sounded the call to places in the *brausle*, the favorite dance of the gay court, and Count Armand noted the smile of triumph which Mam'selle Olympia turned toward him, as King Louis solicited her hand for the dance. And yet she paused before accepting this invitation, for she knew that the honor of opening the dance with the king belonged to the little Henrietta, the guest of the evening. She was still halting between desire and decorum, when Anne, the queen mother, rising in evident surprise at this uncivil action of her son, stepped down from her seat and quietly withdrew the young girl's hand from that of the king.

"My Louis," she said, in a low voice, "this is but scant courtesy to your cousin and guest, the Princess of England."

The boy's face flushed indignantly at this interference with his wishes, and looking towards the timid Henrietta, he said, with singular rudeness: "'T is not my wish, madame, to dance with the Princess. I am not fond of little girls."

His mother looked at him in quick displeasure. And the Queen of England, who had also heard the ungallant reply, keenly felt her position of dependence on so ungracious a relative, as she hastened to say, "Pardon, dear cousin, but do not, I beg, constrain his Majesty to dance contrary to his wishes. The Princess Henrietta's ankle is somewhat sprained and she can dance but ill."

The imperious nature of Anne of Austria yielded neither to the wishes of a sulky boy nor to the plea of a sprained ankle. "Nay, your Majesty," she said, "I pray you let my desires rule. For, by my word, if the fair Princess of England must remain a simple looker-on at this, my ball, to-night, then, too, shall the King of France."

With a face still full of anger Louis turned away,

and when the music again played the opening measures, a weeping little princess and a sulky young king danced in the place of honor. For the poor Henrietta had also overheard the rude words of her mighty cousin of France.

As, after the ball, the king and his mother parted for the night, Anne said to her son: "My dear Louis, what evil spirit of discourtesy led you to so ungallant an action towards your guest, this night? Never again, I beg, let me have need openly to correct so grave a fault."

"Madame," said Louis, turning hotly towards his mother, "who is the lord of France — Louis the King or Anne of Austria?"

The Queen started in wonder and indignation at this outburst; but the boy's proud spirit was up, and he continued, despite her protests.

"Too long," he said, "have I been guided by your leading-strings. Henceforth I will be my own master, and do not you, madame, trouble yourself to criticise or correct me. I am the king."

And thus the mother who had sacrificed and suffered so much for the son she idolized found herself overruled by the haughty and arrogant nature she had, herself, done so much to foster. For, from that tearful evening of the Queen's ball to the day of his death, sixty-one years after, Louis of Bourbon, called the Great, ruled as absolute lord over his kingdom of France, and the boy who could say so defiantly: "Henceforth I will be my own master," was fully equal to that other famous declaration of arrogant authority made, years after, in the full tide of his power: "*I* am the state!"

On the afternoon of an April day in the year 1654, a brilliant company gathered within the old chateau of Vincennes, for the royal hunt which was to take place on the morrow. In the great hall all was mirth and fun, as around the room raced king and courtiers in a royal game of "cligne-musette"—"hoodman blind" or "blindman's buff," as we now know it. Suddenly the blindfolded king felt his arm seized, and the young Count of Guiche, who had just entered, whispered, "Sire, here is word from Fouquet that the parliament have moved to reconsider the registry of your decree."

The boy-king tore the bandage from his eyes in a tempest of anger.

"How dare they?" he said; "how dare they question my demands!"

Now, it seems that this decree looked to the raising of money for the pleasures of the king, by M. Fouquet, the royal Minister of Finance, and so anxious had Louis been to secure it that he had attended the parliament himself, to see that his decree received prompt registry. How dared they then think twice as to the king's wishes?

"Ride you to Paris straight, De Guiche," he said, "and, in the King's name, order that parliament re-assemble to-morrow. I will attend their session, and then let them reconsider my decree if they dare!"

Olympia Mancini heard the command of the King. "To-morrow? Oh, sire!" she said; "to-morrow is the royal hunt. How can we spare your Majesty? How can we give up our sport?"

"Have no fear, mam'selle," said the King, "I will meet my parliament to-morrow, but this trivial business shall not mar our royal hunt. Together will we ride down the stag."

At nine o'clock the next morning parliament re-assembled as ordered by the king, and the representatives of the people were thunderstruck to see the king enter the great hall of the palace in full hunting costume of scarlet coat, high boots, and plumed gray beaver. Behind him came a long train of nobles in hunting suits also. Whip in hand and hat on head, this self-willed boy of sixteen faced his wondering parliament, and said:

"Messieurs: It has been told me that it is the intention of some members of your body to oppose the registration of my edicts as ordered yesterday. Know now that it is my desire and my will that in future all my edicts shall be registered at once and not discussed. Look you to this; for, should you at any time go contrary to my wish, by my faith, I will come here and enforce obedience!"

Before this bold assertion of mastership the great parliament of Paris bent in passive submission. The money was forthcoming, and in less than an hour the boy-king and his nobles were galloping back to Vincennes, and the royal hunt soon swept through the royal forest.

Thus, we see, nothing was permitted to stay the tide of pleasure. Even the battle-field and the siege were turned into spectacles, and, by day and night, the gay court rang with mirth and folly.

In the great space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, since known as the Place de Carrousel, the summer sky of 1654 arched over a gorgeous pageant. The trumpets of the heralds sounded, and into the lists, with pages and attendants, gallant in liveries of every hue, rode the gay young nobles of the court, gleaming in brilliant costume and device, like knights of old, ready to join in the games of the mock tournament. But the center of every game, the victor in all the feats of skill and strength, was the boy-king, Louis of Bourbon, as in a picturesque suit of scarlet and gold he rode his splendid charger like a statue. And as the spectators noted the white and scarlet scarf that fell from the kingly shoulder in a great

band, and the scarlet hat with snow-white plume, they saw, by looking at the fair young "queen of beauty," Olympia Mancini, in her drapery of scarlet damask and white, that King Louis wore her colors, and thus announced himself as her champion in the lists.

And Count Armand could see by the look of triumph and satisfaction in Olympia's pretty face, as she ruled queen of the revels, that already she felt herself not far from the pinnacle of her ambition, and saw herself in the not distant future as Olympia, Queen of France!

But alas for girlish fancies! Louis, the King, was as fickle in his affections as he was unyielding in his mastership.

"Sire," said the Count de Guiche, as the next day a gay throng rode from the mock tournament to another great hunt in the forest of Vincennes, "why does not the fair Olympia ride with the hunt to-day?"

"Ah, the saucy Mazarinette," the King said, surlily, using the popular nickname given to the nieces of his minister, "she played me a pretty trick last night, and I will have none of her, I say"; and then he told the condoling count, who, however, was in the secret, how at the great ball after the tournament, the maiden, whose colors he had worn, had exchanged suits with his brother, the little "Monsieur," and so cleverly was the masquerading done, that he, the great King Louis, was surprised by the laughing Olympia, making sweet speeches to his own brother, thinking that he was talking to the mischievous maiden.

This was too much even for the young courtier, and he burst out a-laughing. But the King was sulky. For Louis of Bourbon, like many a less-titled lad, could enjoy any joke save one played upon himself, and the mischievous Olympia lived to regret her joking of a king. Once at odds with her, the King's fancies flew from one fair damsel to another, finally culminating when, in 1660, he married, for state reasons only, in the splendid palace on the Isle of Pheasants, reared specially for the occasion, the young Princess Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of his uncle, King Philip the Fourth.

From here the boy merges into the man, and we must leave him. Strong of purpose, clear-headed and masterful, Louis the Fourteenth ruled as King of France for seventy-two years — the most powerful monarch in Christendom. Handsome in person, majestic in bearing, dignified, lavish, and proud; ruling France in one of the most splendid periods of its history — a period styled "the Augustan age" of France; flattered, feared, and absolutely obeyed, one would think, boys and girls, that so powerful a monarch must have been a happy man. But he was not. He lived to see children and grandchildren die around him, to see the armies of France, which he thought invincible, yield again and again to the superior generalship of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and to regret with deep remorse the follies and extravagance of his early days. "My child," he said to his great-grandson and heir, the little five-year-old Louis, "you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building, or in my love of war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, as I, alas! have failed to do."

It is for us to remember that kings and conquerors are often unable to achieve the grandest success of life, — the ruling of themselves, — and that flattery and fear are not the true indications of greatness or of glory. No sadder instance of this in all history is to be found than in the life-story of this cold-hearted, successful, loveless, imperious, all-supreme, and yet friendless old man — one of the world's most powerful monarchs, Louis of Bourbon, Louis the *grand monarque*, Louis the worn-out old man of Versailles.

FROM the patrician emperor of old Rome to the patrician citizen of modern America these sketches of historic boys have extended. They represent but a few from that long list of remarkable boys, who, through the ages, have left their mark upon their times, — lads who, even had they died in their "teens" would still have been worthy of record as "historic boys." The lessons of their lives are manifold. They tell of pride and selfishness, of tyranny and wasted power, of self-reliance and courage, of patience and manliness. History is but the record of opportunities for action, and opportunities are never wanting. They exist to-day in the cities of the New World, even as they did ages ago in the valley of Elah and in the Forum of Rome.

"STOP!"


To little Children and dear these from one A Brennan
mark
A very young lady called Pop.
To a noisy old clock at the top
Of the stairs, said: "If you
Were a girlie Aunt Sue
Would be sure for to tell
you to 'stop',
I know she would tell you to stop".
MDCCCLXXXIII.

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

In this department, next month, St. Nicholas will make offer of One Hundred Dollars in prizes for the best Short Story for Girls, written by a Girl. Full particulars will be given in the November issue.

ON TEACHING THE EYE TO KNOW WHAT IT SEES.

By Frank Bellew.

One of the most experienced artists in New York remarked recently that he believed the time would come when schools would be established to teach the eye how to see, just as schools are formed now to educate the voice. Such schools undoubtedly are needed. Many of my young readers have heard or read about *optical illusions*, — the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights, regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand-point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts; while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will reflect the color of that object, and so become orange or red in parts, and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas, owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring, almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room.

An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card, and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole, side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Some people, as we know, are color-blind, or unable to distinguish one color from another: while some races, particularly the people of India,

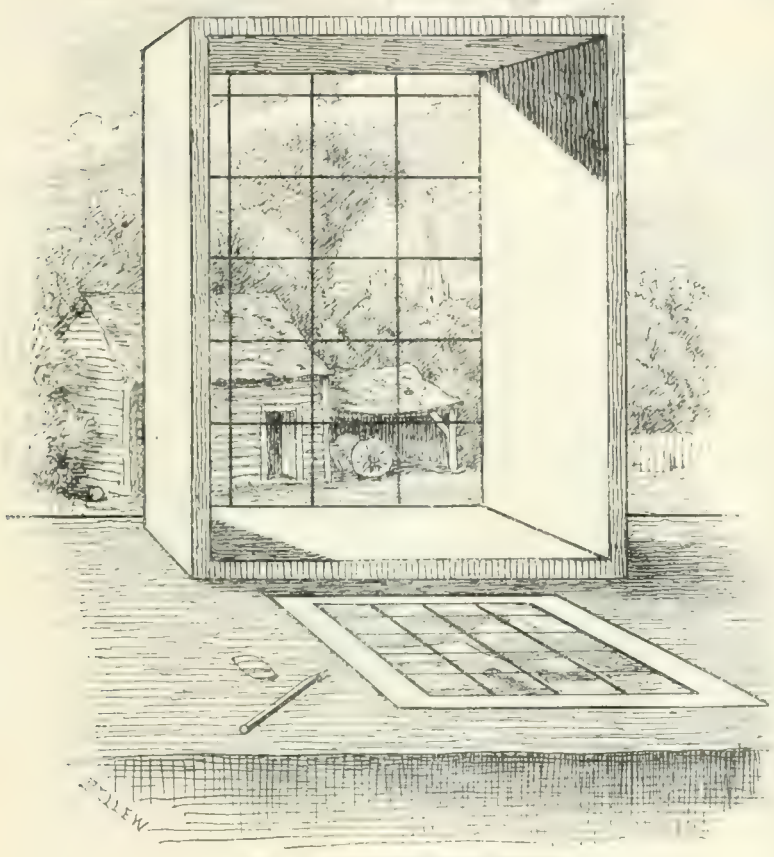


FIG. 1.—A "STUDY" AT ARCHITEKTWORK.

can perceive a great variety of shades, which the most cultivated European eye fails to distinguish.

But if color is deceptive, so are form and size; and, as to these, we see, even more than in the case of color, with our experience rather than with our eyes. If it were possible for a person who had been born blind to be suddenly endowed with sight, and with the faculty of drawing, I have little doubt that he would delineate objects presented to him more correctly than one who had always had the use of his eyes. It is good practice for beginners in drawing to make strenuous efforts to look at all objects as merely masses of light and shade. To this end it is well to look at the thing to be delineated, with half-closed eyes, so that its details may appear dimmed; or, to attain the same effect, a piece of gauze may be held before the eyes. And while suggesting expedients, I may mention that you can make for yourself a capital mechanical aid to accurate drawing by taking a hollow frame, — a box with the bottom removed is the best, — and dividing one of the open ends into squares by means of threads placed cross-wise and perpendicularly, as shown in the illustration. Set up this frame at a distance of several feet from your eye, between you and the object you wish to draw, so that you see the object and its surroundings (or the piece of landscape) *through* the frame, divided into squares by the threads. Then divide your paper into similar squares with pencil lines corresponding to the threads, and, guided by the threads and the lines, you have only to copy the picture that is framed by the box.

As an illustration of our natural tendency to see with our experience, rather than with our eyes, observe how children when they first begin to draw generally represent the nose of a full face, in profile, — and put a full-face eye into a profile face, as represented in Figures 2 and 3.

In his first attempts, too, the school-boy pictures the feet invariably in profile, and the hands flat,

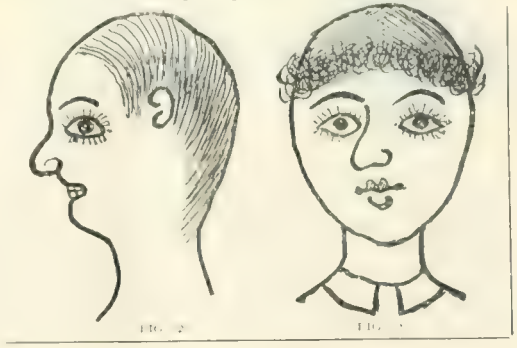


FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

as if spread out on a table. To put either a hand or foot in any other position utterly baffles him. But hands and feet are the most difficult things



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

which even the artist finds to draw. Look at these two black forms, Figures 4 and 5. Would you think that they represented the outlines of a

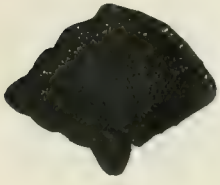


FIG. 4.

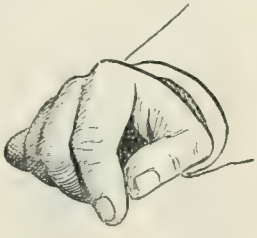


FIG. 6

hand and a foot? Yet a glance at the annexed diagrams, Figures 6 and 7, will show you that the hand and the foot very often assume the forms which are outlined, respectively, in the two silhouettes.

The extent to which form will influence and pervert our perception of size is well illustrated in the experiment of trying to indicate the supposed height of a silk hat. It is probably familiar to most of you. Ask any one who has not tried it, to indicate on the wall, with the point of a cane, the level to which he thinks a gentleman's silk hat would reach if placed upon the floor. In nine cases out of ten, the person asked will touch the wall at a height of from ten to twelve inches above the floor, whereas a silk hat is rarely more than six inches high. How deceptive, too, is the length of a horse's head. It seems almost incredible that it should be as long as a flour-barrel; yet such is the fact. Thorough-bred steeds have smaller heads than ordinary horses; but I find that the head of a certain famous racer measures two feet and two inches in length, while the height of a flour-barrel is but two feet four inches.

There are few things so puzzling to estimate correctly, at sight, as the size and form of objects seen "in perspective," as the artists say. To illustrate this: Look at the triangle shown in Figure 8. That little triangle would hardly suggest, to the unpracticed eye, the rails of several miles of railway; yet two lines of



FIG. 5.

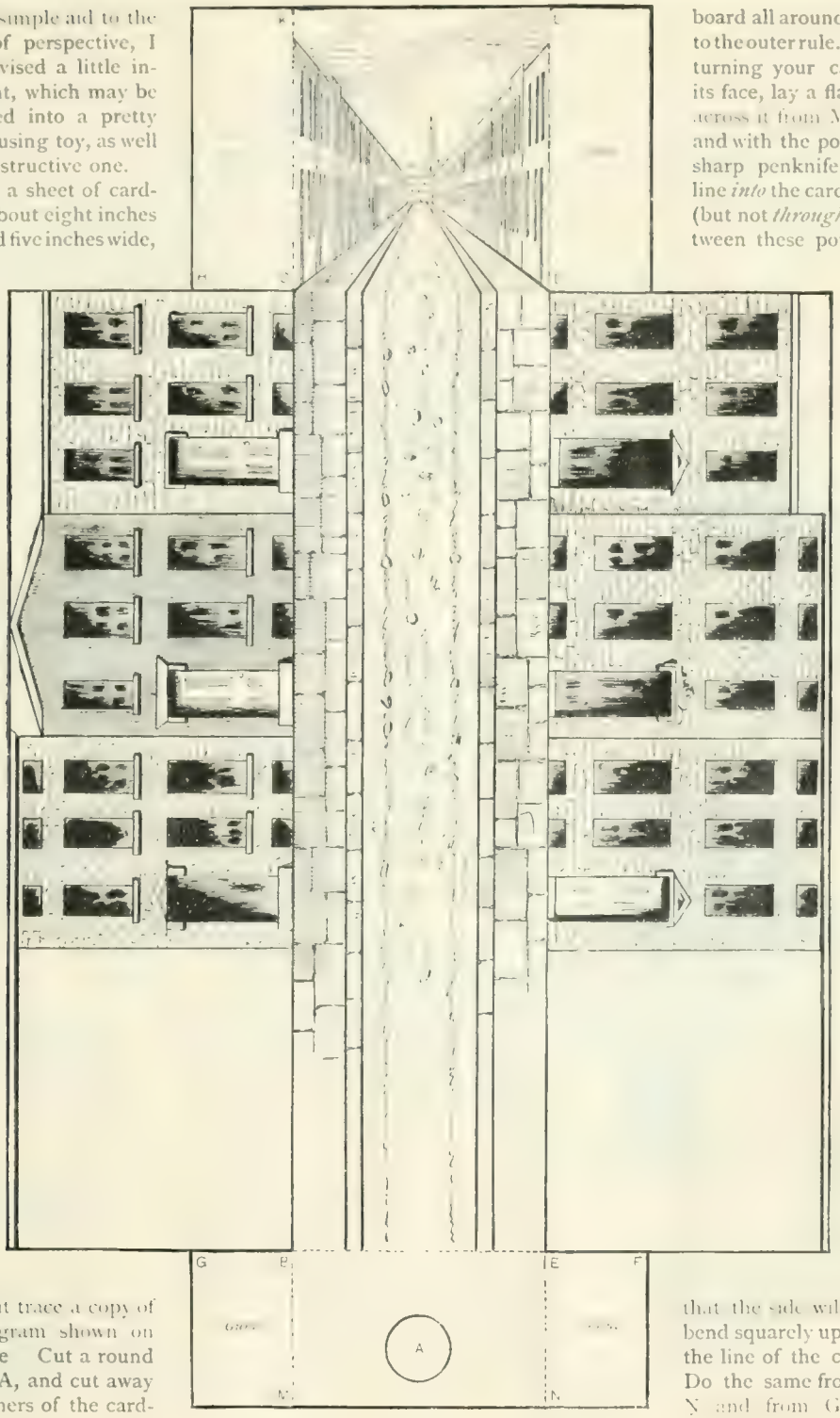


FIG. 7.

the same triangle appear, as the rails, in the sketch above (Fig. 9), wherein the track is seen "in perspective."

As a simple aid to the study of perspective, I have devised a little instrument, which may be improved into a pretty and amusing toy, as well as an instructive one.

Take a sheet of card-board about eight inches high and five inches wide,



board all around, down to the outer rule. Then, turning your card on its face, lay a flat ruler across it from M to K, and with the point of a sharp penknife cut a line *into* the card-board (but not *through* it) between these points, so

and on it trace a copy of the diagram shown on this page Cut a round hole at A, and cut away the corners of the card-

that the side will easily bend squarely up, along the line of the cutting. Do the same from L to N and from G to F

and from H to I. Cut *entirely through* the cardboard, however, from G to B, from F to E, from H to C, and from I to D. Now fold the four sides of the diagram up into the form of a box, and paste the corners of the ends (marked "*Gum*") to the outside of the sides.

Now, if you look through the round hole, A, you will see a very long street, the roadway of the greater part of which will be formed by the little triangle, which looks so insignificant in the drawing.

Of course, the effect will be improved if you are enough of an artist to make the drawing upon a larger scale than that of the one here shown, — or if some friend will make an enlarged drawing for you. In that case a good way to make the model is to draw your diagram on paper and then paste its parts on the inside of a long box. The boxes in which ladies' corsets are packed are admirably suited for the purpose. By this means you get a stronger and stiffer model, although you may find a little trouble in pasting the drawing neatly and accurately inside the box.

By coloring the houses red, and brown, and white, and the sky blue, the effect will be very much improved.

From a careful study of this model, you will get a very good idea of the first principles of perspective, which are very difficult to acquire from any kind of written explanation. Your eye will thus be taught to know what it sees when it views forms "in perspective," and you will realize that you have not before understood many of the reports of your own eyesight.

I do not know how useful this education of the eye might be to the world at large, except on the general principle that, in all things, accuracy is preferable to inaccuracy; but for all persons who are destined to be engaged in works of skill, from the mechanic to the artist, the training would undoubtedly be of great benefit.

In the present day, accuracy of eye is necessary in a great variety of callings, not only for the mechanic, in the production of manufactures, and the merchant, who must judge of the products, but for the thousands of employees on railroads, steamboats, and ferries, where the safety of life and property often depends, in great degree, upon this accuracy.

With the artist, the training of his eye to know what it sees should precede all other studies, or, at least, should keep step with every advance which he makes in the skill and dexterity belonging to his art.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

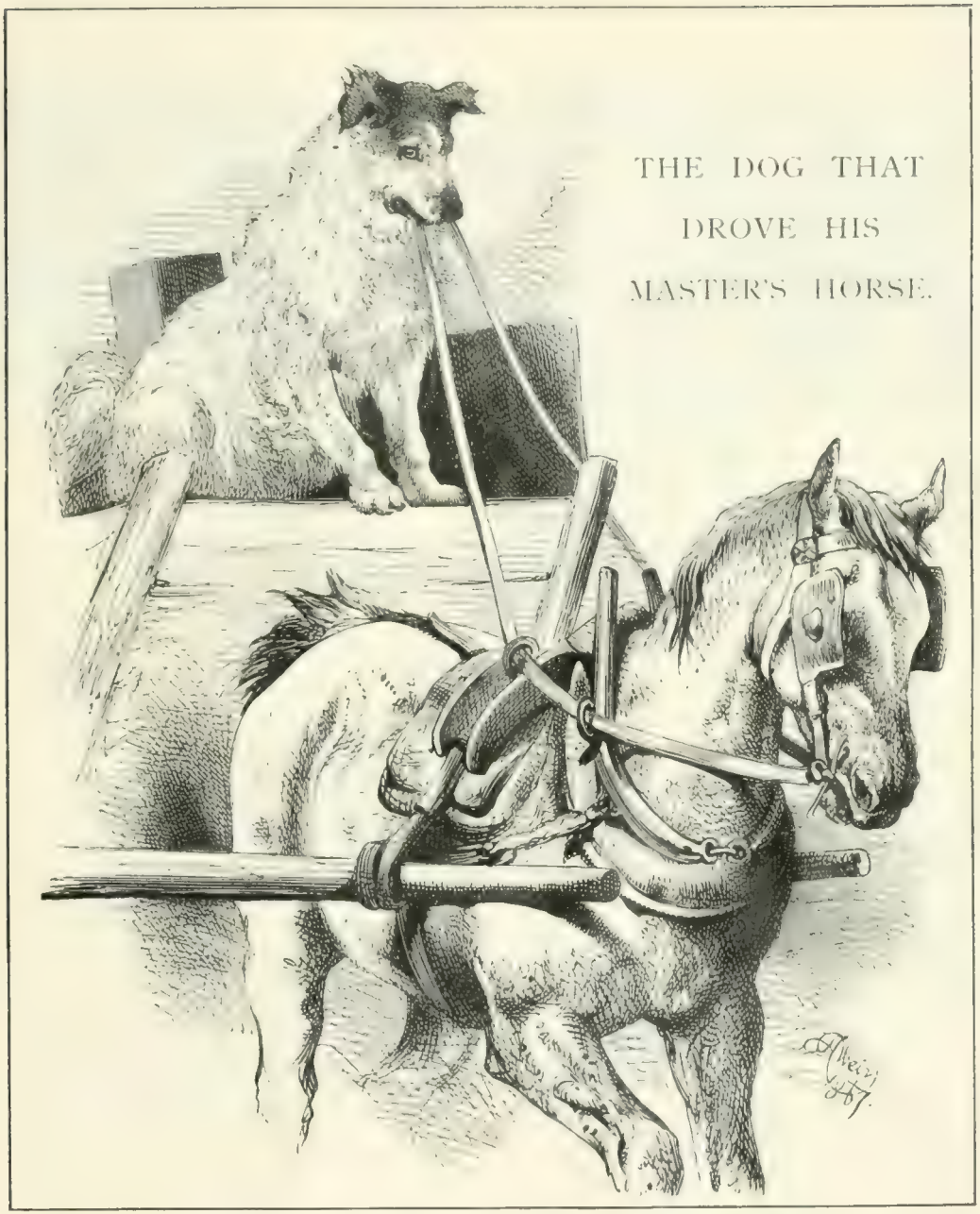
BY R. W. LOWRIE.

OUR Bessie drew something, quite quickly and well,
But what was intended, could nobody tell;
It was not a dog, and it was not a cat,
So she gave it a tail and she called it a rat.
But the tail was so funny, we all had to laugh,
Then she rubbed it all out, and she next drew a calf.
The calf, we all told her, was much like a sheep,
Or a pig half awake, or a goat half asleep.

And never was artist in greater distress,
Nor more persevering than poor little Bess
Her fence was too crooked, her trees were too straight;
Her house always toppled half over the gate;
Her windows were never alike in their size,—
She could n't see right for the tears in her eyes.

But Uncle and Aunty soon bought her a rule,
And a book and a pencil, and sent her to school.
And the dear little artist is learning so well,
That her pigs from her cows you can *easily* tell.

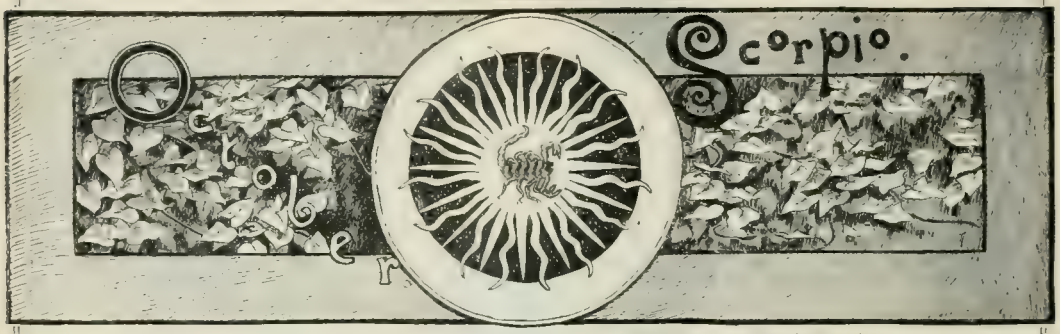




WATCH is a good dog. His master has a cart full of new potatoes. Watch holds the reins in his mouth, and drives the gentle old horse while his master goes along the sidewalk, from house to house, saying: "New po-*ta*-toes! Want to buy any fine new potatoes to-day, ma'am?"

Watch and Old Steady, the horse, are great friends.

BY ROYAL ANN EARR HILL.



October now invites the Sun
A Scorpion chase to try,
And so he leaves us for a while
To sweep the southern sky.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Wed.	12	Aqua.	11.49	
2	Thur.	13	Pisces	11.49	Andre executed, 1780.
3	Fri.	14	"	11.49	
4	Sat.	FULL	"	11.49	☾ eclipsed in rising
5	S	16	Aries	11.48	17th Sunday after Trinity.
6	Mon.	17	"	11.48	Venus and Jup. nr. Reg
7	Tues.	18	Taurus	11.48	Jupiter very close to Reg.
8	Wed.	19	"	11.47	Alfieri, died 1803.
9	Thur.	20	Orion	11.47	☾ near Saturn
10	Fri.	21	Gemini	11.47	Benjamin West, born 1738
11	Sat.	22	Cancer	11.47	America discovered, 1492.
12	S	23	"	11.46	18th Sunday after Trinity.
13	Mon.	24	Leo	11.46	
14	Tues.	25	Sextant	11.46	☾ nr. Venus and Jupiter
15	Wed.	26	Leo	11.46	
16	Thur.	27		11.45	Kosciusko, died 1817.
17	Fri.	28		11.45	Burgoyne surrend'd 1777
18	Sat.	NEW		11.45	
19	S	1		11.45	19th Sunday after Trinity.
20	Mon.	2		11.45	Moon near Mars.
21	Tues.	3	Scorpio	11.45	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805
22	Wed	4	Ophiuch	11.44	
23	Thur.	5	Sagit.	11.44	Marshal Junot, born 1771.
24	Fri.	6	"	11.44	Daniel Webster, died 1852
25	Sat.	7	"	11.44	(26) ☾ p. ov. star 9 15 P. M.
26	S	8	Capri.	11.44	20th Sunday after Trinity.
27	Mon.	9	Aqua.	11.44	Capt. J. Cook, born 1728
28	Tues.	10	"	11.44	Cuba discovered, 1492.
29	Wed.	11	"	11.44	Metz surrendered, 1870.
30	Thur.	12	Pisces	11.44	R. B. Sheridan, born 1751.
31	Fri	13	"	11.44	All Hallow E'en.

Sport for the Month.

Partridge in the fields are drumming.
Hark! The hunters now are coming.
Now each boy gets out his gun,
And with hope for sportsman's fun
Speeds away, away, away,
To the woods so brown and gay.

Evening Skies for Young Astronomers.

(See Introduction, page 255, St. Nicholas for January.)*

October 15th, 8.30 P. M.

Saturn is just on the eastern horizon and will be a fine object in the eastern sky about eleven o'clock. Aldebaran in *Taurus*, which we saw near Saturn in January is not very far off, for Saturn moves so slowly among the stars that it takes him thirty years to make that circuit of the zodiac constellations which the sun appears to, and the earth really does, make in one year, and the moon makes in less than a month. In fact, the moon changes her place among the stars more in a single day than Saturn does in a whole year.

Low down in the south is the most southern of the bright stars we see during the year. It is Fomalhaut. To persons living at the Cape of Good Hope or in Chili in South America this star passes overhead, just as Lyra does with us.

The Square of Pegasus is now nearly upright, and the first two stars, Markab the lower one and Sheat the upper one, are within less than an hour of being over our south mark.

High up in the east below the W of the constellation of *Cassiopeia*, is the constellation *Perseus*. It lies mostly along the *Milky Way* to the east of Capella. Its most prominent star, the highest on the edge of the *Milky Way*, is Mirfac. The other bright star to the south of it is the remarkable variable star Algol, which fades and brightens again very mysteriously, once in every period of about two days and twenty-one hours.

Don't forget the occultation, as it is called, of Beta Capri by the moon, on the evening of the 26th, and the near approach of Venus and Jupiter to the star Regulus, before dawn, on the morning of the 6th.

THE BEAR AND THE RABBIT.

"How is your October ale?" said the Rabbit to a big black Bear. "I heard you were *bruin*, so I thought I would step round and bring you some hops."

"Glad you did!" said the big black Bear, as he gobbled him up; "I have been waiting for a *rare-bit* for some time."

"Mercy!" said the rest of the Rabbit family, who had been watching at a safe distance. "Guess we 'd better go home without the ale, or something will ail us." So saying, they turned around and hopped off.

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"WHAT will be plenty this year!" cried October, staggering in under a great load of vines. "I shall have about all I can do to attend to these, Mother, and I 'm afraid the trees will not be so brilliant as usual this year, for I don't see how I shall get time to dye them, and you know there is plenty of other work to be done."

"It does seem as if all the odds and ends of the year were left for you, my dear," said Mother Nature, "and I know you have a busy time of it. But I should miss my pretty scarlet leaves and berries so much! You must ripen the nuts, and, if possible, give a bit of frost before you go, to open the burrs a little; the squirrels are growing impatient, to say nothing of the children. You ought to get the robins started, too, on their way to the South."

"Well," said October, "I have a sunny temper, and I 'll be as lively as I can; I suppose I must do what I can for the cider, too."

THE GOSSIP OF THE NUTS.

SAID the Shagbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut — ask her.

"I don't like to pop too soon,
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door;
Besides, I 'm in no hurry
To increase the squirrels' store.

"A telegram from Peanut says
That she 's on the way,
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening,
In Texas, so they say."

Just here the little Beech Nut,
In his three-cornered hat,
Remarked in tiny piping voice,
"I 'm glad to hear of that.

"For then my charming cousin
So very much like me,
Mrs. Chinquapin will come with them,
And happy I shall be."

Then Butternut spoke up and said:
"'T will not be long before
I 'll have to move my quarters
[illegible]

"With Hickory and Walnut,
Good company I 'll keep,
And there, until Thanksgiving,
Together we shall sleep."

Said the Shagbark, "I am tired
Of [illegible]
I want to see the world,
Pray, what is there to fear?

"I 'll stay up here no longer;
I 'll [illegible]
So good-bye, Sister Chestnut!
We 'll meet again in town."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ST. NICHOLAS" is eleven years old this month, and a fine, lusty young magazine as one could expect to find in a century of Octobers.

Bless him, my girls; throw up your caps for him, my boys; and one and all give him three hearty cheers. Let everybody come to his Birthday Party, here on my meadow, next month.

Now I 'll read you a letter about

"GARDEN QUESTIONS" ANSWERED.

HERE is the first correct set of answers to "A Few Simple Garden Questions":

DEAR JACK: I read in the August number of ST. NICHOLAS your few simple garden questions, and thought I would try to answer some

The leaf that bears the letter V is the clover; the leaf that bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe is the geranium. If you pull the Star of Bethlehem to pieces, the stamens and pistils will form a lyre In the larkspur, which is a double flower, are very pretty doves The fern grows its seed under its surface. I have never found two pieces of ribbon-grass exactly alike. From a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS. L. E. M.

The dear Little School-ma'am, who says that L. E. M. has not found the best lyre, asks me to show him this old "jingle" by the editor:

"I know where there 's a beautiful shoe—
Tiny and fair and ready for you;
It hides away in the balsam-flower,
But I 'll find you a pair in less than an hour.

"Thank you my laddie; now this I 'll do,
I 'll pluck a heart-flower* just for you.
The hearts hang close on a bending spray;
And every heart hides a lyre away.

"How shall you find it? I 'll tell you true:
You gently sunder the heart in two,
And, under the color, as white as milk,
You 'll find the lyre with its strings of silk."

THE SQUIRREL AND THE DOG.

MADISON, WIS., August 9, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you a little story about something that happened in the park here. There are lots of little gray squirrels in the park. One day a dog began chasing one of them; the squirrel ran up a tree, and the dog began barking at him. The squirrel began chuckling back to the dog as much as to say to him, you 're a great deal bigger than I am, but you can't climb a tree though. After the squirrel thought he had teased the dog enough, he jumped from the tree right upon the dog's back, and began scratching him. The dog ran howling away. The squirrel ran back up the tree in great glee. From your affectionate little reader, KATIE M. THOMPSON

VENERABLE DOGS AND HORSES.

YOU probably remember, my attentive friends, that in July last we read a great many replies to the question I had asked you in April concerning the ages attained by horses and dogs.

As I asked only for replies based upon personal knowledge, it was surprising to see how many authentic instances were then made known of dogs living over fourteen, and horses over thirty years of age. Well, they were not all. Many letters were laid over for the personal consideration of the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am; and now I am requested by those two very good and honored friends of yours to complete the record. So here is the pith of the most interesting replies:

ALBERT W. C., of Brooklyn, sends authentic account of "Sorrel," a horse of thirty-five years now living, and adds: "His owner keeps him more for what he has been than for what he is now."

WALTHAM.

We have a neighbor whose horse is known to be thirty-six years old. It may interest your readers to know that I had a canary-bird that lived to the age of thirteen years. Your friend, JOSIE FORD.

STREATHAM, S. W., ENGLAND.

We had a gray and black Pomeranian dog, called "Rab," which was fifteen years old when he died, last July. ETHEL M. M.

NELLIE PHELPS, of Cuba, knows two dogs which are past eighteen years of age. M. C. G. says that his friend B. S. Gifford, of Westport, Mass., owned a black-and-tan dog that lived to be seventeen years old, and was then killed by an accident. L. M. D., of California, writes that he has a dog "twenty-one years of age, and alive yet." H. F., of Govanstown, Md., sent a fine photograph of "Old Sam," a favorite horse of Gen. Berry, of Baltimore; also an account in a local newspaper of the death of this noble animal — "a bob-tailed bright bay, having reached the remarkable age of thirty-nine years, eleven months, and seventeen days." This veteran horse would have been forty years old had he lived fourteen days longer.

RUTLAND, VT.

My uncle, who lives in Burlington, Vt., used to own a horse that is now thirty-one years old, and shows no sign of dying yet.

My cousin had a dog that lived to be nearly sixteen years old, and then did not die a natural death, but was shot.

My father once had a pony that lived over thirty-four years.

C. W. ALLEN.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

My grandmother had a horse that lived to be forty-one years old. Grandmamma has now in use a horse thirty-three years of age. Mr. B., a friend of ours, owns one which has lived twenty-seven years, and is as spry as one of six.

Then, I knew personally of a Newfoundland dog sixteen years old.

Yours truly, JOHN H. C.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Our neighbor had a dog which was bought for his eighteen-year-old son, when a baby. They kept him until last fall, when he had to be destroyed, for he had the rheumatism, and suffered dreadfully. I mean the dog, of course.

Ever your ardent admirer, GRACE MILDRED B.

* *Dicentra cucullaria.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in relation to our fourfooted companions, viz., dogs, from the owners personally; the following-named persons have dogs over fourteen:

[illegible]
Michael Cummings, Broadway, yellow terrier, eighteen years old
[illegible]
Wm. H. Fenner, 133 Fountain Street, Scotch terrier, aged fifteen.
Thomas Lincoln, Providence, black-and-tan, fifteen years old.
[illegible]

[illegible] the neighborhood of fifteen years of age, the dog invariably comes [illegible]

After making out the license, I give it to the dog, who carries it to his master, and then returns to me with money to pay for it. He evinces his pleasure after paying by sundry short barks and a contented wriggle of his [illegible] be construed that he knows he is all right for one more year. And, as far as the license paper is concerned, he is.

One gentleman in this city owns a fine coach dog, well known by all his neighbors, and they are in the habit of giving the dog pennies, which he takes to his master, a trick taught him by a former owner, and being rewarded by a sou[illegible] The gentleman informed me that during one year the dog collected nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents. The animal will take nothing but a penny, refusing nickels and silver. He is a great friend of the children, and many a penny teased from indulgent fathers, which otherwise would be spent for candy, goes into the dog's mouth.

Yours truly, S. F. Beanlands.

[illegible], Dakota.

I have seen a horse that was thirty-five; and then he did not die a natural death, but fell from a cliff.

At the place where we boarded when I was a little girl, they had a dog that was eighteen years old.

I have always kept at a respectful distance from mules, and so can tell you nothing about them. Yours truly, Fanny Shannon.

A BRAVE CAT-FISH MOTHER.

It is rarely that the fishes, with their staring eyes that can neither open nor shut, and expressionless faces, make any great display of their likes and dislikes, but when they do, they are very apt to astonish us. Can it be possible, we say, that a fish has any power of feeling emotion? But hear what my friend Mr. Holder tells me. He says that Dr. C. C. Abbott, the well-known naturalist, or some one whom Dr. Abbott knew, once saw a young brood of cat-fish (or kitten-fish, whichever you please) following their mother in a creek; and, securing them with a net, he placed them all in a glass globe two feet from the water. The mother fish seemed to know at once that something unusual had happened, and swam about for some time, evidently observing her babies alive and well, though not able to understand it. Several times she approached near the globe, then swam back as if undetermined; but finally she swam into shallow water, and using her side, or pectoral, fins as feet, fairly wriggled on dry land to the base of the globe. Here their captor carefully liberated



the young fishes, when, to use his language, "they immediately clustered about her, and followed her into deep water." Now, you see this cat-fish not only showed a motherly anxiety for the fate of her young, but she was willing to do a difficult and very dangerous act in order to go to them. She bore the severe suffering of being out of the water, and braved all the pain and unusual strain upon her fins in crawling upon the ground after her little ones. After this I shall have more respect for even the minnows that sport in the little brook running near my pulpit.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month, drawn by Mr. George F Barnes, almost tells its own story. The court jester, weary of his quips and cranks, has sought a few moments' respite from the scenes of royal pomp or pastime. In this secluded corner, he has thrown down the monk-like hood, or cap, such as nearly all court jesters wore in the olden time, and he has been thinking, perhaps, the serious thoughts that even jesters must sometimes know. Or perhaps he has been laboriously devising some new joke with which to make the castle ring, or sharpening a shaft of wit which shall pierce some pert upstart of the royal company or at least please his rather tedious Majesty, the King. When, suddenly,—just as he is looking grave and even care-worn (for what task can be more difficult than that of always trying to be funny?)—his face lights up with a surprised smile. Somebody actually is amusing the jester himself! It is the little prince, who, in his wanderings about the castle, has come upon the weary man, and in a spirit of fun has donned the jester's cap, making its bells jingle cheerily with every saucy shake of his young head. His little Highness is quick and imitative. Already he has upon his lips some witty taunt, for that is what he has heard most often from the jester himself.

Here we shall leave them, content to feel that the sober-minded merry-maker and the happy but royalty-trammeled boy may at least have a few moments of mutual enjoyment, and perhaps of friendly talk,—who knows? It is not easy to deceive a bright little boy, prince or no prince, and he may ask a question or two that will give the jester the comfort of saying, with a sigh: "Go to, Little Master! One who must jest for others in order to live and to dress in fine motley, must sometimes sigh and weep for himself."

"Nay, then, I'll be thy little Fool, and cheer thee," says the prince, softly "Give me thy bauble!"

WILLOW HILL.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Some of us girls are greatly interested lately in the question of *slang*. We have acquired the habit of using it, and it has grown on us until people are beginning to shake their heads at us, and we get hints from all sides that it is not a lady-like accomplishment; but it is so hard to stop it, and such fun to use it, that we are very loath to give it up. However, although we are a pretty gay set of girls, we do want to be considered *ladies*, and we would endeavor to break ourselves of the habit if we really believed it to be "rough" and vulgar, as some people have rather broadly hinted to us. Now, wont you please let us bother you,—or the dear, patient Little School-ma'am,—by asking what you think about it? It seems to us as if our conversation would sound extremely *prim* and starchy if we were prohibited from indulging in slang—of a mild type But we will abide by your decision in the matter, and wait anxiously for your reply.

Yours devotedly, *for slang*, NELL.

You and the other girls, friend Nell, will, we feel confident, be much interested in the paper on "Slang" in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. Indeed, your own letter furnished the text for Mrs. Runkle's admirable article, which we heartily commend to all our readers, old and young.

Perhaps you could have answered your own question about the propriety of using slang, had you stopped to consider what slang is. Broadly speaking, it is the colloquial tongue, the familiar speech, of the lower classes; of people too ignorant and too indolent to express their ideas in correct English. Should you not say, then, that the constant use of this makeshift must tend to blunt the faculty of expression? If you use slang freely, just notice your own speech, and you will observe that you do not try to convey your thought, whatever that may be, in the most exact and vivid words, but that you adopt some ready-made phrase, more or less inappropriate. As a lady, you would be ashamed to wear tasteless, flashy, and ill-fitting gowns. Ought you to be less fastidious about the clothing of your thoughts, "the immortal part of you"? As a studious school-girl, Nell, remember that, next to developing ideas, it is the business of your education to develop fit and refined forms of utterance for those ideas. And if, as your letter implies, you fear that a state of semi-speechlessness will follow your rejection of slang, you may be sure (you and the other girls who are "devoted" to that low-bred intruder) that your dependence on it is already hazardous, and that your ideas stand in danger of becoming as limited as their forms of expression.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS has written for "The Letter-Box" this harrowing ballad, which he calls

REMORSE.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

ONCE a sweet little boy sat and swung on a limb,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
"Tell me where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please,"
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
But it was n't by me that the story was fixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
'T was a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

OCEANIC, N J., July, 1884

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma suggested last winter that on rainy days we should spend our time in making fancy articles, and she promised, that if we finished what we began and succeeded in getting together enough articles to hold a fair, we should have one on our lawn during the summer.

With the help of little friends, we had our fair on the 5th of July, when we made $150.00 for the Fresh Air Fund. This goes to show how much little girls can do, after all.

We are city children, but enjoy our summers in the country so much that we were anxious to make other children as happy as ourselves. LULU, BERTHA, AND ISABEL.

ST. GENEVIEVE CO., MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers and I have been taking your magazine for two years, and we like it very much. Its pleasant face stopped coming a few months ago, and I now write to renew our subscription again, as we are quite lost without it. My brother Joseph likes best to read such pieces as the "Brooklyn Bridge," the "Obelisk," and the "Telescope," but I must confess I like "Grandmother's Pearls" much better.

During the long evenings last winter, Mamma read aloud to us the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill," Papa listening with the rest. We all thought it splendid. Mr. Trowbridge is such a good writer. We live in the country, seven miles from the Mississippi river. Last Sunday, as papa was coming home from St. Mary with two other gentlemen, and as they were crossing the Big Salim Bridge, just as they came near the middle pier, with a loud crash it gave way beneath them, precipitating horses and riders a distance of about twenty-five feet into the deep muddy waters below. Papa escaped with some severe bruises, but one of the gentlemen was very badly hurt in the head, and is now very sick. Papa was riding a nice big horse we call "Jeff," who got fast in the heavy timber and came near being drowned, staying in the water about an hour, until assistance came. With the aid of a skiff and an axe, he was finally secured, with but few scratches.

This is a very long letter for a little girl, so I will stop writing.

Your constant reader, LOUISE A. P.

LOUISE A. P. and her brothers will be glad to learn that Mr. Trowbridge has written another long story, which will appear in ST. NICHOLAS next year.

In connection with Mrs. Champney's paper on the Indian School [illegible] Dear St. Nicholas: [illegible] the bells all rang.

[illegible] buffalo-berries and wild grapes than cherries or plums. The buffalo-[illegible] to pick them, but they make nice jelly.

Yours truly, LOUISE C.

[illegible] Dear St. Nicholas: [illegible] printed and put into the Letter-box. I am an American girl, nine years old, living out in the Sandwich Islands. I have taken you for a great many years, and I think you are the best magazine I ever read. I like the story of the "Philopena" very much indeed. MADGE K. W.

[illegible] My Dear St. Nicholas: I have been taking you for a long time, ever since 1880, and I like you very much. I am very much interested in "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," and I am very sorry that [illegible] fort here. The officers and their families used to live inside the walls [illegible] years ago. I would like very much to see my letter in print, as it is the first I have ever written. Yours truly, G. O.

[illegible] New Orleans.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little lame [illegible] New Orleans. I have a lovely pony; it is pure white, and I have a little [illegible] I [illegible] N. [illegible] ight years old. I wrote this letter all by myself, but sister told me [illegible] Yours [illegible] M.

[illegible] Dear St. Nicholas: [illegible] August number, and find that with misspelling two words George could have had the whole alphabet engraved on the shield and thus translated it: Alice Benedict Could Divulge Exciting Facts. George Himself Inwardly Judged Kind Little Maiden Naughty. "Oh, Pretty Quaint Rosy Sister, Tell Us Veraciously!" "What, Xplain Yourself Zoon." As this may interest some of your numerous readers, will you not print it and oblige your admirers, Prue, Fanny, Carrie, Nan, Mark, Hugh, Harry, Frank, Jack, and "the twins," Madge and Connell.

We are sorry to disappoint so many of our young friends by not being able to print their pleasant letters to us, but there is space for only a small number. Our thanks are due especially to: [illegible] Bertha E. Firth, Marion M. De Vere, "Bessie B.," Hattie B. [illegible] and "S. K."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-SECOND REPORT.

On returning home from a delightful vacation by the sea, we find a deskfull of pleasant letters from old and new friends of the Association, all expressing earnest interest, and many breathing real enthusiasm. We note first the following

New Chapters.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
684	Gilbertsville, N. Y. (A)	7	Miss Katherine Gilbert.
685	Michigan City, Ind. (A)	8	J. F. Clearwater.
686	Lunenburg, Mass. (A)	5	James S. Pray.
687	Adrian, Mich. (A)	10	Arthur P. Lewis, Box 296.
688	Landis Valley, Pa. (A)	4	H. K. Landis (Lancaster Co.)
689	Coldwater, Mich. (A)		Miss Bertha Rose.
690	Butler, Missouri (A)	1	Harvey Clark (Bates Co.)
691	Red Bank, N. J. (A)	7	P. B. Sickels, Box 277.

Reorganized.

174 Easton, Pa. (B) 7. Thomas S. March.

Dissolved.

147 and 466.

Exchanges.

Correspondence desired in regard to exchanging insects. — Geo. W. Dunbar, Jr., Williamsville, N. Y.

Soil of Pennsylvania or New Jersey, for that of any other State. — Alden March, care Prof. F. A. March, Easton, Penn.

Skins of small animals. Western correspondents preferred. — W. B. [illegible] East [illegible], R. I.

Crinoid stems and zoöphytes, for a medium-sized, live horned toad. — I. M. Traber [illegible], Huntsburg, Ohio.

Pressed ferns (maiden-hair), for birds' eggs. — Miss Mabel Foye, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., California.

Petrified wood, mosses, and ferns, for a second-hand *Packard's Geology*. — Miss Pauline Staples, Linden, California.

Reports from Chapters.

The present Secretary of Plantsville, Ct., B, No. 257, is Albert [illegible] Ely. [*It is important that the Secretary be permanent, unless quite impossible.*]

Frederick H. Scott, of Westfield, Mass., asks whether chipmunks eat fish, and, if so, whether they take them from the water.

Philadelphia, H, 145, has "a library of 145 books, and a reading room, which is open once a week."

Since our organization, April 18th, this year, we have held regular meetings every week. Although we have few specimens as yet, we intend to enlarge our collection rapidly. We have not been idle, but have had quite a number of essays read, and our President, W. C. Watts, delivered three lectures on the "Construction of Plants," which were very interesting. Members of our Chapter were very much pleased with the new hand-books, and their interest in the study of nature is doubled. All agree that since we joined the "A. A." we have seen and learned more of the things around us than we ever dreamed of before. — Frank M. Davis, Sec. Chapter D, No. 638, of St. Louis, Mo.

[illegible] I send you our report of work done during the last three months. We took the course of botany recommended in St. Nicholas, and found it very interesting and instructive. We bring in reports regularly on optional subjects, or such as may be selected by the President. We have had one debate, which was fair, considering that it was our first attempt. Since our admission we have elected three new members, making a total of nine. We have a cabinet, which contains many valuable things, including minerals, coins, birds' eggs, and shells. We meet every Friday evening. When we have money enough we intend to buy a microscope. — Yours sincerely, N. Sinclair, Sec. Chap. G, [illegible].

The Secretary from Pomfret Center, A, writes: "I can not tell you the delight we have in belonging to the Association. A walk has new meaning [illegible]"

Dorchester, Mass., No. 429: "The meetings are much more interesting, and better order is preserved than last year."

Peru, Mass., 492: "We have held meetings at the school-house on Friday afternoons, and various papers have been presented instead of rhetoricals. These papers have been on familiar topics, as spiders, butterflies, house flies, etc., and all statements given are the result of actual observation. The very minutest details are called for. This teaches the value of accurate description, and illustrates our motto, 'The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness.'"—H. Ada Stowell.

We are continually surprised and gratified by the ingenuity of our Chapters in devising new plans and methods. See the following bright letter from No. 87:

The last two months have been two of unusual activity in our Chapter. What with preparations for our entertainment and the work of the Chapter we have had our hands full. Our entertainment was, in all respects, a success, netting us the handsome sum of $51.00; which was a very good result, as our expenses were not light (.27 00). We have had a discussion of "Birds and their Habits," and lectures on "Glaciers, Chemistry," etc. Our cabinet is constantly receiving new and rare additions, our library is increasing, and everything seems to prosper. Our anniversary and exhibition will soon take place. Your kind answers to our reports always give us new encouragement, and we think that the more interest we take the more it will please you, and tend to elevate the already good standard of the Association.—Yours respectfully, Frederic Schneider.

Here follows an admirable plan for supplying the Chapter cabinet with specimens:

Our Chapter has added four members to the four with which it started, and we have very interesting meetings. We have a club-room, which was given to us by the father of one of our members, and the college has given us a cabinet, the shelves of which are filled with a fine collection of minerals, given to us by the President of our Chapter, from whom we have received many of our specimens. In one of the drawers are kept about fifty eggs, most of which were collected by the members last season. In another drawer we keep our bird-skins. Many of these are rare, and they all were collected by the members. This collection is fast increasing, and next summer we hope to add many more. In the rest of the drawers are shells, the larger part of which were presented by our President. We have also two cases of insects. We have been accustomed to have "excursions," as we call them. We spend a morning or afternoon out in the fields or woods getting what specimens we can. Every specimen we get on these "excursions" is for the cabinet of the Chapter. In this way we have got many of our finest specimens. Our favorite books are "Macalister's Zoölogy of Invertebrates and Vertebrates," in two volumes; "A. S. Packard's Briefer Course in Zoölogy," and "Miss Buckley's Fairy-land of Science."—Yours very truly, Charles W. Spencer, Waterville, Me.

Sewickley, Pa., No. 532, writes: "Since our last report our Chapter has been very active. We have found a great many fossils on the banks of the Ohio. We have found great difficulty in getting them out whole, having tried a great many instruments. We split them very often. Will some one please tell us a way to get them out?—B. H. Christy, Sec., box 41.

[*If any one can send this information to the President it will be of general interest.*]

520, Baltimore, G, writes: "We have one Saturday in each month, when we give all the specimens we get to the Chapter museum."

SANDUSKY, O., Aug. 4, 1884.

"Progressing finely. Great enthusiasm shown by all members. We have two hundred fossils. Expect to give an entertainment soon. Every two months every member brings in a new book, so we are getting quite a library.—J. Youngs, Jr., Ch. Sec.

The following wide-awake letter is the type of scores that we constantly receive, and that as constantly rejoice our hearts:

I suppose you almost imagine that our Chapter must by this time be dead and gone, because we have never once written; but, on the contrary, it is not dead, nor has it any consumptive symptom. It has all the youth and strength of a vigorous growth. I had a few spare moments now, and so I thought I would let you know of our existence.

Since the genesis of our Chapter we have had a somewhat slow, but, at the same time, steady growth. What meetings have been held have been at my "study," and without a single exception have been well attended and full of interest. We have principally confined our "talks" and subjects to entomology, and have found an abundance to interest and instruct in this one branch. We already have a "cabinet" and some cases of insects grouped and classified. There is a promise of good times and evenings well-spent for the coming winter. We have read with a great interest "our" department in ST. NICHOLAS every month.

But this was to be only a note, as I know you have plenty to do with all your time.—Wishing success on our common brotherhood, I am truly yours, S. D. Sammis, Sec. N. Y., N.

The plan of electing members shown by the next letter is worth considering by other Chapters. The tree-idea is also new, ingenious, and pretty:

BARABOO, WIS.

I am happy at last to be able to thank you for your kindness in writing to me while I could not see. The sight has almost all returned to one of my eyes, and the other is improving quite fast.

Our Chapter now numbers thirteen members, and there are several who wish to join, but we try to get only those that are interested, and have adopted a new way of finding out; we let any wishing to join come to two meetings before voting on their names, then if they still wish to join and have shown interest in the work they will be admitted.

We all have silver engraved badges, and were pleasantly surprised when we received them to find them much prettier than we had expected. A short time ago we had Prof. Butler from Madison, Wis., to lecture for us. We have rented a room which opens into the room which the Art Association of Baraboo occupy. I think that art and nature are very good companions. Don't you? Our Chapter intends to hold meetings once a month to which visitors will be invited.

Our collection of bird's-nests and eggs is quite large, and we have arranged them in the branch of a tree that is fastened in the corner of the room and spreads on each side about six or eight feet; to the top branches we fasten wasps' nests, etc.; at the foot the ground-bird's-nests are arranged among grasses, ferns, and mosses. We make a rule that the nests must not be robbed of all the eggs, or the nest taken until after the birds have left it.

In answer to some of the questions in May number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think that toads are useful in destroying insects that are injurious to vegetation. Flies are useful as scavengers. Squirrels do drink water when they are caged, and I suppose they do when free. I have heard that prairie-dogs, unless in the vicinity of a stream or lake, get water by digging wells. I have two prairie-dogs, and they drink a great deal of water. They were very wild when I received them about a week ago, but now they are as tame as my Guinea-pigs, with which they are quite friendly. One or two of the girls with myself have begun an herbarium.—Yours respectfully, Marie MacKennan.

Every young botanist will be stimulated by this report from Wilmington:

My father is a florist and botanist, so I have a fine chance to study botany. Last summer I examined about four hundred flowers, and I am going to begin again as soon as spring comes. Papa has a collection of over three thousand plants, which he says he will give to me if I make a botanist of myself.

I have a great many minerals; I wish I knew more about them. I have also a collection of butterflies and moths, and some cocoons, which I am keeping until the insects come out. Last summer and the summer before I caught caterpillars and kept them in a box, and fed them until they spun their cocoons. They did not burst until May or June of the next year. I have one butterfly very much like the "Papilio Asterias" in form, but the fore-wings are velvety, black, and without spots, slightly greenish near the hind border; the hind wings are peacock-blue, very glossy, with five small, irregular, white crescents, instead of the blue and yellow spots on the "Asterias." I have seen but one like it. I keep my butterflies in a large pine box; on the bottom I spread insect powder, and laid over it a sheet of white paper. I have never seen any signs of insect pests.—Yours truly, Mary H. Tatnall, Wilmington, Del.

NORTH GRANVILLE, N. Y.

I have the honor to submit to you the first bi-monthly report of the Granville A, Chapter 594, of the "A. A." Our number has increased from nine to thirteen. We have a room in which weekly meetings are held, and also a cabinet and some specimens. All have been greatly benefited by the formation of a Chapter.—Yours respectfully, James E. Rice.

At the time of going to press it is too early to give any account of the meeting in Philadelphia.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

The [illegible] reading downward, from left to right, and from right to left, each form a word meaning [illegible]

Cross-words: 1 Form. 2 A graceful [illegible] 3 [illegible] two. 4 [illegible]

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

[illegible]

I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1 In miser. 2 The [illegible] plants. 3 A city in New England. 4 An inclosed seat in a church. 5 In miser.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1 In miser. 2 A color. 3 A mineral. 4 A color. 5 In miser.

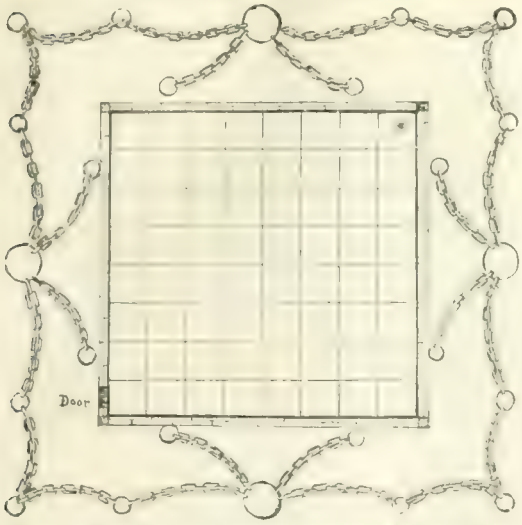
III. Central Diamond: 1 In miser. 2 Credit. 3 The chief magistrate of a city. 4. To decay. 5. In miser.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1 In miser. 2 [illegible] 3. The land belonging to a nobleman. 4. Sixteen and a half feet. 5. In miser.

V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1 In miser. 2 A point. 3 One who is armed. 4 A powerful weapon when skilfully wielded. 5 In miser.

[illegible] MILES.

THE PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



Each of these [illegible] squares represents a [illegible] There are four doors in each cell,—one on each side. There are supposed to be no doors [illegible] the [illegible] indicated. In the cell [illegible] by a star, [illegible] been told he may have his liberty if he [illegible] to enter the cell marked "door." and not go through any [illegible] his own. He must, however, go through *every cell*. Show the path by which the prisoner reached the door. WALTER C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and am a couplet written by Herrick.

My 45–26–13 is to enumerate. My 56–65–39–7 is a suggestion. My 33–27–15–47–52–21 is something very indispensable. My 61–25 is a log. My 29–53–[illegible] is the relation in which Queen Victoria stands to Edward, Duke of Kent, [illegible] George III. My [illegible] every woman. My [illegible] My [illegible] My 1–3–66–46–14–55–23–38–19–10 is engaging. My 32–30–63–16 is [illegible] My [illegible] My [illegible] every [illegible] My [illegible]

[illegible]

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARES.

[illegible]

I. 1. Sister Anna directed the workmen where to go. 2. We went to Balmoral one day to view the castle. 3. Why does your kitten, Tabby, doze nearly all the time? 4. The miner threw the money down carelessly. 5. He pays his rent so promptly, he is considered a good tenant.

II. 1. Be careful not to rub lancets of such fine make with so rough a stone. 2. Has Ella borrowed your ball? 3. I want to borrow a bat Ed promised to loan to me. 4. It is no test of strength to merely lift an Indian club. 5. Shall Alec rest under yon tree while I return to the cottage? "ALMA" AND "HARRY."

CHARADE.

My *first* is a band of brothers,
A noble band, and strong,
Who spend their lives in doing good
And striking out the wrong.

My [illegible] must be [illegible],
My [illegible] my [illegible],
Or never [illegible] be admitted
For such is the decree. M. C. D.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

FIND the names of the authors of the following quotations. Then take the fourth letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the second letter of the second name, the fourth letter of the third name, the first letter of the fourth name, the fifth letter of the fifth name, the fourth letter of the sixth name, the third letter of the seventh name, the third letter of the eighth name, the seventh letter of the ninth name, and the first letter of the tenth. The letters thus obtained will form a poet's name:

1. Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

2. No flocks that range the valley free
[illegible]
Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

3. [illegible]

4. Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

5. The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

6. True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

7. Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers
[illegible]
Speak from your folded papers!

8. [illegible]
All things both great and small.

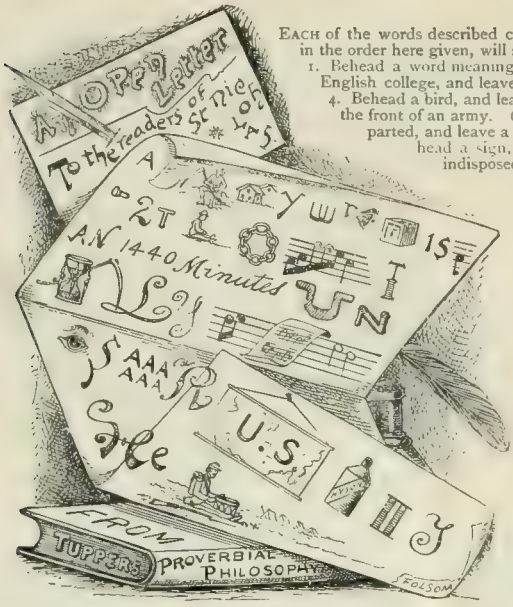
9. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good.

10. The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Manlike flowers.

[illegible] SIDNEY.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The water-rat. [illegible] 3 Obliging pulpits in the early Christian churches. 4 A half-dozen boat. 5. Pertaining to a mountain in Sicily. 6. To take ill. "KEN FOLD."



THE answer to the above rebus is a maxim to be remembered in correspondence.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters; and the beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of an English soldier and statesman.

1. Behead a word meaning at what time, and leave a fowl. 2. Behead the name of a famous English college, and leave a measure of weight. 3. Behead a whip, and leave a kind of tree. 4. Behead a bird, and leave a refuge. 5. Behead a boy's name common in Russia, and leave the front of an army. 6. Behead a part of the neck, and leave a monkey. 7. Behead departed, and leave a unit. 8. Behead a journey, and leave a possessive pronoun. 9. Behead a sign, and leave mankind. 10. Behead a part of the hand, and leave to be indisposed.

EDITH LEAVITT.

PI.

BROOTEC durnet ym laspme sevael ot dolg;
Het stom rea neog own; heer dan heert noe slergin:
Noso sethe lilw lips mrof tou het gsiwt kawe dohl,
Keli snoic weteben a gindy sismer rigfens.

SYLVIA D.

ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams may be transposed to form the title of a well-known fairy tale.

1. Little King Jackhare.
2. Stealing the Upy Eee.
3. Jat and the Black Snake.
4. Dilliet; or, the Odd Ring.
5. Tauset and the Abbey.
6. Le Rice Land.

DAISY.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTICS.

EACH of the cross-words contains five letters. The fourth row of letters (reading downward) spell a word meaning faculty; the fifth, amusements.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Satisfies. 2. A narrow piece of leather. 3. The name of some famous books by Jacob Abbott. 4. More recent. 5. To limit. 6. Horned animals.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. F. 2. Car. 3. Panel. 4. Caracal. 5. Fanatical. 6. Recited. 7. Laces. 8. Lad. 9. L.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Ivanhoe. 2. Kenilworth. 3. The Antiquary. 4. The Fortunes of Nigel. 5. Old Mortality. 6. Redgauntlet. 7. The Monastery.

ZIGZAG. Cleopatra's Needle; country from which it came, Egypt. Cross-words: 1. Cheops. 2. Plural. 3. Breeze. 4. Morose. 5. Europe. 6. Enigma. 7. Enmity. 8. Parrot. 9. Gratis. 10. Psalms. 11. Nimbus. 12. Pestle. 13. Amends. 14. Saddle. 15. Riddle. 16. Damage.

PI. Suppose life does n't please you, nor the way some people do,—
Do you think the whole creation will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl, the nicest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or does n't come, to do the best you can?

CUBA. From 2 to 3, epode; 4 to 5, elude; 6 to 7, eagle; 3 to 5, edge; 2 to 4, Erie; 1 to 6, erse; 4 to 6, endue; 5 to 7, erase; 2 to 1, elope.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Waterloo; finals, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. WodeN. 2. AgrA. 3. TuliP. 4. EchO. 5. RaphaeL. 6. La FayettE. 7. OrlandO. 8. OccupatioN.

REBUS. Large boats may venture more,
But little boats keep near the shore.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Runaway. 2. Unison. 3. Niche. 4. Ashy. 5. Woe. 6. An. 7. Y.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Leaden; from right to left, Golden. Cross-words: 1. LovinG. 2. mEteOr. 3. feALty. 4. soDDen. 5. lEavEn. 6. NatioN.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Othello. Cross-words: 1. schOlar. 2. caTch. 3. tHy. 4. E. 5. pLy. 6. baLmy. 7. endOrse.

"TEA" PUZZLE. If the "tea" is not "ready" (red E), the sum of the matter is one ought to wait for tea.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Initials of syncopated words, Thebes. 1. pa-Tie-nt. 2. w-Her-e. 3. n-Ear-est. 4. for-Bid-ding. 5. b-Egg-ed. 6. re-Sum-ed.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 8, Flagrant; from 1 to 15, Fathomed. 1. F; 2, 9, LA; 3 to 10, ArT; 4 to 11, GusH; 5 to 12, RomeO; 6 to 13, AffirM; 7 to 14, NomineE; 8 to 15, TroubleD.

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS. 1. 1. P. 2. Pet. 3. Petal. 4. Petaled. 5. Taled. 6 Led. 7. D. II. 1. P. 2. Pas. 3. Paste. 4. Pastern. 5. Stern. 6 Frn 7. N.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Willie Sheraton, Pictouns, Canada, 4 — Hester M. F. Powell, Lincolnshire, England, 6 — Lida Bell, British Columbia, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Paul Reese — Maggie T. Turrill — Julia Law — "Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff" — Johnny Duck — "Sisters Twain."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from G. W. H. H., 6 — Olive V. Griffith, 2 — Sarah C. Moore and Minnie B. Turell, 1 — Brainerd B. Thresher, 2 — Frank Matthews, 1 — Ida Maude Preston, 7 — "B. Kelly," 4 — Willie Mossman, 3 — Hobart DeLancey Rapson, 1 — H. N. Merwin, 2 — Birdie Pierce, 1 — Bab and Lou, 4 — H. G. and "A. Marguerite," 4 — "Navajo," 9 — Carrie Cogswell Howard, 3 — J. A. Keeler, 1 — Alice R. Douglass, 2 — "Nan," 4 — M. E. H., 2 — Randolph M., 2 — "Mudpuddle," 1 — Yappey, 1 — Alex. Laidlaw, 11 — Winnie Gibbs, 1 — S. H. Hepner, 1 — Kittie H. Scott, 1 — Fannie Teller, 1 — Bessie Ely, 1 — Oscar M. Steppacher, 1 — M. Wolfer, 1 — Sam, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — L. C. B., 2 — Mary P. Stockett, 10 — James Clark, 3 — "Cousins," 10 — R. H., Papa, and Mamma, 2 — Ocean," 4 — Edith, Lillian, and Jennie Logeres, 2 — Jennie Julrand, 1 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Ada Hallett, 1 — Bessie Burch, 5 — Minnie Carson, 1 — Mamma, Hattie, Clara, and Minnie, 11 — "Dux," 2 — "Pernie," 11 — Emily Danzel, 1 — E. Muriel Grundy, 7 — Francis W. Islip, 12 — Clara Powers, 1 — S. R. T., 10 — Sally C. Lippincott and M. Alice Barrett, 2 — "Dycie," 9 — "Captain Nemo," 7 — Georgia Gilmore, 2 — Mabel C. M., 12 — J. E. V., 2 — Mamie A. Cramer, 1 — Eva Cora Deemer, 2 — Dorrie Dyer, 8 — Charles H. Kyte, 8.